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County Officials.

Judges of the Circuit Court—James A. Pearce, Chief Judge; Frederick Stump and William R. Martin, Associates. Terms—jury, 1st Monday in April and October; non-jury, 2d Monday in January, 4th Monday in June.

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Treasurer and Clerk to the Commissioners—Charles H. Whitby.

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School Examiner and Secretary—M. Bates Stephens.

State's Attorney—William H. Deweese.

Sheriff—Robert C. Rice.

County Constables—First District—J. Saunders, Goldsboro; John A. Comegys, Henderson; J. E. Faulkner, Marydel. Second District—Andrew Baggs, Greensboro. Third District—C. P. Dunning, Denton. Fourth District—W. T. Tuff, Preston. Fifth District—John H. Williamson, Federalsburg. Sixth District—A P. Murphy, Hillsboro. Seventh District—J. W. Simons, Ridgely. Eighth District, F. H. Beauchamp, Williston.

Denton Directory.

Town Commissioners—Harry A Roe, Henry R Lewis, Wm A Stewart, J D Downes and Geo H Berry, President, Harry A Roe, Secretary and Treasurer, Wm A Stewart.

Denton Lodge, No. 51, I. O. O. F.—N G., G. W. Rolph; V. G., C. H. Stewart; Secretary, W. R. Scotten; Treasurer, Jacob Ghingher. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock in Masonic Hall.

Choptank Conclave, No. 28, I. O. O. H.—Archon, H. R. Lewis; Provost, Z T. Hutchinson; Secretary, J. A. Trazzare; Treasurer, B. H. Johnson. Meets every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock in Masonic Hall.

Caroline Council, No. 175, Jr. O. U. A. M.—Councilor T. Fred. Towers; Vice-Councilor, C. H. Stewart; Recording Secretary, C. Harry Whitby; Treasurer, A. F. Murphy. Meets in Masonic Hall every Monday evening at 7.30.

[illegible]ride of Denton Council, No. 42, D. [illegible].—Councilor, Mrs. Fannie Shields; [illegible] Councilor, Miss Emma Richards; [illegible]etary, H. N. Clark; Treasurer, Miss [illegible] Driggas. Meets every Friday evening at 7.30 o'clock in Masonic Hall.

[illegible]ple Lodge, No. 128, A. F. & A. M.—[illegible] J. S. Barnhart; S. W.; A. G. [illegible]; J. W., M. B. Stephens; Secretary, James Swann; Treasurer, William [illegible]. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays of [illegible]onth at 8 p. m., in Masonic Hall.

[illegible]t P. E. Church.—Rev. George S. [illegible]gh, Pastor. Preaching services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. [illegible]nday school at 2:00 p. m. Friday [illegible]g service at 7:30 p. m.

[illegible]. Church.—Rev. J. S. Wickline, [illegible]. Preaching services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m., and 7.30 p. m. Prayer service every Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Sabbath School at 2.00 o'clock p. m.

M. P. Church.—Rev. J. M. Dickey, Pastor. Preaching Services every Sunday at 3.00 p. m., Christian Endeavor service at 7:30. Prayer service every Tuesday evening at 8:00 p. m. Sunday school every Sunday at 2 p. m.

Denton National Bank.—Thomas W. Jones, President; Ernest Downes, Vice-President; Thomas C. West, Cashier; J. Dukes Downes, Teller.

Peoples National Bank.—Joseph H. Bernard, President; Fred R. Owens Vice-President, Geo. L. Wallace, Cashier; Jas. A. Trazzare, Teller.

Hillsboro Directory.

St Paul's Church—Rev Geo F Beaven, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 10:30 a m and 7:30 p m.

M E Church.—Rev T A H O'Brien, Pastor. Preaching services every Sunday at 10:30 a m and 7:30 p m. Prayer services, Queen Anne every Tuesday at 7:30 p m, Hillsboro every Wednesday at 7:30. Sunday School every Sunday at 9 a m.

M E Church (South)—Rev T W Moore, Pastor, Preaching services every Sunday at 10:30 a m and 7:30 p m Prayer services Thursday at 7:30 a m

Tri-County Council, No. 189, Jr. O. U. A. M.—Councilor, C F Sparks, Vice-Councilor, E H Gale; Recording Secretary, L A Duffy; Treasurer, H M Thompson.

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FOR MUSIC LOVERS.

