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Westville Ny

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. 1910

VOL. 64. DENTON, MARYLAND, SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 1, 1910. NO. 10

Timely Presents
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ART SQUARES & RUGS, in pretty patterns; BRUSSELS & INGRAIN CARPETS, MATTINGS, Fancy QUEENSWARE & LAMPS, BUFFETS, SIDEBOARDS & DINING TABLES, pedestal, extension, round and square; BED-ROOM SUITS, WHITE ENAMEL BEDS, SPRINGS & MATTRESSES, Fancy ROCKERS, large and child's size; HORSE BLANKETS & LAP ROBES, CARRIAGE HARNESS, LORAIN STEEL RANGES & VENT OAK COAL STOVES::::::

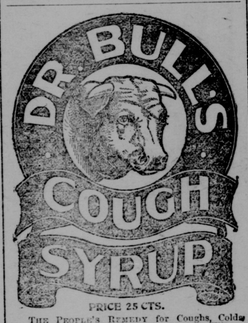
NUTTLE HARDWARE CO.
DENTON, MARYLAND

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.



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For the lack of room I am going to reduce my stock by offering at less than cost each week some special line of seasonable goods.
For the coming week—

SHOES

at 25 per cent. off of every pair in the store.

E. T. ORME,
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ICE CREAM
FOR ALL
OCCASIONS!

Our facilities for manufacturing Ice Cream are unsurpassed and we are in a position 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.

NEW STORE OPEN

The people of Denton and vicinity are respectfully informed that I have opened my store at the corner of Main and Fifth Sts., Denton, and my stock includes the best things in

GROCERIES, ALL KINDS,
FRESH & SALT MEATS,
CONFECTIONERIES,
FRUITS, NUTS, &c.

I have a stock of MEN'S, WOMEN'S and CHILDREN'S SHOES which will be disposed of at sacrifice prices.

SHOES AT A SACRIFICE PRICE.

This is the season when RUBBER BOOTS are needed. I have them.

Assuring the people of fair dealing and courteous treatment, I solicit the patronage of the public.

WATSON FLUHARTY.

Fine Groceries,
Salt Meats,
Fish, Etc., Etc.,
are always to be found at the store of
GEO. C. SKIRVEN,
CARTER BLOCK, DENTON,

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

Duffey's Drug Store
DENTON, MD.

Carries a full line of
FRESH : CANDIES!
Lowney's
And Apollo Chocolates

BOX PAPERS, prices from 10c to 75c. PERFUMES, bulk goods to sell in any quantity. BOTTLE GOODS, from 10c to $1.00.

Post Cards a Specialty
Local Views, white and black; Bradley's Photographed Post Cards always on sale

For Prescription Work
I supply Parke, Davis & Co's, Sharpe & Dohme's, H. K. Mulford & Co's and Lilley & Co's Pharmaceuticals.

The wants of the public solicited. All patronage appreciated.

A. L. DUFFEY,
PHARMACIST.

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IS THE CHEAPEST HIGH-CLASS NEWSPAPER IN THE UNITED STATES.

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By Mail THE SUN (Daily) is 25 Cents a Month and $3 a Year.
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The DAILY and SUNDAY SUN are published by
A. S. ABELL COMPANY
BALTIMORE, MD.

Start the New Year right. Subscribe for the Journal and get the local news.

Bank Notice.

Denton National Bank,
Denton, Md., December 21, 1909.
This bank will be closed on Saturday, December 25, 1909—Christmas Day—also Saturday, January 1, 1910—New Year's Day—they both being legal holidays. All paper payable here and maturing on those days may be paid on the Mondays following.
T. C. WEST, Cashier.

Bank Notice.

Peoples National Bank,
Denton, Md., December 21, 1909.
This bank will be closed on Saturday, December 25, 1909—Christmas Day—also Saturday, January 1, 1910—New Year's Day—they both being legal holidays. All paper payable here and maturing on those days may be paid on the Mondays following.
T. F. JOHNSON, Cashier.

