# DENTON JOURNAL.

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## Nothing Better THAN THE BEST!

REO IS THE BEST

This Statement admits of no Contradiction

P. E. CORKRAN,
District Agent,
EASTON, MD.

will prove this to you so conclusively that you cannot have a doubt, if you let him try.

No one desires to throw money away. We have the mathematical and mechanical causes which produce effects. These make a dollar of REO do the work of two dollars in the same grade of any other machine.

### 4992 miles without a stop!

The Reo holds the world's non-stop engine record. It shattered all previous non-stop records last April, when the spunky 2-cylinder 20-horse-power Reo Roadster—a regular stock car—left the best previous 2-cylinder record 1992 miles behind, and even beat the 4-cylinder record by 86. The engine ran night and day for twelve consecutive days. This car averaged 415 miles a day and maintained an average speed of 18 miles per hour. It was the greatest reliability test in motoring on record.

### What is wanted of an automobile.

First of all: to get-there-and-back-again, always. Reliability is the backneyed and "un-lived-up-to-name" for it.

Second: to be able to travel all day at thirty miles an hour, and hit it up to forty when you want to.

Third: to have such a reserve of power (or such splendid application of power), that grades will be hardly noticeable and still hills can be climbed without much loss of speed and time.

Fourth: to be comfortable and safe.

Fifth: to be so well constracted that the vital points don't give way at a critical moment.

Sixth: to have beautiful design and finish.

All these qualities are found in the Reo for 1909.

### Don't miss this!

Don't miss get-there-and-back ability. No matter what you pay for your car, get that. You can get it for $500 or $1000 in a Reo. You can get it for $4500 or more in a big car.

But get it.

Don't miss real power, the kind that levels hills. Don't mistake a lot of wasted horse-power for that. Wasted power in a motor-car is like bad temper in a man—wears it out and does nobody any good.

Get real power!

Don't get a car that looks better than it is, and is apt to be in the repair shop when you want to go motoring:

Whatever you pay for your car, get the real thing; get motoring every day in the year, and pay what it costs. $1000 and $500 in a Reo.

### Talk is cheap, but PROOF convinces

With sensible driving, repairs on a Reo are next to nothing. With average driving the tires on a Reo will last from 2 to 4 years.

On the Glidden tour of 1908 under the same conditions and same days some of the shaft driven cars averaged 6 to 7 miles per gallon of gasoline, Reo averaged 13½.

The Reo has a direct single chain drive, average loss of power from motor to wheel in chain drive is less than 4 per cent., average loss in most shaft drive is 26 per cent. This average is official.

It is of vital interest to the prospective purchaser to know that out of 30 starters in the memorable run from Chicago to St. Paul, through fearful rainstorms and mud, the Reo was one of only 3 cars that finished on their own wheels. Out of 58 starters from Los Angeles to Santa Barbara, the Reo made the only perfect score in its class.

In the 1907 Glidden Tour the Reo beat 48 cars of double and triple its price, beat 24 cars costing $4000 or more, 10 of them costing $5000 each.

Was the only car of 80 that took "Four-mile Hill" near Bedford Springs on high gear.

Was the only car of its price, and with one exception the only car of less than double its price, that finished with a perfect score.

Four of the $500 Reo runabout in the New York Motor Club's six day economy run of 682 miles at an exact cost of ½ of a cent per mile per passenger.

The chain is encased in a leather boot, dirt proof and oiled from cylinders.

Cylinders double opposed 4¾x6 inch stroke.

### The Reo has its Full Rated Power.

Figure the bore and stroke to see if other automobiles have the power they are rated to be.

Reo's fastest record is a mile in 59 seconds, safety spark, foot accelerator for the throttle.

Highest grade lamp equipment with genuine Bausch & Lomb mirror lenses in gas lamps.

The Reo owner needs no chauffeur, the mechanism is simple enough to be easily adjusted by any one.

I will give free lessons how to operate on road. Ignition in detail, systematically how to locate trouble, also care of engine, with proper amounts of different oil to use.

This alone should restore confidence to the prospective purchaser with the world's best record now held by the Reo and sworn to before a Notary Public. You can't get away from sworn figures.

Folding wind-shields, and Stewart speedometers, ball bearing on axle and steering spindles and pins.

