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1902 December 1902

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Post-Office Bulletin.

Mails Close.

*8 00 a m; D & C R R for Points North.
*8 10 a m; Q A R R for Points West.
*9.45 a m; Q A R R for Points East.
11:45 a m; Steamer for River Points.
*1:00 p m; Stage for Preston.
*1:00 p m. D & C R R for Points North.
*3:35 p m; Q A R R for Points West.
*8:20 p m. Q A R R for Points East.

Mails Arrive.

*8:25 a m; Q A R R, from Points East.
*10:10 a m; Q A R R, from Points West.
11:00 a m; Stage, from Preston.
11:30 a m; Steamer, from River Points.
11:45 m; D & C R R, from Points North.
3:35 p m; Q A R R, from Points East.
3:34 p m; Q A R R, from Points West.
7:45 p m; D & C R R, from Points North.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

County Officials.

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

Clerk of the Circuit Court—Charles W. Hobbs.

County Commissioners—James B. Wright, President; Wesley Jarrell and Daniel J. Zacharias.

Treasurer and Clerk to the Commissioners Charles H. Whitby.

Judges of the Orphans' Court—John A. Sigler, Chief Judge; Thomas L. Day and Jesse T. Dennis Associates.

Register of Wills, Robert J. Jump.

School Commissioners—Thomas W. Jones, President; Henry C. Fisher and Albert W. Stsk.

School Examiner and Secretary—W. S. Crouse.

State's Attorney—Albert G. Towers.

Sheriff—Isaac L. Dukes.

Professional and Business Cards.

ALBERT G. TOWERS.
State's Attorney for Caroline County,
Denton, Md.

T. PLINY FISHER,
LAW AND COLLECTIONS,
Denton, Md.

OSCAR CLARK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Denton, Md.
Collections and all professional business promptly attended to.

HARVEY L. COOPER,
ATTORNEY-AT LAW,
Denton, Md.
Close attention will be given to all business entrusted to my care.

HENRY R LEWIS, T ALAN GOLDSBOROUGH
LEWIS & GOLDSBOROUGH,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Denton, Md.
Will practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's Counties.

N. ALEX. HUTSON,
ATTORNEY-AT LAW.
Denton, Md.
Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and adjacent counties. Pensions a specialty.

DR. SHERIDAN P. MANSHIP,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Denton, Md.
Residence Cor. 7th and Main Sts.

DR. ENOCH GEORGE,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & GYNÆCOLOGIST,
Denton. Md.

DR. P. R. FISHER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Denton Md.

DR. ALEX. HARDCASTLE,
PHYSICIAN AND GYNECOLOGIST
Denton, Md.
Office Hours from 8 to 9 a.m :6 to 7 p.m.

JOHN W. CLARK,
AUCTIONEER,
Box 88, Denton, Md.
Will sell property in Caroline or any of the adjoining counties.

C. P. DUNNING,
CONSTABLE AND COLLECTOR,
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E. M. BAKER,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
1209 Light St., Baltimore, Md.

F. P. COVEY,
DEALER IN
Bone Phosphate and Lime.
Agent for the ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
and Auctioneer,
AGNER, MARYLAND

FRED. R. OWENS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
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I Coughed

"I had a most stubborn cough for many years. It deprived me of sleep and I grew very thin. I then tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was quickly cured."
R. N. Mann, Fall Mills, Tenn.

Sixty years of cures and such testimony as the above have taught us what Ayer's Cherry Pectoral will do.

We know it's the greatest cough remedy ever made. And you will say so, too, after you try it. There's cure in every drop.

