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, SEPTEMBER 3, 1910. NO. 45

A FEW

FINE CARRIAGES

NOW ON HAND

WILL BE

SOLD AT

VERY LOW PRICES

Smith & Walls

Denton

MR. CONSUMER we will sell to YOU as cheap as your dealer BUYS

BUILDING MATERIALS

OF ALL KINDS AT PRICES THAT DEFY COMPETITION

LUMBER & MILL WORK

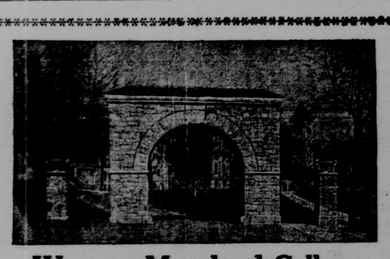
SEND US AN INQUIRY

The Baltimore Supply Company

Office S. W. Baltimore and Holliday Sts.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

Estimates Free and Cheerfully Given



Western Maryland College

Westminster, Maryland

Rev. T. H. Lewis, D. D., LL. D., President

A handsomely illustrated Hand-Book and a Catalogue giving full information will be sent on application.

1741 1910

WEST NOTTINGHAM ACADEMY

COLORA P. O.,
Cecil County, Maryland.

OFFERS ESPECIAL ADVANTAGES.

Prepares for College, University and Professional Schools.

Tuition and Board, $300.

Beautiful Country. Safe Surroundings. Modern Dormitory. Fine Athletic Fields.

HORACE GILLESPIE, A. B.,
Johns Hopkins University, Principal.

Fall Term, September 14, 1910.

Special Course for Students of Agriculture.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

Notice to Taxpayers.

Notice is hereby given that on town taxes paid in September a discount of 4 per cent. will be allowed. By order of the Commissioners.

s4d C. LESLIE WALLS, Clerk.

H. L. Cooper A. R. Wright H. G. Cooper

COOPER, WRIGHT & COOPER,

Fire Insurance Agents,

LAW BUILDING, DENTON, MD.

Special Facilities for placing Large Lines Anywhere on the Eastern Shore. Long Distance 'Phone 22

Before Insuring, Write Us.

SOME STRONG COMPANIES:

North British and Mercantile Insurance Company of North America
Farmers' Fire German Alliance
Springfield Fire and Marine
The Girard Fire and Marine
Phoenix, of Hartford, Conn.
Citizens', of Missouri Union

SHERIFF'S SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

PERSONAL PROPERTY

BY VIRTUE of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Caroline county, and to me directed, at the suit of Thomas P. Garey, Jr., for the use of Joseph Wyatt, against Willie I. Keefer, I have levied upon, seized and taken in execution the following goods and chattels, to wit: 1 Gray Horse, 1 Bay Horse, 1 set Double Harness, 2 sets Carriage Harness, 2 Horse Collars, 2 Horse Blankets, 1 Pitchfork, 2 Kegs and contents, 2 Hatchets, 1 Trowel, 1 Handsaw, 1 Sprinkler, 1 Whetstone, 1 Small Hoe, 1 Mill Wagon, 1 Dearborn, 1 Top Carriage, 400 Bricks in carriage house, 2 Large Wheels, 1 Large Shaft, 1 Scoop Shovel, 1 box Brass Fixtures in carriage house, 1 Grindstone, 1 Small Plow, 200 Bricks under shed, 2 Old Boilers, 1 piece Piping, lot Old Iron, 1 lot Lumber in and around mill, 2 lots New Brick, 1 lot Cement Blocks, 1 lot Old Iron Boilers, Bolts, &c., 1 lot Old Bricks, lot Machinery in mill, 1 pair Shoats, 1 pair Grappling Irons, 1 Sand Screen, 1 Gasoline Engine.

And I hereby give notice that on the

Seventeenth day of September,

1910, commencing at 10 o'clock a. m., upon the premises where the Keefer Grist Mill was burned, on the road leading from Denton to Anthony's Mill, near the railroad crossing, I will offer and expose at public auction the above described goods and chattels, seized and taken in execution by me as the property of the said Willie I. Keefer, to the highest bidder for cash, to pay and satisfy said execution, debt, interest and costs.

THOMAS L. CHAFFINCH,
Sheriff.