Because of the perfect score of 1907 the Reo was chosen to pilot the contesting cars in 1908 in the Glidden Tour, and came out now holding the world's record, and was chosen officially to pilot the big 4 and 6 cylinders in running off the tie.

**Write me today for Catalog and Demonstration.**

**Show Rooms on Harrison Street, near R. R. Ave.**

P. E. CORKRAN,
EASTON, MD.

Wanted, a Live Agent.



## New Stock of Jewelry

including Solid Gold and High Grade Filled Goods has been received at

DR. F. J. WRIGHT'S STORE, Denton. Md.

This stock embraces Neck Chains, Cuff Pins, Brooches, Scarf Pins, Etc.

Let Wright Order Your DIAMONDS for you. You can save at least twenty-five per cent. by buying here.



## Duffey's Drug Store

DENTON, MD.

Has The HIGHEST GRADE .. Of .. Drugs and Chemicals

OBTAINABLE None Others Will Be Kept In This Store At Any Time.

Duffey's Laxative Cold Tablets
Duffey's Syrup of White Pine & Tar

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN : TO : PRESCRIPTIONS

The general stock of goods usually found in the first-class city drug store will be found here, with this difference only, that the prices here are much lower.

A. L. DUFFEY.



## INSURE YOUR PROPERTY IN HOME COMPANY

We save you from 45 to 50 per cent of your money and give you a broad, straight policy.

We do not attach a three-fourths value clause.

We do not require you to take your own risk by signing a PREMIUM NOTE.

Your money will be INVESTED at home.

We pay our losses within 10 days.

Underwriters rate in Western Maryland is: Dwelling 40 cts., outbuildings 60 cts. on $100. Underwriters rate on Eastern Shore: Dwelling 70 cts., outbuildings $1.25 on $100.

Our Rate:
Dwelling, 40c, outbld'g 60c on $100

Our rate the same as the one they use in Western Maryland.

AGENCIES:
Oscar Clark & Bro., Denton, Md.
Paul Holsinger, . . Ridgely, Md.
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**Maryland Fire Ins. Co.**
Easton, Md.



WEEK OF MARCH 8th, 1909.

## Announcement!

To the Well-Dressed Man

We solicit your patronage for Your New Spring Suit.

**OBERSEIDER Tailors**

BALTIMORE, MD.

Represented by

LOUIS OBERSEIDER

SHOWING A HANDSOME LINE OF SPRING AND SUMMER MATERIALS.

AT THE

BRICK HOTEL, DENTON, MD.

WEEK OF MARCH 8th, 1909.


### Notice to Creditors.

This is to give notice that the subscribers, of Caroline county, have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Caroline county, in Maryland, letters testamentary on the personal estate of Joshua W. Bryant, late of Caroline county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased are warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, on or before the 1st day of September, 1909, or they may otherwise, by law, be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under our hands this 2nd day of March, 1909.

HOWARD BRYANT,
MARC BRYANT,
LINNIE T. PERCY,
Executors of Joshua W. Bryant, dec'd.


FIFTY Lady Operators Wanted. The Easton Shirt Manufacturing Company, Easton, Maryland. 3-6-4t


Now is the time to subscribe.


## PUBLIC SALE
Of Valuable
## PERSONAL PROPERTY

HAVING moved to a smaller farm, consequently having a surplus of stock and farming implements, I will offer at public sale to the highest bidder, at "Sinnyside Dairy Farm," on the Denton-Hillsboro road and opposite the "Emerson Farm," on

**Thursday, March 11,'09,**

beginning at 1.30 o'clock p. m., the following valuable personal property:

**Live Stock:** One Sorrel Horse, 6 years old, by Linkwood Chief, sound and gentle, good worker and will weigh 1100 pounds; one Bay Horse, 10 years old, sound and good anywhere; eight head of Milch Cows and Heifers, two will be fresh in a short time, others giving milk, three well bred and promising heifers; this stock is more than ordinary.

