DENTON JOURNAL.

1845. A Family Newspaper:—Devoted to Local and General Intelligence, Agriculture and Advertising.—Independent on all Subjects. Subscription, One Dollar per Annum, in Advance. 1909

VOL. 63. DENTON, MARYLAND, SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 2, 1909. NO. 49

A Superior Quality of

Ice Cream

¶ No product of Middletown Farms has ever received a more cordial endorsement than our Ice Cream, and in less than two months it has come to be known from one end of the peninsula to the other as a very superior article.

¶ It's the old, old story of QUALITY. Everybody likes GOOD Ice Cream, and THIS IS GOOD.

¶ Made in individual bricks or packed solid in cans. All the standard flavors, and sold in lots from one quart to 100 gallons. We make shipments anywhere at any time. Orders by mail or by phone have immediate attention.

¶ We solicit your order, whether for family or restaurant trade, knowing that it will mean future business for us.

Middletown Farms
Pure Dairy Products
Middletown, Del.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE

NEAR MARYDEL, MD.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Emma B. Craig and London C. Craig, her husband, and Anna Craig, single woman, to Harvey L. Cooper, bearing date the 8th day of January, 1908, and recorded among the Land Records for Caroline County in Liber T. L. D., No. 10, folio 232, etc., which said mortgage was duly assigned to Lewis W. Kinder on the 11th day of January, 1908, and by the said Lewis W. Kinder assigned to Harvey L. Cooper on the 20th day of September, 1909, all of which assignments are recorded at the foot of said mortgage, the undersigned, its assignee, will sell at public sale in front of the Court House door in the town of Denton, Maryland, on the

19th Day of October, 1909,

between the hours of two and four o'clock in the afternoon, the following described real estate:

All that piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the First Election District of Caroline County, Md., beginning at Williams' Corner in a small drain; thence north, 62 1/10 degrees east, 10 2/10 perches; thence north, 10½ degrees east, 32 perches; thence north, 63 1/10 degrees east, 16 perches, to the outline of the whole tract; thence north, 35 1/10 degrees west, with the outline 114 perches, to a white oak tree; thence north, 71½ degrees west, 59 perches to the marsh ditch known as the Choptank River; thence with the same south and binding with said ditch to Williams Corner; thence with the Williams line to the place of beginning; containing about

Ninety Acres of Land,

more or less. It being the same land deeded London C. Craig and Anna Craig on the 7th day of September, 1907, by G. A. C. Rooseland, said deed of record in Liber C. W. H., No. 66, folio 538, etc., one of the Land Records for Caroline County; and the same land in which London C. Craig conveyed his interest to Emma B. Craig, his wife, by deed of record among the Land Records for Caroline County.

The improvements are a FIVE-ROOM DWELLING, in good repair, and necessary outbuildings.

TERMS OF SALE: Cash on day of sale. Title papers at expense of purchaser. HARVEY L. COOPER.
John W. Clark, Auctioneer. Assignee.

Order of Publication.

LILLIE MAY FURBUSH
vs.
BENJAMIN FURBUSH.
In the Circuit Court for Caroline County. In Equity.

The object of this suit is to procure a divorce a vinculo matrimonii by the plaintiff from the defendant. The bill states:

That on the 11th day of September, 1900, the plaintiff and defendant were married, and resided together in the State of Delaware until the 19th day of March, 1904.

That the plaintiff continued to reside in the State of Delaware until the ——th day of April, 1906, at which time she became and has since remained a citizen of the State of Maryland.

That although the conduct of the plaintiff toward the defendant has always been kind, affectionate, and above reproach, the said defendant has without any just cause or reason abandoned and deserted her, the said plaintiff, and has declared his intention to live with her no longer; and that such abandonment has continued uninterruptedly for three years, is deliberate and final, and the separation of said parties beyond any reasonable expectation of reconciliation.

That the said defendant is not a resident of the State of Maryland.

