DENTON JOURNAL.

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VOL. 64. DENTON, MARYLAND, SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 4, 1909. NO. 6

YOU CAN HAVE
BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS
TO BRIGHTEN YOUR HOME

all winter, at Christmas-time, at Easter-time, also in your lawns and flower beds,

At the First Opening of Spring-time, If You PLANT NOW

Bolgiano's Fall Bulbs

Our Beautifully Illustrated 20 Page Fall Flower Catalogue will be cheerfully sent you, if you drop us a postal today.

	Each	Doz.	100
Baby Hyacinths	3c	30c	$2.00
Bedding Hyacinths	5c	35c	2.65
2d size Hyacinths	7c	60c	4.50
1st size Hyacinths	9c	90c	6.75
Roman Hyacinths	6c	65c	4.50
Freesia Bulbs, 2 for	5c	15c	1.00
Early Tulips, mixed,	2c	10c	.75
May Tulips,	3c	25c	2.50
Parrot Tulips	3c	25c	1.50
Double Tulips	2c	15c	.90
Narcissus—single	3c	15c	.75
Narcissus—paper w	4c	25c	1.25
Jonquils	2c	10c	.60
Double Narcissus	3c	15c	.75
Snow Drops	2c	15c	.85
Crocus, mixed	1c	6c	.40
Oxalis	2c	10c	.60
Easter Lilies	10c	$1.00	7.50
Calla Lilies	8c	90c	7.50

Our Famous Self-Watering Window Boxes are especially well adapted to the successful growth of all kinds of Flowering Bulbs; Plant Tubs, Flower Pots.

Your local merchant can get from us what Fall Bulbs you want. If he does not sell our Fall Bulbs, you can send your order to us and we will see that they reach you in perfect condition.

J. BOLGIANO & SON.
FOUR GENERATIONS IN THE SEED BUSINESS
BALTIMORE, MD.

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.

Notice to Taxpayers

3 Per Cent. Discount Allowed on all Taxes Paid in November.

I WILL SIT FOR THE PURPOSE OF COLLECTING TAXES between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 3 o'clock p. m., at the following places:

Henderson, Friday,	November	19th
Greensboro, Saturday,	"	20th
Ridgely, Monday,	"	22nd
Hillsboro, Wednesday,	"	24th
American Corners, Thursday,	"	25th
Preston, Friday,	"	26th
Federalsburg, Saturday,	"	27th

Three per cent. discount allowed on all taxes paid during month of November.

S. G. NUTTLE,
Treasurer of Caroline County.

HOTEL JUNKER
20-22 E. FAYETTE ST.
Near Charles, BALTIMORE, MD.

Building (Concrete) Absolutely Fireproof
European Plan. Rooms, $1 and up
Every Appointment Modern
Favorite Headquarters for Eastern Shore Business Men when in the City

FRANK LEWIS,
Painter and Paper Hanger,
DENTON, MARYLAND.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Wanted.

One or two experienced girls on sleeving machine, to put sleeves on shirts. Factory at Berlin. Steady work all year round and good pay and good board. Fare will be paid for good, experienced hands. R. KASKEY, Berlin, Md.

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

PUBLIC GARAGE

GARAGE ON FIRST STREET

AUTO SUPPLIES OF ALL KINDS.

We announce to our patrons and the public in general that we have engaged an experienced, expert machinist, and Automobile Repairing and Equipping of any character will be promptly and satisfactorily done at the Garage; or, when necessary, at your home.

Work on Gas Engines and Machine Work gently also done in the best manner.

THE DENTON AUTO AND SUPPLY CO.

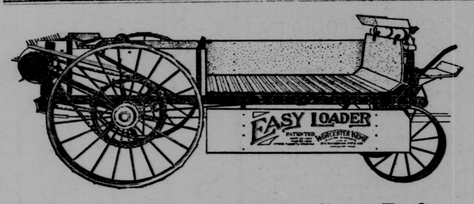
Getting Ready for Winter

Have your Fire-Place Heaters, Double-Heaters, Heating Plants, etc., put in good order.

All Plumbing Repairs Should be Made Now

Will give prompt attention to all orders.

