DENTON JOURNAL.

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Attorney's Sale
Of Valuable
Town Property!

BY VIRTUE of the power and authority vested in me as attorney, I will offer at public sale, in front of the Court House door, in the town of Denton, Caroline county, State of Maryland, on

Tuesday, June 15th, '09

between the hours of two and four o'clock p. m., the following described real estate, viz: All that lot of land situate, lying and being on the west side of Market st., [illegible], in the Sixth election district of Caroline county, aforesaid, and adjoining the lands of Capt. C. C. Wheeler and William E. Hicks, being the same lands and premises described in a deed from James W. Holt and wife to William E. Fleming, recorded in Liber L. H. G., No. 46, folio 496, one of the Land Record books for Caroline county, containing

Eight Thousand, Five Hundred and Eighty-four Square Feet of Land,

more or less, and being also the same land described in two deeds, one from Marshall S. Mutchler, trustee, to Charles H. Fleming, dated December 11th, 1888, and recorded in Liber L. H. G., No. 53, folio 162. The second of which is from Jennie Fleming to said Charles H. Fleming, dated December 12th, 1888, and recorded in Liber L. H. G., No. 53, folio 193, one of the Land Record books for Caroline county.

IMPROVEMENTS
Two-story Dwelling House, suitable Carriage House in good repair.

TERMS OF SALE.—One third cash on day of sale, the balance in two equal installments, payable in six and twelve months, deferred payments to be secured by the notes of the purchaser, with security to be approved by the undersigned, and to bear interest from day of sale, or all cash at option of purchaser. Title papers at expense of purchaser.

FRED R. OWENS, Attorney.
F. P. Covey, Auctioneer.

The purchaser may secure a reasonable loan on the above property by applying to FRED R. OWENS, Attorney.
Denton, Maryland.

Mortgagee's Sale
—OF A—
FARM!
In the First Election District Of Queen Anne County.

THE undersigned, by virtue of a power contained in a mortgage from Sarah C. Carter and George W. Carter, Sr., to Carolene L. Hynson, bearing date the 19th day of January, 1907, and recorded among the land records of Queen Anne county, in Liber S. S., No. 2, folio 401, which said mortgage has been duly assigned by the said Carolene L. Hynson to William M. Slay, will offer at public sale, in front of the Church Hill Bank, in Church Hill, Maryland, on

SATURDAY, June the 12th, 1909

AT 2 O'CLOCK P. M.,

All that Tract of Land

situate in the First election district of Queen Anne county, on the south side of the public road leading from Ingleside to Keen's Cross Roads, and containing

145 ACRES,

3 Roods and 2½ Perches, more or less.

Improved by a 2½ Story
FRAME DWELLING
AND OUTBUILDINGS.

It is now occupied by Joseph H. Cannon.

This farm has a kind soil and responds actively to proper tillage.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of purchase money to be paid in cash on day of sale; the balance in one and two years in two equal installments from day of sale, with interest, to be secured by the note or notes of the purchaser, with sureties to the satisfaction of the undersigned. All title papers at expense of purchaser.

WILLIAM M. SLAY
Assignee.

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.
Harry Clark, . Queen Anne, Md.
Charles B. Harrison, Preston, Md.
Frank W. Wagner, Federalsburg, Md.

Maryland Fire Ins. Co.
Easton, Md.

Acadia Butter

¶ Every quality of flavor, color and firmness that is necessary in a high-grade Butter is found in our famous Acadia Brand.

¶ Made in the finest creamery plant on the Peninsula, under perfect sanitary conditions, by the latest improved methods known to butter making, there is never any question as to the quality of Acadia. Every pound is like every other pound—**always the same and always the best.**

¶ Ask your grocer for it next time. If he doesn't happen to have it, have him get it for you. Don't be put off with something "just as good" for there is no butter made as good as Acadia.