It is therepon, this 20th day of September, 1909, ordered by the Circuit Court for Caroline County, in Equity, that the said plaintiff, by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Caroline county once in each of four successive weeks before the 25th day of October, 1909, give notice to the said non-resident defendant of the object and substance of this bill, warning him to be and appear in this Court in person or by solicitor on or before the 10th day of November, 1909, to show cause, if any he has, why a decree ought not to be passed as prayed.

THOMAS L. DAY, Clerk.

True Copy—Test:
[s 25] THOMAS L. DAY, Clerk.

DR. J. M. HAYMAKER,
—DENTIST—

Appointments made by Mail and Phone

Ridgely, Maryland.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE JOURNAL and get all the county news.

DEMOCRATIC SENATORIAL Primary Election

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to the Democratic Voters of Caroline County that a Primary Election will be held in each of the Election Precincts of said County on

Tuesday, November 2d, 1909,

between the hours of 8 A. M. and 6.30 P. M., to nominate a candidate of said Democratic Party for Senator in Congress from Maryland, to succeed Hon. Isidor Rayner. Said Primary Election is called in compliance with and will be conducted under the provisions of Chapter 400, Acts of 1908, known as the "Law Regulating Senatorial Primaries."

NAME OF CANDIDATE:

Isidor Rayner,
of Baltimore City.

Polling places for said Primary Election in said county will be located as follows:

Dis't.	Prec't.	
1.		HENDERSON.
2.		GREENSBORO.
3.	1.	DENTON.
3.	2.	DENTON.
4.		PRESTON.
5.		FEDERALSBURG.
6.		HILLSBORO.
7.		RIDGELY.
8.		AMERICAN CORNER.

MURRAY VANDIVER,
oct2] Chairman.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed proposals addressed to the County Commissioners of Caroline and Talbot Counties, Maryland, endorsed, "Proposals for Improving the Public Highway between Caroline and Talbot Counties, known as the Dover Bridge Road," will be received up to 12 o'clock, noon, Thursday, October 14th, 1909, at the office of the County Commissioners, Denton, Md., when they will be publicly opened and read.

All proposals must be made on forms furnished by the State Geological Survey Commission, to be obtained through its office in Baltimore. Bids otherwise made out will not be considered.

The work to be done includes the grading and macadamizing of about 1.10 miles of road, including one pivot draw bridge and one 70-foot steel span over Choptank river, together with necessary piers, abutments, fender work, etc., to be built according to the plans and specifications on file at the office of the County Commissioners at Denton or Easton, Maryland.

Each proposal must be accompanied by a certified check for two hundred dollars ($200.00), payable to the County Commissioners of Caroline and Talbot Counties, which will be returned unless the successful bidder fails to execute a contract, in which case his check will become the property of the said counties.

The County Commissioners reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

By order of the Board of County Commissioners of Talbot County.

JOSEPH B. HARRINGTON, Clerk.
And the County Commissioners of Caroline County.
o2 2t I. L. DUKES, Clerk.

PUBLIC SALE

—OF A—

Valuable FARM

I will sell at public auction in front of the Court House, Denton, Maryland, on

Tuesday, October 5, 1909

All that farm situate in the Eighth Election District of Caroline County, known as

The "WILLOUGHBY FARM,"

and containing

144 Acres of Land.

This farm is 2½ miles from Harmony on the road leading to Denton. Near route surveyed for State road. Canning house at corner of field and wharf half a mile distant. Convenient to schools, churches and mills.

One Hundred Acres of land are cleared; remainder in pine timber.

Land is well improved, easy to cultivate, and productive.

Buildings sufficient for use of farm.

TERMS EASY. Will be made known fully on day of sale.

CHAS. H. TODD.