The note to which an orchestra tunes is A.

A galop is a very spirited round dance in two-four time. It is of German origin and was formerly called Hopser or Rutscher.

Enharmonic, diatonic and chromatic are the names given the three kinds of musical scale which were recognized by the ancient Greeks.

The word symphony has two musical meanings; first, a composition for orchestra in sonata form, and, second, the prelude, interlude or postlude of a vocal composition.

Double stopping is sounding two notes simultaneously on the violin or instruments of its family. The playing of double stops is one of the most difficult parts of violin technique.

A clef is a character used in musical notation to determine the position and pitch of the scale as represented on the staff. The clefs in modern use are three in number—the C, tenor clef; the G, treble clef, and the F, bass clef.

Thematic catalogues are catalogues of musical works in which, in addition to giving the title and other particulars of each composition, the first few measures—the theme—either of the whole work or of each movement are printed in musical notation.

A bar in music is a vertical line drawn across the staff to divide a musical composition into portions of equal duration, and to indicate the periodical recurrence of the accent. The word "bar" is frequently incorrectly applied to the portions contained between any two such vertical lines, such portion being properly termed a measure.—Ladies' Home Journal.

AS DECIDED IN THE COURTS.

The claim of the infringement of a constitutional right to sell intoxicating liquors by a dispensary law is rejected in Plumb vs. Christie (Ga.), 42 L. R. A. 181, where the dispensary act is applicable to a particular county.

An ordinance declaring a portion of an avenue to be a boulevard, on which the houses shall be used only for residences, is held, in St. Louis vs. Darr (Mo.), 42 L. R. A. 686, to constitute an unconstitutional invasion of the right of private ownership of property.

A statute forbidding the sale of goods made by convicts unless they are marked "Convict Made" is held, in people vs. Hawkins (N. Y.), 42 L. R. A. 480, to be unconstitutional as a regulation of commerce with respect to goods made in other states, and not a valid exercise of the police power as to them.

A promissory note payable six months after date if the promisor is elected to a certain office is held, in Specht vs. Beindorff (Neb.), 42 L. R. A. 429, to be lacking in the certainty necessary for a negotiable instrument and also void on grounds of public policy as a wager on the result of the election.

Stockholders of a corporation who attempt to evade the stringency of the laws of their state as to their liability by forming a new company in another state and exchanging their stock, share for share, are held, in Sprague vs. National Bank of America (Ill.), 42 L. R. A. 606, to hold the new stock as paid only to the extent that the actual value of the property exceeded the sum of its indebtedness.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Flattery is the kind of praise we hear of others.

The only rest for the wicked is an occasional arrest.

Necessity knows no law, but lots of lawyers know necessity.

Lots of people make fortunes out of other people's curiosity.

The pessimist growls at the sunshine because it casts shadows.

The high moral ground occupied by the hypocrite is a bluff.

If a man is wide awake during the day he can afford to sleep at night.

Some girls see in every bachelor of their acquaintance a possible husband.

A man is up to-day and down to-morrow—and a good many succeeding days.

Too many people overlook their own faults while looking over the faults of others.

A man admires a woman who talks of his future and makes no inquiries as to his past.

What this country needs most is a blind asylum for people who are blind to their own interests.

When a woman marries her ideal she is very apt to change her views in the course of a few short months.

Man's failure in this world may often be attributed to the fact that he used blank cartridges when firing at the target of success.—Chicago Daily News.

Small Sugar Crop in Cuba.

It is estimated that the sugar crop of Cuba for the season of 1898-99 will be 200,000 tons, which will be one of the smallest known. It is said that but one planter in Cuba, Antonio Gonzalez Mendoza, of the Santa Gertrudes, has a full complement of field hands and working cattle employed.—Chicago Times-Herald.

AMERICANS TO COLONIZE GUAM

Thrifty and Progressive Young Men from the Pacific Coast Soon to Sail for This, the Smallest of Our New Possessions.

THE little Island of Guam, the least of all of our new possessions secured from Spain, is to receive the first efforts at American colonization. And it is some of the bright, young men of the Pacific coast who have recognized the advantages the island offers under American rule, that are preparing to be the first to take advantage of it.

