J W Smith, feb 1908

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. — 1908

VOL 62 — DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 1, 1908. — NO. 14

WHY IS IT?

That each month in all the best homes in this country, on the library table, and in every club reading room, you find the

METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE

It is because it keeps you in touch with those great public and human movements on which the American family depends.

It is because its stories are the best published anywhere.

It is because its illustrations in color, and black and white, set the standard.

It is because its articles are the most vital and interesting.

It is because there is something in each copy for every member of every American family.

A YEAR'S FEAST

1800 Beautiful Illustrations. 1560 Pages of Reading Matter.
85 Complete Stories. 75 Good Poems.
50 Timely and Important Articles.
1000 Paragraphs presenting the big news of the "World at Large."
120 Humorous Contributions.
Wonderful Color Work, presented in frontispieces, inserts and covers.

All Yours for One Year's Subscription to
THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE
Price $1.50 per Year or 15 Cents a Copy

The publishers of the DENTON JOURNAL have made a special arrangement with THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE by which they are enabled to offer the following extraordinary bargain:

The cost of one year's subscription to THE METROPOLITAN is $1.50. The cost of 12 months' subscription to the JOURNAL is $1.00.

We offer both for $1.65.

Bed Room Suits.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF FURNITURE now ready for inspection consisting of

$8.50

Quartered Oak Bedroom Suits at $26.00, $32.00 $35.00 and $45.50.

Plain Oak Suits Bedroom $14.00 to $21.00.

Sideboards from $8.75 to $25.00

CHIFFONIERS
$8.50, $8.75, $10.75 and $15.00

$8.75

Quartered Oak and Mahogany Library Tables $8.50 to $10.50

PARLOR TABLES
85c to $6.00

Hall Racks. $3.75 to $17.00

Extra Bureaus and Wash Stands.

24x34 $1.25

Ladies Writing Desks $6.75, $7.50, $10.00 & $15.00

Ladies Dressing Tables in Quartered Oak with French Plate Mirror $14.00, $15.00 & $16.00.

Bed Springs, Mattresses, in fact anything you need in Furniture, Carpets, Carpet Linings, Step Pads, Etc.

NUTTLE HARDWARE CO.,
DENTON, MARYLAND.

F. J. WRIGHT,

OPTICIAN AND JEWELER

Optical Work in All Its Branches. Eyes Tested and Glasses Promptly Fitted

SEND One Dollar and get THE JOURNAL for Twelve Months. Now is the time to subscribe.

PRICE 1 CENT!

THE SUN

(Baltimore, Md.)
NOW SELLS FOR 1 CENT, AND CAN BE HAD OF EVERY DEALER, AGENT OR NEWSBOY AT THAT PRICE.

ALL SUBSCRIBERS IN DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, VIRGINIA, NORTH AND SOUTH CAROLINA, PENNSYLVANIA, DELAWARE And Throughout the United States Can Get THE SUN by Mail at 1 Cent a Copy.

THE SUN AT ONE CENT
Is the Cheapest High-Class Paper in the United States.

THE SUN'S special correspondents throughout the United States, as well as in Europe, China, South Africa, the Philippines, Porto Rico, Cuba and in every other part of the world, make it the greatest newspaper that can be printed.

Its Washington and New York bureaus are among the best in the United States, and give THE SUN'S readers the earliest information upon all important events in the legislative and financial centers of the country.

THE FARMER'S PAPER

THE SUN'S market reports and commercial columns are complete and reliable, and put the farmer, the merchant and the broker in touch with the markets of Baltimore, Norfolk, Charleston, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and all other important points in the United States and other countries. All of which the reader gets for one cent.

THE WOMAN'S PAPER

THE SUN is the best type of a newspaper morally and intellectually. In addition to the news of the day, it publishes the best features that can be presented, such as fashion articles and miscellaneous writings from men and women of note and prominence. It is an educator of the highest character, constantly stimulating to noble ideals in individual and national life.

THE SUN is published on Sunday as well as every other day of the week.

By Mail the Daily Sun, $3.00; including the Sunday Sun, $4.00. The Sunday Sun alone, $1.00 a year.

Address
A. S. ABELL COMPANY,
Publishers and Proprietors,
BALTIMORE, MD.