Three sizes: 25c., 50c., $1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it with him. We are willing.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

When I Was King

ONE warm afternoon in July I passed through the palm avenue of Westlake Park, in Los Angeles. The mood of the day brought me a fuller enjoyment of its beauty than I had ever felt before, though I had often been held by its magical charm. Half an hour later I had mounted a strange horse to join a friend for a ride. The animal was fractious and began to prance as soon as I struck the saddle. A mile from the stable we got cornered by a street car. I pulled him through with some difficulty, but at the cross street another car blocked the passage and I had to turn his head. He took the bit in his teeth and settled into a gallop for home. It became the tightest race I was ever in. My chief recollection of it is the seared face of the boy at the second corner, who had not heeded my shouts and whose head was completely cleared at a bound. My first concern was to get firmly seated, and then I hoped to turn my horse into one of the long north and south streets—we were galloping down Tenth—and tire him out with a four or five mile run, but as well try to direct a cyclone; he was headed for home and I had to let him run his own way. There were two turns to get there. We made the first all right and I was braced for the second; it was a long lane at the end of which stood the stable. I saw the open door of the stable; then came the haze and vista of a tropical isle. Broad palms waved at my back, their great fans projecting into a canopy over my head. For my seascape the broad Pacific reached its expanse. The beach curled in slightly, and in the dent thus formed rode a rude canoe. From it came 12 men, nude except for breech clouts. They were beautiful bronzed figures, each an Apollo. They strode in a stately way to the foreground, there halted and paid obeisance majestically, to me, the king, seated on a bamboo dais, attended by two black dwarfs and attired as I was when I first saw light. There was no question in my mind as to my identity. I was surely the king. I was perfectly familiar with the part, but I was not up on cues; I lacked something—the 12 men were a puzzle. I thought to question one of the dwarfs lazily fanning the flies that pecked about my legs, but I had been used to reading intelligence in faces, and knew that beyond those thick foreheads light had never pierced. I had to rely on myself.

Two of the Greek statues in copper stepped from the group and advanced to within 20 feet of my throne. Their manners had reverence and dignity. Considering what was revealed later they appeared then in their native beauty as savage paragons. They seemed to be endowed with a single purpose—the sternest justice. No senator of the United States in the great days half a century ago ever debated with calmer, weightier or more considerate speech than was used by the two advocates who stood before me. Each was temperate and deferential, and, I must believe, chaste. In their eyes was the holy appeal of inspiration, and their air had the mute question of disinterested zeal.

I listened gravely to the argument; it was easy to see that I was to be the arbiter of a distinguished and difficult case. The advocates finished and withdrew; the ten were together again, disdaining intercourse. I was absolutely at a loss what to do. They were plainly confident in my apparent confidence, and as plainly but waiting my pleasure for the verdict. I knew nothing of the nature of the case and of course nothing of its merits. I was not sure what or where I was, but I was as positive of what I have related as a man is of his mother. At that moment there appeared to my mental vision the printed page of an Illinois law book on torts. It came, of course, from an unused portion of my brain, and, as I look back now, I remembered that it had been unused for four years. At that moment the release from the dilemma seemed entirely natural; indeed, I had not become worried at the situation, for I felt sure that everything would be finally resolved in good fashion. From the page a sentence burned itself into my brain; then the book vanished.

There must have been something in my manners which startled one of the dwarfs at my side, for he advanced to the council of ten and the advocates again came forward. I opened my mouth to repeat the sentence and there came forth, not the simple, rugged English in which I had read it and which had been my greatest love, but a liquid and laborious jargon, incomprehensible to me, but perfectly plain in its meaning to the ten. I could not detect, as I had hoped to, from the faces of the advocates, which of them had been favored and which had lost—both were inscrutable. The ten silently withdrew to the canoe. Each seized a paddle and in a few minutes had pulled past the throne and were behind me. The sun had now proceeded to within an hour of setting—it was five o'clock in the afternoon when I had started on the horseback ride—and the dwarfs left me. I cannot account for my contentment through it all, nor for my serene confidence, but I never for a moment seemed to be astonished or worried. The black men returned immediately with a supper of terrapin soup and mashed mangoes. I had barely finished when the canoe again came in sight. This time it contained 11 men.

The newcomer, as observed when they brought him to me, was dressed in a plain business suit and wore a derby hat. He was delivered to me with reverential salaams and again the ten disappeared. I spoke to him, not in the rude tongue which had served me so well, but in my accustomed English. He had been dejected, seeming to have lost all hope. Indeed, I had not before seen his face, for his chin touched his breast and his hat covered his eyes. As he looked up I recognized my dearest friend, one who had sailed three months previously for Manila. At that time, however, the facts of where and how I had known him did not occur to me; I only knew that I knew him. He soon told me where we were.