Middletown Farms
Middletown, Del.
Pure Dairy Products

JUNE

Month of Roses and New Clothes; everything in full bloom; why not look your best? Every day now we are adding big bargains in New Suits. Lots we are closing out from good makers who are closing up their season. New values right now in $10, $12 and $15. All Worsted Suits, light and dark colors. Blue Serges at $6, $8, $10, $12.50 and up to $25, in regular sizes. $10, $12.50 and up to $20 in Stouts, Slims and extra sizes. The latest and best shapes in Straw and new Soft Hats, new Shoes, Underwear, Negligee Shirts, Neckwear and Fancy Hose. Big line Wash Suits and Serges for Boys and Little Boys. 50 cents to $5 for new patterns and the right kinds.

Biggest Because Best — **MULLIN'S** Wilmington — Clothing Hats Shoes

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.

A Corroboration
Of Interest to Denton Readers.

For months Denton citizens have seen in these columns enthusiastic praise of Doan's Kidney Pills, by residents of this locality.

Would these prominent people recommend a remedy that had not proven reliable?

Would they confirm their statements after years had elapsed if personal experience had not shown the remedy to be worthy of the endorsement?

No stronger proof of merit can be had than cures that have stood the test of time.

The following statement should carry conviction to the mind of every Denton reader:

John Maag, Jr., retired, 220 S. Governors ave., Dover, Del., says: "I first publicly endorsed Doan's Kidney Pills in 1903, after they had cured me of a severe case of kidney complaint, and at this time I willingly confirm that statement. I believe that Doan's Kidney Pills have no equal for the cure of pains across the small of the back and other symptoms of disordered kidneys. Since this remedy freed me from these annoyances, I have been in good health and in return I have advised its use whenever I have had the opportunity."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's, and take no other.

BALTIMORE'S BEST STORE

Hochschild, Kohn & Co.

Howard and Lexington Streets

We Prepay Freight Charges to All Points Within 200 Miles of Baltimore on All Purchases of Amounting to $5.00 or More.

Wedding and Graduation Gifts
Selection is Best at Baltimore's Best Store!

The value of a gift lies not in its price, but in its appropriateness. You'll find at this store the greatest possible variety of gifts—which means that you'll have least trouble in finding just the thing that will be most welcome to the newly-married couple or the graduate.

And prices are reasonable, too—you can always be sure of that.

In Silver Plate

Five Piece Tea Sets, $6.95 to $38.50
Water Pitchers, $2.75 to $13.50
Tea Kettles and Coffee Urns, $10.50
Two Light Candelabra, $5.00 to $18.00
Casserole Dishes, $5.95 to $9.85
Bottle Holders, $1.75 to $6.00
Baking Dishes, $2.00 to $16.00
Berry and Fruit Bowls, $3.00 to $8.50
Sugar and Cream Sets, $1.95 to $1.50
Fern Dishes, $1.00 to $5.50
Bread Trays, $1.00 to $4.50
Shaving Cups and Brushes, $2.50 to $3.25 a set.
Tableware—Oneida Community Plate, Rogers 1847, Reliance makes—and the lower priced reliable makes.

In Sterling Silver

Fancy Pieces of Flatware, 75c to $4.50
Salt and Pepper Shakers, $1.50 to $7.50 a pair
Belt Buckles, $1.50 to $9.50
Picture Frames, $1.95 to $9.50
Hair Brushes, $3.25 to $8.50.
Combs, 85c to $7.50
Mirrors, $5.75 to $15.00
Military Brushes, $7.50 to $11.00 a patr.
Cloth Brushes, $2.25 to $7.25
Hat Brushes, $1.00 to $3.75
Cologne Bottles and Flasks, $1.50 to $12.95

In Leather

Traveling Clocks, with leather case, $1.50 to $5.50
Folding Coat Hangers, $1.50 to $3.50
Jewel Boxes, $1.00 to $8.95
Medicine Cases, 75c to $9.50
Collar and Cuff Boxes and Bags, 50c to $5.00
Writing Tablets and Portfolios, $1.00 to $7.50

Desk Sets, $2.50 to $5.50
Dressing Cases, $1.00 to $17.00
Music Rolls and Folios, 50c to $4.50
Leather and Covered Flasks, $1.00 to $3.75
Hand Bags, $1.00 to $15.00

Fans

Gauze Fans, lace, spangled and hand-painted; with bone, pearl or sandal-wood sticks. 50c to $8.50