CHARLES E. WILSON : DENTON



What You Have Never Seen Before

A Spreader with as few parts as the WORCESTER KEMP.
A Spreader, except the WORCESTER KEMP, that can be loaded over the rear end.
A Spreader with heavier, stronger roller bearings.
Another Spreader that will spread as evenly all kinds of manure on hilly or level land.
Another Spreader that will draw as easily for the work done.
Another Spreader that will stand the abuse or last one-half as long as the WORCESTER KEMP.
Double floor drive. Single lever to raise end gate and throw into gear.
Double spiral beater. Simplex beater drive.
Ball-and-socket beater bearings. Horses close to the load.

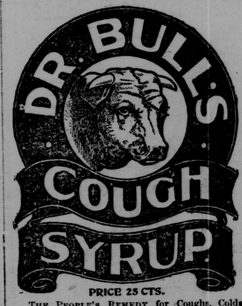
SOLD BY J. B. COLGAIN, DENTON, MD.

Wood's Descriptive
Fall Seed Catalog
now ready, gives the fullest information about all
Seeds for the
Farm and Garden,
Grasses and Clovers, Vetches, Alfalfa, Seed Wheat, Oats, Rye, Barley, etc.
Also tells all about
Vegetable & Flower Seeds
that can be planted in the fall to advantage and profit, and about
Hyacinths, Tulips and other Flowering Bulbs, Vegetable and Strawberry Plants, Poultry Supplies and Fertilizers.
Every Farmer and Gardener should have this catalog. It is invaluable in its helpfulness and suggestive ideas for a profitable and satisfactory Farm or Garden. Catalogue mailed free on request. Write for it.
T. W. WOOD & SONS,
Seedsmen, - Richmond, Va.

NOXALL
Fly, Flea and Skeet Oil
Prevents attack by Flies and Mosquitoes on human beings and animals. Destroys Fleas on dogs and cats, and drives from premises Roaches, Water-Bugs, Ants, Bedbugs, Poultry Lice, etc. Destroys all vermin and insects attacking plant and vegetable life.
Two sizes, 10c and 25c bottles, also by quart and gallon. Guaranteed non-poisonous. Sold by drug stores everywhere. Agents wanted.

Buckwheat Wanted.

Ten thousand bushels of clean, dry Buckwheat, 1909 crop. Old Buckwheat not accepted. S. C. CUBBAGE, oct2 Lincoln City, Del.



PRICE 25 CTS.
THE PEOPLE'S REMEDY for Coughs, Colds Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Croup, Influenza, Whooping-Cough and for the relief of Consumptive patients in incipient stages of the disease. Don't take a substitute. Get Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, the best family medicine for coughs and colds. In use over 50 years.
TRIAL BOTTLE FREE.
Write for it and mention this paper. Address A. C. MEYER & CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

Saw Mill.

I have Saw Mill, Teams and Carts. Would like to have tract of timber to cut at once. Apply to C. E. CARROLL, o23m Denton, Md

Land Wanted.

A tract of land CHEAP, UNIMPROVED, for game. Address J. BRUBAKER, 605 Brune street, n20 3t] Baltimore, Md.

Boarding.

Permanent and transient boarders accommodated in a new and well-appointed private home. All modern conveniences. MRS. MAUD JOHNSON, Fifth avenue. Denton, Md.

Good printing of all kinds done at this office. Let us quote you prices.

ICE CREAM
FOR ALL
OCCASIONS!

Our facilities for manufacturing Ice Cream are unsurpassed and we are in a positiot to fill orders immediately upon receipt of same.

There is neither necessity or reason in sending your orders to distant points—right past our plant at Middletown—when we can supply you with as good or better Cream than you can possibly buy elsewhere. Anyone familiar with our Ice Cream will vouch for its superior quality.

Whether for family use, for parties, weddings or banquets we can supply all orders with satisfaction in every way. No order is too large or too small. Cream packed in bulk or in bricks—as you wish it. All the standard flavors.

Send us your next order.

Middletown Farms
Pure Dairy Products
Middletown, Del.