O. F. SMITH
AT DENTON POSTOFFICE
RECEIVES ORDERS
FOR
MAGAZINES AND PAPERS
OF ALL KINDS.
Call on him when in town.

NOTICE.—Willard H. Thawley, the butcher, Denton, sells beef by the quarter—fronts, 7 to 7½ cents; hinds, 8½ to 9 cents. He buys beef, hides and tallow. Highest market price paid for cattle, hides, etc.

For Rent.

A desirable dwelling, with modern conveniences, on Fourth street, Denton.
T. PLINY FISHER,
d25 2 Denton, Md.

Shoats Wanted.

I want forty head of shoats for next year.
W. B. LIDEN,
d25 Smithville, Md.

COMIN' THROUGH OF UNC' NATHUN.

Story of a Watch Night Meeting on a Southern Plantation.

By LEYBURN RITNER.

[Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.]

"Miss Lizy," queried old Ellen as she combed my hair for the night, "'pears to me yo' don' quite 'member yo' promistes talk yo' uster, somehow."

"Well, Ellen, that's rather hard. What have I done now?"

"Well, honey, each year when New Year's comes roun' I jes' nach'ly ask yo' to go to watch night, to the cullud chu'ch, wif me, an' yo' jes' say, ''Pears to me I'd talk to go right dey's comp'ny comin', or dere's some other kind ob scuse, but yo' allus promistes me sure dat nuffin 'll keep yo' from gwine next year."

"UNC' NATHUN WAS DE WICKEDNES' MAN GOD EBBER MADE."

"Well?" said I.

"Now, honey, dis heah's nex' year."

I had been making my annual visit to the old plantation, and the week between Christmas and New Year's, always the shortest week in the year, had seemed shorter than ever this winter, and my time was filled with little pleasures and engagements, the day set for my return being all too near Christmas, ever the greatest festival for both white and black on the "Eastern Sho'," had come and gone. New Year's day was of little account to us in comparison, but to the negroes "watch night" had always been a time of great concern. The quieter and more religious element devoutly attended church, where, too, many of the lighter hearted and reckless ones were drawn by the attraction always strong of something out of the ordinary, and the firing of duck guns and the blowing of horns would cease for an hour or more, only to break out in fuller chorus when the congregation was dismissed.

Ellen, my Great-aunt Polly's faithful handmaiden in the days "befo' the wah," was the last of the house servants of the old regime and upon our arrival at Beauregard feebly attempted to resume her duties of "waitin' on de ladies."

To offend Ellen was not lightly to be undertaken, nor indeed would one of us willingly or knowingly have done it, and I felt a grief that was real to think that I had not kept faith with her even in so lightly made a promise "to go with her to watch night nex' year."

Ellen was soon herself again upon having my word really to go with her this year, and she beamed like a child with the news.

"I speshully wanted yo' to go dis yere time," she said, "fur ole Unc' Nathun done give out that he gwine tell us once mo' 'bout his comin' thoo', an' I spec' he ain't gwine last much longer.

"Yo' know, Miss Lizy, Unc' Nathun's mos' ninety years old now, an' he sleep mos' all de time, but I gwine to shake 'im up, an' he go down to de chu'ch an' tell his sperunce once mo.' Hit p'intedly was a pow'ful comin' thoo'."

Then, taking my hand, Ellen proceeded in low tones, as if the old man would hear her: "Miss Lizy, when I was a little gal Unc' Nathun was de wickednes' man God ebber made. Dat he was, honey, an' he had de bestes' wife, Aun' Judy suttenly was er good woman sure. Ole marsta he nebber would 'lowed Unc' Nathun on 'is plantation bat fur Aun' Judy. Honey, in dem days dere was mean white men stan'in' roun' fur to use a mean nigger fur dere own profit, an' right nex' to we all's place was dat ole Sam Thomas. He was too mean to wuk hisself, an' he nebba had no niggers to wuk fur him, an' he an' his boys jes' make bad whisky an' trade hit to de cullud people fur dere ole marsta's craps. Unc' Nathun he fed ole marsta's horses, an' dat way he got all de whisky he wan', an' cose dat made 'im lots meaner dan he nachully was."