**Implements, etc.** One Buckeye Disc Drill, 11 tine; one Bickford & Hoffman Drill, 10 tine; one Bradley Corn Planter, with wire; one Hamilton Planter, with wire; one Auburn Farm Wagon, strong and in good condition; one 2-horse Columbia Dearborn, will carry 2000 pounds, in good condition; one Hay Rake; one Osborne Spring Tooth Harrow; one 3-horse Plow, one 2-horse Plow; one Blacksmith's Leather Bellows; one Drill Press; one Hurst's Barrel Sprayer, complete with two nozzles, only used a little; one Fairbanks-Morse Gasoline Engine, 3 H. P., practically new. This engine is complete with cooling tank and gasoline pump feed and in perfect running order. My reason for selling is that I have from 5 to 6 H. P. work. This is a rare chance to get a bargain, and there is no better engine on the market.

TERMS.—Credit of six months given on notes with approved security, payable at Denton National Bank; sums of and under ten dollars cash.

J. FRANK BOOTH.

F. P. COVEY, Auctioneer.



## PUBLIC SALE
## 30 Head
—OF—
## Horses and Mules

At Harrington, Del.,

**Thursday, March 11, '09**

at 1 o'clock p. m.

TWENTY MARES suitable for road, farm and breeding purposes. TEN MULES broke and ready for use. Within one week I sold $10,000 worth of stock. Some made money, some lost, all sold. Competitors say we sell high. Don't decry the intelligence of the people, as they make the price. In one load I sold two pairs for $565; Mr. Pierce, Milford, and Mr. Warren, Lincoln, resold them for $1,000. Come see an auction where there is no by bidding.

A. RAUGHLEY.

P. S.—Please inform your neighbor.



RENO'S
## Southern : Minstrels!

COMING!

Reno's Southern Minstrels will be at

Masonic Hall, Denton,

Wednesday Ev'ng, March 10, '09


The attraction at the Opera House Thursday night was Reno's Minstrels, who drew a fair crowd, notwithstanding the night was stormy. The company gave an excellent performance and introduced several new sketches pertaining to the burnt cork profession. They are a gentlemanly set of men and should they ever return here we predict for them a standing-room-only house.—East New Market Advertiser.

Bradley and Turner, black face comedians, made a decided hit with Reno's Minstrels at Music Hall, Monday night. The entire performance was creditably rendered and deserved the large patronage they received.—Federalsburg Courier.

Reno's Minstrels showed here Thursday night to one of the largest crowds ever seen in our hall. They have a clean, moral, up-to-date show.—Preston News.


Great Drop In Price But No Change In The High Quality Of Gold Clover Seed.

If your merchant can't supply you with BOLGIANO'S GENUINE "GOLD BRAND" CLOVER, don't accept a substitute. You will be the loser if you do. Write us how much you need and we will tell you where you can get it. "GOLD" is printed near the mouth of each bag, and we have it copyrighted by the United States government.

J. Bolgiano & Son,
Baltimore, Md.

Gentlemen:—The Red Clover seed I bought from you last Spring was the best I ever saw; I believe every grain grew and made a stalk. It was marked "GOLD" true to name in all that word implies. Yours very truly,
C. L. STEELE, Perry co., Pa.

Beautiful New 1909 Catalogue Free.

J. BOLGIANO & SON,
Established for 91 years,
Pratt, Light and Ellicott Streets,
BALTIMORE, MD.


### Notice to Creditors.

This is to give notice that the subscriber, of Caroline county, has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Caroline county, in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Mary H. Saulsbury, late of Caroline county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased are warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, on or before the 1st day of September, 1909, or they may otherwise by law, be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand this 2nd day of March, 1909.

HARVEY L. COOPER,
Adm'r of Mary H. Saulsbury, dec'd.

## The B'ar's Den Ghost

By FRANK H. SWEET


Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.


JONAS WARNER of Tannerytown, being an enterprising Yankee boy, cast about for some way to increase his cash capital, which amounted to $2. For this sum he bought from old Mr. Higgins the exclusive privilege of gathering nuts on the southwest side of Sixpence hill. This transaction occurred about the middle of October.

Next morning Jonas was on the road at sunrise with a bundle of grain sacks, gun, sledge hammer and tin lard pail, containing his noonday meal. An unusually severe frost the night before had burst the chestnut burs, and the trees rained a spattering fusillade upon the dead leaves.

"I'll hide my nuts in the b'ar's den," thought Jonas as he sat at the roots of a gnarled oak eating the piece of pie that had been put into his pail first that it might be eaten last. "I'll hide 'em in the b'ar's den, and when I get 'em all picked I can come after 'em with the old express wagon."