EMORY LYNCH
(Successor to Walter Austin)
LIVERY, FEED & EXCHANGE STABLE
Third St., - Denton, Md.

First-Class Teams Furnished at All Hours to Any Part of Peninsula at Reasonable Rates.

Teams, Single or Double, Furnished for Hauling in Town.

First-Class Feed Bought at All Times.

For Sale,

A pair of fine well-matched mules; will weigh 1100 pounds each.
C. B. COLLINS,
jan 25 4t Hobbs, Md.

The Captain's Pew.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

Copyright, 1907, by Frank H. Sweet.

"DELILY! You Delily!" called Captain Drew sharply from the door of the cottage which fronted the marshes at the mouth of Squanton river.

At the sound of his voice a girl of fifteen, who had been half hidden by the marsh grass while slowly making her way in a boat through the narrow, winding salt stream, stood upright and looked calmly toward the shore. The light of the sunset was on her face, softening its habitually grave and determined expression.

"Come 'ere, I said," repeated the man, coming down the path to the dilapidated float. The girl, still standing, leaned on her oar and pushed the boat to its moorings.

"What's wrong, dad?" she said lightly as she made the rope fast. Her face showed apprehension of some outbreak.

"I've been robbed, that's what. Look!" he exclaimed, pointing with a long, work stained finger in the direction of the house. "Look a-thar!"

With some dismay Delilah saw the high backed, old fashioned pew which they had occupied so long in Squanton church leaning against the porch.

"They've ripped 'em all out," continued her father in a snarling tone. "Higging's boys been wheelin' all of 'em home this afternoon. They air goin' to hev op'ry chairs now. Pews isn't stylish an' societyfied enough fur 'em. They got to hev op'ry chairs."

"Oh, no, dad. They have decided to put in good, comfortable hardwood pews, and they will give you one."

"I don't want it! I won't hev it!" he cried excitedly. "They didn't hev the right to rip up my pew unless I said they could."

"But they voted, dad, and Mr. Doane says church property ain't like other property."

"Well, he'll find mine is," said the captain sourly. "If I'd 'a' knowed they was goin' to rip up my pew, I'd 'a' stud over it with a pistol!"

Delilah was silent. She could remember in substance, but could not repeat, all the minister had said in his comprehensive, businesslike directions about the renovation of Squanton church. Farseeing, but never visionary, he had held before their eyes a pleasing picture of their future prosperity, when attractive surroundings would be no small help in drawing to themselves people from the outlying towns. One-half the expense of repairs he bore himself.

"We air turned outen our rightful settin'," reiterated the old man. "My father's father set in that pew."

"Why, dad," argued his daughter gently, "you wouldn't wear the same clothes your father did. Why should you mind having a new pew?"

"I ain't goin' to hev no new pew, I tell ye, nor you nuther. You ain't never goin' to set your foot in that church ag'in!"

"Oh, dad, I must! I can't mind you this time!"

"If ever you go in thar ag'in, Delily, you needn't come back here!"

Delilah sat for some time as he had left her. She was to be deprived, then, of the chief pleasure in her lonely life. It meant, too, separations from those who had been so kind and to whom she clung with girlish adoration. It seemed to her to be the climax of all the troubled, unsatisfied experiences of her life. She thought of her mother, whose gentle face she could scarcely remember. Did she have to bear such things? In thinking of her she grew less rebellious. She would be gentle and patient, too—to do right, for what was life given?

"SHE DON'T WANT THE BOOKS," SAID THE CAPTAIN.

The winged needles of the pine trees over her head sifted down about her on the night breeze, and when the mists had enveloped the sand dunes and the tide had covered the marshes in a shimmering surface she still sat as her father had left her.

When a few days later the Rev. Howard Doane selected from his abundant library a few interesting books as an excuse for his intended call at the cottage of Captain Drew, he was perhaps as near a deception as so conscientious a man could be. His real purpose was to determine in what way he could best mitigate the bitterness toward himself which he knew the old man felt.

Delilah met him at the door with eyes that he thought more wistful and features sharper than he remembered.

"I can't take them, thank you," she said firmly, refusing the proffered books. "Father would not like it," she added, with a blush.

"She don't want the books," said the gruff voice of the captain behind her.

"THERE'S A WRECK OFF COLFIN'S BEACH, DAD!"

"She won't be comin' over to the church any more nuther."