Important Notice:

On January 1st we will move to our new stables,
20 & 22 South PACA St.,
and at the same time we will change our Auction Days. In the future
Fox's Auctions
will be held
Every Wednesday
The first auction at our New Location, 20 & 22 South Paca Street, will take place
Wednesday, January 5,
10.30 a. m.
M. Fox & Sons Co. Baltimore.
Largest Horse & Mule Dealers in Maryland.

A Reliable Service
: : IN : :
Men's Clothes to Order:

The purchasing of a Suit or Overcoat is often approached with a certain feeling of uncertainty as to whether or not you will get exactly what you want and what you pay for. There are the questions of the material, the style, the fit and the workmanship; all of which enter so strongly into the making of Suits that are satisfactory.

We aim to eliminate these little worries and anxieties by offering you in the first place a line of goods that cannot be equalled anywhere else about town—a line that offers ample variety to make a selection an easy matter and a positive pleasure. The styles, the fit and the workmanship are as near perfect as years of experience and hearty desire to keep every customer we make can make possible. If these things furnish any argument as to why we should make your Winter Suit we hope to be given the opportunity to serve you.

Thomas O'Connell,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
SIXTH AND SHIPLEY STREETS,
WILMINGTON, : : DELAWARE.

Order Nisi.

Harvey. L. Cooper, Assignee,
vs.
Samuel W. Jackson and Emma Jane Jackson, his wife.

In the Circuit Court for Caroline County. In Equity. No. 1332.

ORDERED, this 24th day of November, 1909, that the Auditor's Report made and filed in the above entitled cause be ratified and confirmed unless good cause to the contrary be shown within three weeks from the 27th day of November, 1909; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Caroline county once in each of two successive weeks before the 13th day of December, 1909.

J. KEMP STEVENS, Clerk.
True Copy—Test:
J. KEMP STEVENS, Clerk.

Order Nisi.

Harvey L. Cooper, Assignee,
vs.
J. Frank Jones and Ruth A. Jones, his wife.

In the Circuit Court for Caroline County. In Equity. No. 1386.

ORDERED, this 24th day of November, 1909, that the Auditor's Report made and filed in the above entitled cause, be ratified and confirmed unless good cause to the contrary be shown within three weeks from the 27th day of November, 1909, provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Caroline county once in each of two successive weeks before the 13th day of December, 1909.

J. KEMP STEVENS, Clerk.
True Copy—Test:
J. KEMP STEVENS, Clerk.

Notice.

My wife, Clara A. Jones, having left my bed and board, I will not be responsible for any debts she may contract on or after this the 30th day of November, 1909. JOHN W. JONES.

Subscribe to the JOURNAL and get all the county news.

THE WOOING OF A MAN FROM TEXAS.

Wiles of Cupid Supplemented by a New York Policeman.

By FRANK H. SWEET.
[Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.]

It was only a cheap downtown restaurant that reeked with the odors of cabbage and onions and boiled dinners, and the cashier's desk itself was an affair of a secondhand auction house, but the girl behind it had the air of a duchess extending her hand to be kissed. When the red faced proprietor scolded her she listened indifferently or with the slightest upcurl of her lip, and when he tried to be jocose or to make love her manner was just the same. Many times he had threatened to discharge her or to marry her offhand, but before her superbly indifferent eyes the words had died in his throat, and he had apologized and scowled and grumbled in the same breath. She was good at figures, was absolutely trustworthy, was a draw to trade, and these attributes were valuable to a man who could neither read nor combine figures himself. Besides, his hold upon her father was sufficient to make her marry him whenever he wished. So, whatever his determination in secret, in her presence he quailed and waited.

In the cashier's desk was a book on etiquette which bore the marks of much study, and with it were several novels of the old school type, where the heroines were proudly indifferent or sentimentally silly. These books had molded the aesthetic side of Big Kate's life, as had her determined attendance at night schools.

