# DENTON JOURNAL.

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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.

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

24x24 $1.25

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.



SMITH & WALLS, DENTON, MD.

The Harness Store of the County.

Anything in the HARNESS LINES you want. We will mention some of our bargains:

We Have Three Specials We Are Running.

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These Five Sets of Harness you will have to pay at least from $1.00 to $3.00 more for the same thing anywhere else than you will here.

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We have all these goods in stock at this time—and many more

Double Buggy Harness.

Riding Saddles and Bridles.

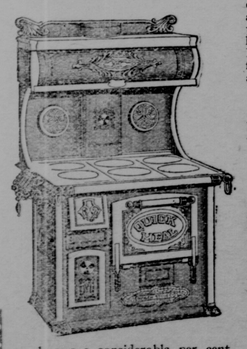
The finest Line of Collars you see in any store. Sizes from 15 to 22.

Call and get your Horse Clipped while in town, or buy a Machine.



IN GETTING READY FOR WINTER WEATHER

There may be found many things you need at the BURRSVILLE HARDWARE STORE. Here will be found an immense stock of STOVES—Coal Stoves, Double Heaters, Air Tight Stoves, Etc. Among the best Double Heaters are the Spear, the Bel Air, &c. We always have a large number of Ranges and Cooking Stoves, and Kitchen Utensils, and the price at which we sell are the same low prices which have made the Burrsville Hardware Store famous for many years. We are general agents for the famous



Quick Meal Range,

than which there is none better, and we sell other excellent Ranges.

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includes a full line of Bed-Room Suits, from $9.50 up. These suits include quartered oak, poplar, &c., metal bedsteads, buffets, chiffoniers, extension tables, stands, hall racks, chairs of various kinds, cradles, and many other things, carpets, &c.

We have a varied and extensive stock of building hardware, on which we think we can save all purchasers a considerable per cent.

W. G. WOOTERS, Burrsville, Md.


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


New 1908 Strawberry Radish.

20 Days from Seed to the Table.

The most delicious, crisp, brilliant red radish you ever ate.

If you will send us this advertisement and an order for $1.00 worth of Garden, Field or Flower Seed or Poultry Foods, we will send you free an ounce of Strawberry Radish.

Our beautiful New Catalogue is Free.

J. BOLGIANO & SON, Reliable Seeds for 90 Years, Light St., Cor. Pratt St., Baltimore. Md.



Denton National Bank Savings Department

The Denton National Bank has opened a Savings Department, to be operated in connection with the general banking business of the institution. We will allow

Interest at the Rate of 3 per cent.

per annum on the amount that has been to the credit of the depositor for a full

Interest period of four months

The terms of this Department are similar to those of Savings Banks generally, and the rules and regulations adopted have been approved by the Comptroller of the Currency. *The advantages of a regular Savings Bank are thus afforded to the community, and deposits are respectfully solicited.*

For full particulars inquire at or address the Bank. By order of the Board of Directors.

HARVEY L. COOPER, President.



Fine Groceries, Salt Meats, Fish, Etc., Etc., are always to be found at the store of

GEO. C. SKIRVEN, CARTER BLOCK, DENTON,

Dealer in "GOOD THINGS TO EAT." All the housekeepers of Denton and vicinity are specially invited to call and inspect the stock and leave their order, or call on the phone.



Notice to Growers.

We are now ready to contract for our season's supply of Corn, Peas and Tomatoes for the year 1908 at the following prices, viz: $9.00 per ton for Sugar Corn. Seed corn will cost $2.00 per bushel. Two and a quarter cents per pound for Green Peas when threshed. Seed peas will cost $2.00 per bushel. Tomatoes, $9.00 per ton. All growers of tomatoes will be required to haul them on wagons with springs to prevent bruising or bursting. The farmer will be allowed what pea vines, corn husks and tomato skins he may desire to haul away from factory. G. T. REDDEN & CO., 2 1 8 Denton, Md.



EMORY LYNCH (At the Farmers' Shed)

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Main 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.



LEONARD STATUM WHEELWRIGHT BUILDER OF DEARBORNS AND WAGONS

Repair work. Daytons and Hacks Re-covered.

Shop on Dry St., between 3rd and 4th DENTON, MARYLAND.



—WANTED—

A representative in this county by a large real estate corporation. Special inducements to those who wish to become financially interested.

The Real Estate Security Co.