Public Sale

—OF—

Household Goods

I will sell at public sale at my residence on east Main street, in Denton, on

Saturday, October 9th, 1909,

commencing at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the following property:

Two walnut bedsteads, two feather beds, two mattresses, one made of feathers; bolsters and pillows, one walnut bureau, one walnut parlor suit, 5 pieces; one walnut extension table, two mahogany chairs, rockers, one cook stove and fixtures, three air-tight stoves, one double heater, pictures, mirror, sideboard, one refrigerator, one wheelbarrow, one stepladder, one tin safe, carpets, matting, lamps, dishes, one china tea set, window blinds, four stands, shovels, spades, hoes.

Also: One double heater, one airtight stove, one coal stove, bureau and wash stand, one hair mattress and springs, one hall rack, and other articles too numerous to mention.

TERMS OF SALE.

All sums of $10 and under cash; on sums over that amount a credit of six months will be given, purchasers giving approved notes payable at Denton National Bank. ANNIE M. EMERSON.
F. P. Covey, Auctioneer.

For Rent For 1910.

I have a blacksmith and wheelright shop on North Third street, Denton, (excellent stand) for rent for 1910.
CHARLES W. HOBBS.

Now is the time to subscribe.

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.

If You Need a Mirror of Any Shape or Size

This

Advertisement Will Interest You

We bought the stock of a retiring manufacturer and are selling it at half price. It includes gilt and fancy hardwood-framed mirrors, colonial mirrors and pier and mantel mirrors. Every mirror is fresh and perfect and of the finest plate glass.

Gilt and Hardwood Framed Mirrors, size 8x14 to 18x40 inches, 50c. to $7.00, usually $1.00 to $15.00.

Colonial Mirrors, $15.00 to $26.50, usually $22.50 to $40.00.

Pier Mirrors, $62.50, usually $100.

Mantel Mirrors, $15.00 to $76.50, usually $22.50 to $125.

Full details of sizes and prices on application—or, if you can, it would be well to attend the sale in person.

Hotel-keepers, especially, will find this sale of interest.

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

CURES YOUNG AND OLD

Even the suffering baby when it has a cold or cough can safely be given Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. It will cure—maybe spare the child's life—and comfort the mother in the time of fear.

"Through friends we used

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup

for our baby and found it a very good remedy. The little one's cough was cured with less than a bottle. We recommend it for grown-up people as well, and we are never without it in the house." Mrs. S. Schoenberg, 306 E. 86th St., New York, N.Y.

TRIAL BOTTLE FREE.

We have absolute confidence in Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup and to convince you that it will cure, we will send a trial bottle free to all who will write for it and mention this paper. A. C. Meyer & Co., Baltimore, Md.

DON'T BUY A SUBSTITUTE.—Don't endanger the life of your little one nor your own by taking a substitute. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is the best that you can buy; insist on getting it. It is absolutely pure. Price 25c., 50c., $1.00.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup can be given with perfect safety to the youngest child. Guaranteed under the National Pure Food and Drugs Act. Serial No. 226.

W. W. DUKES
Proprietor of The
CONCORD CARRIAGE REPOSITORY
Has a Fine New Stock of
LAP ROBES and HORSE BLANKETS
The Prices Are Lower Than At Other Places

Prohibition Meeting.

A Prohibition mass-meeting will be held in the Town Hall, Denton, on Friday evening, October 8, instant, beginning at 7.30 o'clock.

Hon. EDWIN HIGGINS, of Baltimore, former candidate for Governor, and Rev. C. M. ELDERDICE will be the speakers. Everybody welcome. There will be some singing. C. M. ELDERDICE,
County Chairman.

Colored Teachers' Examination

Office of the School Board,
Denton, Md., Sept. 28, 1909.

An examination for colored teachers will be held in the colored school, Denton, Friday, October 8th, 9 A. M. All prospective teachers are expected to take this examination, bringing foolscap paper and pencil. By order,
E. M. NOBLE, Superintendent.

Notice.

Having no further use for barbed wire, thorn hedge and rail fences, I will, six months after date, throw off and discontinue all division fences between my lands and those of Mrs. Josephine Williams and lands of the heirs of Col. Robert Garey.
S. J. RAUGHLEY.