Suitors Big Kate had had in plenty, though her home life was in a cellar, with the perpetual steam of her mother's washtubs and the smoke of her father's pipe stifling the atmosphere and with the scolding of the one and the utter shiftlessness of the other stirring her to early and abnormal activity. Big Kate's beauty was of an unusual and stately type for such environment, and her very indifference made her seem more desirable. To not one of the suitors had she shown kindness, however, and least of all to Red Pete, the restaurant owner, to whom it was an open secret that her father had promised her in return for unlimited and perpetual whisky. The girl herself was aware of the promise and that two years of it had been paid when she entered upon her duties at the restaurant.

As customers came in her eyes gave them a single glance, and if by rare chance one of them was of the world described in the novels her eyes followed him down the restaurant to one of the oilcloth covered tables and watched him more or less attentively through the meal. In her secret heart—her aesthetic heart—she had determined to marry a hero if she ever married at all—not a back alley fighting hero, but one of the novel class—a man who had never smelled soapsuds and boiling cabbage in all his life and who had been able to ride in carriages without thought of expense. A few such men had come into the restaurant

A MAN CAME IN WHO CHALLENGED HER ATTENTION.

in the two years, but the ones she approved of had scarcely noticed her, while those who paused at the desk with bold admiration had been sent on their way by a single inquiring glance of her cold eyes.

Then one day a man came in who challenged her attention at the very door, he was so big and strong and friendly looking. But his trousers were thrown negligently into long, unblacked boots, and he wore a wide brimmed hat, which flapped as he walked, and there was a huge belt about his waist and a bright handkerchief knotted carelessly about his throat. As her eyes took in these damaging facts they returned to the book of etiquette which lay open among her businesslike pile of coins.

But a moment later their corners saw something that made them lift again and look straight down the restaurant. Two young girls were seated at one of the tables, and a flashily dressed youth had taken a chair and pushed it directly between them, to their evident annoyance. The newcomer's comprehensive glance seemed to take in everything in the room, and this situation among the rest. As he passed the girls one hand removed the broad brimmed hat, while the other dropped upon the youth's shoulder and lifted him with a strong, easy motion high into the air. In that position the youth was carried two tables down and dropped into another chair with the remark, plainly audible through the room: "There, sonny; that's the cheer ye'd ought to 'a' took. Now, don't git flustered an' cry, but eat your mush an' molasses like a nice little boy should an' then run out an' play. I'll take this next cheer, an' we'll be a little family sosherble, you an' me."

Involuntarily Big Kate smiled her warm approval of the act, and the stranger, whose glance was again roving about the room, caught the smile direct. Instantly he rose to his feet and came straight to her, his face full of responsive interest.

"Thank ye for that smile, miss," he said frankly. "It's the first real friendly look I've had since I left Texas. This city seems to be mostly on a stampede, with nobody to round up. Don't it seem that way to ye?"

"I don't know," she answered vaguely. "I've never thought about it that way. But, then, you see, I've never been out of the city in my life."

"Never been out the city!" in amazement. "Good Lord! An' I've never been in one like this before. Say, what do folks do here for amusement—grass fed country folks, I mean? Ye see, I only come in last night with a bunch of cattle, an' I've got to stay here a whole week to end up the sale. What'll I do evenin's an' off times?"

"Why, there is the bridge," doubtfully, "and trolley rides. Strangers do them, I believe. Then there are the theaters."

"That's so," with jubilant relief in his voice. "I've heared 'bout the New York theayters. Of course I must see them. But I'm feared I'll be like the bull in the china shop that I've read of if I try to do the thing alone. I don't s'pose ye'd be—be willin' to sort of start me this first evenin'? Ye see, I've never been in a theayter in all my life. Of course, I know it ain't the real proper way"—hurriedly. "There should be introducin's an' time to git acquainted an' all that, but I don't know a single man in all New York. Down to Texas we don't stand much on ceremony like ye do in a city, but I could put up a stake or—or a margin with a policeman or somebody to show I mean square an' am well heeled. Will ye go?"

Big Kate considered. At first her eyes had returned to her book of etiquette, then after a little had gone up to the frank, boyish face looking down at her. It was an open, manly face, with straight, honest eyes.

"Yes, I will be glad to go," she answered. "You may call for me a little before 8 at"—she was about to say the restaurant, but substituted instead, with a direct look at him—"the cellar below the Chinese laundry on the corner. My people live in a cellar."