So when he ceased work that afternoon he shouldered his spoils and toiled up the steep hillside to the b'ar's den.

The b'ar's den is a cave situated on the southwest slope of Sixpence hill. Here the ledge crops out in many places, leaving sharp acclivities of gray and moss grown rock. The largest of these ledges stands out like a gigantic cut into the heart of the hill. A gnarled grapevine clings tenaciously to the corpse of a strangled moosewood near the verge and lowers itself in angular contortions far down along the face of the rock.

Under the ledge is the main entrance of the cave, shrouded by moss, birches, blackberry briers and an overhanging mass of rock. This opening is dark and uninviting as the shaft of a deserted mine.

The den itself is about twelve feet wide and twelve feet deep, but it is not high enough to allow a man to stand upright. Back of this recess is a passage large enough for a human being to squeeze through. If one did so he would find himself in a very narrow fissure, which soon becomes so high that its roof is invisible, even to one carrying a lighted torch or lantern.

This fissure turns around a corner and then becomes so narrow that its exploration is impracticable, except to raccoons or lesser creatures.

What lies beyond is not known. There is an opening at the top of the cave, and tradition says that this opening was the favorite entrance of the bear which gave the place its title.

Jonas Warner deposited his nuts as far back in the cave as he could crawl. He thought he had more than enough nuts to make up the sum he had invested in certain furs that Abijah Williams claimed. Abijah and Jonas were about the same age and had been great friends, but during the last six months they had had nothing to do with each other.

Their quarrel had been the result of Jonas' trading propensities. One day during the previous spring he had

A SMILE STOLE OVER THE FACE OF ABIJAH.

bought a package of furs from a French Canadian woodchopper at a great bargain. The Canadian left town quickly without explaining that he had found the furs on the public highway. They had been dropped there from the wagon in which Abijah Williams had been carrying them to sell in the village.

Abijah, who had trapped them during the preceding winter, took his loss much to heart. When he learned what had become of his missing property he sought redress of Jonas.

Jonas, however, had bought the furs honestly and on the French Canadian's assurance that he himself had trapped them. Therefore Jonas refused to give up the package unless Abijah would share the loss. As Abijah would not consent, they parted angrily. Jonas kept the skins, and Abijah threatened to replevin them. Meantime the pelts were being spoiled by moths in the back room of the Warner homestead.

Thus the matter stood when Abijah, hunting squirrels on Sixpence hill, discovered Jonas busy among the trees. With the patience of a born hunter Abijah watched his former chum until he learned where Jonas deposited his booty.

Then a smile of satisfaction stole over the freckled face of Abijah Williams. He had determined to appropriate the nuts on account of his lost furs.

Next night he left the house as if to go coon hunting.

It happened that Hiram Acton, Uncle Hosea Swale and Joe Chute sallied out the same evening to hunt coons on Sixpence hill. Chute was a French Canadian. They had a lantern, a gun and two dogs. By 9 o'clock they had started a coon.

Suddenly the barking of one of their hounds seemed high above them. It rang out full and musical. When the dog ceased the echoes went calling to and fro among the ledges and faintly falling away till silence again ruled the night. The three coon hunters stopped running and began to talk.

"Fellers," said Hiram, wiping the perspiration from his brow with the back of his hand, "we've lost him."

"What makes you think so?" panted Uncle Hosea.

"Think so? Why, I'm tellin' on ye I know it. The ragin' beast o' prey has took sanctuary in the b'ar's den. Ye might jest as well try to ketch a pond shiner in a steel trap as expect to find a coon that gits into the b'ar's den."

"I told ye, didn't I," snarled Uncle Hosea, "'twa'n't no use in comin' off here arter coons? They allers manage to git into that pesky hole. Let's go hum."

"Waal, I ain't goin' back now," said Chute resolutely. "I got my mout' mad' up for dat coon, 'n' I tell my woman I fetch one coon home to him. My woman—she's de bes' cook!"

"She won't cook no coon that ain't ketched, I guess," said Acton.

"I tole you," exclaimed Chute, "up in Canaday I smoke out coons in place lak dat. Take some dead leaf 'n' strike a match, 'n' dat coon she come out pooty mighty quick, ya-as!"