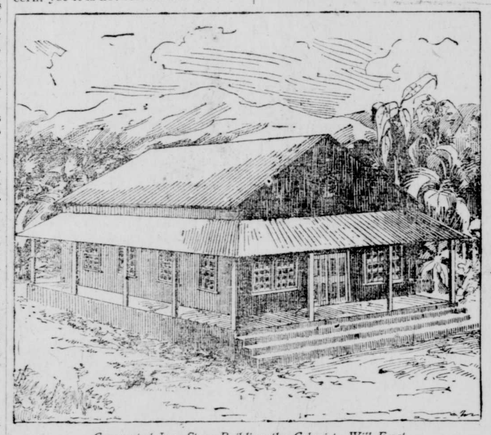
The four young men who are back of this scheme to colonize Guam are all residents of Sacramento, Cal., and all of them have given the subject careful study before making the venture. The leader of the colony is to be A. Roy Chenowith, a college-bred man of 25 years, with a wife to go with him to



A. Roy Chenowith.

their new home. He is a practical civil engineer, has been for the past few years a careful student of agriculture, a fruit raiser, and a practical bookkeeper. He proposes to sail from San Francisco the first of May, to complete arrangements for the arrival of the remainder of the colonists, who will leave for Guam about one month later.

Associated with Mr. Chenowith in his scheme for the colonization of Guam by thrifty young Americans, are George L. R. A. 181, where the dispensary act is applicable to a particular county. Jackson, a practical machinist, and who has had several years' experience among Spanish-American people and speaks the Spanish language fluently; Charles L. McPherson, 24 years of age, and Bert Johnson, 24 years of age, both practical business men of Sacramento. While the colony is to be a mutual concern, yet it is not socialistic. While its



Corrugated Iron Store Building the Colonists Will Erect.

profits will be divided among all according to their investments, it will not attempt to force an equal division of each worker's gains, and allows the fullest latitude for individual enterprise.

In speaking of the colony and its aims Mr. Chenowith said:

"It is true that we are to establish an American colony in the Island of Guam, and I trust and believe a successful one. It is not a generally-known fact that this will be the second American colony established in the island, but I trust that our venture will not come to so untimely an end as the first one did, soon after it was established several years ago. The Spanish government, seeing a possible competitor for the trade of the natives, in both the Ladrone and Caroline groups, promptly squelched the enterprise, and forced the colonists to return to the states. With an American government in the islands we shall not only be in no danger of meeting with such a reception as this, but our chances of success are materially increased."

"What is the object of the projectors of this scheme for colonization?" was asked Mr. Chenowith.

"Publicity is one of the last things we have desired," he replied; "not because we were ashamed of our scheme, but because we did not want to meet the competition of the moneyed classes in attempting to purchase the land we need for our colonists. Now, however, that danger is not to be feared, as I shall sail for the island on the first of May, and will be able to secure such land as we need before prices could be affected by competition.

"As to the object of the colony, it is to engage in agricultural pursuits and trade with the natives. In a way, ours is purely a commercial company, and then, in another way, it is not. To launch such a scheme successfully takes a certain amount of money, and to secure the money needed we have organized a company, the stockholders of which are the colonists themselves. With the money so raised we intend to purchase or lease ground for agricultural purposes, purchase small steamers for trade between the islands, secure a stock of merchandise for exchange with the natives, erect buildings, and in addition purchase a trading business that is already established."

"Will this property be shared equally between the colonists?"

"No. In that respect the colony is simply a stock company, and each stockholder will be entitled to the share of the profits according to the amount of stock which he has purchased. The land which I shall secure will be divided among the colonists also according to the amount of stock which each holds, and he will be expected to utilize it to the best of his ability. In this connection the company acts as a middle man between the producer and consumer, while the producers collectively represent the middle man. In other words each colonist will have a certain amount of land for agricultural purposes. What he raises on that land is his personal property and is not held in common by all of the colony, but when he wishes to reach a market with his produce he does so through the company composed of all of the colonists, and the profits realized from such trade will be divided according to the amount of stock each one holds."

"What do you expect the products to consist of?"

