AMERICAN UNION.

VOL. 47. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, MAY 28, 1903. NO. 44

1903 May 1903

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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. Sisk.

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.

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.

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

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

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

WM. H. DEWEESE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Denton, Md.

FRED. R. OWENS,
ATTORNEY AT-LAW,
Denton, Md.

DeWITT'S WITCH HAZEL SALVE

THE ORIGINAL.

A Well Known Cure for Piles.

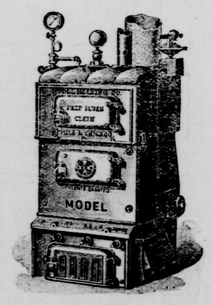
Cures obstinate sores, chapped hands, eczema, skin diseases. Makes burns and scalds painless. We could not improve the quality if paid double the price. The best salve that experience can produce or that money can buy.

Cures Piles Permanently

DeWitt's is the original and only pure and genuine Witch Hazel Salve made. Look for the name DeWITT on every box. All others are counterfeit. PREPARED BY
E. C. DeWITT & CO., CHICAGO.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR
stops the cough and heals lungs

HEATING AND PLUMBING.



COAL PRICES ARE HIGH.

Economize in fuel by heating your home this winter with one fire. Get estimates Now. Work and material guaranteed. I have one of the best furnaces on the market.

Bath Room Fittings

are our specialty. We can refer you to customers right in Denton.

A. T. Reichman.

Where to Find

Ground bone and powders for poultry.
Rock salt and powders for stock.
After you have looked everywhere else
Inquire at the Feed Store and be supplied with
Newly ground flour and finely bolted meal
And you will be pleased. Do
Not fail to ask for what you
Desire in our line of trade,
For we keep it in stock.
Large and small orders promptly filled
On the shortest possible notice
Under our own supervision.
Remember our motto, "Justice to all."
Every day we are offering as low as can be
Extra fine buckwheat, graham flour and hominy,
Corn, wheat, chops, middlings and bran,
Hay by the bale or ton.
An extra fine lot of Seed Oats.
Now is the time to sow them.
Ground cotton seed, flax seed meal.
Every one should look to their interest and call on

T. FRED. GAREY.
MANAGER. 3d and Gay Sts., Denton, Md

PARK'S ICE CREAM

Our patrons know that this means something fine in the refreshment menu. We have a cozy parlor where we can serve you with

CREAM
WATER ICES
SHERBET
Lemonade
OR
Soft Drinks

RIGHT OFF THE ICE.

FINE GROCERIES

And Provisions, all kinds. Always the best and most complete stock money will buy.

NOTIONS

Fine Notions—one of our specialties; and this department is always attractive to our lady customers.

Spool Silks, Ribbons, Corsets, Hosiery, Elastic, etc.

You are cordially invited to inspect our stock.

MRS. JULIA DAY
Cor. Main and Fifth Street.

The Denton National Bank

HAS OPENED A

Savings Department

To be operated in connection with the general banking business of the institution.

We will allow interest at the rate of

3 per Cent. per Annum

on the amount that has been to the credit of the depositor in this department for a full interest period of four months.

The terms of this department are similar to those of savings banks generally, and the rules and regulations adopted have been approved by the Comptroller of the Currency.

The advantages of a regular savings bank are thus afforded to the community, and deposits are respectfully solicited.

For full particulars inquire or address the Bank. By order of the board of directors.

Thos. W. Jones,
President.

Pays 3 Per Cent.

The Peoples National Bank

DENTON, MD

Has opened a Savings Department and will pay 3 PER CENT. on savings deposits remaining four months.

For particulars call or write the Bank, or see any of the following directors:

JOSEPH H. BERNARD, Greensboro
FRED. R. OWENS, Denton
A. W. SISK, Preston
ROBERT JARRELL, Goldsboro
THOMAS L DAY, Ridgely
FRANK P. COVEY, Federalsburg
PAUL HOLLINGER, Ridgely
FRANCIS A PORTER, Burrsville
HENRY T. NUTTLE, Andersontown
WILLARD C TODD, Williston
J. FRANK LEDNUM, Preston
GEORGE C. MOORE, Queen Anne
H C. HOBBS, Hobbs

GILBERT HAGADONE
SUCCESSOR TO
James Swann,
DENTON, MD.,
Represents the following excellent fire insurance companies, in which much of the property of this county is insured:

PENNSYLVANIA FIRE
OF PHILADELPHIA.
HOME,
OF NEW YORK.
EQUITABLE,
OF SNOW HILL.
PLANTERS MUTUAL
OF WASHINGTON COUNTY, MD

THE STEAMER
Vesper
of the
Baltimore and Eastern Shore Transportation Co.

will leave Baltimore, Pier 39½, Spear's Wharf, EVERY THURSDAY at 2.00 p. m., for the following wharves:

Cambridge,	Choptank,
Kingston,	Turkey Creek,
Gilpin's Point,	Todd's,
Downes's,	Towers,
Williston,	Lyford's,
DENTON,	Ridgely's,
Passapae's and	Greensboro.