The place was a tropical island in the south seas. The name is as hazy in my memory as everything else connected with that extraordinary exploit, but it was something like "Mazunaland." The bronzed beauties were cannibals and I—how my friend could explain no better than myself—the king. He had been washed from the deck of his ship one night in a storm, had seized a floating log and came to his senses three days later on the beach of a neighboring island. He had kept his hat, but he had expected to lose his life. They had told him to get ready and he had seen the preparations for a feast. The evening previous there had arrived one of the black midgets then at my side. The pot was already boiling. The savages were dancing around him and howling to a slow chant. But at the appearance of the messenger all quieted. Soon he was taken to his palm-leaf bed. The next afternoon the ten chosen men of the tribe departed in a canoe, and at sunset, as I had seen, he had been led to me.

It is all plain before me now—my friend's face, the beach and its pebbly sand, and somber attendants, the wonderful sunset, the monotone of the sea; yet I hold in my hand my friend's letter telling me of his arrival at Manila. What happened that night I do not remember, except that we slept together in the bamboo hut behind the throne. It was, I presume, the royal palace. The next morning I sent one of the dwarfs to the island and the ten came back. To them I announced my purpose My friend was to be their ruler, under my sovereignty. They were to obey him implicitly in all things. The mandate was received in silence, but with perfect complaisance. The 11 departed as they had come, with my friend seated in the stern of the canoe.

From then on what happened is like the mosaics in a kaleidoscope. I can see the retrospect and remember the brilliant variety, but in detail the jumble is inextricable. It is like a great city seen over the top of an embankment from a railroad train as it rushes through one of the subways; I remember the confusion and the jar, but little of events. All seems tropical and misty. In the main we prospered. The great object of my reign was to win the cannibals from their savagery. To do this I instituted an elaborate religion, founded on their tribal idols and consecrated every tenth boy to priesthood. I was told of the existence of the royal harem. I abolished it and took to wife the greatest belle of the neighboring tribe. There is one absolutely inexplicable thing, even if I could account for my kingship; I stayed to observe the rule of my dynasty into the thirtieth generation.

One morning I was aroused from a languorous and fitful sleep by a shaking which seemed rough to one accustomed to the most gentle treatment. I was not ready to arise, for I was tired; I had been on a hunting expedition the day before. I opened my eyes. Instead of the swelling Pacific which had always enraptured me I was looking into a dirty stable yard. Before me was a vehicle which, in a dim past recollection, seemed a police ambulance. I was sitting on a chair. One foot was covered with an old cloth, the piece of a discarded trouser leg. My head began to hurt. Two men came from the ambulance and picked me up with as much unconcern as if I had been a ward politician and not the king of a tropical isle. As we left the yard I asked where I was. I was told not to bother my head about it. As we drew up to a curb a few minutes later, and while a stretcher was put out for me, I saw the newsboys and corner loafers crowd around and gape. Then I knew.

In turning, a quarter of an hour before, the horse had slipped and we had gone down together, I under. My right foot was smashed and my head scratched enough to put my senses out. I tried to explain about the tropical island to the surgeon, to my father and to a friend with whom I started riding. They told me I was hysterical and that I must keep quiet. So there is but one recourse left—print. I have not ceased wondering in all the weeks that I have been nursing my foot if my savages ever reverted to cannibalism. The dream is too wonderful to keep. I am a reporter by trade and must tell whatever out of the ordinary has happened before my own eyes. This is the true story of 1,000 years lived in 15 minutes.—Los Angeles Herald.

Women Smoked in Station.

The manager of the Big Union station of the Chesapeake & Ohio and the Seaboard Air Line railways at Richmond, Va., has just issued an order that there must be no more smoking in the waiting-room for ladies at the station. This was brought forth by the fact that young women have become accustomed to gather there in force to smoke cigarettes. The smokers are members of the best classes.