"The island of Guam, which contains more than 100,000 acres of land, is composed of gently sloping hills and level valleys principally which are as fertile as any soil that can be found on earth. The temperature of the island is tropical, the mean temperature being 81 degrees. Both soil and temperature make possible the raising of almost all kinds of tropical products, such as bananas, pineapples, oranges, lemons, yams, sweet potatoes, tobacco, bread fruit, cocoanuts, rice, sugar cane, cocoa beans and coffee of an excellent quality. While we do not expect to attempt to raise all of these on a scale sufficiently large to make their exportation profitable, yet each colonist will be permitted to choose for himself that which will receive his attention. That to which the greatest number will give their attention will in all probability be coffee. The Pacific islands are rapidly coming to the front as coffee producers, and some of the best coffee of the world is being produced here. Hawaiian coffee is to-day recognized as among the best that is grown, and Guam coffee will be its equal if not its superior. Tropical fruits of the classes that will stand shipment to the San Francisco markets will also be raised. Still another feature will be the cutting and shipping of the valuable timber to be found in the island. Sandalwood, mahogany and teya, a hard wood resem-



Chas. L. McPherson.

bling walnut, that commands a price of 15 cents a square foot in the San Francisco markets, are all to be found in Guam and the neighboring islands. We expect that the trade in these woods, and the business which we are purchasing will make the colony self-supporting from the start.

"The four of us, who are not so much the promoters as the proposers of this colony, have attempted to warn every person who has signified a desire to join the colony that they must be prepared for a life of hardship for some time to come. True, we are not casting our lots among a set of bloodthirsty savages such as our forefathers did when they came to the American colonies, but we are going outside of the civilization to which we have been accustomed.

When Mr. Chenowith leaves San Francisco on the first of May, he will take with him a large stock of merchandise with which to open a company store in Guam, a small steamer with which to trade between the islands of the Ladrone and Caroline groups, a store building of corrugated iron 80x100 feet square, and a residence for himself and wife that will be ready to put together when he reaches the island. The other colonists will leave San Francisco the first of June, and will take with them the necessary buildings in the same condition.

Charles L. McPherson, who is a leader in the movement, will in all probability represent the Methodist church



Geo. Jackson.



Bert Johnson.

in Guam. He is a leader in the church at Sacramento and sees a good field for missionary work in the islands in which he has chosen a new home. He is as sanguine of success as is Mr. Chenowith, and is eagerly waiting for the day of departure. He believes that the islands of the Philippines offer opportunities which the young men of the country will take advantage of in the same way he and his friends are improving those offered by the Ladrone islands.

E. C. RUTHERFORD

AMERICAN INDIAN GAMES.

They Have Proven of Great Value in the Study of American Folk-Lore.

Our ideas of a game are primarily associated with mirth, amusement, play, such, indeed, being the original meaning of our English word. A careful examination of games, however, reveals the fact that they originated not as pastimes, but as serious divinatory contests. This is especially true of the games of those we call primitive people or savages.

We quickly find that a distinction may be drawn between these sacred and divinatory games and the mimetic plays of children. Children play at real games as they play at every other serious business of life. They thus perpetuate games that have otherwise disappeared. Hence the value of children's games in our study.

At the same time this derivation applies chiefly to the higher cultures. In savagery we deal with the games of adults—first of men, then women—with games so complex that no child mind could grasp their principles or objects; with games so wrought and interwoven with primitive concepts of nature and the universe that no modern mind could create or invent them.—Journal of American Folk Lore.

Spurgeon Stopped the Coughs.

Here is a good anecdote of the late Mr. Spurgeon: "One day, many years ago, the services at the Tabernacle were disturbed by a perfect hurricane of coughing. Spurgeon stopped in his discourse and said: 'My dear friends, I have a cough; you have coughs. But I think we can stop them if we try. So let us have a cough, a good cough, and a cough altogether. Now—' The result, says one who was present, was terrific, but after a minute's uproar, Spurgeon concluded his sermon in perfect silence."—London Truth.

LAST YEAR'S NEST.

Why, robin, do you shun
Your last year's cozy nest?
Why build again? This one
Is ready for your breast;
Except it be a bit
Of straw to soften it,
And here and there a patch;
'Twill barely cost a scratch
To make it good as new;
And soon the tree will thatch
With leafy roof for you,
And hide it quite from view.

Stay, robin, where last year
You dwelt in happiness;
No prowling monster here
E'er sought to dispossess
And drive you hence in fright;
Here slept you through the night,
Secure, and here were sung
Your songs, here grew your young;
Associations sweet
Are all these haunts among;
Like poppies in the wheat,
Let this be your retreat.

But no, another nest
Is in your busy mind;
Within your little breast
There is the hope to find
A spot more sweet than this,
A fuller cup of bliss.
And who can blame you, sprite?
Who say you are not right
In seeking thus to change?
According to his light
Man far and wide doth range
And doeth things as strange.
—Chicago Daily Record.