The Steamer will leave Greensboro every Saturday at 6.00 p. m., for Denton, and LEAVE DENTON EVERY MONDAY at 12.30 p. m., for Baltimore and intermediate landings.

L. B. TOWERS, Gen. Mngr.
T. S. SLAUGHTER, SECRETARY.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that the subscriber, of Caroline County, has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Caroline County, in Maryland, letters of administration on the estate of

LOUISA GARRETT,

late of Caroline County, deceased.

All persons having claims against the said deceased are warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber on or before

The 10th day of December, 1903,

or they may otherwise, by law, be excluded from all benefit of the said deceased's estate.

Given under my hand this 12th day of May, 1903.

T. PLINY FISHER,
5-14-3t] Admr of Louisa Garrett, dec'd.

Weak?

"I suffered terribly and was extremely weak for 12 years. The doctors said my blood was all turning to water. At last I tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was soon feeling all right again."
Mrs. J. W. Fiala, Hadlyme, Ct.

No matter how long you have been ill, nor how poorly you may be today, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine you can take for purifying and enriching the blood.

Don't doubt it, put your whole trust in it, throw away everything else.

$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

Ask your doctor what he thinks of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. He knows all about this and other family medicines. Follow his advice and we will be satisfied.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

The Wastes of the Body.

Every seven days the blood, muscles and bones of a man of average size loses two pounds of worn out tissue. This waste cannot be replenished and the health and strength kept up without perfect digestion. When the digestive organs fail to perform their functions, the strength lets down, health gives way, and disease sets up. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure enables the stomach and digestive organs to digest and assimilate all of the wholesome food that may be eaten into the kind of blood that rebuilds the tissues and protects the health and strength of the mind and body. Kodol cures indigestion, dyspepsia and all stomach troubles. It is an ideal spring tonic. Sold by Hugh Duffey, Hillsboro.

Guilty Consciences.

Recently a minister of Hull, England, at the end of his sermon said that he had noticed a couple of young people spooning in chapel. He threatened to denounce them to the congregation if they did not afterward go to the vestry and express their penitence. When he went to the vestry he found there no fewer than six weeping couples.

A Sure Thing.

It is said that nothing is sure but death and taxes, but that is not altogether true. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption is a sure cure for all lung and throat troubles. Thousands can testify to that. Mrs. C. B. Van Metre, of Shepherdtown, W. Va., says, "I had a severe case of bronchitis and for a year tried everything I heard of, but got no relief. One bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery then cured me absolutely." It's infallible for croup, whooping cough, grip, pneumonia and consumption. Try it. It's guaranteed by R. J. Colston, druggist, Denton. Trial bottles free. Regular sizes 50c, $1.

A Novel Elopement.

Elwood Gibson and Ethel Barnes, a young couple of Barre Station, Pennsylvania, have eloped in a novel manner. Their parents had employed detectives to watch the station, but they escaped to Pittsburg unnoticed by disguising themselves as tramps, and climbing into the empty car of a freight train. From Pittsburg they trained to Youngstown and were married.

A Startling Test.

To save a life, Dr. T. G. Merritt, of No. Mincopany, Pa., made a startling test resulting in a wonderful cure. He writes, "a patient was attacked with violent hemorrhages, caused by ulceration of the stomach. I had often found Electric Bitters excellent for acute stomach and liver troubles so I prescribed them. The patient gained from the first, and has not had an attack in 14 months." Electric Bitters are positively guaranteed for dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation and kidney troubles. Try them. Only 50c at R. J. Colston's drug store.

About Oysters.

The oyster, at the commencement of its career, is so small that 2,000,000 would only occupy a cubic inch. In six months each separate oyster is large enough to cover a silver half dollar, and in twelve months a silver dollar. It bears its age upon its back, and it is as easy to tell the age of an oyster by looking at its shell as it is that of horses by looking at their teeth.

The X-Rays.

Recent experiments, by practical tests and examination with the aid of the X-Rays, establish it as a fact that catarrh of the stomach is not a disease of itself, but that it results from repeated attacks of indigestion. "How can I cure my indigestion?" Kodol Dyspepsia Cure is curing thousands. It will cure you of indigestion and dyspepsia, and prevent or cure catarrh of the stomach. Kodol digests what you eat—makes the stomach sweet. Sold by Hugh Duffey, Hillsboro.