For Home Decoration

Renaissance Lace Bed Sets, $3.95 to $25.00
Irish Point Lace Curtains, $3.50 to $20.00
Scotch Lace Curtains, 98c to $6.50
Tapestry Couch Covers, 98c to $15.00
Tapestry Portieres, $3.50 to $18.00
Bordered Portieres, $2.95 to $15.00
Velour Portieres, $25.00 to $45.00
Room-Size Rugs, $5.00 to $55.00
Small Rugs, 35c to $15.00
Novelty Lace Curtains, $1.50 to $7.50
Ruffled Swiss Curtains, 50c to $2.75
Utility and Shirtwaist Boxes, $1.95 to $25.00

Artwares and Housewares

Hammered Brass Jardinieres, $2.75
Colonial Brass Drop Lights, complete, $4.50
8-inch Cut Glass Bowls, $2.95
4-pint Cut Glass Jugs, $5.00
Chafing Dishes, nickel plated, $7.50
Copper Coffee Machines, $7.50
Three-Piece Carving Sets, with stag handles and sterling silver ferrules, $5.00
Antique Candlesticks, $2.50
Round Hammered Brass Trays, $1.50
Brass Fern Dishes, 95c
Cut Glass Flower Pots, $7.50 to $13.50

Our Mail Order Department is equipped to give prompt and accurate service.

Samples of Silks, Dress Goods, Wash Fabrics and so on will be cheerfully sent if you will write for them.

Ladies' Home Journal Patterns 10c and 15c. Write for a copy of the Monthly Style Book—it's free.

Hochschild, Kohn & Co.
Howard & Lexington Sts., BALTIMORE

The Talbot Bank of Easton, Md.

Pays 4 per cent. Interest Quarterly on Savings Deposits.

A Commercial Department for Checking Accounts now open and growing rapidly. This Department meets with much favor from all of our patrons.

In our Fire and Burglar-Proof Steel Vault we have Private Safe Deposit Boxes for rent.

We have also, in addition to our Steel Vault, the **Only Underground Safety Vault in this locality**, for the storage at a moderate charge of boxes or trunks containing valuables, such as family plate or other articles. This is a great convenience to anyone wishing to store such things, when at home they might not be safe.

Call and examine our vaults that you may be convinced of their security. Polite and obliging officials will wait on you.

TO THE FARMERS
—OF—
Caroline and Adjoining Counties.

I have the agency for the celebrated ADVANCE FARMING IMPLEMENTS:

Advance Binders, Advance Mowers, Advance Rakes.
Worchester-Kemp Manure Spreaders.

Spring Drags, Spike Drags, Sulky Cultivators, Land Rollers, Walking Plows, Walking Cultivators, Gang Plows, : : : :

Carriages and Buggies, Dearborns, One-horse Wagons, Two-horse Farm Wagons,

And other vehicles and Machinery of tested usefulness and durability and well known to our farmers who have used them. The farmers of this and neighboring counties are asked to write to me or call, and in every instance I will guarantee satisfaction, and that I can save them some money in the purchase of the things which every farmer must have.

J. B. COLGAIN,
DENTON, MARYLALD.

JOHN A. LEWIS, President. W. S. HODDINOTT, Sec. and Treas.

THE CAMBRIDGE BRICK COMPANY
—MANUFACTURERS OF—
HIGH GRADE BRICKS OF ALL KINDS

Large Supply on Hand. Special Prices on Large Contracts

You Need Bricks of Any Kind Give Us a Call.

The Cambridge Brick Co.,
CAMBRIDGE, MD.

A RUN WITH THE EXTRA FREIGHT.

Through a Burning Forest With a Train Load of Powder.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

[Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.]

To live within sight and hearing of a railroad, to have a big brother who is an engineer on that railroad and to make trips with him whenever he will allow and school does not interfere is a state of things calculated to please the average boy, and it did please Roy Kinsley, who was rather more than the average.

When he could sit on the high seat opposite Hal he felt like a king, and the only thing he needed in order to make him perfectly happy was a chance to run the engine, if only for a few minutes. But that was something which Hal, who was a very careful engineer, never allowed.