"I hope you will reconsider," began Mr. Doane.

"Well, I shan't. It don't take me long to make up my mind, and when I do it's fur good. Jestice is jestice."

Delilah had slipped away down the path and leaned listlessly over the gate. She could not bear to hear her father's words. After what seemed a lifetime she saw Mr. Doane courteously withdrawing in a manner which politely suggested he was tearing himself away rather than fleeing from the captain's invective and terrible accuracy of statement. At the gate he gave his hand kindly to Delilah.

"We shall be sorry to lose you from Sunday school for a time," he said, but he added, with a hopeful smile: "No doubt your father will think better of this by and by. If you are in need of help, come to me."

The next few weeks were trying ones for the girl. Whenever she came upon a group of people talking earnestly the conversation, which was invariably upon church matters, was immediately hushed. She felt keenly the looks which the young people cast upon her. When a kind neighbor asked, "How's your father feeling today?" she felt conscious and uncomfortable.

In each yard through the village she found an unwelcome reminder, for the people had utilized the old pews for garden seats. The postmaster had placed his against the wall in the office, where it was speedily occupied by unemployed male Squanton. The children appropriated the silver numbers and wore them jauntily in their hatbands or on their coat lapels for badges.

The summer was nearly passed before the church was opened for worship. It was a sad day for Delilah. When the bell rang, she took her little Bible and walked across the fields to the pine woods. Companionship with nature seemed to strengthen and exalt her. Then she felt submissive and forgiving for the first time.

On a stormy day in November a hurricane raged along the north shore, and the little sea girt town of Squanton was laboring with it. In the village store the idlers—refugees from the hurricane—crowded about the stove and agreed that the storm was a "peeler."

"It's the kind that soaks in!" exclaimed Captain Drew, rising to look at the blurred pane. "Wouldn't keer to be off Thatcher's jest now."

Settling back, he stretched his long limbs toward the stove again with an added sense of comfort.

The sound of laughter and greeting was hushed suddenly, and there was a perceptible backward movement near the door to admit a dripping figure. It was Delilah, with a white, scared face and long hair blown in a tangle about her head.

"There's a wreck off Colfin's beach, dad!" she gasped. "They say it's the Magnolia."

Captain Drew came to his feet instantly, with every man present.

"How'd you know 'bout it, Delily?" he asked as he buttoned his greatcoat.

"I was on the point looking at the waves."

"You've no business to go prowlin' round in sech a storm," he said, not unkindly.

She drew him one side. "The minister is on board, dad. He was coming down from Boston," she said.

"Well, we won't see him drown right under our noses, I guess, without trying' to save 'im. You leave it to your father."

In the teeth of the gale they forced their way to the shore. Above the terrible roar of wind and sea they shouted to Captain Drew that the lifeboat had been manned and repeated unsuccessful attempts made to cross the channel. They told him that the efforts to shoot the line across the vessel and thus bring it into communication with the shore had been fruitless. On every face there was unspeakable dread that the helpless men would go down before their very eyes.

The wreck, though it lay in that part of the channel where the current was not at its strongest, was pounding upon a reef of rocks that jutted out from the bend. A sand bar, over which the waves were rolling like snow crested hills, lay between. To reach the Magnolia from the other side of the bay meant a journey of ten miles by land.

The vessel was pitching about like a desperate thing, showing first her keel, then the full sweep of the deck, with the crew clinging as they could. The mast was broken off six or eight feet above the neck and lay over the side, with a tangle of broken cordage and flapping sail.

Before the people crowding the headland could understand what was taking place Captain Drew had mustered a volunteer crew and in the lighthouse boat was making his way along the shore to cross below the bar. Through it all Delilah crouched beside a huge bowlder, with her deep, concentrated gaze fixed upon her father's figure.

The distance that Captain Drew and his volunteers had to row was not great, but against the power of sea and wind they made little progress toward the wreck. Once a great sea broke over the boat, and a cry went up from the shore, but out of the trough the men rose again and had gained a length toward the other side.

It was the work of hours to make the lines fast and transfer the half frozen men to the shore. The rain was falling less heavily, and the agitated watchers could see the saved and savers climb one by one over the steep bank. Mr. Doane's strong, light figure, that they all knew so well, was the last to reach the shore, and hardly had he done so when the vessel parted amidships.