Cuddlesome winter girls have no use for warm weather.

Slander is a moth that eats holes in a good name.

THE CHILDREN

Sprite the Chicken

Sprite was a baby ... When he came out of the ... he was very tiny. A little ... called Maysie took him for her pet. She made a cunning ... in a beautiful gold ... for Sprite's home. He had a little ... a little ... with bread and milk in it and a carpet of cotton wool. Maysie put a small ... against the wires of the ... and as soon as the little ... grew lively, he saw another little ... staring at him. He got up on his tiny ... slapped his ... and crept across to the ... "Who are you? chirped Sprite. He perked his ... on one side and winked his black eyes. The other ... in the ... perked his head. Maysie stood watching him. Her Mamma came. How they all did laugh! All the little ... and ... on the street came to see Sprite, it was such fun. They fed him ... and ... and ... Soon he grew so big that he had to be taken out from his ... and put with the old ... Mamma in a nice large ...

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

THE RIVER SPIRIT.

The mighty river spirit
Lay in the hush of death;
The frost-king long had bound him,
But he only held his breath.
When the air blew soft around him
One radiant March day,
And the nymphs of spring low whispered
While the robin piped his lay.

The mighty river spirit
Awoke from his deathlike dream;
He heard the wakening murmur
Of the silver-hearted stream,
Calling, over bank and meadow,
All day in the golden sun:
"Awaken, thou lazy giant!
Let the sea and the streams be one!"

So he snapped the icy fetters,
And he shouted, "I will be free!
Again shall white sails carry
My love to the foam-clad sea!"
And lo! the echoing chorus
Shook like a hurricane,
The earth and the sounding waters,
From the rill to the mocking main.

Then the mighty river spirit
Went forth in his power and pride,
To the bridal of bright, glad waters
Out on the ocean wide.
And white sails sped to the meeting
In days of the golden sun;
When ice was a dream of winter
And the streams and the sea were one.
—Julia May Williamson, in Boston Budget.

More Ways Than One.

"WHEN I was young—"

"When were you not?" he interrupted, in a voice of exaggerated surprise.

"When I was younger, then," she laughed, "if that is any better."

"I think it is—much."

"Well, then, when I was younger—"

"Before I knew you?"

"Long before. In fact, when I was quite a child."

"A very nice small child, I'm sure," he murmured, with a sigh.

"That shows it was before you knew me," she laughed again. "I was the very worst small child you could possibly imagine."

"I can't possibly imagine that."

"If I had been a little angel—"

"I should never have met you."

"Oh, you might."

"Thank you. But I'm afraid not. Little angels don't stop on earth."

Their glances met; her eyes caught a twinkle from his, and they laughed together.

"What were we saying?"

"I was saying," he reminded her, "that we arranged last week that I should come and escort you and your mother to the Royal academy this afternoon, and now when I call—and, as I pointed out, it isn't every day that I can leave my military duties at the war office to look after themselves—your mother is lying down with an attack of neuralgia, and has asked you to postpone going till to-morrow—"

"Oh, yes! And then you said she was perverse, provoking, capricious, and all sorts of things, and I said I believed she was, and I took after her—"

"And I said you were mistaken in that."

"So I was going to tell you an anecdote of myself to prove that I was not mistaken, only you kept interrupting me."

"Please let me have the rest of the anecdote, and I'll try not to interrupt again—I'll try hard."

He was young, what was more, he was decidedly good-looking; what was more still, his manners were engaging and persuasive, and his dry, gently ironical tricks of speech gave his airy nothings a pleasant piquancy, all of which must have prepossessed her in his favor even had no subtler sentiment inclined her toward him.

"Well, when I was a small child," she yielded to his entreaty, "I was dreadfully willful, and had the most shocking temper—"

"You must have lost it before I met you."

"And I remember one day I was out with my nurse, and, being in one of my wickedest moods, I insisted on doing everything she told me not to do. For instance, I would keep running races with Charley—dear old Charley—"

"Oh, why wasn't I Charley?"

"He was only a dog."

"Ah, but you didn't treat him like one."

"You promised not to—"

"I apologize. Not another word!"

"I kept running races with Charley, and nurse kept telling me not to; she said I was overheating myself and should catch cold, and that, racing in the middle of the road, I should be run over and killed; but I took no notice. The more she warned me and ordered me to walk quietly with her, the more disobedient I was, and at last, all of a sudden, she managed to catch hold of me and slapped me angrily—"

"No—no!"