Notice to Taxpayers

5 Per Cent. Discount Allowed on all Taxes Paid in September.

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:

Federalsburg, Friday, September 16th
[RIVERVIEW HOTEL]

Preston, Saturday, September 17th
[COX'S HOTEL]

American Corners, Wedn'day, Sept. 21st
[REDMAN'S STORE]

Henderson, Thursday, September 22d
[CLARK'S STORE]

Ridgely, Friday, September 23rd
[KRANZ HOTEL]

Greensboro, Saturday, September 24th
[RUTTER'S HOTEL]

Hillsboro, Monday, September 26th
[HILLSBORO HOTEL]

Five per cent. discount allowed on all taxes paid during month of September.

JOSEPH H. CARROLL,
Treasurer of Caroline County.

Proposals for Fuel.

Office of the School Board,
Denton, Md., Aug. 23, 1910

Sealed proposals, marked "Proposals for Fuel" for sufficient merchantable, well-seasoned wood which when added to whatever may now be on the school ground shall together make five cords for each room, will be received at this office until 2 p. m. of Sept. 6, 1910

The bidder must state what kind of wood he offers, and, if succesful in securing the award, must cord the wood in 2 or 4 foot lengths on the school grounds. The wood must be inspected and measured by a trustee of the school, who will be required to certify to the quantity and quality on the bill for the same.

Also bids for No. 1 Susquehanna or Lehigh Valley, white ash coal to be delivered at the following schools: Marydel 3 tons; Henderson 6 tons; Goldsboro 6 tons; Greensboro 20 tons; Ridgely 25 tons; Hillsboro 4 tons; Denton Primary 14 tons; Denton High 22 tons; Concord 3 tons; Preston 12 tons; Federalsburg 25 tons; Lowe's 3 tons; Oakland 3 tons; Long's 2 tons; Saulsbury's 3 tons; Cedar Grove 3 tons; Thawley's 3 tons; Smithson 3 tons.

Fuel bills are payable in October.

By order,
A. W. SISK, President.
E. M. Noble, Secretary.

Public Health Notice.

The attention of the public is called to the fact that complaint has been made that decaying and refuse matter in some instances is allowed to accumulate and remain within the corporate limits of towns. This is in violation of law and must be discontinued at once. Persons who disregard this law, designed to protect the health of the people, are liable to arrest and fine.

In this connection the Board wishes to give notice that the practice of dumping decaying and refuse matter along the causeway within the limits of the town of Denton must be stopped at once.

By order of the Board of Health.
FREDERIC N. NICHOLS, M. D.,
s3 County Health Officer.

For Sale.

Four Jersey Cows, two with calves by their sides.

Seven Berkshire Pigs, nine weeks old, entitled to be registered.

Also, one rubber-tired Runabout, in first-class condition.

L. C. REID,
s4d Preston, Md.

Farm for Sale.

I have a productive farm of 94 acres for sale. Eighty acres arable, balance in timber. Eight-room dwelling and outbuildings in excellent condition.

A. D. IVINS,
s4d Bethlehem, Md.

For Rent.

Residence and millinery store combined in Templeville, Md., for 1911. Could give possession October 1st, 1910, for fall trade. Address

HARRY S. DAILEY,
s3b Marydel, Md.

20 Sheep for Sale

At my farm near Denton.

HARRY A. ROE,
Denton, Md.

THE HANDBOOK OF HYMEN.

What Education Did For Two Snowbound Prospectors.

By O. HENRY.

[Copyright, 1907, by the McClure company.]

'Tis the opinion of myself, Sanderson Pratt, who sets this down, that the educational system of the United States should be in the hands of the weather bureau. I can give you good reasons for it, and you can't tell me why our college professors shouldn't be transferred to the meteorological department. They have been learned to read, and they could very easily glance at the morning papers and then wire in to the main office what kind of weather to expect. But there's the other side of the proposition. I am going on to tell you how the weather furnished me and Idaho Green with a elegant education.

We was up in the Bitter Root mountains over the Montana line prospecting for gold. A chin whiskered man in Walla Walla, carrying a line of hope as excess baggage, had grubstaked us, and there we was in the foothills pecking away with enough grub on hand to last an army through a peace conference.