"Ole marsta say he nebba cud understan' why de craps didn't b'a' out no betta, but arter Unc' Nathun dun come thoo' den he know zackly why de craps las'."

"Ellen, why didn't some of the colored friends tell my grandfather?" I asked.

"Honey, we was 'feared caze we wud git conjured. Dat we was sho'. I 'member one day we was gwine to hab a co'n shuckin', an' all de niggers f'm dis part ob de country was to be dere. Aun' Ginny call all we young gals up f'm de quartah to cut de punkins up to make de pies, caze, Miss Lizy, punkin pies is pow'ful skrumpshus to niggers. So we gals wen' up to de straw rick to get de punkins, an', honey, ef yo' believe me, we foun' a bar'l ob whisky where Unc' Nathun done hide it. But we was p'intedly feared to tell on 'im, sho'."

"But why, Ellen?" I inquired.

"Caze, Miss Lizy, Unc' Nathun gwine to conjure us. Unc' Nathun couldn't erzackly conjure us 'isself, but he buy de stuff f'm ole Aun' Lucy er pay ole Lucy to do hit fur him. She was de conjure 'oman, an' she live in de nex' plantation to we alls, in 'er cabin all by 'erself, ebba since I could 'member until dey foun' her daid in de bald one day.

"But, honey, de meanes' thing Unc' Nathun dun was de way he beat Aun' Judy. Aun' Judy uster kneel down an' pray out loud in de daytime, an' dat allus aggervate Unc' Nathun. But ole marsta was passin' by one day, an' he heah Aun' Judy hollerin', an' he sho' did gin Unc' Nathun a beatin' wiv his cane. An' he tol' Unc' Nathun he ain't gwine to 'low no man to hit er 'oman on his place, an', mo' en dat, he say ef Unc' Nathun ebber strike 'is wife ergin he gwine to sen' 'im up to de co'thouse an' gin him de streme penalty ob de law, caze, yo' know, honey, in dem days ef er man beat his wife, white or cullud, dey carry him up dar an' gin um what dey 'serve. Dat dey did sho'.

"Nudder thing Unc' Nathun did dun, he play de fiddle, an' he dance, an' he cross his laigs w'en he dance. Now, Miss Lizy, yo' know ef yo' dance yo' in danger ob hell fire, but ef yo' cross yo' laigs w'en yo' dance de debble gwine get yo' sho'. Dat w'at Brudder Jones allus say, an' he de ole time cullud preacher, an' he know all dem ole time hell fire dangers. But now I gwine let yo' heah Unc' Nathun tell de rest."

The next night I carefully put on my best Sunday finery, and I felt that even then I was hardly deserving of the words of approval from Ellen, whose unquestioned social leadership in colored circles would have put to shame the pretensions of an Astor or a Vanderbilt.

The neat white meeting house was new to me and seemed out of keeping to one who remembered the old log "chu'ch" which had given its name to one of the minor battles of the civil war, but it was an evidence of the prosperity and welfare of the race that was cheering to note after the pessimistic stories of the degradation of the negro with which the northern reader is constantly fed.

The light skinned spectacled minister sat on the platform, and below him, turned toward the people, stood a large splint bottomed chair in which was huddled a little weazened faced, mummy-like old man, evidently fast asleep.

This I knew without being told was "Unc' Nathun" even before Ellen's knowing wink and nod indicated him. He and Aunt Ellen were about the only ones present of the ancient "befo' the wah" type of darky.

The meeting began in a circumspect manner with a hymn of Wesley's, "Oh, For a Thousand Tongues to Sing!" a clearly read chapter giving the story of the wise and foolish virgins and then a short prayer, the well chosen words evincing the Hampton training of its author; then a pause, and the preacher said, "Sister Claybu'n, won't you raise out one of our old time tunes that we don't need the book fur?" And then in full rich tones the voice of a buxom matron near the aisle started up:

My bred'ren, don' get weary;
Angels bring de blessin' down.
Don' get weary; we're boun' to see de Lawd.