"Slapped me so hard that I cried."

"This is heartrending!"

He leaned back in his chair and regarded her with pensive sympathy.

"I won't tell you any more," she said, smiling, "if you are going to be silly about it."

"Tell me the rest," he implored, "and I will be wise."

"It happened that our dear old vicar was coming up the road—"

"Dear old chap!" he murmured absently. "Why wasn't I the vicar!"

"He saw nurse slap me, and when he reached us he stopped and spoke to her, and patted me on the head and told me not to cry. Of course I cried more than ever—"

"Naturally—you would!"

"It made him fancy I was hurt and he lectured nurse quite severely on the sinfulness of letting her angry passions rise. He told her she ought to be patient with me and win my affection, and govern me by kindness, not by force. It made me feel good to listen to him, and I know it made me think what a bad woman nurse really was."

"She hadn't a word to say for herself?"

"On the contrary, she said a great deal. She said I was willful and passionate, and everything that was contradictory and unmanageable, and there was only one way of dealing with me, and that was by punishing me and making me do as I was told."

"The dear old vicar didn't admit that, I hope?"

"He was angry with her. He said there were more ways than one in which I could be managed. He said I was high-spirited and self-willed and obstinate—"

"What a dear old friend!"

"He told her I was one of those who could not be driven, but I could very easily be led, and all that was necessary was a little tact."

"I hope it did the nurse good?"

"Only for a few minutes. As soon as we turned a bend of the road, and were out of his sight, she shook her finger at me, and said she didn't care for the vicar, he was an old donkey, and the next time I disobeyed her she would make me remember it."

"What did you say to that?"

"Nothing; but I ran away with Charley at once."

"I knew you would."

"I suppose I am naturally perverse. It is always the same—if anybody is anxious that I should do anything, I feel a natural impulse not to do it; and if anybody does not want me to do it, then somehow I don't want to do anything else. It was this feeling that made me run off with Charley almost before the nurse had finished speaking."

"Did she punish you again?"

"She couldn't catch me."

"I guessed as much. Who can?"

He gazed at her meaningly, with a wry shake of the head, and she blushed and laughed, as understanding him.

"I ought to know," he sighed.

"Now you are going to be silly again."

"No; I've given it up. I've been silly twice, but I am trying to be sensible now."

"You find it difficult?"

"It's not so easy as being silly. I suppose it never is, for anyone. But I've got to persevere—I've got to make the best of my miserable lot somehow, you know."

"So very unhappy, is it?"

"At present—yes. But I daresay I shall get used to it. When one has been living in the tropics, and is banished to the North Pole, he feels at first like perishing in the cold; but in time he becomes so thoroughly acclimatized that if ever he were allowed to return he would certainly die of a sunstroke."

"And are you thinking of going to the North Pole?"

"I am there already," he said. "I have been there for some weeks, and am beginning to get reconciled to the climate. I am making up my mind to marry and settle down there, and try to forget how happy I used to be before I was an exile. You have heard, no doubt?"

"Heard what?"

"These things generally get about fast enough. I made sure you would have heard."

"Perhaps I have. When you tell me what you are referring to—"

"I thought I had. To my marriage, of course."

She gave him a quick, startled look, but said nothing.

"You had heard?"

"No."

Her speech and manner had undergone a sudden curious constraint; when she spoke, her voice had such a far-off, alien sound, she could scarcely believe it was her own.

"Well, now you have, you don't congratulate me."

"I do. Of course I do."

"Thanks—I had hoped—"

"That I wouldn't? Why shouldn't I congratulate you, as much as anyone else, on your happiness?"

"Because I am not happy."

"Not? Then why are you—"

"For that very reason—because I am not happy. How can I be happy while I am always in suspense, and hoping after the impossible? If I definitely cut myself off from that happiness, and my last hope of it, I may be able to settle down into some sort of resigned peacefulness, you see. I can't hope for more than that now. There was a time when I hoped—but you know what?"

She remained silent, clasping and unclasping her hands on her lap in a dreamy bewilderment.

"When I first told you that I loved you, Netta,"—all trace of gayety and indifference seemed to have fallen from him, and left him pathetically ennobled by an intense earnestness—"and you laughed at me and sent me away—"

"I—I did not laugh at you—"

She fired resentfully, though the tears she was keeping back were stinging her eyelids.

"When you sent me away," he continued, sorrowfully, "I thought my heart was broken. I didn't want to live; I felt that the whole world was empty without you. For days and days I was unspeakably wretched, and then—"

She bit her lip and kept her eyes turned from him, angry with herself for being taken unawares and overcome by his unexpected news, and touched by the pathos of his confession.