"Chute, ye might jest as well try to drive a coon out o' Hoosac tunnel by lightin' a match at one end on't," said Acton.

But Uncle Hosea Swale seemed to think the plan worth trying, and presently Chute was sent to light a fire at the upper opening, while the others stayed at the nearer entrance with the dogs. Chute was instructed to smother the fire with leaves and brush, so that its draft would be downward and through the cave and out of the lower entrance.

His companions heard the crackling of the brush as Chute went through it. Then all was silent save the moaning of wind in the treetops overhead. The solemnity of the night became almost oppressive.

"It's kinder fun'ral-like here, ain't it, Acton?" said Uncle Hosea in a low tone.

"Kinder. I wisht that Frenchman 'd hurry up."

"I don't s'pose," Uncle Hosea went on, "that anybody ever explored this here cave?"

"What'd anybody want to explore it for?"

"Waal, curiosity, maybe. Ye remember ole Sam Ma'sh, don't ye?"

"Him that bruk his leg loggin' for Henry Brasset? He said he heerd it crack in three places. He was so scared that he insisted on bein' brung home on an ox sled. When they got him halfway home he jumped off'n the sled an' went back after his dinner pail. Yes, I remember ole Sam Ma'sh."

"Waal, he was a curi's sort of a critter. He'd tell the most sing'lar stories. He uster tell sometimes 'bout explorin' this here b'ar's den. He skart hisself so tellin' it one night over to Bennett's huskin' that he didn't daree to go hum alone."

"What did he see in there?" asked Acton, lighting his pipe and leaning back against a bowlder.

At this point Chute came back to report that the smudge was burning finely. He sat down, and Uncle Hosea went on with his story:

"Waal, nigh's I kin recl'ect it, ole Ma'sh said he got here 'n' crawled in with a knife in his teeth, leavin' his gun outside. He follered a kinder circoitus crack for nigh forty feet 'n' then come to a place so small 't he couldn't git through it. So he held his lantern front of him 'n' looked in.

"'N', b' golly, he see a big chamber like hollered out'n the stun, 'n' in the middle on't, on the floor, sot a human skull grinnin' at him with a shin bone between the teeth.

"Ole Ma'sh said the skull kinder laffed and most scared the life out of him, and he didn't know how quick he come away."

Hiram laughed nervously. Chute turned up the wick of the lantern without laughing at all. The three huddled together before the great black hole and talked fearfully of spooks and apparitions.

Their reminiscences were of old tales handed down in New England households from ancestors who lived in a wilderness peopled with a thousand terrors. No one but Chute owned to a belief in evil spirits, but the Canadian's superstition was contagious.

Half an hour after Uncle Hosea's story of "Sam Ma'sh" the three men were in such a quivering condition that a weird sound would have been enough to send them flying through the woods.

All this time the b'ar's den had another occupant besides the raccoon. Abijah Williams was there, filling his sacks with Jonas Warner's chestnuts. It was impossible for those outside to see his lantern light. And as stillness reigned inside the cave Abijah was unaware of the proximity of the coon hunters.

After he had filled his bags the stillness of the place began to affect him. He sat there questioning whether he was engaged in a brilliant act of retaliation or in a mean theft. For the first time since the trouble began about the pelts he reviewed the affair without prejudice. At last he resolved to go to Jonas in the morning and talk the whole thing over amicably.

He emptied the bags, replaced the nuts as he had found them and was about to leave the place when a volume of suffocating smoke suddenly issued from the interior of the cavern. He was astonished. Had the b'ar's den turned out to be a volcano? Was an earthquake shock about to crush him between those stupendous rocks?

Abijah fled for his life.

As he crawled on his hands and knees through the fissure to the outer part of the den he heard a scratching noise behind him. It was the raccoon, which was being driven toward the outer air by Chute's smudge.

The three hunters outside had lost notice.

listened to a wild tale from Chute when the acute ears of Hiram detected a sound inside the b'ar's den.

"It's the coon!" cried he. "See! The smoke's comin' through! Let the dogs go!"

"What ails the dogs? They act so scart. I reckon Chute's story must 'a' frightened 'em," said Uncle Hosea.