Along one day comes a mail rider over the mountains from Carlos and stops to eat three cans of greengages and leave us a newspaper of modern date. This paper prints a system of premonitions of the weather, and the card it dealt Bitter Root mountains from the bottom of the deck was "warmer and fair, with light westerly breezes."

That evening it began to snow, with the wind strong in the east. Me and Idaho moved camp into an old empty cabin higher up the mountain, thinking it was only a November flurry. But after falling three foot on a level it went to work in earnest, and we knew we was snowed in.

When the first snowflakes fell me and Idaho Green laughed at each other's jokes and praised the stuff we turned out of a skillet and called bread. At the end of three weeks Idaho makes this kind of a edict to me. Says he:

"I never exactly heard sour milk dropping out of a balloon on the bottom of a tin pail, but I have an idea it would be music of the spears compared to this attenuated stream of asphyxiated thought that emanates out of your organs of conversation. The kind of half masticated noises that you emit every day puts me in mind of a cow's cud, only she's lady enough to keep hers to herself, and you ain't."

"Mr. Green," says I, "you having been a friend of mine once, I have some hesitations in confessing to you that if I had my choice for society between you and a common yellow, three

"I READ THAT BOOK FOR FOUR HOURS."

legged cur pup one of the inmates of this here cabin would be wagging a tail just at present."

This way we goes on for two or three days, and then we quits speaking to one another.

One morning Idaho was poking around with a stick on top of a little shelf that was too high to reach. Two books fell down to the floor. I started toward 'em, but caught Idaho's eye. He speaks for the first time in a week.

"Don't burn your fingers," says he. "In spite of the fact that you're only fit to be the companion of a sleeping mud turtle, I'll give you a square deal. And that's more than your parents did when they turned you loose in the world with the sociability of a rattlesnake and the bedside manner of a frozen turnip. I'll play you a game of seven-up, the winner to pick up his choice of the books, the loser to take the other."

We played, and Idaho won. He picked up his book, and I took mine. Then each of us got on his side of the house and went to reading.

I never was as glad to see a ten ounce nugget as I was that book. And Idaho looked at his like a kid looks at a stick of candy.

Mine was a little book about five by six inches called "Herkimer's Handbook of Indispensable Information." I may be wrong, but I think that was the greatest book that ever was written. I've got it today, and I can stump you or any man fifty times in five minutes with the information in it.

I sat and read that book for four hours. All the wonders of education was compressed in it. I forgot the snow, and I forgot that me and old Idaho was on the outs.

"Idaho," says I, "what kind of a book is yours?"

Idaho must have forgot, too, for he answered moderate, without any slander or malignity.

"Why," says he, "this here seems to be a volume by Homer K. M."

"Homer K. M. what?" I asks.

"Why, just Homer K. M.," says he.

"You're a liar," says I, a little riled that Idaho should try to put me up a tree. "No man is going around signing books with his initials. If it's Homer K. M. Spoopendyke, or Homer K. M. McSweeney, or Homer K. M. Jones, why don't you say so like a man instead of biting off the end of it like a calf chewing off the tail of a shirt on a clothesline?"

"I put it to you straight, Sandy," says Idaho, quiet. "It's a poem book," says he, "by Homer K. M. I couldn't get color out of it at first, but there's a vein if you follow it up. I wouldn't have missed this book for a pair of red blankets."

"You're welcome to it," says I.

"What you've got," says Idaho, "is statistics, the lowest grade of information that exists. They'll poison your mind. Give me old K. M.'s system of surmises. He seems to be a kind of a wine agent. His regular toast is 'nothing doing,' and he seems to have a grouch, but he keeps it so well lubricated with booze that his worst kicks sound like an invitation to split a quart. But it's poetry," says Idaho, "and I have sensations of scorn for that truck of yours that tries to convey sense in feet and inches."

So that's the way me and Idaho had it. Day and night all the excitement we got was studying our books. That snowstorm sure fixed us with a fine lot of attainments apiece.

That spring me and Idaho struck pay ore. It was a habit of ours to sell out quick and keep moving. We unloaded on our grubstaker for $8,000 apiece, and then we drifted down to this little town of Rosa, on the Salmon river, to rest up and get some human grub and have our whiskers harvested.