Adrift on An Ice Field.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

SAM STANLEY and I had been attached to each other from our cradles. We were of the same age, and our families, living in the country, were close neighbors. We had played together as children, had sailed mimic boats on a pasture pond, set snares in the woods for quails. We both had a strong inclination for the sea, and were resolved to gratify it as soon as circumstances should permit. The small water craft that we launched on the goose pond became in our imagination real ships, barks and brigs. We gave them yards, topsails and topgallantsails, like those of the big vessels at the wharves of the neighboring seaport; and would send them off to some foreign clime on the other side of that little ocean, and possession of which an old gray gander and his flock sometimes disputed with us.

When we had grown bigger and stronger, and were about 14 years old, Sam got a chance to go as cabin boy in a brig bound to the West Indies, and I need not say how I wanted to go with him; but one boy was enough, the captain said, and so there was no chance for me on that old-fashioned square-rigger.

But the thought that my chum, from whom I had never been separated, was to make a real ocean voyage, and would come home rolling so badly on his sea-legs as to dip up gravel stones in his pockets, only to find me still at home, a mere commonplace landlubber, was intolerable to me.

However, Sam and I talked the matter over—he telling how sorry he was that I couldn't go with him, and I how I grieved to be left behind—till we gathered some consolation from the thought that at some time in the near future we would be able to ship together on the same vessel, after which we would always manage to do so.

Sam had been gone a month, when quite unexpectedly I obtained a berth on board a ship bound to New Orleans. I had some hope of getting back before he should have had time to start on a second voyage, so that next time we would sail together. But, at all events, the present chance was too good to be thrown away.

While we were taking in our cargo of cotton at New Orleans I saw by the papers that Sam's brig had arrived home from Santiago de Cuba with a load of molasses; and now should we have a short homeward passage, we might get back, I thought, before he should be off again; especially as his vessel was reported to have lost her mainmast in a gale, so that she would have to wait for repairs.

But instead of a short passage, we had a tediously long one, with northeasters almost the whole way, and a heavy head swell that made our progress very slow in spite of the aid we got from the gulf stream. When we did arrive, our folks told me that Sam after waiting for us a number of weeks, had accepted a chance to make a European voyage, and that his ship had sailed that very morning.

He had left word that he was very sorry to go without seeing me, but that the chance being so good, he had been unable to resist the temptation. His vessel was bound for "Cowes and a market," a very common destination; and I saw that there was not much hope of my meeting very soon, as I should probably be off again before his return. It would never answer to let Sam outstrip me as a sailor.

After a time I got a voyage for Hamburg, and the same day that my name was put on the ship's papers, I received a letter from my young chum, dated from "Cowes, Isle of Wight," saying that his vessel had been ordered to the great German seaport where I had just engaged to go. He said that after discharging their cargo, they should probably wait some time for freight; and how he did wish, he continued, that I could get a voyage for the same place. It was a singular coincidence that I should have done so not two hours before!

Well, we went to Hamburg, and on entering the river Elbe we passed a ship, out of hailing distance, which, as seen through a spy-glass, had the name of Sam's vessel on her headboards and stern.

"Why," exclaimed our captain, "that's the Ophelia! I wish she had waited a day or two longer! I should have liked to shake hands with Capt. Grover. The old ship has a kind of home look, hasn't she?" he added.

And so it went on. I was never at home when Sam was, and Sam never was at home when I was. We both tried to arrange it better, but something would always interfere to prevent our meeting. Still we never abandoned the hope of getting together some day.

The same thing occurred when I went to Glasgow, in Scotland, in a ship called the Robert Burns. The vessel to which Sam belonged had left the place only the day before, and gone down to Cardiff, in Wales, to load with iron for home.

At Glasgow our homeward cargo was soon taken in, and after dropping down to Greenock we made sail on our return voyage; and how romantic the Scottish coast appeared as we passed, under all sail, down the Firth of Clyde. There, close at hand, were the isles of Bute and Arran, and there, too, was old Ailsa Craig, 800 feet high. How I enjoyed such a scene!

We doubled the Mull of Cantyre, at the mouth of the wide frith, and with every sail drawing, from courses to royals, passed rapidly out through the North channel, between Scotland and Ireland—the stout ship pitching and rolling merrily as she took the broad swells that met her from the Atlantic.