The change was instantaneous. The dignified, self conscious demeanor vanished, and the congregation grew freer and more natural in behavior. Arms were stretched, feet stamped, seats moved, and here and there a groan or a half suppressed cry showed the beginning of "de wu'kin' ob de spirit," and soon the room seemed filled with a fervor of religious excitement that carried me back to the long gone days of my childhood.

The weird hymn ended only to be followed by other and wilder melodies characteristic of the ancient days.

From my seat I could just see the grizzled head of "Unc' Nathun," but I would have known from the craning necks and eager faces of the congregation that he was rousing from his stupor. Voice after voice died down, and finally the singing ceased as the old man opened his eyes, raised himself and leaned forward in his chair, stretching wide the shrunken and withered arms.

The time had evidently come for his "sperunce," and the room was hushed in suppressed excitement. His blinking eyes gazed round about for a moment, and he began to speak in slow and subdued tones.

"Li'l' chillun," said "Unc' Nathun"—"li'l' chillun, hit sho' 'pears to me dat I done tole yo' dese words 'nough times befo', but ef hit is yo' pleasure I gwine to 'late de sarcumstances ob my comin' thoo' ergin.

"Yo' all done read fur yo'selves in de Bibul how de Lawd 'peared to de Erpostle Paul on de way. De same way de Lawd caught me up in de air an' show me de way ob salvation. Mebbe some ob yo' ole peoples 'members dat I was a monstr'us wicked man; also yo' kin call to mis' dat I had de bestes' ole 'oman in de worl'. Dat whut aggervate me so. She spen' so much time on 'er knees, an' she git down an' pray out loud when I come home to dinnah, an' she done de same thing ebery night.

"So one day she done ben doin' dat, an' I knowed dar was er 'rival goin' on up at de meetin' house, an', chillun, I mek up my min' to brek hit up, an' I jes' walk up to de chu'ch, an' I luk in at de winder, an' I see Judy up at de mo'ners' bench zortin' sinnehs to repent. An' Brudder Jones he war dere, too, so den an' dere I 'cluded I'd git er shotgun an' kill one ob um sure."

By this time "Unc' Nathun" had got thoroughly warmed up to his subject. He leaned forward, resting a hand upon each knee, and his now keen black eyes seemed to pierce each soul as he proceeded:

"Bred'ren, I start back to borrer de shotgun to shoot wif f'm ole Sam Thomas, an' comin' 'long thoo' de woods I feel—I feel er han' jes' as plain lif' me up offen de groun'. O Lawd, I was skeered! An' den—an' den I see de lake ob fire dat nebba was squenched, an' I was let down, an' dat same han' hel' me ober er deep hole, an' I luk down into dat hole till I could see de debbles all aroun' dat fire, wif pitchfo'ks in dere han's, an' dey was red hot, an' dey was jes' a-flingin' white fo'ks an' niggers into dem flames. An', chillun, dey nebba burnt up. Dey jes' nachully lay dere an' frizzle on dem coals.

"Hit was de awfules' sight I ebba seen, de ole debble hisself dere directin' de wuk, but he wan't doin' no wuk hisself tell he see me.

"Yo' know, bred'ren, I allus had said dat I was gwine to serve de debble all de days ob my life, den when I come to die I'd trus' in 'im; but, Lawd, yo' oughter seen 'im grin w'en he luk up an' see ole Nathun!

"He jerk one ob dem redhot pitchfo'ks outen de han' ob a young debble, an' he say: 'Luk at dat ole fool nigger Nathun. I gwine to hab de pleasure ob flingin' 'im into dis fire myse'f. I got er hot place spechully prepar' fur him.' Wif dat he start up arter me; but, glory hallelujah, de han' dat hel' me dar lif' me up outen his way an' sot my feet on de groun' ag'in.