Fort Dearborn Bldg, CHICAGO, ILL.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists


Advertise in the JOURNAL. It pays.

TRUSTEE'S SALE OF VALUABLE

## REAL ESTATE

BY VIRTUE of power and authority vested in me by a deed of trust for the benefit of creditors from Wallace C. Wilson, of Ridgely, Maryland, bearing date February 4th, 1908, I will sell the hereinafter described real estate in front of the court house door, in Denton, Maryland, on

### Tuesday, the 10th day of March, 1908

between the hours of 2 and 4 o'clock p. m., as follows, to wit:

### Number 1

All that lot or parcel of ground and premises, situated on the north side of Second Avenue West, in the town of Ridgely, Maryland, and having a frontage on said avenue of forty-two feet and running back in a northern direction and by parallel lines 180 feet to an alley, containing 7560 square feet of land, more or less. This lot adjoins the lot of William Ringgold on the east and lots Nos. 1 and 3 on the west, and is improved by a two story frame barn and a stable 16x42 feet, with iron roof and with iron roofed shed attached of same size, and a single story, iron roofed frame warehouse, 40x25 feet, all in elegant repair.

### Number 2

All that lot or parcel of land and premises, situate at the corner of Second Avenue West and First street, in the town of Ridgely, Maryland, having a frontage on said avenue of fifty-eight feet and said street of sixty-seven feet. This lot adjoins No. 1, above described, on the east and No. 3, described below, on the north and is improved by a large two-story frame building extending along First street 42½ feet, and along Second avenue West 40 feet, one part of which is now occupied by The Caroline Sun, and the other part by F. R. Tinley as a carriage repair and paint shop, all in good condition and repair.

### Number 3

All that lot, piece or parcel of land and premises, situated in Ridgely, Maryland, adjoining lot No. 1, above described, on the east, lot No. 2 on the south and has a frontage on First street of one hundred and thirteen feet (113 feet) and a depth of fifty-eight feet and contains 6554 square feet of land, more or less. This lot is improved by a two-story frame building 26x50 feet, with glass front, to which is attached a new skating rink 40x80 feet, single story, iron roof and maple floor. These two buildings are so connected that they can be advantageously used for hardware, carriage and paint shop or any other business requiring large floor space in same building. Possession of lots Nos. 1 and 3 can be given immediately upon compliance with terms of sale. Possession of lot No. 2 will also be given at the same time but subject to the rights of the present tenants. The first quarter's rent on this property is reserved.

The above three parcels of land and premises will first be offered as above described and then as a whole, as follows: All that lot, lots, pieces or parcels of land snd premises, situated at the corner of Second avenue West and First street, in Ridgely, Maryland, having a frontage on said avenue of one hundred feet and a frontage on said First street of one hundred and eighty feet and is the same property that is mentioned and described in a deed from J. Nelson Rickards and wife to Wallace C. Wilson, now of record among the Land Records for Caroline county, and the same will be sold in whichever way the most money is realized therefor.

This property is splendidly located at the junction of two prominent streets in heart of Ridgely, Maryland, than which there is not a more thriving, active town on the peninsula. nor one more desirably located. It would make a first-class business or residential block.

### TERMS OF SALE

One-third of the purchase money will be required on the day of sale; one-third in six months and one-third in twelve months; the deferred payments to bear interest and be secured to the satisfaction of the undersigned, or all cash, at the option of the purchaser or purchasers. These terms apply as well if sold in parcels or lots as if sold as a whole. Title papers at the expense of the purchaser or purchasers.

HENRY R. LEWIS,
F. P. COVEY, Auct. Trustee.


Pedigreed SEED CORN

Collier's Excelsior, the most perfect type yet produced. The methods employed in its production, the most intensive known in Corn Breeding. Excelsior gave best results over all corns in the 10 States where it was grown 1907. Took 1st prize in every class for White Corn and Sweepstakes prize over all corns at the State Corn and Wheat Show, Baltimore, Md., Dec. 1907; also took 1st prize at State Fair, Richmond, Va., Oct. 1907. Has taken 1st prize wherever shown.

My free Corn Booklet tells the methods employed in its production and what Government experts and others have to say regarding it. Strong guarantee with each order. Germination test on each bag. Money refunded if corn is not as represented. My seed stock of both colors are well matured and sound.