INDUSTRY & MECHANICS

WHAT ELECTRICITY IS.

The Result of Splitting the Atoms of Elementary Substances Into Yet Smaller Units.

What is electricity? This question is now answered by many scientific men in a way that would have astonished the most advanced thinkers of a score of years ago; and yet their conclusions seem to be supported by the latest experiments, explains the People's Magazine. According to them, electricity is purely material, and is the result of splitting the atoms of elementary substances into yet smaller units. An atomic chip, or electron, is the unit of socalled "negative electricity," and what is left of the atom is "positively charged," as we used to describe it. The socalled "cathode rays" are jets of electrons, and where these strike a solid they produce the explosive ether waves that we know as Roentgen rays. In certain atoms, as those of iron, the free electrons circle about the remainder of the atom, and this constitutes the phenomenon of magnetism. Those who hold these views assert that they have thus discovered, isolated and even weighed the electric substance, which may indeed, prove to be the primordial substance—the "protyle"—of the philosophers.

Internal Parts in Action.

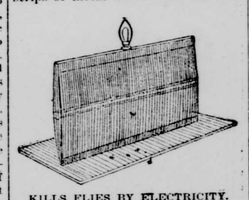
Internal parts of the living body in action have been photographed by Dr. P. H. Eykman. In investigating the motion of the tongue, pharynx and larynx in swallowing, he fixes an electric contact on the Adam's apple, the movement of which closes the current feeding the X-ray tube at a perfectly definite moment during the motion. To get a distinct photograph it is necessary to repeat the motion 126 or 130 times. The position of the contact is altered for obtaining pictures of other phases of the swallowing. Despite the difficulties of this curious experiment, fairly good photographs have been made, and they throw new light on the working of the organs of the throat.

ELECTRIC FLY KILLER.

It Causes a Current to Pass Through the Insects' Bodies and Instantly Kill Them.

Nothing less than the electrocution of flies is the end the inventor of the device here shown seeks to attain. The invention is designed especially for use in stores, kitchens, dining-rooms, etc., and is arranged to lure the insects to light on the apparatus by providing suitable bait and then to pass an electric current through bodies to instantly electrocute them.

This fly-killer consists of a frame made of insulating material, either wood or hard rubber, and having a bait-holder midway between the top and bottom of the row of vertical strips of metal which form the electrocuting apparatus. These metal strips are connected alternately to the positive and negative wires of an electric circuit and it is obvious that an insect alighting on the strips must come in contact with both the positive and negative strips at the same instant, when the passage of the current through its body accomplishes the desired end.



KILLS FLIES BY ELECTRICITY.

Arrangement is made to suspend the flying killer from the ceiling or to place it on a table or counter and as it carries no poison there is no danger of the flies infecting groceries or eatables if the apparatus fails to work in every case. The inventor is Edwin R. Greene, of Providence, R. I.—Chicago Daily News.

Air Ship of a Spider.

A Texas spider weaves a balloon four feet long and two feet wide, which she fastens to a tree by a single thread, then marches on board with her half dozen little ones, cuts the thread, and away goes the air ship to some distant point on the prairie.

THE WORLD'S COAL PRODUCTION.

THE coal production and consumption of the world is the subject of a monograph issued by the treasury bureau of statistics. The rapidity with which the production of coal has increased may be appreciated when the present volume is considered and when we reflect in how recent a time the production formed but a very small fraction of that quantity. In 1901 the total coal production of the world was 866,165,000 tons. Until as late a period as 1883, the world's production had never been half so great, being only 450,990,000 tons in that year; and not until 1872 had the world's production been as much as a third as large as it is at present. By 1864 the world's production was only 174,000,000 tons, or less than 23 per cent. of the production of 1901. The statistics for earlier periods cannot be determined with any accuracy; but on the basis of the British statistics from 1854, and of estimates for earlier periods, and from such statistics as are obtainable from France, Germany, Belgium and Austria-Hungary, an approximation may be made of the actual production. In 1860 the world's production of coal was about 144,000,000, or less than one-fifth of the production of 1901, and less than the production of either the United States or the United Kingdom at present. Ten years earlier the world's production amounted to only about 83,000,000 tons, considerably less than the present output of the single state of Pennsylvania. In 1840 the production was much smaller still, amounting to little over 45,000,000 tons, or about one-seventeenth of the present output; while during the three-quarters of a century since 1820, when the output was about 17,000,000 tons, the production has increased about 4,500 per cent.