For Sale or Rent.

A dwelling-house, and blacksmith and wheelwright shops, with 1¼ acres of land. Situated at American Corner. Buildings nearly new. Apply to
Mrs. ELLEN E. EDWARDS,
oct2 3 Federalsburg, Md.

For Rent For 1910.

The dwelling now occupied by A. T. Reichman on Fourth street, Denton, is for rent for next year. All modern improvements.
9-25 3t T. PLINY FISHER.

BARGAINS

WATCH This Ad. EVERY WEEK For

BARGAINS

Mason's Quart Fruit Jars,	40c doz.
Mason's ½ Gallon Fruit Jars,	60c doz.
1-Gallon Stone Fruit Jars,	20c—now 10c
1½-Gallon Stone Fruit Jars,	30c " 15c
1-Gallon Stone Milk Pans,	15c " 10c
5-Gallon Oil Can, with pump,	$1, " 75c
25c Oil Cans,	" 10c
Large White Cedar Tubs,	$1.20, "$1.00
White Cedar Tubs,	85c, " 75c
$2.25 Toilet Sets,	"$1.75
$1.10 Water Sets,	" 75c
$1.00 Parlor Lamps,	" 75c
11-Gallon Separator,	$3.25, "$2.50
10-Quart Galvanized Bucket,	" 13c
Majestic Washing Machine,	$6, "$5.00
$2.25 Wringers,	"$1.75

My heavy Underwear for Men, Women and Children is in. You will find a good suit at right prices.

Full line of "Ball Band" Rubber Boots and Shoes just arrived from factory. No old stock carried over.

Highest Prices Paid for Country Produce

WILBUR E. JACOBS
BURRSVILLE, MD.

Seed Wheat For Sale.

200 bushels, bearded—$1.15 a bushel.
G. LACY BUTLER,
Residence Near Harmony. Postoffice Preston, Md.

THOS. F. GAREY,
Attorney-at-Law,
16 E. LEXINGTON ST.,
Baltimore, Md.

A SERVICE OF LOVE.

Story of Two Art Students Who Toiled For Each Other.

By O. HENRY.

[Copyright, 1906, by McClure, Phillips & Co.]

When one loves one's art no service seems too hard.

That is our premise. This story shall draw a conclusion from it and show at the same time that the premise is incorrect. That will be a new thing in logic and a feat in story telling somewhat older than the great wall of China.

Joe Larrabee came out of the post oak flats of the middle west pulsing with a genius for pictorial art. At six he drew a picture of the town pump with a prominent citizen passing it hastily. This effort was framed and hung in the drug store window by the side of the ear of corn with an uneven number of rows. At twenty he left for New York with a flowing necktie and a capital tied up somewhat closer.

Delia Caruthers did things in six octaves so promisingly in a pine tree village in the south that her relatives chipped in enough in her chip hat for her to go "north" and "finish." They could not see her f— But that is our story.

Joe and Delia met in an atelier where a number of art and music students had gathered to discuss chiaroscuro, Wagner, music, Rembrandt's works, pictures, Waldteufel, wall paper, Chopin and oolong.

Joe and Delia became enamored one of the other or each of the other, as you please, and in a short time were married, for (see above) when one loves one's art no service seems too hard.

Mr. and Mrs. Larrabee began housekeeping in a flat. It was a lonesome flat—something like the A sharp way down at the left hand end of the keyboard. And they were happy, for they had their art, and they had each other. And my advice to the rich young man would be—sell all thou hast and give it to the poor—janitor for the privilege of living in a flat with your art and your Delia.

Flat dwellers shall indorse my dictum that theirs is the only true happiness. If a home is happy it cannot fit too close. Let the dresser collapse and become a billiard table; let the mantel turn to a rowing machine, the escritoire to a spare bedchamber, the washstand to an upright piano; let the four walls come together, if they will, so you and your Delia are between. But if home be the other kind let it be wide and long—enter you at the Golden Gate, hang your hat on Hatteras, your cape on Cape Horn and go out by the Labrador.