The next morning the Texan came into the restaurant for his breakfast and stopped at the cashier's desk longer than was necessary on his way out, and the same at dinner and at supper. At supper he remained long enough at the desk to obtain Big Kate's consent to go with him again to the theater.

The third evening when he stopped at the desk with his supper check Red Pete appeared.

"Look-a-here, Mr. Cowboy," he blustered, "we don't want any more o' this. I'm willin' for the men to talk with Big Kate, for it draws trade, but it mustn't go too fur. I don't want any more theater goin'. She's my promised wife."

The Texan flashed a quick look at the cashier. She smiled calmly.

"It's the old man's promise, Red Pete," she said serenely, "not mine. Yes," to the Texan, "I'll go with you. I thought the cellar would make some difference. I'm glad it don't."

Red Pete broke into a torrent of oaths, stamping his feet.

"If he does go with ye, it'll be clubs for him. I've got good friends on the street."

When he went out the Texan saw a policeman a few doors away. Obeying a sudden impulse, he went to him. This was unfamiliar ground, and it might be well to play the game shrewdly.

"Hello, pardner!" he began affably. "Reckon you've got a toler'ble broken range on this street. Plenty o' stampedin' an' buckin', ain't they?"

"It's a little rough, if that's what you mean," replied the officer doubtfully.

"I s'posed so from the way things boil. Well, if ye ever want quiet come down to Texas, an' if ye ever come near the XXX ranch ask for Many Horse Charlie—that's me. I'll put the world up to ye right. Money's easy down there. Here, drop this into your pocket," transferring a note that made the officer's eyes glisten. "I don't reckon the city pays more 'n half what ye earn, an' it's a duty for the people to make up the rest. Well, so long."

The officer's eyes followed him gratefully.

"That's a gentleman," he soliloquized as he carefully folded the note and put it away into a place of safety. "If he ever needs a friend I hope I may be near."

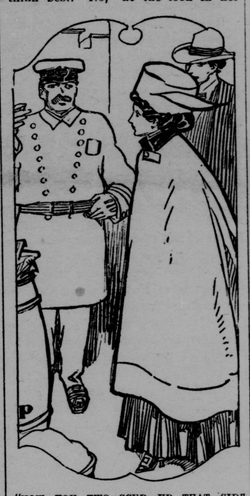
The next day was a busy one, for the Texan was closing out his herd and the deal would take him until late in the evening, but he made time for a few minutes' run into the restaurant.

"I won't be able to git round for the theayter tonight, Kate," he said as he leaned over the desk, "but it won't matter so much now, after what we talked over last night. It seems a good deal o' hurry, don't it? But the herd 'll be closed out today, an' I must be gittin' back to the ranch. There's a thousand horses needin' my 'tention right now. The wust is hurryin' you so. But after what ye said 'bout—'bout the home folks I thought mebbe ye wouldn't mind much. Ye'll find it nice down there—house an' fixin's an' all—an' I'll try to make it up to ye for havin' to take all on—on trust."

Big Kate lifted her eyes toward him. The etiquette book and the novels were on the desk, covered with a lot of papers. She had not looked at them for two days. There was a new expression on her face.

"I'm not taking a thing on trust, Charlie—not a single thing," she declared. "It's all in your face plain and in your eyes. I know every word you've said is perfectly true. It seems strange though. I've often thought about marrying, but the man never looked the least bit like you, and now," a soft flush stealing over her face, "it don't seem as if I could want to marry a man who looked any different, boots or hat or—or anything."

"Thank ye, Katie. An' now there's another thing," lowering his voice. "Your folks ain't done what they ought by ye, but they're your folks just the same. Now, I want ye to take this," slipping a roll of money into her hand, "an' spend it on 'em in any way ye think best. No," at the look in her



"NOW, YOU TWO SCUD UP THAT SIDE STREET."

face, "ye mustn't feel put out or—or mortified. 'Tain't nothin' to what ye're doin' for me—takin' everything on trust. An', besides, ye'll be my wife tomorrow, when it'll be all right for ye to take anything. Why not a few hours sooner, when ye can lay it out on 'em yourself an' see it's done like ye want? There, that's right," as she slipped the money into her dress with heightened color, but trustful eyes. "Now I'd better be goin'. Red Pete's tearin' this way fit to kill, an' I don't want to start a row today. Remember, tomorrow at noon. I'll have a license, an' we'll find a preacher somewhere. Goodby."