"Den, bred'ren an' sistren, I hearn a voice say, 'Nathun, Nathun, is yo' ready now to tu'n f'om yo' sins an' serve de Lawd Jesus?

"Den I cry out an' say, 'O Lawd, Mars' Jesus, I gwine do jes' as yo' say.' Den I was tol' to go up to de chu'ch an' 'fess my sins. An' I say, 'Sho', Mars' Jesus, I's gwine.' An' I tu'n roun' an' walk back thoo' de woods to de chu'ch do', an' I walk straight up to de front to de mo'ners' bench.

"An', bred'ren, yo' oughter seed Brudder Jones. He was sho' I done come up dar to kill 'im. An' dey was all gittin' ready to climb outen dat meetin' house by de winders. But I step up to de platfo'm an' say: 'Men an' bred'ren, feah not. De Lawd hez spoken to me an' showed me er vishun by de way. An' I done promise 'im to come up heah an' 'fess my sins befo' yo' all.'

"So dat seem to pacify um some, an' Judy she jump right up an' 'gin to shout an' holler.

"Den I say, 'Fus let me tell yo' all,' an' I tole um jes whut I done tole yo' now.

"An', I tells yo', yo' ain't nebba seed sich er uproar in er chu'ch in all yo' bo'n days. Brudder Jones he 'clar he feels jes' lak de debble 'isself done got 'ligion. An'—an', li'l' chillun, ebba sence dat night I done stan' by Mars' Jesus."

"WIF DAT HE START UP ARTER ME."

The old man was evidently getting very weary, and his last words were hardly more than whispered, "Fur long—I'll gwine—to tek me home—to be—wif—Judy—an'"—

The old face changed, and a sweet smile spread over the weazened features as his head dropped back on the shawl that some one had placed over the back of the chair.

The moment's stillness was broken by a muffled "O Lord!" from a woman's voice near the chair. Aunt Ellen leaned forward and from her place grasped the lifeless hand. Her quick glance to the preacher and to me told me what had happened.

I heard myself say: "Run, John Francis! Run to the house and bring Dr. Raborg, quick!"

"Too late now, Miss Lizy, honey. Unc' Nathun done come thoo'!"

TWO UGLY ANIMALS.

Those Big Pigs, the Rhinoceros and the Hippopotamus.

THEY ARE HARD TO CAPTURE.

Getting Away With One of the Colossal Brutes Makes the Work of Trapping the Big Felines Seem Like Child's Play—Methods of the Hunters.

Trapping the big felines is child's play compared with the work of capturing those lumbering, colossal animals of the "big pig" family, the rhinoceros and the hippopotamus.

Too stupid to tame or to break to a halter and too heavy to transport through hundreds of miles of wilderness, it would take a man half a lifetime to bring one of these five to six thousand pound creatures out of a jungle into civilization. Therefore the expert's only chance is to find a cow with a calf and to capture the young one.

Compared with the alert, grim exterior of the felines, there is little in the appearance of a phlegmatic, ponderous pig like a rhinoceros to indicate its real ferociousness. There is hardly a wild animal in existence which is more dangerous than this rarest of all our menagerie captives. Awkward as the great creature appears when at rest, once aroused it dashes through the densest thicket with the irresistible speed of an express train.

To catch a rhinoceros the trapper proceeds with preparations much as would an explorer bound for a two or three year expedition in the interior of an unexplored continent, for the difficulty confronting him is the threefold one of first penetrating a thousand or more miles into the interior; second, of finding not only a rhinoceros, but a rhinoceros cow with a calf old enough to capture, and, lastly, of transporting his prize across hills and mountains and plains, over rivers and ravines, across swamps and through forests to civilization.

Skirting swamps and rivers, the men are ever on the lookout for the deep, round spoors, like a pie plate driven into the mud, for in this wet ground the rhinoceros loves to wallow. Frequently five or six months elapse before the tracks of a cow and a calf are picked up.