"Le's git out dis!" came from the awed Chute. "W'en dogs is skar'd I don't want"—

"Look thar!" burst from the ashen lips of Hiram Acton. His face was of

A WHITE FACE APPEARED AT THE MOUTH OF THE PASSAGE

the color of birch bark as he pointed to the hole leading into the edge from the b'ar's den.

The three men stood gazing with dropped jaws, bursting eyes and hair erect where two human hands stretched from the black hole and moved as if in dumb appeal.

Next instant the hands drew back convulsively, and a shriek so sharp, so piercing and unearthly rang from the b'ar's den that the echoes flung it back like a chorus of fiends. It was repeated as a white face, distorted by fear beyond recognition, appeared at the mouth of the passage.

The raccoon was trying to crawl over Abijah's back, and he believed that some fearful thing was upon him.

The Canadian started with a yell that might have been heard a mile. He leaped five feet into the air and sped away in the darkness, crashing through the bushes.

Uncle Hosea shrieked, "Land o' the livin'!" in a shrill falsetto and flew after Chute.

Hiram Acton gave no cry, for his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth and refused to utter a sound. For a few hundred yards his track was visible by the receding light of his lantern that rose and fell like some singular kind of fireworks. Soon, however, the lantern smashed against an oak with a crash that showered the ground with shivered glass. But when Hiram stopped three miles from Sixpence hill he was still clinging to the wire bail, which was all that was left of the lantern.

Uncle Hosea was bedridden for several days. Joe Chute borrowed a team on the following Sunday and drove twenty miles to church for the first time in two years. Hiram Acton told a wonderful story of what he had seen after the flight of his two companions. According to this veracious narrative, Hiram had conversed coolly with a ghost "up'ards of nine feet high." But what the apparition had told him Hiram dared not tell.

The affair created a great stir in Tannerytown, and from that time forward Sixpence hill ceased to allure coon hunters.

Only two persons knew the facts of the case. On the day following his exploit Abijah told James Warner all about it, though he did not dwell on the fright he underwent when the coon crawled over him. The two boys kept the affair to themselves after shaking hands in renewed friendship.

As to the skins, they were found to have become entirely worthless pending the settlement of the dispute. But Jonas afterward fully compensated Abijah for his loss, as he was in duty bound to do.

### Warned in a Dream.

On the occasion of a fatal accident to a lift in a Paris hotel some years ago a lady who was just going up in it started back, saying, "Oh, there is that dreadful man again!" and tried to induce her husband to come off it, too, but he refused and was among the killed. The "dreadful man" to whom she referred she had seen in a dream, which the niece of the friend who told me the story had heard her relate a day or two before the accident. It was of a funeral drawn up at her door, so pompous as to produce a great impression on her, presided over by a big dark man in a strange sombrero hat. This man she saw, or believed she saw, in the lift, and the coincidence terrified her from going up in it.—London Notes and Queries.

### Ladies and Gents.

When I was younger kids were kids in Kansas or in Cadiz. Now all the boys are gentlemen and all the girls ladies. Where are the kids who climbed the trees, the tousled young carousers who got their faces black with dirt and tore their little trousers? Where are the lads who scrapped by rounds while other lads kept tallies, the maids who made their pies of mud and danced in dirty alleys? They're making calf love somewhere now, exchanging cards and kisses. They're all fixed up in Sunday togs, and they are sirs and misses. Real kids have vanished from the world, which fac is surely hades, and all the boys ar gentlemen, and all the girls are ladies.—Walt Mason in Emporia Gazette.

### Realistic.

"Why is Rosalie weeping so?"

"She and Bessie and I were playing at keeping house. Rosalie was the wife and I was the husband."

"I hope you were not cross to her. Husbands and wives should never quarrel, you know."

"Oh, we didn't fight. Bessie was our maid, and she quit without giving us notice."—Minneapolis Journal.

## SEED OF THE VIOLET.

**The Flower Is Aggressive In Spite of Its Boasted Modesty.**

The common wild violet affords one of the most remarkable illustrations of the care and apparent forethought of nature in preserving a species. As everybody knows, the violet grows in the shade, in pastures, woods and fields where the grass is abundant and long. It comes up early in the spring and flowers at a time when the grass is most abundant and succulent. Of course it is liable to be cut down by the scythe, but much more likely is it to be bitten off by grazing animals.