Yet Roy seldom lacked occupation while on the engine, for if the bell was not to be rung nor the whistle to be blown he could always help Jack Dunn to fire.

One afternoon Hal came home looking vexed.

"Roy, do you want to go up to Silverton with me tonight?" he asked as his brother met him at the door. "Here I'm just back from my run and have got orders to take an extra freight up the branch tonight, which means only four hours' sleep, if I get any. But that isn't the trouble. Dunn's sick and not fit to be out of bed, much less at work. I can't get another man before morning, so you see how it is. Will you fire this trip for me?"

"Of course I will!" exclaimed Roy. "It's just what I want. Hooray!"

He rushed about to get his cap, overalls and heavy coat. Hal smiled at the boy's excitement.

"You won't be quite so chipper by the time we get to Silverton," said he. "It's hard, rough work enough when you have to keep at it steadily even for a strong boy like you. It isn't like taking a turn at the shovel whenever you fancy."

"Well, I can go and will," declared Roy, following his brother toward the station, "and when I get too tired and lazy to work my passage I want to be put off."

A few minutes later the freight train pulled out of the yard. There were only three cars, and Hal grumbled to himself that it wasn't worth the trouble it caused. This seemed to be the opinion of the conductor, who wore a remarkably gloomy countenance and appeared to be much out of humor, although he said nothing whatever.

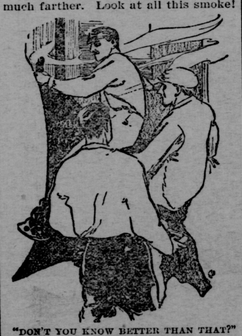
The Silverton branch ran through an almost uninhabited country to a large mining settlement some thirty miles from the junction.

The single track was shut in by thick woods on both sides throughout the greater part of this distance and was consequently far from presenting any objects of interest along its way. But Hal Kinsley did not find fault with it on that score. He had no grade crossings, switches nor signals to watch, no stray cows nor reckless men to avoid running over and no other trains to bother him.

"If railroading was always like this," he remarked at the end of a few miles, "there would be a good many less accidents and a good many more engineers dying of old age. But still there's always a drawback somewhere."

"I don't see any now," Roy objected between two shovelfuls.

"You will, though, before we've gone much farther. Look at all this smoke! It means that the woods up the line are on fire and that we shall have to run in a smother so thick that we shan't be able to see our smokestack half the time."



"DON'T YOU KNOW BETTER THAN THAT?"

Just then a man came scrambling over the tender into the cab. It was the conductor, Tom Brainerd, who looked even more dejected than when they started.

"Bad night, isn't it, Kinsley?" said he, staring through the front windows down the smoky vista made by the road, now rapidly growing dim in the twilight. "That fire was working toward the line when I came down this morning. We shall run pretty close to it, I'm thinking, for it shows a light already."

He pointed to a place where, in the distance, the darkening sky was stained with a dingy red glow which pulsated and flushed as the aurora does on a cold winter night.

"Well, what if we do?" returned Hal indifferently. "It isn't the first time we've seen a brush fire. Don't you remember last fall down on the southern branch when we"—

"Yes, yes; I remember that well enough!" snapped the conductor in an irritated manner. "But there's some difference between then and now, I can tell you. If we get through all right it'll be because"—

He stopped short in what he had been about to say, took another long stare ahead and then, without speaking again, climbed back over the tender, swung himself upon the first car and disappeared.

"What's got into Tom Brainerd tonight?" said Hal. "I never saw him this way before. If I didn't know he never touches a drop I should say he'd been drinking, but that can't be."

During the next half hour Brainerd repeatedly appeared on the top of the car, gazing toward the rapidly increasing light ahead. The occasional glare from the furnace door showed the same anxious, alarmed expression upon his usually stern face.

The cars were so few that he had no brakeman with him. This fact might account for his restlessness, since it obliged him to keep watch of the train. But why did he come here? He could have kept watch as well from his proper position in the lookout on the rear car.

"What can be the trouble with him?" Hal asked when Brainerd appeared for the tenth time above them. "He seems to be terribly afraid of that fire, but I can't see why he should be scared."