Joe was painting in the class of the great Magister—you know his fame. His fees are high, his lessons are light, his high lights have brought him renown. Delia was studying under Rosenstock—you know his repute as a disturber of the piano keys.

They were mighty happy as long as their money lasted. So is every— But I will not be cynical. Their aims were very clear and defined. Joe was to become capable very soon of turning out pictures that old gentlemen with thin side whiskers and thick pocketbooks would sandbag one another in his studio for the privilege of buying. Delia was to become familiar and then contemptuous with music, so that when she saw the orchestra seats and boxes unsold she could have sore throat and lobster in a private dining room and refuse to go on the stage.

But the best, in my opinion, was the home life in the little flat—the ardent voluble chats after the day's study the cozy dinners and fresh, light breakfasts, the interchange of ambitions—ambitions interwoven each with the other's or else inconsiderable—the mutual help and inspiration, and—overlook my artlessness—stuffed olives and cheese sandwiches at 11 p. m.

DELIA CAME AND HUNG ABOUT HIS NECK.

But after awhile art flagged. It sometimes does, even if some switchman doesn't flag it—everything going out and nothing coming in, as the vulgarians say. Money was lacking to pay Mr. Magister and Herr Rosenstock their prices. When one loves one's art no service seems too hard. So Delia said she must give music lessons to keep the chafing dish bubbling.

For two or three days she went out canvassing for pupils. One evening she came home elated.

"Joe, dear," she said gleefully, "I've a pupil, and, oh, the loveliest people—General—General A. B. Pinkney's daughter, on Seventy-first street. Such a splendid house, Joe. You ought to see the front door! Byzantine I think you would call it. And inside—oh, Joe, I never saw anything like it before!

"My pupil is his daughter, Clementina. I dearly love her already. She's a delicate thing—dresses always in white, and the sweetest, simplest manners! Only eighteen years old. I'm to give three lessons a week, and just think, Joe, $5 a lesson! I don't mind it a bit, for when I get two or three more pupils I can resume my lessons with Herr Rosenstock. Now, smooth out that wrinkle between your brows, dear, and let's have a nice supper."

"That's all right for you, Dele," said Joe, attacking a can of peas with a carving knife and a hatchet, "but how about me? Do you think I'm going to let you hustle for wages while I philander in the regions of high art? Not by the bones of Benvenuto Cellini! I guess I can sell papers or lay cobblestones and bring in a dollar or two."

Delia came and hung about his neck.

"Joe, dear, you are silly. You must keep on at your studies. It is not as if I had quit my music and gone to work at something else. While I teach I learn. I am always with my music. And we can live as happily as millionaires on $15 a week. You mustn't think of leaving Mr. Magister."

"All right," said Joe, reaching for the blue scalloped vegetable dish. "But I hate for you to be giving lessons. It isn't art. But you're a trump and a dear to do it."

"When one loves one's art no service seems too hard," said Delia.

"Magister praised the sky in that sketch I made in the park," said Joe. "And Tinkle gave me permission to hang two of them in his window. I may sell one if the right kind of moneyed idiot sees them."

"I'm sure you will," said Delia sweetly. "And now let's be thankful for General Pinkney and this veal roast."

During all of the next week the Larrabees had early breakfasts. Joe was enthusiastic about some morning effect sketches he was doing in Central park, and Delia packed him off breakfasted, coddled, praised and kissed at 7 o'clock. Art is an engaging mistress. It was most times 7 o'clock when he returned in the evening.

At the end of the week Delia, sweetly proud, but languid, triumphantly tossed three five-dollar bills on the 8 by 10 (inches) center table of the 8 by 10 (feet) flat parlor.

"Sometimes," she said, a little wearily, "Clementina tires me. I'm afraid she doesn't practice enough, and I have to tell her the same things so often. And then she always dresses entirely in white, and that does get monotonous. But General Pinkney is the dearest old man! I wish you could know him, Joe. He comes in sometimes when I am with Clementina at the piano—he is a widower, you know—and stands there pulling his white goatee. 'And how are the semiquavers and the demisemiquavers progressing?' he always asks.