He bent over suddenly and pressed a kiss upon her forehead. As he did so there came a wild bellow of rage from Red Pete. The Texan dodged through the door, laughing, followed by a choking: "Don't ye ever come in here ag'in! Don't ye ever dare!"

The following noon Red Pete was waiting for him. He had been waiting all day. As the Texan appeared he sprang forward savagely.

"Get out o' here!" he yelled. "If ye don't I'll have ye 'rested. I'll set the whole street on ye. They're all my friends."

"Come, Katie," said the Texan quietly.

As she stepped from behind the desk Red Pete rushed to the door.

"Police! Police!" he shouted.

A policeman was standing on the corner, and he responded quickly. He took in the situation at a glance.

"I want ye to 'rest this man," stormed Pete, "this cowpuncher. He's tryin' to run off with my cashier. I s'pect he's been stealin'—I s'pect both of 'em have. I want him 'rested."

"All right," assented the policeman. "That's a pretty serious charge. I guess you'd better come with me, my man," dropping his hand heavily upon the Texan's shoulder.

"That's the way," approved Red Pete. "Don't ye let him git off now, officer. Big Kate, ye git behind your desk, an' don't let me see ye speakin' to another man in a month."

"Hold on!" interposed the officer. "The girl will have to come with me too. You included her in the charge."

"But I didn't mean"—

"Too late for that now. I will have to arrest both. If the girl's innocent she will get off."

"Well," doubtfully, "if ye say so. But, remember, I'll go bail. Send her back soon's ye can. I'd go along if I could leave the business, but I can't."

"Of course not," agreed the policeman. "I'll attend to it all right. Now come along, you two."

He grasped the prisoners roughly. Big Kate looked frightened. The Texan after one look into the officer's face went along quietly.

At the corner the policeman stopped.

"Now, you two scud up that side street," he ordered. "A parson lives the second door from the next corner. Get it over soon's you can and then jump on a trolley and be off. Red Pete's got friends on this street, and they're a hard crowd. He could make you trouble. Hurry now, and good luck to you!"

CLASHING STARS.

A Greenroom Quarrel In Which Marie Roze Triumphed.

Minnie Hauck and Marie Roze had quarreled over "Carmen." One night "The Marriage of Figaro" was announced, with Roze as Susanna and Hauck as Cherubino.

"At 3 o'clock that afternoon," writes Mr. Upton, "Hauck went into the theater and pre-empted the prima donna's room by depositing her things therein. An hour later Roze's maid reached the theater and proceeded to the same room, only to find it filled with the hated rival's traps. Roze notified the colonel (Henry Mapleson). He was promptly on the scene and began moving Hauck's belongings to the opposite room and instructing his wife to be at the theater precisely at 6.

"At half past 5, however, Hauck sent the chevalier (her husband) to the theater to see that everything was right. The chevalier found that everything was not right and ordered Roze's belongings to be removed, replaced his wife's and had everything, including the door, stoutly locked.

"At 6 Roze arrived, prepared to 'hold the fort,' but as she couldn't get into the fort to hold it she sent for the colonel, who sent for a locksmith, who opened the door. Hauck's things were unceremoniously bundled out. At half past 6 Hauck came to the room to dress, and, much to her surprise and to the chevalier's chagrin, Roze was in there calmly dressing. What passed between them probably no one will ever know, but Hauck went back to her hotel and notified the manager that she would not sing that evening. And she didn't."—Pearson's Weekly.

THE BOROBOEDOER.

A Hindoo Temple Built In Java In the Eighth Century.