Write today for Corn Booklet to

W. OSCAR COLLIER, Prop., SPRINGWOOD SEED FARMS, Talbot Co. EASTON, MD.


### Order Nisi.

Benjamin F. Greenlee
vs.
Annie C. Greenlee et al.

In the Circuit Court for Caroline County. In Equity.

Ordered, this 17th day of February, 1908, that the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings, made by William H. Deweese, trustee, and reported by Fred R. Owens, new trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 24th day of April next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Caroline county, once in each of four successive weeks, before the 23d day of March next. The report states the amount of sales to be $1250.00.

THOMAS L. DAY, Clerk.

True copy—Test:
THOMAS L. DAY. Clerk.

## A Social Impossibility

*By Donal H. Haines.*

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DESBRO shifted in his seat, settled his eyeglasses more firmly upon his nose and, with his gloved hands folded on the top of his cane, turned his glance again to the field of play. On all sides of him men and women were abandoning themselves to excesses of enthusiasm, but his cold neutral tinted eyes followed the movements of the muddy figures on the gridiron without a trace of excitement, though they lost no details of the play.

"I beg your pardon"—Desbro's high pitched, nervous voice cut incisively into the throaty cheer of which the man next to him was delivering himself—"but can you tell me who is the black haired man at tackle?"

"Babbington," snapped the other shortly and turned again to his cheering, while Desbro murmured courteous thanks.

Turning a pair of fieldglasses upon the field, Desbro watched the struggling figures intently for a few moments; then, laying the binoculars aside and lighting a cigarette, he commenced to talk to himself in a low tone, oblivious of his surroundings.

"A matchless physique," he muttered, "coupled with a face which might have been Adam's—as devoid of the spark of intelligence as an ox's—the very embodiment of the game he is playing."

His intent gaze noted a sudden congestion of the padded figures below him and an eager craning of necks from the seats of the big stand. One of the opposing players lay stretched on the turf writhing in pain, while a group of the visiting eleven's supporters leaned from their seats and pointed impotently accusing fingers at the man called Babbington, who stood looking down at the prostrate figure with his hands on his massive hips.

A cold little sneer gathered about the corners of Desbro's mouth as he watched the incident.

"What callousness," he exclaimed softly, "what savagely unconscious callousness! Is the man an anachronism or only a brute? Such simple minded unconcern for physical agony caused by one's own hands is the mark of mere coarseness or a throwback.

"I must see more of this strange man," he told himself and walked to the gymnasium, where he sat for an hour gazing at the ceiling with a preoccupied air. When Babbington's great bulk emerged from the door leading to the baths an hour later, Desbro rose and walked to meet him.

"Mr. Babbington?" he asked. The other nodded.

"My name is Desbro," he went on rapidly, his suddenly keen eyes searching the other's face. "I come from the same part of the country that you do,

"NO," HE ANSWERED; "THIS IS WHAT I CAME FOR."

and I thought possibly you might give me news of an old friend, Morton—Harold Morton. Did you happen to know him?"

"Morton?" he said slowly. "Morton? No, don't believe I know him."

"Ah, of course," Desbro hastened to say, "I thought perhaps"— And he wove a few sentences of easy fiction before turning abruptly on his heel.

A few hours later he sat in the billiard room of his fraternity house listening curiously to the talk of the men which centered about the game of the afternoon. The comments were all lively, enthusiastic, on the team's chances, on the individual prowess of the men, and constantly recurring in the hum of conversation was Babbington's name.

"The finest type of a player the crop of new men has produced," a fair haired man with a big voice called from one end of the smoky room.

"Right you are!" Desbro broke in suddenly. The men around the tables turned in astonishment, for to have Desbro offer comment on matters of this nature was unusual.

"Right you are, I say," he repeated, leaning back in his chair and surveying the curious faces through his glasses. "This man is the very embodiment of the spirit fostered by this beautiful game of yours—built for a human chopping block or battering ram, as the case may demand! By the exertion of those muscles for which he is no more responsible than Thompson there for his red hair he brings down on his richly undeserving head the frenzied cheers of a sport crazed crowd. He sends a man less fortunately endowed physically than himself into a few moments of unhappy oblivion and then grins at you with crass satisfaction when you cheer him—not for himself or because his name means anything, but simply for what he has done.