"I wish you could see the wainscoting in that drawing room, Joe, and those astrakhan rug portieres. And Clementina has such a funny little cough. I hope she is stronger than she looks. Oh, I really am getting attached to her, she is so gentle and high bred. General Pinkney's brother was once minister to Bolivia."

And then Joe, with the air of a Monte Cristo, drew forth a ten, a five, a two and a one—all legal tender notes—and laid them beside Delia's earnings.

"Sold that water color of the obelisk to a man from Peoria," he announced overwhelmingly.

"Don't joke with me," said Delia—"not from Peoria."

"All the way. I wish you could see him, Dele. Fat man with a woolen muffler and a quill toothpick. He saw the sketch in Tinkle's window and thought it was a windmill at first. He was game, though, and bought it anyhow. He ordered another—an oil sketch of the Lackawanna freight depot—to take back with him. Music lessons! Oh, I guess art is still in it."

"I'm so glad you've kept on," said Delia heartily. "You're bound to win, dear. Thirty-three dollars! We never had so much to spend before. We'll have oysters tonight."

"And filet mignon with champignons," said Joe. "Where is the olive fork?"

On the next Saturday evening Joe reached home first. He spread his $18 on the parlor table and washed what seemed to be a great deal of dark paint from his hands.

Half an hour later Delia arrived, her right hand tied up in a shapeless bundle of wraps and bandages.

"How is this?" asked Joe after the usual greetings. Delia laughed, but not very joyously.

"Clementina," she explained, "insisted upon a Welsh rabbit after her lesson. She is such a queer girl. Welsh rabbits at 5 in the afternoon! The general was there. You should have seen him run for the chafing dish, Joe, just as if there wasn't a servant in the house. I know Clementina isn't in good health. She's so nervous. In serving the rabbit she spilled a great lot of it, boiling hot, over my hand and wrist. It hurt awfully, Joe. And the dear girl was so sorry! But General Pinkney! Joe, that old man nearly went distracted. He rushed downstairs and sent somebody—they said the furnace man or somebody in the basement—out to a drug store for some oil and things to bind it up with. It doesn't hurt so much now."

"What's this?" asked Joe, taking the hand tenderly and pulling at some white strands beneath the bandages.

"It's something soft," said Delia, "that had oil on it. Oh, Joe, did you sell another sketch?" She had seen the money on the table.

"Did I?" said Joe. "Just ask the man from Peoria. He got his depot today, and he isn't sure but he thinks he wants another parkscape and a view on the Hudson. What time this afternoon did you burn your hand, Dele?"

"Five o'clock, I think," said Delia plaintively. "The iron—I mean the rabbit came off the fire about that time. You ought to have seen General Pinkney, Joe, when"—

"Sit down here a moment, Dele," said Joe. He drew her to the couch, sat beside her and put his arm across her shoulders.

"What have you been doing for the last two weeks, Dele?" he asked.

She braved it for a moment or two with an eye full of love and stubbornness and murmured a phrase or two vaguely of General Pinkney, but at length down went her head and out came the truth and tears.

"I couldn't get any pupils," she confessed, "and I couldn't bear to have you give up your lessons, and I got a place ironing shirts in that big Twenty-fourth street laundry. And I think

OUT CAME THE TRUTH AND TEARS.

I did very well to make up both General Pinkney and Clementina, don't you, Joe? And when a girl in the laundry set down a hot iron on my hand this afternoon I was all the way home making up that story about the Welsh rabbit. You're not angry, are you, Joe? And if I hadn't got the work you mightn't have sold your sketches to that man from Peoria."

"He wasn't from Peoria," said Joe slowly.

"Well, it doesn't matter where he was from. How clever you are, Joe—and—kiss me, Joe—and what made you ever suspect that I wasn't giving music lessons to Clementina?"