The production of coal is chiefly in the hands of three nations, the British, the American and the German. During the last 30 years, and even earlier, the combined coal output of the United States, the United Kingdom and Germany has averaged, year for year, about five-sixths of the coal output of the world. Possessing but a tenth of the world's population, they have produced about 83 per cent. of the mineral fuel, while

MAP SHOWING COAL FIELDS IN UNITED STATES.

the remaining 90 per cent. of the world's inhabitants have produced only about 17 per cent. of the coal. While the continued output of these three countries has kept pace with the production of the rest of the world, their relative position has been materially altered. In 1868 the United Kingdom produced over three times as much as either the United States or Germany, the output of these countries being approximately 52, 14 and 16 per cent. of the world's production, respectively. In 1870 the proportion was about the same, although the United States had gained upon Germany as a coal producer. By 1875 the output of the United Kingdom was still considerably greater than the combined production of the United States and Germany, the output of these three countries being 45, 20 and 18 per cent. of the world's production, respectively. The next half decennial period witnessed a remarkable increase in the American production, and a corresponding relative decrease in that of Great Britain, the proportion of these countries being 36, 28 and 17 per cent., respectively. This increase was maintained during the latter part of the past century, and in 1895 the output of Great Britain and Ireland was only 34 per cent., that of the United States already 30 per cent., and that of Germany 19 per cent. of the coal production of the world.

In 1899, for the first time, the coal production of the United States exceeded in quantity that of Great Britain. This superiority has been maintained for two successive years. During 1901 the United States' production was greater than the amount of coal produced in Great Britain and all her colonies. During that year the shares of the leading coal producing countries were as follows: United States, 34 per cent.; United Kingdom, 28 per cent.; and Germany, 19 per cent. Nor is there any prospect that the leading position of the United States may be lost in favor of another country within any calculable future time.

A Frightened Horse.

Running like mad down the street dumping the occupants, or a hundred other accidents, are every day occurrences. It behooves everybody to have a reliable Salve handy and there's none as good as Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Burns, Cuts, Sores, Eczema and Piles, disappear quickly under it's soothing effect. 35c. at R J Colston's, Denton; H. Duffy's, Hillsboro; drug stores.

A Costly Mistake.

Blunders are sometimee very expensive. Occasionally life itself is the price of a mistake, but you'll be wrong if you take Dr. King's New Life Pills for Dyspepsia, Dizziness, Headache, Liver or Bowel troubles. They are gentle yet thorough. 25c. at R.J Colston's, Denton; H. Duffy's, Hillsboro; drug stores.

Shopping for His Wife

By CLARA AUGUSTA.

"JAMES," said Mrs. Hunt, as her husband was swallowing his hot coffee, preparatory to taking a flying trip by the 8:50 car to the city, "I want you to do a few little errands in town for me. My best hat is at the milliner's to be furbished up a little, and your Aunt Jenkins is liable to come any minute, and Maggie is scalding over the pickles, and she'll burn 'em to a cinder if I'm not here to see after her, and dear little Fido's eyes look as if he might be coming down with fits, and my head aches fit to split, and really I don't feel as if I could go to town to-day, and there are some things I must have."

"I've no time to look after a lot of women's gimcracks," said Mr. Hunt, contemptuously, "and I—" but his wife did not allow him to proceed.

"Oh, James, you really must find the time—unless you feel that your judgment would not be good in matters of this kind. I know that not one man in 40 knows anything about shopping, and—"

"Humph!" grunted Mr. Hunt, gulping down an extra large mouthful of oatmeal. "Judgment, indeed! If I couldn't do better a thousand times at the shopping business than any woman, then I'd be everlastingly jiggered! Yes, I would. I could buy $500 worth of things while you were getting ten cents' worth of handkerchiefs. Bah! it makes me tired to hear so much twaddle about men not knowing how to shop."