Rosa was no mining camp. It laid in the valley, and was as free of uproar and pestilence as one of them rural towns in the country. There was a three mile trolley line champing its bit in the environs, and me and Idaho spent a week riding on one of the cars, dropping off of nights at the Sunset View hotel. Being now well read as well as traveled, we was soon pro re nata with the best society in Rosa and was invited out to the most dressed up and high toned entertainments. It was at a piano recital and quail eating contest in the city hall, for the benefit of the fire company, that me and Idaho first met Mrs. De Ormond Sampson, the queen of Rosa society.

Mrs. Sampson was a widow and owned the only two story house in town. It was painted yellow, and whichever way you looked from you could see it as plain as egg on the chin of an O'Grady on a Friday. Twenty-two men in Rosa besides me and Idaho was trying to stake a claim on that yellow house.

There was a dance after the song books and quail bones had been raked out of the hall. Twenty-three of the bunch galloped over to Mrs. Sampson and asked for a dance. I sidestepped the twostep and asked permission to escort her home. That's where I made a hit.

On the way home says she:

"Ain't the stars lovely and bright tonight, Mr. Pratt?"

"For the chance they've got," says I, "they're humping themselves in a mighty creditable way. That big one you see is 66,000,000,000 of miles distant. It took thirty-six years for its light to reach us. With an eighteen foot telescope you can see 43,000,000 of 'em, including them of the thirteenth magnitude, which, if one was to go out now, you would keep on seeing it for 2,700 years."

"My!" says Mrs. Sampson. "I never knew that before. How warm it is! I'm as damp as I can be from dancing so much."

"That's easy to account for," says I, "when you happen to know that you've got 2,000,000 sweat glands working all at once. If every one of your perspiratory ducts, which are a quarter of an inch long, was placed end to end they would reach a distance of seven miles."

"Lawsy!" says Mrs. Sampson. "It sounds like an irrigation ditch you was describing, Mr. Pratt. How do you get all this knowledge of information?"

"From observation, Mrs. Sampson," I tells her. "I keep my eyes open when I go about the world."

"Mr. Pratt," says she, "I always did admire a man of education. There are so few scholars among the sap-headed plug uglies of this town that it is a real pleasure to converse with a gentleman of culture. I'd be gratified to have you call at my house whenever you feel so inclined."

And that was the way I got the good will of the lady in the yellow house.

I never imagined that Idaho was trying to work on Mrs. Sampson with old K. M.'s rules of courtship till one afternoon when I was on my way over to take her a basket of wild hog plums. I met the lady coming down the lane that led to her house. Her eyes was snapping, and her hat made a dangerous dip over one eye.

"Mr. Pratt," she opens up, "this Mr. Green is a friend of yours, I believe."

"For nine years," says I.

"Cut him out," says she. "He's no gentleman!"

"Why, ma'am," says I, "he's a plain incumbent of the mountains, with asperities and the usual failings of a spendthrift and a liar, but I never on the most momentous occasion had the heart to deny that he was a gentleman. It may be that in haberdashery and the sense of arrogance and display Idaho offends the eye, but inside, ma'am, I've found him impervious to the lower grades of crime and obesity. After nine years of Idaho's society, Mrs. Sampson," I winds up, "I should hate to impute him, and I should hate to see him imputed."

"It's right plausible of you, Mr. Pratt," says Mrs. Sampson, "to take up the curmudgeons in your friend's behalf, but it don't alter the fact that he has made proposals to me sufficiently obnoxious to ruffle the igtomimy of any lady."

"Why, now, now, now!" says I. "Old Idaho do that! I could believe it of

"I GOT HER ON MY SHOULDER."

myself sooner. I never knew but one thing to deride in him, and a blizzard was responsible for that. Once while we was snowbound in the mountains he became a prey to a kind of spurious and uneven poetry, which may have corrupted his demeanor."

"It has," says Mrs. Sampson. "Ever since I knew him he has been reciting to me a lot of irreligious rhymes by some person he calls Ruby Ott and who is no better than she should be, if you judge by her poetry."

"Then Idaho has struck a new book," says I, "for the one he had was by a man who writes under the nom de plume of K. M."