Some of our Scottish passengers wept outright as the beloved shores of their country faded away; and I heard one of them repeating a verse of poetry, something like this:

"Bute, Arran Isle is passed,
Scotland farewell, for Ailsa Craig
Is out of sight at last!"

On we went, leaving astern the great Irish promontory of Malin Head, until Ireland, as well as Scotland, sank finally below the horizon. And now, with only the wide ocean about her, the Robert Burns kept steadily on her way.

Then commenced the usual routine of sea life. We had our "wheels" and our "lookouts," each man in his turn standing two hours at the wheel and an equal time on the top-gallant forecastle, to guard against any possible collision with another vessel.

It being the month of June, there existed some danger from floating ice, which had begun to come down from the north, loosened by the summer sun. We, however, kept on our way without seeing a single fragment, until close off Cape Race, in Newfoundland.

One very dark night, when we were nearly up with the cape, I took my position as usual on the top-gallant forecastle, which was about four feet higher than the deck, and one foot below the head-rail. It was impossible to see anything through the darkness, but the lookout must be kept all the same.

The ship was moving only about three knots an hour, and I was seated on the head-rail with my legs hanging over it, when suddenly there was a heavy shock, which threw me headlong over the bow. I remember the shock and the plunge, but nothing further. My head must have struck with force enough to stop all thought, rendering me entirely unconscious.

When recollection returned it was near morning, though it was still dark. At last the sun came up, and then I was able to realize what had happened.

I was on an ice field, and the ship was out of sight. As soon as my head became sufficiently clear to admit of coherent thought I saw how the accident had occurred, and why I had been left behind. The ship, I reasoned, must have struck a glancing blow on a corner of the drift ice, and then, her headway being stopped, and her topsails, perhaps, being caught aback, she had cleared the obstruction and finally slid past it. All this, admitting that she had not gone to the bottom, which I thought not improbable, though she was moving so slowly at the time. Of course, in the darkness, I would not be missed, or, if so, I should be supposed to have been drowned.

My head ached badly from the blow it had received, but otherwise I felt in sound condition.

As the sun mounted higher I saw that the field of ice was of no great length, comprising, I should think, five or six acres, with the surface about four feet above the water. What was I to do? Nothing at all, but remain there till I should starve to death. There was no land in sight, no sail visible; and whenever, since then, I have heard a person complain of loneliness, I have thought of that hopeless morning.

Towards evening there came up a heavy gale from the northwest, raising a tremendous sea, which broke continually against the windward side of the ice, sending a deluge of water over the entire field, but my strange raft was quite steady through the whole; being, as I suppose, too large to pitch like a ship.

The night which followed, was, of course, a short one in that latitude, but the gale continued, and the sea roared and swashed so that I did not get much comfort from the morning light. Soon after daybreak I discovered close over my head a flock of wild geese, which had, no doubt, been driven off from the land by the storm. They circled over me a few times and then settled upon the ice hardly a hundred feet from where I stood.

Apparently they were so much exhausted as not to mind the presence of a human being; and, in fact, I don't know but they felt glad to find any living shape so far from land. The sight of those geese, with their constant "honk, honk, honk," as they sat huddled together, stretching up their long, black necks, gave me a certain sense of relief. They represented some kind of life, at all events.

Another day passed, and towards night, the wind having changed, my feathered companions flew away, "honking" out their farewell as they rose up in a great flapping mass from the ice. It is needless to say that I envied them the possession of those broad wings. They were bound for the nearest land, and I felt doubly lonesome when they were gone.

The next day a ship passed me, and I made all possible signals to her, but in vain. Stripping off the heavy jacket that I wore, I waved it above my head, soon the return signal came, telling me that he had received the precious consignment safely. I had now to perform another delicate operation, namely—attach the end of the cord which was in my hand to the chain which the guard pulls when he wishes to release the carriage.

Doubtless you can divine my intention. The guard, being obviously unable to slip the vehicle himself, and it being equally obvious that it must be slipped at the usual place unless I would have my little escapade brought under notice, I proposed to do it myself, though not exactly in the usual way. By this time we were not far from Salterton. I knew the line fairly well, having been over it several times, but there was a good chance that at this point I might ruin all by a false move. However, "Nothing venture, nothing have." There is risk in everything, and it had to be done.