"Well, if you really think you would be able to judge about these things I want, James," said Mrs. Hunt, diplomatically, for well she knew that the surest way to induce him to do a thing was to imply that he was not competent to do it, "if you really think you know about them—"

"Know? Of course I know. Why shouldn't I know? Any fool would know about 'em. Fire off your list, and be quick about it, Polly, for I've got to get a move on."

"Let me write a list. I'm afraid your memory isn't quite so good as a woman's, and—"

"Fol-de-rol! I can forget more in six seconds than the average woman can remember in a lifetime," said Mr. Hunt, as he wriggled into his overcoat and fumbled in the pockets. "Where in the dickens are my gloves? Strange that my gloves are never where I put 'em! Whatever have you done with them gloves, Polly?"

"Here they are, right in your hat, James, and now listen to what I tell you, and try and not make any mistakes. I want five yards of blue cambric for Rosa's Henrietta dress, and a card of hooks and eyes — De Long's—humps, you know, and some black canvas, and two yards of turkey red, medium bright, and four yards of cheese cloth, and a paper of needles—sixes, and some school shoes for Tommy, 14½, and rubber heels and no nails in the toes, and oh, get me a jar of cold cream, and some celery salt, and some stove blacking—Blazerine, and—"

"There's the car!" shouted Mr. Hunt, as he dived down the front steps, followed by his wife's persistent cry of—

"Don't forget two pairs' of black stockings, medium weight—"

"What a tom-fool mess of stuff women do have to buy," mused Mr. Hunt, as he settled himself in the car, unfolded the morning paper, and glanced over the column headed "Financial."

As Mr. Hunt issued from his place of business at night, he began to try and recall what his wife had told him, and at the first dry goods store he came to he rushed in, believing, as most of his sex do, that a woman never purchases anything except at a dry goods store.

He hurried up to the counter nearest the door, and began to reel off his wants to the lofty-looking young lady in attendance.

"I want five yards of red Henrietta for a blue cambric dress, and some humpy hooks, long ones, you know, and two red turkeys, medium smart, and a cheese in a cloth, and—"

"Sir," said the young woman, with ineffable disdain, "this is not a meat market. It is Messrs. Pull & Shrinkem's dry goods emporium, and this is the soap lady's department—"

"Yes, yes, so I believe," said Mr. Hunt, apologetically, "but I want to get five red Henriettas, and a pair of shoes for a No. 13½ boy, with rubber heels and no toe nails—"

"The shoe department is on the second floor, three sections from the front, third aisle," said the soap lady, and then she added to her next neighbor, the patent-medicine lady: "What fools men are!"

Mr. Hunt shot away in the direction of the elevator, only to be confronted with the sign: "This elevator not running. Take the one at the rear of the store."

He rushed to the rear of the store, and was told by the floor-walker to go to the left, five sections down, and turn to the right. This feat successfully accomplished, he got in the elevator, and in a twinkling was shot up to the seventh floor.

"Furniture, rugs, carpets, upholstery, horse clothing and baby carriages," yelled the elevator boy, bringing the machine to a standstill.

"What in the deuce do I want with baby carriages?" roared Mr. Hunt. "I'm looking for salt cellars, and red turkeys, and rubber-toed shoes with no heels on 'em."

"Salt cellars down in the basement, sar," said the boy, "and shoes on the second floor, three sections from the front—"

"Confound you, don't I know it?" cried Mr. Hunt, "and if you'd had the brains of a yellow hen you'd a let me out where I wanted to stop."

"Didn't know where you wanted to stop, sar."

"Well—I'll walk down to where I want to go," said Mr. Hunt, shaking the elevator dust from his feet and hurriedly going down the first flight of stairs he encountered. He brought up in the ladies' underwear department, and rushing at the dapper young salesman, who was flirting with a young woman in a red waist, he made known his wants.