The train, making good time, had half finished its journey. The smoke had become so thick that nothing could be seen a rod away, and through it came the intermittent, nearing flashes of the great fire.

The air grew hot, and little drifts of ashes formed against the projecting parts of the locomotive. Sparks and dead cinders rattled against the cab windows.

"We are running right into it," said Hal, coughing and wiping his inflamed eyes upon his coat sleeve without removing either hand from the machinery.

"And it looks to me as if it was sweeping up on both sides of us," added Roy. "Is there any danger, Hal?"

"N-no," answered the engineer—"that is, not unless the heat warps the rails, which isn't probable, for the roadway is too wide for that. We'll blister our paint a trifle and maybe have to put out a blaze or two on the cars, but that'll be all. I've been in just such places before."

A few minutes passed, and then, as if a curtain had been drawn away, the smoke disappeared and the train plunged into relatively clear air between two lines of flaming trees which sent up great gushes of fire under the hurrying clouds of black vapor that they had rolled into the sky.

As far down the track as one could see, away to the vanishing point where the two burning fronts of the forest seemed to join, it was the same.

"Whew!" exclaimed Hal. "This is a scorcher! I'll let her out a bit and make a rush through it."

Just then Brainerd leaped into the cab.

"What are you doing, Kinsley?" he shouted. "You are not going on?"

"Going on?" gasped Hal, utterly amazed. "Of course I'm going on. I'm not afraid of a little fire, I hope; but, by George, Tom Brainerd, I believe you are."

"Reverse quick, man, and back us out!" said Brainerd in a harsh, vehement voice, seizing the engineer's arm with both hands. "Yes, I'm afraid. Reverse her, I tell you."

Hal pushed the conductor aside with a thrust of his strong elbow. "Don't you know better than that?" cried he angrily. "What's the matter with you, Tom Brainerd? You act like a crazy man."

"I'll be a dead one and you and the boy, too, if you don't back out," persisted Brainerd. "Do you know what we've got for freight?"

Hal and Roy looked at him half frightened. He had certainly lost his senses, they thought.

"No, and I don't care," said Hal. "But what is it?"

"Blasting powder!" screamed the conductor.

"What!" cried the brothers together.

"Yes, 'tons of it for the Silverton mines. And the handlers loosened the staves of two or three kegs when they loaded it, so that there's loose powder scattered all about the next car."

Kinsley pulled the throttle wide open.

"Sit down, Tom," he commanded calmly without looking at the conductor. "We can't go back. The fire's all along that way by this time. We must put her through. Coal up, Roy, but not too much. Quick, boy!"

When in a position of peril a determined, strong willed man makes up his mind to a certain course there is something about him which makes all others yield to his plans. Brainerd did not attempt to assert his authority over the train, but sat perfectly still, his fists clinched, his eyes set. Roy, pale faced, but steady, fed the firebox as if he were a part of the machinery.

The engine leaped and bounded under Hal's hard driving, crashing and rattling so fiercely that the roaring flames on either side sent no sound to the ears of those in the cab.

Suddenly Brainerd sprang up, took a spare shovel, some cotton waste and a bucket of water and left the cab. Roy, turning, saw him on top of the freight car, scraping off the sparks and swabbing out the little fires which started upon the dry boards of the roof.

"Tom's a brave fellow," said Hal. "It was the worry and dread that made him weaken. You see, he knew where the fire was and knew what he had got to carry through it if he met it. But he's all right from this on."

Hal had momentarily taken his eyes off the track while saying this. When he turned them back he gave a nervous start and then, seizing the whistle cord, signaled "Down brakes!" while with the other hand he closed the throttle.

"Jump, Roy, and put on our brakes back there!"

A great burning tree lay across the rails ahead. Even while Roy threw his weight on the brakes he was thinking, "What shall we do now?" and before he had finished turning the iron wheel he had thought.

The drag and jar behind showed that Brainerd, obeying Hal's signal, was setting the car brakes, and soon, the reduced speed allowing it, Hal reversed.

The locomotive, sliding and grating along, came slowly to a stand some yards from the blazing obstruction.