It was he who first discovered, in the terrible confusion of storm and wreckage, that Captain Drew, who had been standing far out in the surf, with a rope slung about his waist, had been struck by a floating spar and borne down by the current. The end of his rope, which had been coiled ashore, was already vanishing on a retreating wave.

Without a word the minister plunged into the surf after the rope. Though an expert swimmer, he was twice beaten back. In vain the men shouted to him that it was useless, worse than impossible. He was deaf to their appeal, and just as the rope appeared on the crest of a huge swell he made a leap forward and seized it. The next instant he was lifted on a tremendous breaker and thrown far up the beach.

THE MINISTER PLUNGED INTO THE SURF.

He had made a sharp turn of the rope above his waist, and, though shaken and bruised, he recovered himself quickly and helped the men draw the captain ashore. They felt his heart. They watched his lips. They believed he was dead. But the old mariner of Squanton had a strong hold on life.

It was some weeks before Captain Drew could be removed to his own home from the farmhouse to which he had been carried and months before he rose from his bed. Meantime Mr. Doane had supplied the best medical aid. During his frequent visits to the captain their disagreement was never touched upon.

One Sunday morning in spring when the syringa bush near the door was all abloom and the willows had put forth a tender green the captain, leaning heavily upon Delilah, hobbled into the sunlight and sat down upon the old pew.

"It does make a tol'ble comf'table settee, don't it, child?" he said amiably.

Delilah did not reply, but she looked at him wistfully.

"Yes; my father's father used to set in it," he continued.

Just then the clear bell from the church at the head of the cove rang invitingly. The captain listened thoughtfully, digging his cane in the soft earth at his feet.

"Delily, girl," he said at length, "I guess, bein's the parson didn't hold out agin me when I was hangin' to thet rope out thar in the stream, I dunno as I oughter hang out agin him any longer."

"Oh, dad!" exclaimed Delilah gleefully.

"Ye-es. 'Oh, dad,' has been kinder crazy fer a spell back, but he's come to his rightful senses now good an' strong. I guess, Delily, now if you'll put your mother's Bible 'longside of me I'll set here an hour or two, an' you, Delily, git your bunnit on an' go over an' set in t'other pew."

Chesterfield Superficiality.

Chesterfield's idea of excellence was essentially superficial, for his praise of solid acquirement and genuine principle is always coupled with the assertion of their entire inutility if unaccompanied by grace, external polish and an agreeable manifestation. He omits all consideration of their intrinsic worth and absolute dignity. Their value to the individual, according to him, is wholly proportioned to his skill in using them in a social form.

In one of his earlier letters to Philip Stanhope he writes: "What an advantage has a graceful speaker with genteel motions, a handsome figure, over one who shall speak full as much good sense, but who is destitute of these ornaments! In business how prevalent are the graces, how detrimental is the want of them! If you should not acquire manners, all the rest will be of little use to you. By manners I mean engaging, insinuating, shining manners, a distinguished politeness, an almost irresistible address, a superior gracefulness in all you say and do." He would have manners overlay individuality and goes so far as to declare that a soldier is a brute, a scholar a pedant and a philosopher a cynic without good breeding.—London Standard.

The Practical Girl.

"Jack told me he could live on my kisses forever."

"Are you going to let him?"

"Not till I find out what I'm going to live on."—Chicago Journal.

Priscilla's Philanthropy

By Martha Cobb Sanford.

[Copyright, 1907, by J. G. Reed.]

"Will you be kind enough to tell me where Murphy street is?"

It was the fifth time that Priscilla had asked the question that afternoon, but turn and twist as she would at each new jumble of directions she seemed no nearer the clearing house of domestic panics.

"Two blocks back, miss, then three blocks east and"—

Priscilla frowned. She did not wait for the policeman to finish, but, thanking him hastily, retraced her steps with the energy born of despair.

"Is there anything more inhuman on the face of the earth," she put to herself, "than a maid of all work? To think of it—running off the day before New Year's without deigning to invent an excuse even! I wouldn't have thought it of Della after being with us six whole months."

Here she stopped her mental soliloquy long enough to get her bearings and turn east, as directed.