"I didn't," said Joe, "until tonight. And I wouldn't have then only I sent up this cotton waste and oil from the engine room this afternoon for a girl upstairs who had her hand burned with a smoothing iron. I've been firing the engine in that laundry for the last two weeks."

"And then you didn't"—

"My purchaser from Peoria," said Joe, "and General Pinkney are both creations of the same art, but you wouldn't call it either painting or music."

And then they both laughed, and Joe began:

"When one loves one's art no service seems"—

But Delia stopped him with her hand on his lips. "No," she said. "Just 'when one loves.'"

He Barred Newcastle.

When Edward VII. as prince of Wales visited America in 1860, Canada went wild over him, and in Detroit and Chicago the crowds were so dense that the party could scarcely reach their hotel. So many were the receptions, dinners and other social functions in which the prince participated that he finally broke down through sheer fatigue and overexcitement. The Duke of Newcastle, who was the prince's companion, decided, therefore, to stop off on their way to St. Louis at Dwight Station, a quiet village famous for its shooting. The prince brought down a bag of fourteen brace of quail and four rabbits. But the pleasure of the day was marred by the following incident:

As the royal party approached a farmhouse an unmistakably British settler appeared at the door and invited every one except the Duke of Newcastle to enter.

"Not you, Newcastle!" he shouted. "I have been a tenant of yours and have sworn that you shall never set a foot on my land."

Accordingly the party passed on, and the farmer though revenged on his old landlord, had to forego the honor of entertaining royalty under his roof.

The Conundrum Fiend.

The man with the red bald spot came and hung over the desk of the man with the corrugated brow and observed:

"I've got a dandy. What is the difference between a man with a wooden leg riding a bicycle on a tight rope on a hot summer day and a woman 8,000 feet in the air over a county fair ground swinging from a trapeze and trying to mend a rip in a balloon with a broken safety pin?"

"That's easy," quickly answered the corrugated browed man. "Each of them has to worry with a damaged pin."

"No. The question is"—

"I know what the question is. The answer is that the man is always one foot less than the woman."

"No. Not yet."

"Then the woman is— What is the answer anyhow?"

"One is quite a feat; the other hasn't feet."

As the man with the red bald spot closed the door hurriedly on his way out two inkwells, a paper weight and a ledger crashed against it.—Chicago Post.

Kettledrum a Perfect Instrument.

The kettledrum, Gabriel Cleather contended, was perfectly competent to produce atmosphere as well as rhythm. Even to tune the instrument three things were required—a perfect musical ear, a fine sense of touch and five years' experience. After playing over a kettledrum melody written eighty years ago from Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable," Mr. Cleather continued, "I venture to say that outside of the musical profession not one person in a hundred of those who listen to an orchestra in England today knows that timpani have notes and can give out a melody." No instrument, he added, had a greater range of power than the kettledrum, for none could be played more softly and none had greater penetrating power.—London Standard.

A German Memorial to Napoleon.

It will come as news to most persons that there exists in Germany a monument to Napoleon I. This curiosity is to be found about eleven miles from Alzeny, in the grand duchy of Hesse. The monument is situated near the Vorholz hunting lodge, at the summit of a wooded hill, and the spot is known as Napoleon's garden. It is a dwarfed pyramid of three sides, rather more than three feet in length. Upon it stands the inscription, in Latin, French and German, showing that it commemorates the marriage of Napoleon I. to Marie Louise, grand duchess of Austria, on April 1, 1810.—London Globe.

A WEST POINT HAZING

It Knocked All the Egotism Out of the New Cadet.

SINGING HIS OWN PRAISES.

He Was Kept at It to His Own Mortification and the Delight of the Upper Class Men—A Clipping From His Home Paper Started the Trouble.