"He'd better have stuck to it," says Mrs. Sampson, "whatever it was. And today he caps the vortex. I get a bunch of flowers from him, and on 'em is pinned a note. Now, Mr. Pratt, you know a lady when you see her, and you know how I stand in Rosa society. Do you think for a moment that I'd skip out to the woods with a man along with a jug of wine and a loaf of bread and go singing and cavorting up and down under the trees with him? I take a little claret with my meals, but I'm not in the habit of packing a jug of it into the brush and raising Cain in any such style as that. And of course he'd bring his book of verses along too. He said so. Let him go on his scandalous picnics alone or let him take his Ruby Ott with him! I reckon she wouldn't kick unless it was on account of there being too much bread along. And what do you think of your gentleman friend now, Mr. Pratt?"

"Well, 'm," says I, "it may be that Idaho's invitation was a kind of poetry and meant no harm. Maybe it belonged to the class of rhymes they call figurative. They offend law and order, but they get sent through the mails on the grounds that they mean something that they don't say. I'd be glad on Idaho's account if you'd overlook it," says I, "and let us extricate our minds from the low regions of poetry to the higher planes of fact and fancy. On a beautiful afternoon like this, Mrs. Sampson," I goes on, "we should let our thoughts dwell accordingly. Though it is warm here, we should remember that at the equator the line of perpetual frost is at an altitude of 15,000 feet."

"Oh, Mr. Pratt," says Mrs. Sampson, "it's such a comfort to hear you say them beautiful facts after getting such a jar from that minx of a Ruby's poetry!"

"Let us sit on this log at the roadside," says I, "and forget the inhumanity and ribaldry of the poets. It is in the glorious columns of ascertained facts and legalized measures that beauty is to be found. In this very log we sit upon, Mrs. Sampson," says I, "is statistics more wonderful than any poem. The rings show it was sixty years old. At the depth of 2,000 feet it would become coal in 3,000 years. The deepest coal mine in the world is at Killingworth, near Newcastle. A box four feet long, three feet wide and two feet eight inches deep will hold one ton of coal. If an artery is cut, compress it above the wound. A man's leg contains thirty bones. The Tower of London was burned in 1841."

"Go on, Mr. Pratt," says Mrs. Sampson. "Them ideas is so original and soothing. I think statistics are just as lovely as they can be."

But it wasn't till two weeks later that I got all that was coming to me out of Herkimer.

One night I was waked up by folks hollering "Fire!" all around. I jumped up and dressed and went out of the hotel to enjoy the scene. When I seen it was Mrs. Sampson's house I gave forth a kind of yell, and I was there in two minutes.

The whole lower story of the yellow house was in flames, and every masculine, feminine and canine in Rosa was there, screeching and barking and getting in the way of the firemen. I saw Idaho trying to get away from six firemen who were holding him. They was telling him the whole place was on fire downstairs and no man could go in it and come out again.

"Where's Mrs. Sampson?' I asks.

"She hasn't been seen," says one of the firemen. "She sleeps upstairs. We've tried to get in, but we can't, and our company hasn't got any ladders yet."

I runs around to the light of the big blaze and pulls the handbook out of my inside pocket. I kind of laughed when I felt it in my hands—I reckon I was some daffy with the sensation of excitement.

"Herky, old boy," I says to it as I flipped over the pages, "you ain't ever lied to me yet, and you ain't ever throwed me down at a scratch yet. Tell me what, old boy, tell me what!" says I.

I turned to "What to do in case of accidents," on page 117. I run my finger down the page and struck it. Good old Herkimer—he never overlooked anything! It said:

Suffocation From Inhaling Smoke or Gas.—There is nothing better than flaxseed. Place a few seed in the outer corner of the eye.

I shoved the handbook back in my pocket and grabbed a boy that was running by.

"Here," says I, giving him some money, "run to the drug store and bring a dollar's worth of flaxseed. Hurry and you'll get another one for yourself. Now," I sings out to the crowd, "we'll have Mrs. Sampson!" And I throws away my coat and hat.

Four of the firemen and citizens grabs hold of me. It's sure death, they say, to go in the house, for the floors was beginning to fall through.

"How in blazes," I sings out, kind of laughing yet, but not feeling like it, "do you expect me to put flaxseed in a eye without the eye?"

I jabbed each elbow in a fireman's face, kicked the bark off of one citizen's shin and tripped the other one with a side hold. And then I busted into the house. If I die first I'll write you a letter and tell you if it's any worse down there than the inside of that yellow house was, but don't believe it yet. I was a heap more cooked than the hurry up orders of broiled chicken that you get in restaurants. The fire and smoke had me down on the floor twice and was about to shame Herkimer, but the firemen helped me with their little stream of water, and I got to Mrs. Sampson's room. She'd lost conscientiousness from the smoke, so I wrapped her in the bedclothes and got her on my shoulder. Well, the floors wasn't as bad as they said or I never could have done it—not by no means.