"This Babbington comes out of nowhere," Desbro continued, "a graceless, coarse fibered clod, with a giant's strength and the broad ideas of a goat, hungry for notoriety of the sort his great muscles can command, and you pamper his cheap cravings with unction. You sit in the stands and shout yourselves hoarse while he is battering some poor fellow in the arena, and you will go further. You will desire the capture of this athletic lion in spite of the fact that he is a—a social impossibility, and you will be crowding around trying to put your fraternity pins on his coat. Bah!

"I talked with the man, looked into his great, oxlike eyes—dead, devoid of the spark of real life"—

The unfinished sentence broke abruptly, and every eye in the room followed Desbro's startled glance to the doorway, where, turning his cane in his hands and staring at the speaker with an expression wholly indescribable, stood Babbington. For a moment there was the dead silence of utter embarrassment; then one by one the men turned to the tables, while Babbington cleared his throat and spoke.

"I came to see if possibly I hadn't misunderstood you," he said, turning to Desbro. "That name you mentioned was Morton, wasn't it?"

Desbro, redder than any man had ever seen him, nodded without speaking.

"I thought possibly I hadn't understood," Babbington explained, backing awkwardly out of the door, "and I did know a man named Horton."

A few moments later Desbro passed the door of the billiard room, wearing the raincoat and slouch hat which he invariably wore on the evening walks which were as much a part of his existence as his meals.

No man pretended to know the object of these nightly walks of Desbro's. To all inquiries he responded that "they gave him a chance to think without interruption."

At the gate Desbro paused to light a cigarette, and the flare of the match as he shielded it from the snappy October wind brought his thin features into prominence against the darkness. Babbington, standing under a tree not a dozen yards away, turned as the sulphur sputtered and saw. His great hand clinched instinctively into a fist, and he had already taken a step forward when Desbro turned and started quickly down the street.

Babbington waited a few moments, then stepped lightly on to the sidewalk and followed, quietly at first and then without caution as Desbro paid no attention to the footfalls behind him. He glanced now and then at the receding lights and then increased the length of his strides as Desbro's phrases throbbed through his mind.

"Social impossibility!" he muttered, gritting his teeth over the phrase. "I'll teach the little whelp!"

His eyes never left the little spark which marked the other's position, but every time he started to close the gap between them something checked him. His thoughts refused to run to any but a given point—a fierce desire to get his hands upon the man who had held his ignorance up to a roomful of men while he stood and listened helplessly. As he had stood under the tree in front of the house he had felt only a sense of impotency, of shame, a gulping feeling of disappointment which was not easy to understand, a sickening realization that some of Desbro's words had rung true.

Block after block the man in front walked, turning now to the right and now to the left, sometimes walking rapidly and again idling along at a snail's pace. They passed through the business streets, lonely and deserted under the harsh glare of the arc lights. Here Desbro paused to talk with a policeman with whom he seemed to be on excellent terms, and, turned suddenly cold at the sight of the patrolman, Babbington crossed the street and nearly lost his man, who wheeled abruptly into a dark side street.

Babbington was conscious that a struggle had commenced within him and that the first heat of anger was passing. He grew ashamed of his growing calmness, fearful lest the cooling influence of the walk rob him of the merited retaliation which he knew his massive arms could administer.

Desbro stopped abruptly to light another cigarette, and his pursuer halted in the midst of a stride. For an instant he paused irresolute, divided between the lingering desire to close his fingers on Desbro's neck and a sudden impulse to run, to get away from everything, back to the life where other men had lived and talked like himself. The hotter sensation triumphed, and Babbington had taken three quick, lithe steps toward his victim when, silent as the shadows from which they sprang, a little knot of men threw themselves at Desbro.

The shock of the attack not only drove from Babbington's mind every vestige of his own wrath, but bereft him for an instant of the power of motion. He heard Desbro give a low exclamation and saw by the last flicker of the match the slight figure attempting to shield itself by leaping behind an iron pole. In another instant he found himself in the center of a press of struggling figures. He received blows and felt the impact of his hand against flesh as he returned them.

"Where are you, Desbro?" he shouted. "Sing out!"

"Here," came a choking voice from behind him, "quick!"

A club struck Babbington's arm with a numbing shock, but he kicked the man who wielded it into insensibility and the next instant was tearing another ruffian from off Desbro's prostrate form. Two of the assailants lay on the ground, mere blotches in the darkness. The others had disappeared.

Desbro rose to his feet slowly and took a step toward his rescuer.

"I say," he commenced, then stopped abruptly. "So this is the cheap 'coals of fire' method you pursue, is it?" he continued, with a sneer.