"I want some medium bright turkeys, and canvas and mazarine blue hooks and eyes, and humps, and some black ladies' stockings, No. 14½, with rubber heels. And salt cellars, a dozen of 'em. By Jove, I'll have enough of 'em this time."

"This is the ladies' underwear department," said the clerk, "show you some corsets for 59 cents, marked down from 60 cents."

"What in the name of old Harry do you suppose I want of corsets? What do I care what they're marked down from? Good Lord! what a pack of dumb fools there is in this store! I'm after salt cellars, and—"

"The salt cellars are in the basement—fourth section from the front—take the elevator," said the clerk, and then he smirked at the young lady and remarked, "Another fool of a husband shopping for his wife."

"Where's the turkeys and the Prussian blue?" roared Mr. Hunt.

"We don't carry paints in stock," said the clerk. "Go to Mulligan's, on Devon street."

Mr. Hunt rushed to the stairway, down which he tumbled two steps at a time, and landed in a corner where apparently all things came to an end in a large apartment filled with well-dressed ladies with very slim waists and very red cheeks. He rushed up to a tall, imposing specimen in a flaring red cape.

"Can you tell me, madam," said he, "where I can find the cream jars, and the Henriettas, and the stockings for black ladies, number fourteen and a-half, with no toe nails?"

"Good Lord!" cried a dapper little clerk in spectacles, "it's an escaped lunatic, and he's talking to a dummy! Dear me, we shall all be murdered and assassinated in our beds!"

"My good man," said the floor-walker, rising to the occasion like a hero, "come with me. Come right along with me—anything to keep him quiet," he said, in a whisper, aside to the clerk, "it don't do to excite 'em—come right along with me. No trouble at all—right this way," and he took Mr. Hunt by the arm and led him along toward the rear of the store, where two burly policemen were standing.

"Let go of my arm, you thundering little dude you!" cried Mr. Hunt, wrenching himself free. "I may be green in a blasted dry goods emporium, but I don't need any little bantam rooster to lead me round! I'm looking for Prussian blue, and fourteen and a-half needles, and some canvas-toed shoes, and—"

"Officer, you'll have to take this poor fellow in charge," said the man who was convoying Mr. Hunt. "He is probably an escaped lunatic. He has been cavorting around this store for the past half hour, and he's as mad as a March hare!"

"You'd better keep your hands off from me," said Mr. Hunt, warningly. "I'm a peaceful citizen looking for red turkeys, and Henriettas with blue cambrics, and hump-eyed hooks number fourteen and a-half, and salt cellars, and mazarine blue—"

"Good Lord, Jim," said one of the policemen to the other, "I do believe the fellow's trying to do some shopping for his wife!"

"You've hit the nail square on the head, captain," said Mr. Hunt, "trying to is the very word. I haven't bought a thing yet. And I'll be everlastingly jiggered if I can see how it is that women stand it, and how they ever manage to find anything beats me! Yes, I've been trying to do some shopping for Polly. I'm wet with perspiration, and I'm tired as a fox hound."

"My good man," said the policeman, "I'm a married man. My wife's name is Betsy. I know just how it is, for I've been there. No matter what you've done, you're excusable."

"But what am I to tell Polly?" asked Mr. Hunt, wiping his hot forehead.

"Go home and tell her that you clean forgot all about it," said the friendly policeman. "She'll forgive you, for she probably knows that no man can go shopping, and she'll come herself. Trust a woman for that."

Hunt wrung the man's hand, and took the train for home, a sadder and wiser man.

"By Jove!" said he, as he put his latchkey in the door, "I'll never brag about my shopping qualities again, Polly, dear," and he kissed her fondly, "I know you'll feel awful aggravated with me, but you're little errands slipped entirely out of my mind. Business was unusually pressing. Here is a little money, and you can go in yourself in the morning."

Polly, as she crushed the $20-bill in her hand, remarked:

"Oh, James, I am so glad, after all, that you didn't think of my errands, for you'd have been sure to have made a mess of them. Men always do."

And though she shrewdly guessed that he had tried and failed, she was generous enough not to say so.—People's Home Journal.