Hazing at the United States Military academy, West Point, has in the past ten years been so frequently followed by punishment and otherwise discountenanced that it has practically become a thing of the past. A third of a century ago the modes of hazing were varied and many of them unique. A certain graduate who hailed from south of Mason and Dixon's line and from west of the Allegheny mountains told this story of his own experience:

He was a tall, rawboned fellow when he entered the academy as a "plebe" and had been assigned to a room with a bright little chap, with whom he soon became very friendly and confidential. Several weeks after he had entered the academy he received a letter from his good mother, in which she had inclosed a clipping from their county newspaper.

The article mentioned the fact that young Mr. —— had received an appointment to West Point and had left for that place several days before; that, whereas they extended congratulations to the young man, the United States government was to be much more greatly congratulated upon obtaining as one of its embryo soldiers a man from their community, the son of such a noble sire, whose sire and great-sires had been equally noble, a young man above reproach, of great intellect and bound to make his mark in any calling he might elect, etc.

This article inspired its recipient with pride and pleasure. He found it impossible to refrain from showing it to his roommate and an hour after having done so was accosted while going downstairs by an upper class man who had been drilling him and had been very severe. At this meeting the upper class man, who was about half his size, looked at him solemnly, removed his cap and said: "Mr. ——, I humbly beg your pardon for having been so stern with you. I did not know until a few moments ago what a distinguished and intellectual young man you were. You honor us by becoming one of us."

The pleased "plebe," never for a moment scenting mischief, grinningly replied: "That's all right, Mr. ——. I forgive you."

That evening while the "plebe" and his roommate were engaged in study there was a knock at their door, and there entered the upper class man who had accosted and apologized to the "plebe" on the stairs, he being accompanied by a dozen other upper class men. He thus addressed the "plebe:" "Mr. ——, here are a number of your brother cadets who are desirous of knowing what a particularly distinguished man they have among them. You will therefore kindly read what your newspaper says of you."

The "plebe" was inclined to demur, but the determined manner and steely eye of the little upper class man compelled obedience. Embarrassed, he stumblingly read the whole article, at the conclusion of which the little upper class man stated that the reader had mumbled in parts, had failed to enunciate distinctly and required the poor "plebe" to read it again. This having been done, all shook hands with him in an apparently most deferential manner, after which the little upper class man stated that they would call the next evening augmented by other cadets and that in the meantime the "plebe" would commit the article to memory and be in readiness to repeat it when they called.

His manner brooked no disobedience. The call was made the next evening, the number of cadets being nearly double that of the previous evening, and he repeated the article, being prompted by the little upper class man. Before the departure of his visitors he was informed that he would be visited the next evening by a still greater number of cadets, and he was ordered to be prepared to declaim the article depicting his virtues.

The visit was made and the declamation rendered. He was then informed that he would be again visited the following evening and would prepare himself so as to be able to render the article in song. This visit was made, the room being fairly packed with cadets, and the poor "plebe" was required to stand on a table and howl the article from start to finish, for he had not the faintest understanding of how to sing or turn a tune. In after years he said that if he had ever had any egotism in his composition it was completely knocked out of him by having to handle that article as he had to handle it.—J. W. Duncan in Lippincott's.

Got the Hard Stuff.

Jedson—Ha! Ha! Ha! Silas—What's the joke, Jedson? Jedson—Why, just as soon as the county went prohibition old Hiram Hardapple got buncoed. Silas—What was the game? Jedson—Why, Hiram got a circular that stated some firm up in town would send him a keg of hard stuff for $2. Hiram sent the $2 and smacked his lips. Silas—Gosh! And what came back? Jedson—Scrap iron, and they said if that wasn't hard enough they'd sen him a keg of spikes at the usual rates.—Chicago News.

Sorry He Spoke.

"I was a fool when I married you."
"But you're wiser now?"
"You can bet I am."
"Well, I've improved you a little, then, haven't I?"—Cleveland Leader.

He Was Trusty.

Mrs. Handout—I would like to know whether you are a trustworthy character. Dusty Stryper—Why, lady, at the last place I worked they called me a trusty.—St. Louis Republic.