"Then I began to hope again," he went on, "and by and by I fooled myself into fancying you had changed, and one day I came to you as I had come before. . . . And you sent me away as you had sent me before. If I came to you again in the same way I feel that, in the same way, you would only send me away again; so what am I to do?"

She did not answer him.

"I thought to myself, I must die out of my old life and begin a new one. When you're past hope, the wisest thing is to give up hoping; then you're past despair. Once I might have been happy; now I shall have to be satisfied if I am not miserable. I can never leave off loving you, Netta, but I shall not make myself a nuisance to you—"

"You have—you have never made yourself a—"

Her voice fluttered in her throat, and she discreetly let it die there, sooner than it should falter and die on her lips, and so betray her heart to him.

"You will forget me, no doubt, but I shall remember you always." He glanced toward her. She was not looking at him, but an indefinable something in her subdued expression, in her very attitude, thrilled him through with an ecstatic consciousness and assurance that brought him instantly to his feet with a tremulous cry of "Netta!"

She rose, startled, made a confused little movement, as if she would have evaded him and escaped from his sight before her self-restraint was broken down altogether.

But there was no escape for her. He caught her impulsively in his arms and drew her, after a faint, futile resistance, close and closer to him.

"Only tell me I have misunderstood you," he pleaded; "I have been too impatient—"

"No; it is too late," she faltered, ashamed of her strange weakness and clasping her hands over her face to hide it from him, since she could not free herself from his detaining embrace.

"It isn't too late, Netta," he insisted, drawing her head down on his breast so that her face was hidden there. "I love you more than ever, and if you love me only ever so little, how can it be too late?"

"How can you tell—her—"

"I have told her!" he laughed, excitedly; "If you are not angry with me, she won't be. If you love me, she will love me. If you will marry me—"

Netta waited.

"I shall marry her!"

And in a flash she saw through his deceit.

"Don't look up, dear," he said, keeping one arm resolutely about her, and laying a hand lightly on the curly brown head against his breast. "I am ashamed of myself for such trickery. But I had no idea of behaving so meanly when I came this afternoon. I had not planned it at all. It really was not my fault."

"Do you mean it was mine?"

He was not sure from her voice whether she was laughing or crying.

"No, no—not yours. It was all through the dear old vicar. It was entirely his fault. While you were telling me his notion that you could be led but not driven, and what he said about more ways than one, it struck me suddenly that I had tried one way twice, and I wondered whether it was any good trying again, and trying a different way. . . . Will you forgive me, Netta, and let's blame the dear old vicar? . . . Don't look up, dear, till you can forgive me—I don't want to see you looking angry with me, now."

But she did look up, at last, and she didn't look angry; for though there were tears in her eyes, there was a wistful light shining through them that made them sweeter and happier than any laughter.—Black and White.

SHYLOCK

Shylock was the man who wanted a pound of human flesh. There are many Shylocks now, the convalescent, the consumptive, the sickly child, the pale young woman, all want human flesh and they can get it—take Scott's Emulsion.

Scott's Emulsion is flesh and blood, bone and muscle. It feeds the nerves, strengthens the digestive organs and they feed the whole body.

For nearly thirty years Scott's Emulsion has been the great giver of human flesh.

We will send you a couple of ounces free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

Evidence on Commission.

During a contested will case one of the witnesses in the course of giving his evidence described the testator minutely.

"Now, sir," said the counsel for the defense, "I suppose we may take it from the flattering description you have given of the testator, his good points and his personal appearance generally, that you were intimately acquainted with him?"

"Him!" exclaimed the witness. "He was no acquaintance of mine."

"Indeed! Well, then you must have observed him very carefully whenever you saw him?" pursued the examining counsel.

"I never saw him in my life," was the reply.

This prevarication, as counsel thought it, was too much; and, adopting a severe tone, he said:

"Now, sir, don't trifle with the court, please. How, I ask, could you, in the name of goodness, describe him so minutely if you never saw him and never knew him?"

"Well," replied the witness, and the smile which overspread his features eventually passed over the court, "you see, I married his widow."—Cleveland Leader.

Fine Distinction.

"You say he married a woman of independent means?"

"No; I said he married an independent woman of means."—Chicago Journal.

His Proposal.

He—Miss Wilmington, as the only daughter of your mother, I suppose you take a keen interest in her happiness?

She—Most assuredly. Why?

He—Oh, I only wanted to know if you would like her to have me for a son-in-law.—N. Y. Times.

No Improvement.

Old Inhabitant—I can remember when hogs ran loose on Broadway.

Young Inhabitant—They ride on the cars now.—Puck.

W—4

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