Magazine Indecencies.

"Have you Carper's Magazine?" asked the railway passenger of the train newsboy.

"Yes, sir," replied the literature merchant briskly; "will you have the unabridged or the expurgated edition?"

"What on earth is the expurgated edition?"

"It has all the corset advertisements cut out."—Town Topics.

Prolonging the Agony.

Gagger—How did you like my vaudeville turn last night?

Crittick—Well, I didn't think you took proper advantage of your opportunities.

Gagger—You didn't think so, eh?

Crittick—No, you had several opportunities to get off the stage much sooner than you did.—Philadelphia Press.

Art Made Easy.

Mrs. Sweetbread—I hear you are studying art. Do you find it interesting?

Mrs. Wellington—Delightfully so. I've found a perfectly splendid book on the subject. It tells just what pictures one ought to admire and why. I find it such a help when I visit the art galleries.—Chicago American.

WEEDS

Consumption is a human weed flourishing best in weak lungs. Like other weeds it's easily destroyed while young; when old, sometimes impossible.

Strengthen the lungs as you would weak land and the weeds will disappear.

The best lung fertilizer is Scott's Emulsion. Salt pork is good too, but it is very hard to digest.

The time to treat consumption is when you begin trying to hide it from yourself. Others see it, you won't.

Don't wait until you can't deceive yourself any longer. Begin with the first thought to take Scott's Emulsion. If it isn't really consumption so much the better; you will soon forget it and be better for the treatment. If it is consumption you can't expect to be cured at once, but if you will begin in time and will be rigidly regular in your treatment you will win.

Scott's Emulsion, fresh air, rest all you can, eat all you can, that's the treatment and that's the best treatment.

We will send you a little of the Emulsion free.

Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409 Pearl St., N. Y.

50c. and $1; all druggists.

Would Take No Risks.

"Now, Freddie, go and kiss your little sweetheart and make it up," said Freddie's mother.

"No, I won't."

"Go and tell her how much you love her and how sorry you are."

"No, I won't. Pa says he got into a breach of promise case by tellin' a girl that, and had to marry the old thing. I won't run any risks, I won't."—Tit-Bits.

Partial to Anthracite.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
His girl threw him down—
"You're a spooney old clown,
And I don't like soft coal," said she.
—Princeton Tiger.

VERY LIMITED, INDEED.

Hiram Hayseed—All the trains on this here line are limited.

Drummer—Limited?

Hiram Hayseed—Yes; limited to eight miles an hour.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Surprised Statesman.

A mighty speech he paused to frame,
And zealously displayed it;
And yet the world went on the same
As if he'd never made it.
—Washington Star.

His Remarkable Power.

"Jingle has the most complete confidence in the power of mind over matter."

"Indeed!"

"Yep. I've known him myself to go home loaded and compel the keyhole to remain stationary until he got his key in."—Baltimore News.

Cured Him Completely.

"Have you got over your love for that girl you were spoony on when I last met you?"

"Oh! quite—I married her a year ago.—Ally Sloper.

Another Proposition.

"I'm in misery, Biggins."

"What's the trouble?"

"Well, I started smoking to show my boys what a miserable habit it is and how it hangs onto its victim."

"Yes."

"And now I'm trying to show them what an easy thing it is to quit."—Baltimore News.

Courageous by Proxy.

Employer—Well, what did he say when you called for that money?

Clerk—That he would break every bone in my body and throw me out of the window if I showed my face there again.

Employer—Then go back at once and tell him he can't frighten me with his violence.—Tit-Bits.

A Thoughtful Waiter.

Irate Individual—Confound it, waiter, didn't I tell you I was in a hurry, and only wanted one egg? Why the dickens did you bring me two?

Waiter (rather hurt)—I thought, as you was in a hurry, sir, I'd bring two, 'cos one of 'em might be bad!—Punch.

How He Felt About It.

"I wish I could give up work and take a long rest."

"You'd do it if you could, would you?"

"Well, I'm not sure I'd do it if I could, but it's one of those things you'd like to do when you can't."—Brooklyn Life.

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