A sudden easy smile passed over Babbington's face.

"No," he answered shortly; "this is what I came for," and he struck Desbro squarely in the face, felling him instantly.

For an instant the knowledge of the strength in his great muscles frightened him, and he leaned over Desbro anxiously. Satisfied that he had struck

"WILL YOU SHAKE HANDS, BABBINGTON?" HE ASKED.

no harder than he intended, he leaned against the iron post panting from his exertions. The two roughs on the ground recovered their senses and scuttled off into the night. He could hear Desbro's watch ticking and kept track of the seconds for two full minutes. Then he noticed that the fallen man was bareheaded and puttered about on his hands and knees in the dead leaves and the filth of the gutter until he found Desbro's hat.

"Can you walk?" he asked shortly. The disheveled figure nodded, and in silence they made their way back through the deserted streets. In front of the fraternity house they separated without words.

Desbro gave up his nightly walks for a week and was seen but little outside his room. He explained his marred cheek and a stiffness in one leg by a fall through a broken crossing.

* * * * * * *

"Going to make another character study of the game, Desbro?"

Desbro shook his head and smiled.

"I'm continuing one," he answered shortly.

It was with a more interested, less coldly critical expression that he followed the movements of the men on the white striped field beneath him. The problem confronting the varsity team was a different one from that which Desbro had watched on the first occasion, for instead of feeble opponents who would only afford them good practice they faced an eleven of their own class.

From the first the enemy's tactics had been obvious. They realized that in Babbington there was a living opposition which barred all progress to the varsity's goal line, and toward the wearing down of his great strength they had directed their efforts. Men had been led to the side lines pale and bleeding, and the list of the visitors' substitutes was diminished, but still Babbington formed the center of every attack and was the rock about which split the enemy's onslaughts. It was not a showy exhibition, but it was a splendid piece of physical stamina, and the great crowd was appreciative. They saw that Babbington's endurance would make victory possible, and they rose in a great wall of color and cheered him furiously.

"Babbington! Babbington!"

Close to the goal posts Babbington raised his great frame from the tangle of the last attack which had shattered its force upon him and faced the shouting crowds. Slowly he raised a huge fist and shook it in the face of the multitude, which grew wonderingly silent.

"Curse you," he shouted, and the sound of his hoarse voice carried to every part of the stands, "leave my name alone!"

Desbro smiled quietly.

"In the term 'social impossibility,'" he muttered, "I was guilty of gross injustice."

When the whistle sounded the end of the half, he scrambled down from his seat, climbed the wire fence inclosing the field and walked toward Babbington, who, with hanging head, was walking slowly toward the side lines.

"Will you shake hands, Babbington?" he asked, smiling.

Babbington looked up in surprise. Then his somewhat heavy features lighted up, and the big hand shot out.

## A TRAGIC EXPERIMENT.

### How a Husband Tried to Cure His Wife's Fear of Pythons.

Concerning pythons, the following is a true story: A young lady in England for a long time resisted her lover's entreaties to go out to India with him as his wife. She had a horror of the wild animals she believed she might encounter there, especially serpents. At length, however, after he had issued a sort of ultimatum, she consented to accompany him. She did not, however, leave her fears behind her and lived in constant terror of some day meeting what she so intensely feared. Her husband did his best to laugh her fears away, but without avail. Then he resolved to try more drastic means.

A huge python was killed in the neighborhood of his bungalow. Without telling his wife anything about it, he ordered the reptile to be brought into the drawing room and coiled up as if asleep on the hearth rug. Then he went out and called his wife, telling her to go into the drawing room and that he would join her in a few minutes. Soon after he heard a dreadful scream. "That will cure her of her fear of serpents," he smiled to himself and purposely delayed his entry. When at last he went into the drawing room he saw his wife lying dead on the floor, and coiled around her was another huge python, the mate to the one that lay dead on the hearth rug.—St. James' Gazette.

## COOLNESS AND NERVE

### The Story of the Last Deal In a Lively Game of Poker.

### A FORTUNE ON THE TABLE.

**The Hand That Won the Rich Stakes and the Man Who Held It—What Senator Sharon Had to Pay to Satisfy His Lingering Curiosity.**

There were many lively games of poker played in San Francisco in the old days, and many good stories have been told of the nerve and coolness of the players who participated therein. The following story of one of those games was printed in a San Francisco paper some years ago:

The Palace hotel in the early days of its existence was the arena of some big poker games. Senator Sharon was an enthusiastic lover of the game, and when it happened that Senators Stewart and Jones of Nevada and Judge Dick Mesick "occurred" in the hotel at the same time there was sure to be hot work. It happened upon one of these occasions that a certain Mr. Hall from Boston was at the hotel.