I carried her out fifty yards from the house and laid her on the grass. Then, of course, every one of them other twenty-two plaintiffs to the lady's hand crowded around with tin dippers of water ready to save her. And up runs the boy with the flaxseed.

I unwrapped the covers from Mrs. Sampson's head. She opened her eyes and says:

"Is that you, Mr. Pratt?"

"S-s-sh," says I. "Don't talk till you've had the remedy."

I runs my arm around her neck and raises her head, gentle, and breaks the bag of flaxseed with the other hand, and as easy as I could I bends over and slips three or four of the seeds in the outer corner of her eye.

Up gallops the village doc by this time and snorts around and grabs at Mrs. Sampson's pulse and wants to know what I mean by any such sand blasted nonsense.

"Well, old Jalap and Jerusalem oak seed," says I, "I'm no regular practitioner, but I'll show you my authority, anyway."

They fetched my coat, and I gets out the handbook.

"Look on page 117," says I, "at the remedy for suffocation by smoke or gas. Flaxseed in the outer corner of the eye, it says. I don't know whether it works as a smoke consumer or whether it hikes the compound gastro hippopotamus nerve into action, but Herkimer says it, and he was called to the case first. If you want to make it a consultation there's no objection."

Old doc takes the book and looks at it by means of his specs and a fireman's lantern.

"Well, Mr. Pratt," says he, "you evidently got on the wrong line in reading your diagnosis. The recipe for suffocation says, 'Get the patient into fresh air as quickly as possible and place in a reclining position.' The flaxseed remedy is for 'Dust and Cinders In the Eye,' on the line above. But, after all"—

"See here," interrupts Mrs. Sampson, "I reckon I've got something to say in this consultation. That flaxseed done me more good than anything I ever tried." And then she raises up her head and lays it back on my arm again and says, "Put some in the other eye, Sandy, dear."

And so if you was to stop off at Rosa tomorrow or any other day you'd see a fine new yellow house with Mrs. Pratt, that was Mrs. Sampson, embellishing and adorning it. And if you was to step inside you'd see on the marble top center table in the parlor "Herkimer's Handbook of Indispensable Information," all rebound in red morocco and ready to be consulted on any subject pertaining to human happiness and wisdom.

Rice in the Orient.

Rice is kept for use in the orient in its husk, just like horse oats or unthrashed wheat. It is called "paddy" and is beaten or thrashed for daily use. But pure husked rice is too rough and unattractive looking for world markets, so it is polished in revolving cylinders with French chalk to make it pretty, pearly and smooth. But this robs it of its outer layer and most valuable food qualities. Polished rice is regarded as poison in Japan and is known to produce the dreadful epidemic disease beriberi in Japanese who live too exclusively on a rice diet and eating little or no meat.—Exchange.

Colors of the Stars.

Although there is no relation apparent betwen the two phenomena, yet it is interesting to recall the fact that among the stars certain colors appear to characterize different stages of change, or evolution. Red stars, according to the testimony of the spectroscope, differ widely in their constitution from white or yellow ones, and it has been thought that varying colors may give a clew to progressive changes in the heavenly bodies. Sirius, for instance, is said to have changed from red to white, and some have suspected that Arcturus is fading from red toward yellow.

Kissing in Iceland.

Among old time laws against kissing those of Iceland appear to have been the most severe. Banishment was the penalty laid down for kissing another man's wife, either with or without her consent. The same punishment was enforced for kissing an unmarried woman against her will; if it could be proved that she had consented to be kissed the offender was still liable to a fine of a great quantity of cloth for each offense.

HIS SUPERB NERVE

It Enabled Him to Loll In Luxury With Not a Cent of Cost.

CRUSHING A HOTEL KEEPER.

The Beau Was Elegant In Dress and Exquisite In His Bluffing and Played His Part Well—Never Known to Pay a Bill Under Any Circumstances.

"Misery loves company," quoted Mr. Tabb, an old time Virginia gentleman, the other night. "There's a great deal of truth in that old saying.