"It wouldn't matter so much if only Gerald Hollister were not coming to dinner. Relatives don't count. Oh, why did I invite him? He's so accustomed to having everything absolutely comme il faut. Catch me letting my sympathies run away with me again just because a man's family happens to be out of town! And he could have asked our whole family over there to dinner and with all his servants never bothered to lift his finger! But that wouldn't occur to him. It's the one thing I don't like about Gerald Hollister anyway. With all his wealth you never hear about his doing any big, generous thing."

Just here Priscilla's rapid little monologue stopped short.

She suddenly remembered that she had come to the end of her directions. For the sixth time she was about to frame automatically the monotonous inquiry for Murphy street when a bright blue sign of "Female Help" flaunting itself down a side street caught her eye.

Priscilla made a precipitate dash toward it, which ended in an ignominious collision with a corner newsstand. When both had regained their equilibrium, Priscilla, giving her fur boa a careless toss over her shoulder, started a second time toward the garish symbol of her hopes.

This time a plaintive little wail restrained her. Where did it come from? There was not a child in sight. She walked a step or two in the direction of the sound, and there, curled up under the shelter of a newsstand, was a mite of humanity, blue and pinched with the cold.

"Why, you poor dear!" exclaimed Priscilla. "Where is your mother? Are you lost?"

But the mite didn't move, only moaned pitifully.

Priscilla looked about perplexed. Seeing a shopkeeper watching her curiously from behind his show window, she beckoned him to come to her.

"Do you know who this child is?" she asked almost accusingly.

"Shure," replied the shopkeeper. "He tinds the shtand and does a smar-rt business too."

"But he's only a baby and sick and cold," pleaded Priscilla.

"Oh, he oftin cr-rawls undher ther-re t' git war-rm. The men takes their piper-rs just the same an' laves their pennies."

"Where does he live?" demanded Priscilla imperatively.

The man pointed to a dingy looking tenement house next door to the employment office. To his utter amazement, Priscilla stooped down, gathered the whining waif in her arms, wrapped her fur boa around him and walked toward the house with her burden.

From the curious tenants she soon found out which particular door led into the child's home. The key was hanging in a dark corner near by. Once inside, Priscilla laid the child down on a broken, disorderly bed and then shivered as she stood helpless in the gloom and chill of the place.

There was neither fire, fuel or food.

Priscilla knelt down beside the child and chafed his little cold hands till there was some degree of warmth in them. Then she summoned up her courage, knocked at the door of the adjoining flat and begged the woman who answered to take the child in beside her fire while she herself went out to get food for him.

She had just returned with her arms full of bundles when she bumped into a man in the dark hallway equally incumbered. An avalanche of paper bags followed.

"I beg your pardon," came simultaneously from both.

Then as they stooped to the task of picking up their respective belongings the man ventured an inquiry.

"Can you tell me where the Horrigans live, I wonder?"

"I haven't the least idea," replied Priscilla. "I'm a stranger here myself."

The commotion had caused the sudden apparition of several tousled heads from behind half opened doors. In the dim light that flickered out Priscilla stole an inquisitive look at the man beside her.

"Gerald Hollister!" she exclaimed excitedly and in her amazement dropped all her paper bags again.

"Priscilla Ballad!" he exclaimed, and his paper bags followed Priscilla's.

It is quite probable had not the squeaking doors stretched their curiosity a bit too far that Priscilla and Gerald would have spent the rest of the morning dropping and picking up parcels. But Priscilla, catching sight of the woman in whose care she had left her little charge, rushed past her, grabbed up the child and commanded Gerald to follow her.

Imagine Mrs. Horrigan's surprise a half hour or so later, when she came in from her day's cleaning, to find seated by a crackling hot stove, with little Jim in her arms, an "illigant gintleman wid a fur coat at the back iv 'im, and, more than that, shtandin' near 'im, shtirring gruel as if her life depended on it, a beautiful young lady with cheeks glowin' like roses."

The woman listened like one spellbound to the explanations that followed, only half comprehending how it was that a gentleman who had become interested in little Jim from buying papers of him night and morning should for that reason be now holding the child in his arms "f'r all the wor-rld," as she afterward told the neighbors, "as if he was Jim's father that's dead, bless his sowl." Nor was Priscilla's part in the fairy story perfectly clear, either.

However, there was one thing Mrs. Horrigan grasped with true feminine instinct.