I put on the hand brake in the guard's compartment just sufficiently to impart a slight drag to the wheels when the vehicle was running alone, but not enough for the engine driver to notice during the brief time he would still be connected to it—if he did, I fervently hoped he would think the guard was steadying the vehicle just prior to slipping it—and then I stepped out and closed the door behind me. With a little spring I regained the vehicle which held Braggs and the booty, and now—now came the crisis. Where ought I to detach the carriage? All had gone well up to now; would it continue to do so? I had very little previous experience to go upon; but I guessed the distance as nearly as I could, allowing for the fact of the line being on a slight falling gradient.

Another 50 yards—20—now! I took hold of the cord and gave it a sharp jerk—and held my breath. Was it to be a failure or success? There was a slight swerve, a "clink-clank" as the couplings parted—and I knew that my good luck had not deserted me. The carriage had separated from the train and the whole length of cord flew swiftly past me into the darkness.

I do not know that I need say much more. It only remained for me to get back to the compartment where Braggs was anxiously awaiting my appearance, and this I did without mishap. When two soberly-attired individuals descended from the train at Manchester, who was to connect them with the daring affair at Salterton, supposing that particulars of it had yet reached there, or who was to guess that the very ordinary-looking black bags which they carried in their hands contained something like a thousand pounds' worth of stolen diamonds?

At any rate, no one challenged us; and we returned to London by different routes, highly pleased at the success of our scheme. I am not sure that the railway authorities know even now how their carriage was slipped; but I understand that there was something like consternation among the local officials when the state of affairs was discovered, a fact which I can quite believe.—Tit-Bits.

His Tomb Tells the Story.

A good many of us owe more than we are grateful for to a man who died in 1318, so many hundred years ago that one is afraid to count. The man is Salvino Arnota, who is stated to be the inventor of spectacles. On his tomb there is this epitaph: "Here lies Salvino Arnota de Armiti, of Florence, the inventor of spectacles. May God pardon his sins."

Was It an Insult?

"I don't know just what to make of that insurance agent," he said.

"What has he done?"

"Why, I asked him what kind of a risk he would consider me, and he said: 'Excellent! I'll give you an exceedingly low rate.'"

"Well?"

"Well, a little later he said something about the good dying young."—Chicago Post.

Business.

"I have called, Mr. Billiwink, to tell you I love your daughter, Miss Fanny, and I want to marry her."

"Well, it will not take me long to answer you, Mr. Harkalong. You can't have her."

"Your refusal pains me deeply. By the way, Mr. Billiwink, are you carrying all the life insurance you want?"—Chicago Tribune.

As to Advice.

The trouble with advice from those
Who tell the world how they
Got to the apex is that you
Must gird your loins up and pursue
Some very different way.
—Chicago Daily News.

UNDIGNIFIED HASTE.



Sally—Say, Mr. Michael Clancey, where's dat diamond ring you promised me?

Mickey—Aw, can't yer wait till I sell me poipers.—N. Y. Journal.

Prima Facie.

Integrity upon his face
Shone clearly forth to all he met;
And so he found it possible
To get in everybody's debt.
—Brooklyn Life.

Her Discovery.

"Ah, yes," he sighed, "it seems to be a law of nature that everything must be continually changing."

"Well," she replied with a tinge of bitterness in her tone. "I have found since our marriage that there is very little change about you."—Chicago Daily News.

Had the Best of It.

"How do you make out that you came off better than your accomplice when you were convicted and he acquitted?"

"Because I had only to pay the penalty, while he had to pay the lawyer."—Richmond Dispatch.

Was Curious to Know.

Miranda (visiting city friends)—My, here's her visitin' card.

Miranda's Husband—What does it say?

Miranda—It says she's at home Thursdays. Wonder where she stops rest of the time?—Detroit Free Press.

Lots of Experience.

"My present wife had had three husbands, so she thought she could manage me."

"Well?"

"I didn't tell her until after the wedding that I had had four wives."—Chicago Record.

Mated After Five Moves.

"Perseverance," remarked Henpeck, with a sigh, "does not always pay."

His bachelor friend waited expectantly.

"For example, I proposed to my wife five times before she accepted me."—London Judy.

Made Him Sick.

De Tracker—The killing of that jockey in yesterday's race was a horrible affair, wasn't it?

De Better—Horrible, horrible. Just made me sick. I had all my money on that horse.—Puck.

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