Before the train stopped Roy had opened his knife and cut away the leather curtain which closes the back of every engine cab. Rolling up the curtain, he plunged it into the water tank, drew it out dripping wet, threw it over his shoulders and, with an ax in his hand, jumped down and ran forward toward the burning tree.

Now he felt the heat as he had not felt it before, when under cover and fanned by the current of air made by the speed at which they had moved. The hot atmosphere struck through the soaked leather, and on his bare hands it was like glowing iron.

HE FELT THE TREE TRUNK BREAK.

Roy chopped blindly on, and as he did so he wondered confusedly whether he could hold out long enough to finish his task and, if he could, how the ponderous trunk might be moved off the track. All the time he had in his mind the terrible contents of those tinder box cars now standing motionless beneath a shower of sparks.

"It's all up with us, I guess," he thought, still swinging the ax.

A voice came faintly to him from the rear. It was Hal's.

"Come back, Roy!"

With one final blow he felt the tree trunk break. Then he somehow managed to stagger to the side of the engine, and his brother lifted him on board.

"I can do the rest," said Hal.

He turned on the steam, backed some distance and then ran full tilt at the divided tree.

The pilot caught it, tossed it aside, and it fell end over end into the ditch. Once more the train flew on with wide open throttle.

The smoke came down again; the fire receded into the woods; the scorching heat diminished. As the train, leaping out of the forest into the cleared land around Silverton, drew up at the little station, Roy, who had lain exhausted on the footboard ever since his brother had pulled him up, looked up. He saw Tom Brainerd coming in black, blistered and without a particle of hair, eyebrows or mustache remaining.

"Well, boys," said he cheerfully, "the fast powder freight's on time."

It was ahead of time, too, and in a badly damaged condition. The engine's gay paint and varnish were peeling off in great flakes, and the bright brasswork was tarnished and blackened. The seared, charred cars were wonders to look at, especially when one thought what they held.

Tom Brainerd must have worked desperately all the time the train was in the burning forest in order to save them.

"Well, I did jump around rather lively," Tom admitted, "but it was no more than right for me to pay for my scare somehow."

Hal was the same as ever. The only praise he gave Roy was contained in one remark, but this remark conveyed the greatest compliment he could bestow.

"You'll make a railroad man some day, sonny," was what he said.

The Mirrors in the Stores.

"Shoplifters will do well to take notice of the position of mirrors in department stores," said a floorwalker. "It is not just for the sake of pleasing women customers that store proprietors put in so many mirrors. They serve a much more important purpose in helping to detect thieves. If you were to keep your eye on the watchers in some of the big stores you would notice that they don't watch the patrons directly. They look at their reflections in the mirrors. Naturally their watching done that way is much less easily perceived by a shoplifter. The thief glances at the watcher, sees that his back is toward her, and then she secretes a pair of silk stockings or a bolt of lace in her shirt waist. The next moment, however, she may feel an unfriendly tap on the shoulder, and the watcher, having detected her by the mirror's aid, requests her to accompany him to the office."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

How High a Tiger Can Jump.

For the benefit of the prospective big game hunters a correspondent finally disposes of the theory that a tiger is unable to jump to any height from all fours. He records that he took refuge in a tree from a particular tiger. The beast, however, jumped up to him, "like an india rubber ball, a good seven feet," and it was only "by letting go with my right and ramming both barrels down his mouth that I did not have a very bad time of it."

The moral evidently is that when avoiding a tiger it is necessary to find a tree with its lowest branch at least sixteen feet from the ground.—India Field.

Compensation.

"I must have an iron bedstead," declared a tourist at an inn.

"Sir," answered Boniface, "I am sorry there ain't a single iron bedstead in the 'ouse. But you will find the mattresses very nice and 'ard, sir!"—London Tit-Bits.

A Concession.

She—You don't allow me to do anything I want! If it goes on much longer I shall go home to mamma. He—That I will allow you to do.—Fliegende Blatter.

A Hill and a Pill.

What is the difference between a hill and a pill? One is hard to get up, and the other is hard to get down.

The Scrap Book

A Better Place.

There was pie for dessert, and the small son of the hostess, taking advantage of the presence of company, pleaded for a second helping and got it. After he had eaten it all he showed signs of distress and was soon howling lustily and doubled up with pain.