"You was saying you was looking f'r some wan to cook yer New Year's dinner for ye tomorrow, miss, an' I was just afther thinkin' if you'd thrust me"—

"Oh, would you help me out, Mrs. Horrigan?" begged Priscilla gratefully.

Until this moment Priscilla in her excitement had forgotten the utter failure of her domestic quest.

"Shu-re I'll help ye out, miss," returned Mrs. Horrigan, beaming. "Before Pat died an' there was plenty to do wid I could make th' best t'ings to ate av any woman yo ivir saw."

"I'm sure of it, Mrs. Horrigan," Gerald agreed enthusiastically, "but you can't cook anybody else's New Year's dinner tomorrow. You've got to cook your own. Just look at the things piled up on the table there, and there'll be a fat turkey waddling over tomorrow. Miss Ballad doesn't need you. She and her family are coming to my house to dinner."

"Why, Gerald?" interposed Priscilla incredulously.

"Yes, you are. I shan't accept any excuses. I wanted you to all the time only I didn't dare ask you. Now, let's get started for home and give Mrs. Horrigan a chance to hold her own child."

As they hurried along in the fast falling darkness outside both looked most remarkably happy, even taking into account that tomorrow was to be New Year's day.

"Oh, I just love that little Jim Horrigan!" Priscilla suddenly exclaimed. "Don't you, Gerald?"

"Oh, I'm not losing any sleep over him. But there's some one else that I do love, Priscilla. What do you say to our announcing our engagement at dinner tomorrow?"

Gerald beamed under the effulgence of his inspiration and gave Priscilla's hand an ecstatic little squeeze.

"I didn't know we were engaged," demurely commented Priscilla.

"But don't you think we could arrange to be by tomorrow, dearest?"

"Well," answered Priscilla condescendingly, "suppose you come over this evening, and we'll see what we can do about it. It's so very sudden. If I should say 'Yes,' Gerald, would you promise to give little Jim Horrigan a turkey every New Year?"

"Every New Year and birthday and Christmas," promised Gerald indulgently.

And Jim got his turkeys.

Brought Up to It.

A lady engaged a country girl as general servant. One evening the lady asked her if she thought she could manage to poach half a dozen eggs for supper. The girl quickly and laughingly replied that she could do that right enough.

"Very good," said her mistress, "I'll just see what you can do," and went away. Shortly afterward she had occasion to speak to the girl again, but to her great astonishment she was not to be found in the house. Presently she came tripping in with her hat and jacket on, smiling radiantly.

"I've got 'em all right, mum," she said, "half a dozen beauties."

"Half a dozen beauties!" repeated her mistress questioningly. "What do you mean?"

"Eggs, mum," she said, smiling.

"But there are plenty of eggs in the house, girl, without buying more," remarked her mistress.

"Lor, mum, I didn't buy 'em," she said. "You told me to poach 'em, and I managed it fine. You see," she added by way of information, "my father and brothers do a bit of poaching, so I knew in a minute what you meant."—London Mail.

Laconic.

"Is the proprietor in?" asked the visitor.

"No, sir," replied the office boy.

"Is he in the city?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will he be back soon?"

"No, sir."

"Tonight?"

"No, sir."

"Tomorrow some time?"

"No, sir."

"Did he leave any word for Mr. Nash?"

"No, sir."

The stranger looked at the office boy sharply.

"When did he go?"

"Yesterday afternoon."

"Didn't he say when he'd be back?"

"No, sir."

"Well, where the dickens is he?"

"At the undertaker's."

"What's the matter?"

"He's dead."—Harper's Weekly.

"Next!"

"I was counsel for a railway company in the west," says a prominent New York lawyer, "in whose employ a section hand had been killed by an express train. His widow, of course, sued for damages. The principal witness swore positively that the locomotive whistle had not sounded until after the entire train had passed over his departed friend.

"'You admit that the whistle blew?' I sternly demanded of the witness.

"'Oh, yes; it blew.'

"'Now,' I added impressively, 'if that whistle sounded in time to give Morgan warning the fact would be in favor of the company, wouldn't it?'

"'I suppose so,' said the witness.

"'Very well. Now, for what earthly purpose would the engineer blow his whistle after the man had been struck?'

"'I presume,' replied the witness, with great deliberation, 'that the whistle was for the next man on the track.'"—Harper's Weekly.