Noiseless and from well to leeward, the trapper and his men gradually steal nearer until the cow and the calf are inclosed in a circle. From ahead, out of the maze of cane and creeper, sounds the uneasy stamping of the cow. With a half snort, half grunt, in an instant the rhinoceros is all attention. Head raised and nostrils sniffing, she searches the air steadily. At sight of one of the savages the cow dashes with the speed of a race horse at the man, charging the human decoy, and at that instant the trapper's rifle is heard, and her furious charge is over, provided the bullet reaches the heart by striking just behind the left foreleg—the only vulnerable point in the inch thick armor with which the beast is clad.

Now and then it happens that the trapper fails to kill in time—his gun may miss fire, intervening trees may interfere or the marksman may miss his aim. Then the life of the decoy depends upon his own agility. To run to one side before the rhinoceros is almost on top of him would be fatal, for the swift brute would overtake him with a few bounds. His only hope is to wait until the deadly horn is almost at his feet and then, with the swiftness of a mongoose dodging the aim of a cobra, to leap to one side while the ponderous creature, unable to turn short in time, dashes onward under its own impetus. Twice, three times, a clever native hunter will dodge in this way, giving the trapper ample time to bring down the rhinoceros.

Then comes the tracking of the frightened calf, which has fled at the first sign of trouble, and soon it is pushed, prodded and shoved up a bridge of log skids into a cage of the bullock cart.

But even more dangerous is the trapping of the hippopotamus, for, although in itself the "rhino" is a more savage antagonist than the "river horse," the trapper hunts the former on land and brings down at a safe distance, whereas in the case of the hippopotamus he must fight in the same primitive fashion that savages have used for ages. Hand to maw, as it were, he must engage this two ton monster while standing in the bow of a frail canoe, for the hippopotamus, as its name, the "river horse," means, is a land and water animal and must be harpooned and brought ashore before it expires, otherwise it would sink at once to the bottom of the river, the coveted calf escaping among the other hippopotamuses instead of following the stricken cow to shore, so that the youngster may be caught.—A. W. Rolker in St. Nicholas.

The Blue Danube.

The Danube still retains its ancient splendors. The Rhine is the river of vine clad, sunny hills, ruined castles on rugged crags, mediaeval history and modern glory in war and in peace, a river bright as the warble of a bird in the wood. The Danube hills carry immense, almost untouched, forests, higher and grander than the heights of the Rhine. In the midst of this rich, deep green verdure lonely white mountains break in on the eye. There are many wayside chapels, too, on the banks. In solemn, awesome, majestic beauty the Danube far excels the cheery, pretty Rhine, and it must be called a pity that so few American travelers take a tour on this indescribably superb river.—Omaha Bee.

Reasons For Love.

Patience—All the girls just hate him because he's going to marry me. Patrice—You love him for the enemies he has made, I suppose.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Manager.

"Are you able to manage your husband?"

"I don't have to. My mother lives with us."—Houston Post.

Burglar Medicine.

"A society woman once asked me what she should do if a burglar were to get into her room and awaken her from sleep," said a former police captain. "I told her to do nothing except sit up in bed and squeal for help at the top of her lungs. That's the medicine for Mr. Burglar. Not one of the gentry in 10,000 will do aught save run like a deer when a woman begins to yell. The sure enough professional will not harm anybody unless cornered, and to shoot is the last thing he contemplates in his philosophy. An amateur loses his head and uses his gun, but a regular—never."—Baltimore American.

Sarcastic.

A pompous looking lawyer once chartered a hansom cab, and on reaching his destination, he only gave his driver the shilling required by law.

The driver looked at the coin and bit his lip. Then in the most courteous manner he said: "Do step in again, sir. I could ha' druv ye a yard or two farther for this 'ere."—London Fun.

An Opportunity.

Judge—Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth? Fair Witness—It will be just perfectly lovely if you really have the time to listen.—Harper's Bazar.

"A little of this goes a long way," said the aeronaut as he flicked the ash from his [illegible]