The Boroboedoer unearthed by Sir Stamford Raffles when the English ruled in Java was built by the Hindoos in the eighth century and is by far the finest example of their work in the island. Standing on a hill in the middle of the valley, this imposing edifice, covering nearly ten acres, rises to a height of upward of a hundred feet above the summit of the hill.

It consists of a series of stone terraces built on top of each other in diminishing magnitude so as to leave circumscribing galleries and crowned by a vast cupola. Entrance to the galleries is gained by four stairways—north, south, east and west—which run from the ground straight up to the big top terraces, in the middle of which stands the crowning cupola, surrounded by numerous smaller latticework cupolas, from which one may step aside into any of the intermediate galleries.

The whole is built of stone, showing an immense amount of carving, and, though there is no genuine inside to the temple, many of the galleries are covered in, innumerable images of Buddha occupying niches or prominent positions on the walls, and the sides of the galleries were paved with bas-reliefs, indicating the glorification of this god and other incidents in his history. When one considers that there are several miles of bas-reliefs alone the work expended on the pyramids of Egypt pales into insignificance before this stupendous undertaking.—Shanghai Mercury.

A Verbal Speedometer.

Every calling has its technical vocabulary, and those who are familiar with it are often surprised and irritated at the difficulty other people have in understanding it. A writer in the New York World tells of an old horseman in Maine who had run over a man and was being sued for damages.

The court asked the defendant if he was driving fast. He answered, "I was going a pace." The court then said, "Now, kindly tell the gentlemen of the jury just how fast you were going."

"Well," said the defendant, "I reckon I was going a clip."

"Well, will you tell the jury how fast a clip is?"

"Well, it's going a dite."

"Now, will you tell the jury how fast a dite is?"

"Well, a dite's a dite. Anybody knows what a dite is."

Which Leg?

In a small town in the west of Scotland the town clerk, who was a bit of a "character," had the misfortune to lose his leg in a railway accident. As a mark of appreciation and esteem for his long services the council unanimously agreed to replace his loss with an artificial limb, which they did as soon as he was sufficiently recovered. A few months afterward the town clerk, who was generally known by his Christian name, Paul, was unfortunate enough to have his other leg fractured in an accident. Naturally the mishap became food for town gossip, and one old wife, in discussing the matter with a neighbor was overheard saying:

"It's a gey bad business for Paul, puir man, but is't his ain leg or the leg that belangs to the toon that's broken?"

Life of the Red Deer.

According to an old Gaelic legend, a red deer might live for 210 years, an eagle for 630 and an oak tree for nearly nineteen centuries. Nowadays, however, hundred-year-old deer would be difficult to find. From twenty-five to thirty-five years apparently may be about the range of their existence.—London Country Gentleman.

The Amateur.

"Yes," said the person who had attended the party, "Miss Keepounder was there, and we had to beg and beg her to play."

"And did she play?"

"Oh, yes. I thought for a time that we would have to beg and beg her to stop."—Exchange.

No Fun.

Peter and John (seeing a large plate glass pane being put in)—We may as well go home. They are not going to let it fall.—Fliegende Blatter.

A person walking at the rate of four miles per hour consumes 2,300 cubic inches of air per minute.

Enough For Him.

When the physician arrived at the designated house he found that his patient was a decrepit negro, who sat up in bed and inquired:

"How much yo' charge, doctah?"

"Two dollars a visit, which includes my time, experience, advice and the medicine."

"A poor old coon like me don't need all dem extras. Just gib me 10 cents wo'th o' you' cough med'cine, and dat's enough fo' me."—Judge.

Too Harsh.

"Wretched woman! You took advantage of my hospitality to steal my husband!"

"Pardon me, but is it exactly stealing where a guest, wishing a souvenir of an agreeable visit, carries away with her some trifling thing which her hostess gives every token of caring little for?"—Life.

A Consultation.

Gladys—Well, what did Miss Dr. Cleverton say was the cause of your extreme paleness? Grace—Well, she has described to me a hat and waist that will go beautifully with it.

A Bad Spell.

"Poor Jacy! He never could spell, and it ruined him."

"How?"

"He wrote a verse to an heiress he was in love with, and he wrote 'boney' for 'bonny.'"—New York Journal.