The violets that come in the spring either do not seed at all or very sparingly, so that if the plant relied on its spring flowers for seed it would probably perish off the earth in a very few years.

But in the late fall the plant bears another crop of blossoms that are never seen save by the professional botanist. They are very small, utterly insignificant in appearance, and grow either just at or below the surface of the ground. These are the flowers which produce the seeds for the next season. The flowers on long stems blooming in spring are only for show; the hidden flowers are for use, and the number of seeds they bear may be judged from the ease with which a wild violet bed spreads.

When the seeds are ripe the pod explodes, scattering them to a considerable distance, often to ten or twelve feet from the parent plant, so that in spite of its boasted modesty the violet not only takes care of itself, but becomes a troublesome aggressor.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## SWOONED AT THE BELL.

**Odd Effect of One Cure Through the Subliminal Consciousness.**

A very well known oculist tells of one case where healing through the subliminal consciousness was really a source of embarrassment to the physician who was responsible for it. Several years ago when the eye specialist—he knows about ears and throats, too—was studying in Vienna a young girl was brought to the hospital to be treated for some nervous disorder. Hypnotism—or suggestion, as one is asked to call it these days—was used, and she was brought under his influence by the ringing of a bell. After a few treatments she went to sleep, or into the unconscious and receptive state, as soon as she heard the bell. She was speedily cured and left the hospital. Next day she was brought unconscious, roused and sent away. The day after that she was brought in again. Indeed, for some time scarcely a day passed when she wasn't carried in limp and unconscious. She became a positive nuisance to the great neurologist that had hypnotized her, and he finally sent persons to watch her. It was found that on her way to work she passed a certain church and usually was at the door at the moment during the celebration of the mass when the bell rang. At its tinkle she calmly curled up and went to sleep. It was necessary to suggest to her the next time she was brought to the hospital that no bell in the world could have any effect on her except the one rung in the hospital by the neurologist. After that she went about the city quite unaffected by the bells, and the neurologist drew a breath of relief.—Washington Herald.

### Just a Way They Have.

Inhabitants of the isle of Wight speak of "going to England" when they leave their own fragment of the kingdom. A patriotic Cornishman also "goes to England" when he crosses the Tamar. Similarly inhabitants of the Balkan peninsula talk of "going to Europe" when they leave their own corner of the continent, in curious contrast with the people of Great Britain, who regard themselves as both of and in "Europe," and it is only "the continent" that they visit. There is an old story of a Scottish minister who prayed for a blessing upon "the inhabitants of Great and Little Cumbrae (islands in the Firth of Clyde) and the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland." Massachusetts people speak of going "down east" when they start for the Maine coast.—Chicago News.

### Parcel Wrappers.

"The hardest thing to wrap up," said a shipping clerk, "is a violin. A department store will often test a new wrapper by giving him a violin to do up. If he passes that test he is all right.

"Abroad bags and string, being expensive, are rarely used, and the young groceryman must be able to wrap potatoes, flour and all sorts of things in sheets of paper alone. He gets a kind of knack. He lays his flour or beans in a square of paper, doubles the paper over and, with an end in each hand, swings the parcel round and round. Like magic, then, it is done up, and you can carry it safely quite a hundred yards or so, provided you are careful."

### A Difficult Examination.

Candidates at the Royal Veterinary college, London, must pass examinations in English grammar and composition, Latin, mathematics and either Greek, a modern language or logic (horse sense?). This from the Matric: "Find the center of gravity of a uniform wire which is bent in such a way that it forms three sides of a square." Once in, the candidate for V. S. has to cover chemistry, physics, biology, botany, histology, physiology, bacteriology, materia medica, toxicology, hygiene, dietetics, clinical medicine, meat inspection and horseshoeing.—Horses, Horsemen and Stable Management.

### The Call of Egypt.

Egypt calls even across the space of the world, and across the space of the world he who knows it is ready to come, obedient to its summons, because in thrall to the eternal fascination of the "land of sand and ruins and gold," the land of the charmed serpent, the land of the afterglow that may fade away from the sky above the mountain of Libya, but that fades never from the memory of one who has seen it from the base of some great column or the top of some mighty pylon; the land that has a spell—wonderful, beautiful Egypt.—Robert Hichens in Century.