Mr. Hall was a smooth and affable gentleman and completely won Senator Sharon's heart because of his love for Byron and his excellent memory, he being able to quote hundreds of lines of the poet's verse without a halt. Byron was Sharon's favorite bard. He had made his works his life's study, and any one who appreciated him had a call on the senator's friendship.

On a certain evening the three senators and Judge Mesick met in the hotel lobby. It was just before dinner, and while they were chatting Mr. Hall put in an appearance. Mr. Sharon at once introduced Mr. Hall to his friends and invited the party to dinner, which was served in Senator Sharon's room.

After dinner Mesick proposed a little game of "draw." No one said nay, though Mr. Hall diffidently remarked that they did not play much in Boston, where he came from, but that still he was willing to stand in and do his best.

"Look out for Hall," remarked Sharon. "I never heard a man make that remark yet who was not to be watched." He spoke in jest, but his words were sooth.

The cards were produced, and the game at a dollar ante was inaugurated. There was no limit. Now, with such veterans as Mesick, Jones and Stewart the pot was not allowed to get cold for lack of chipping. The men played with varying success, and things ran pretty even for an hour or so. Mr. Hall was cautious and dribbled away his checks with indifference. After one of Hall's deals Mr. Stewart hopped in with a twenty dollar bet. Jones, evidently pleased with his hand, saw him and went $50 better. Mesick and Sharon were not afraid and took some of the pie themselves. Mr. Hall, the dealer, scanned his hand carefully and concluded that there was something in it for him. All drew—Hall one card—and then the fun began. Round and round again went the "deil." Stewart and Jones dropped out. Mesick stood a few more raises and then retired, leaving the fight to Sharon and Hall. There was by this time $20,000 in the pot.

"I'll raise you $10,000, Mr. Hall," said Sharon, his thin lips set and his voice low and determined.

Hall's answer was to ring the bell, and when the waiter appeared he asked him for a blank California bank check.

"I presume, gentlemen, my check is as good as cash," he said politely.

"Certainly, sir," replied Senator Sharon. "You see our checks in the pot already."

Slowly and deliberately Hall filled out the check, signed it and spread the blotter over it without a tremor. Then he pushed it quietly to the center of the table and said:

"I have seen your $10,000, senator, and go you $15,000 better."

Sharon looked at him steadily for some moments. Hall's composure was perfect. There was a half smile of confidence on his face, but no indication of boastfulness or excitement.

"Mr. Hall," said Sharon, "I feel sure you hold the better hand, and I do not care to waste my money. The pot is yours, sir."

Without any appearance of exultation Hall raked in the coin, bills and checks, separated them and put them in his pockets. Meanwhile his hand lay face down upon the table.

"Mr. Hall," said Sharon, "I will give you $100 if you will show me your hand."

"Senator Sharon," replied the Bostonian, "it is not enough. Nor would I show it to you now for $1,000. Still, to satisfy your curiosity, I will put this hand in an envelope, seal it up in your presence and put it in the hotel safe, to be called for by you ten days hence, but upon this condition: That you will put $250 in an envelope, to go into the hotel safe and to be delivered to me nine days hence."

Sharon reflected for a few minutes. It was a struggle between curiosity and coin. Finally curiosity conquered, and both envelopes were sealed and intrusted to the custody of the clerk. When the ten days elapsed, Mr. Sharon called for his package and examined the hand—nothing but a pair of deuces and ten high. He had been the victim of a colossal bluff.

### Arcadian Bliss.

You frequently hear folks say they wish they were millionaires. But our idea of happiness is the one that owns forty acres of land in the hills, doesn't owe a cent, has a wife and seven children, five good coon dogs, a sorrel team of mules, a good shotgun, forty-seven miles from a railroad and right on a good stream of fish. If that would not be happiness "unalloyed" we would like to know where you would go to find it.—Auxvasse (Mo.) Review.

### Misfortunes.

It's an old French saying that "misfortunes are in morals what bitters are in medicine. Each is at first disagreeable, but as the bitters act as corroborant to the stomach, so adversity chastens and ameliorates the disposition."