A rather prim lady who was present said to the boy's mother: "He's got no business to yell like that. If he were my child he'd get a good sound spanking."

"He deserves it," the mother admitted. "I don't believe, though, in spanking him on a full stomach."

"Neither do I," said the visitor, "but you can turn him over."

Laughter.

Worry stalked along the road,
Trouble sneaking after,
Then Black Care and Grief and Goad,
Enemies to Laughter.

But old Laughter, with a shout,
Rose up and attacked 'em,
Put the sorry pack to rout,
Walloped 'em and whacked 'em.

Laughter frivols day and night.
Sometimes he's a bubble.
But he hath a deal of might
In a bout with Trouble.
—John Kendrick Bangs in Ainslee's Magazine.

Liked the Treatment.

A slater who was engaged upon the roof of a house in Glasgow fell from the ladder and lay in an unconscious state upon the pavement. One of the pedestrians in the street who rushed to the aid of the poor man chanced to have a flask of spirits in his pocket, and, to revive him, began to pour a little down his throat.

"Canny, mon, canny," said a man looking on, "or you'll choke him."

The "unconscious" slater opened his eyes and said quietly, "Pour awa', mon, pour awa'; ye're doin' fine."

Storming the Winning Post.

William IV. of England, who was bred to the sea, had no particular predilection for horse racing, but he so far interested himself in the sport as to take up his brother's stud to run out the engagement of George IV. Just previous to the first appearance of the royal stud in his name the trainer sought an interview to know what was the royal pleasure—how many horses the king would send down. How the trainer must have stared when he heard the sailor king, as if giving a command for a three decker to fire a broadside, order the whole stud, upward of 100 horses, to be let off at one shot for a single race!

"Send down the whole squad!" said the king. "Some of them, I suppose, will win."

Willing to Please.

A large and elegant hotel furnished on the most luxurious lines was erected at a fashionable resort. A magnificent orchestra performed every evening in the hotel dining room, but on one occasion, out of season, the house was so empty that the manager dispatched the following telegraph message to the head offices of the company: "Only one guest, but orchestra of thirty. What shall I do?"

And the prompt reply came, "If guest dissatisfied, engage six more musicians!"

Why He Got Married.

A $900 per annum clerk in one of Uncle Sam's departments at Washington was recently approached by a coworker who asked if it were true, as rumor had it, that the $900 person was about to marry.

"It is," was the laconic response.

"Surely, old man," said the other, with that freedom permitted an intimate friend, "you don't think that your present income would justify you in taking a wife."

"To be perfectly frank," said the other, "I do not."

"Then what on earth can be your reason for taking this serious step?"

"I have no reason," was the calm response. "I am in love."—Lippincott's.

Humor of the Stump.

During a warm political campaign an "old timer" took the stump. Whether he gathered many lost sheep into the fold of his party or not, he certainly did not detract from the humor of the situation. On one occasion a crowd of people gathered to hear him speak.

"Fellow citizens," he roared, "our opponents are resorting to every form of vileness, to dishonest and underhand tricks, to inconceivable meanness, to the corruption of voters, but we warn them"—his thunder shook the roof—"we warn them, fellow citizens, that that is a game that two can play at!"

Courage.

Courage is a virtue that the young cannot spare; to lose it is to grow old before the time. It is better to make a thousand mistakes and suffer a thousand reverses than run away from battle.—Henry Van Dyke.

Good Deeds.

Remember that if the opportunities for great deeds should never come, the opportunity for good deeds is renewed day by day. The thing for us to long for is the goodness, not the glory.—F. W. Faber.

Game He Didn't Like.

Years ago a bill entitled "An act for the preservation of the heath hen and other game" was introduced into the New York house of assembly.

The speaker of the house, who was not especially interested in matters of this kind, gravely read it, "An act for the preservation of the heathen and other game."

He was blissfully unconscious of his blunder until an honest member from the northern part of the state who had suffered from the depredations of the frontier Indians rose to his feet.

"I should like to move an amendment to the bill," he said mildly, "by adding the words, 'except Indians.'"