"Some forty or fifty years ago there was a celebrated Virginia character, well known in Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia, whom I shall call Beau Smith, because Smith wasn't his real name. Beau Smith was not only noted for the elegance of his dress, but also for his absolute disregard of all financial obligations. He was never known to pay a bill under any circumstances.

"Beau entered the office of the old Monumental hotel, in Baltimore, one night, registered, and upon being assigned to one of the best suits of rooms in the house, for he would be satisfied only with the best, he proceeded to make himself thoroughly at home and settled down for a long stay. He ordered champagne by the case and cigars by the box for the entertainment of such friends as might visit him in his apartments and, in short, lived as though he had millions behind him. The proprietor of the hotel, Mr. Guyer, had heard of Beau, but he could not believe that he would deliberately run up such a large bill if he had no intention of paying it, and he hesitated about speaking to such an elegant gentleman about such an inelegant thing as money, but after Beau had been a guest at the Monumental for more than a month and had said nothing about paying his bill Mr. Guyer summoned up his courage and had Beau's bill made out and sent up to him. In a few moments Mr. Guyer received a polite but urgent message from Beau, asking him to come to his apartments at once.

"'I sent for you, Mr. Guyer,' said the impecunious beau, 'to show you a most remarkable document which has been sent up to me from your office. I don't wish to complain of your clerks, sir, but I dislike being annoyed in this way. Will you kindly look at that and tell me what it is?'

"'That is a bill, Mr. Smith,' said Guyer as soon as he recovered his breath.

"'So I observe,' responded Beau, 'but, Mr. Guyer, it is made out against me.'

"'Certainly,' replied the hotel man. 'It is our account against you for board and lodging, wines, cigars and other extras for the last month, and I would be glad if you'—

"'Why, my dear sir,' interrupted Beau, laughing, 'you surely never expected me to pay this bill?'

"'I most certainly did and do expect you to pay it,' answered Mr. Guyer firmly.

"'But, dear sir,' said Beau gently, 'you knew who I was when I came to your house.'

"Mr. Guyer admitted that he did.

"'Then, you know,' continued Beau, 'that I have never been known to pay a bill to any one, and no one in his senses ever expected that I would. Now, my dear sir, I beg of you to destroy this ridiculous document and see that I am not annoyed again with such foolishness.'

"'Do you intend to pay this bill or not?' demanded the hotel proprietor sternly.

"'I do not,' replied the Beau quietly.

"'Very well, then, I will sue you, sir.'

"'That is your privilege, sir.'

"'And I will get a judgment, too,' said Guyer angrily.

"'You will get more than that, Mr. Guyer,' responded Beau calmly. 'You will get yourself laughed at by the entire country for being so foolish as to imagine that you could collect a bill from Beau Smith. Pray do not subject yourself to such ridicule.'

"Guyer hesitated; he knew he would be laughed at unmercifully by every one, and, then, too, he could not help but admire the colossal cheek of Smith, so he sat down again and lit a fresh cigar.

"'Mr. Smith,' said he, 'I'll tell you what I will do. If you will move over to the City hotel and play this same game on old man Barnum I'll give you a receipt in full for all that you owe me and say no more about it.'

"'Receipt the bill, Mr. Guyer,' answered Smith coolly. 'I had been stopping with Mr. Barnum for a month prior to coming to your house, and he also promised to give me a receipt in full for what I owed him if I would move over here and play the same trick on you.'"—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Kind Needed.

"Dear me," said the first young woman, taking her initial lesson in golf, "what shall I do now? This ball is in a hole!"

"Well, let me see," said her companion, rapidly turning the leaves of a book of instructions. "I presume you will have to take a stick of the right shape to get it out."

"Oh, yes; of course," was the somewhat cynical reply. "Well, see if you can find one shaped like a dustpan and brush."—New York Tribune.

Dry Cleaned Them.

"Why is your grandpa's face bandaged?" asks the lady next door.

"He was sleeping in his big chair," explains the little girl, "and Willie turned the nozzle of the vacuum cleaner against his whiskers."—Life.

And Peck Was Silent.

Peck—I really think, my dear, that Miss Brown will make our son a good wife. Mrs. Peck (snappily)—And what, sir, do you know about good wives?—Boston Transcript.

Two-thirds of life are spent in hesitating and the other third in repenting.