HOW MUIR LEARNED TO SWIM

Famous Naturalist Tells How He Succeeded by Taking Lessons From the Frogs.

One hot summer day father told us that we ought to learn to swim, John Muir writes in the Atlantic. This was one of the most interesting suggestions that he had offered, but precious little time was allowed for trips to the lake, and he seldom tried to show us how. "Go to the frogs," he said, "and they will give you all the lessons you need. Watch their arms and legs and see how smoothly they kick themselves along and dive and come up. When you want to dive, keep your arms by your side or over your head, and kick, and when you want to come up let your legs drag and paddle with your hands."

We found a little basin among the rushes at the south end of the lake, about waist deep and a rod or two wide, shaped like a sun dragon's nest. Here we kicked and splashed for many a lesson, faithfully trying to imitate frogs, but the smooth, comfortable, sliding gait of our amphibious teachers seemed hopelessly hard to learn. When we tried to kick frog fashion down went our heads, as if weighted with lead, the moment our feet left the ground. One day it occurred to me to hold my breath as long as I could and let my head sink as far as it liked without paying any attention to it, and try to swim under the water instead of on the surface. This proved a great success, for at the very first trial I managed to cross the basin without touching the bottom, and soon learned the use of my limbs. Then of course swimming was so easy that it seemed perfectly natural.

WORD OF CAUTION



"I hear you have a vaudeville engagement this winter."

"That's right," admitted the famous ball player.

"Well, all I have to say is this: when you make a hit, don't stop to bow on your way to first base."

OUT.

"Jimmy engaged to Gladys? Why, I thought he and Mabel had been keeping company ever since they went to school together!"

"Quite right; but she threw him down hard, and Gladys caught him on the first bounce."—Judge.

ONE GOOD POINT.

Bill—Is there anything about those colored Sunday supplements that you like?

Jill—Sure!

"What?"

"They come out only once a week."

HEARD ON THE TRAIN.

First Man (taking out timepiece)—Something's wrong with this watch of mine; it stopped.

Second Man—When?

First Man—Oh, some time during the night; I can't tell exactly when.

THE OLD ONES.

Patience—This paper says that the ancient Egyptians used parasols.

Patrice—And didn't the sweet young Egyptian things use 'em at all?

HIGH TIME.

Patience—Well, I should say it was high time she was married.

Patrice—You're right. She was married at high noon.

SMALL DOSES.

Patience—The doctor says I can't eat lobsters, but I can eat shrimps.

Patrice—That's the way with those homeopathic physicians.

COMPULSORY GYMNASTICS.

Prof. W. A. Stetcher is urging gymnasiums for Philadelphia high schools, with compulsory attendance.

SLAVE FOR CHRISTMAS GIFT

Now the Old Negro Who Was Presented Believes He Was Well Remembered, Too.

I was an only child, reared down in Virginia, and I always had Christmas gifts galore, says a writer in the Baltimore News. Had to hang up a shoe bag with ten pockets in it. Then the gifts would spill out. But I remember one Christmas gift my father gave me.

I woke up bright and early one Christmas morning to find a jet black negro boy I had never seen before standing by my bed. He was grinning from ear to ear.

"Where did you come from?"

"Out of the Jones family, sar."

"What are you doing here?"

"Your father done give me to you, sir, as a Christmas gift, yas sah. He said I was to be your valise, yes sah. I sure am yours."

"What's your name?"

"Henry, sah."

And we played together many happy years in the dear old Virginia sunshine. Henry is an old man now, a porter on the Pennsy. I came over from Philly with him the other day.

"Henry, I am going back to the old town."

"Gard bless you, sah; give 'em my love. Mr. Hawks, do you remember the morning—the Chris'mus mornin' old master gave me to you?"

"Indeed, I do."

"Well, sah, I think we both got a Christmas gift that mornin'."

INDULGED SELF TOO MUCH

How Dr. S. Weir Mitchell Was Gravely Reproved by the Late John Bigelow.

The late John Bigelow, the patriarch of diplomats and authors, and the no less distinguished physicain and author, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, were together, several years ago, at West Point. Dr. Bigelow was then ninety-two and Dr. Mitchell eighty.

The conversation turned to the subject of age. "I attribute my many years," said Dr. Bigelow, "to the fact that I have been most abstemious. I have eaten sparingly, and have not used tobacco, and have taken little exercise."

"It is just the reverse in my case," explained Dr. Mitchell. "I have eaten just as much as I wished, if I could get it; I have always used tobacco, immoderately at times; and I have always taken a great deal of exercise."

With that, Ninety-two years shook his head at Eighty Years and said, "Well, you will never live to be an old man."

THIS CROOKED WORLD.

Crawford — Everybody wonders at your good judgment. How do you manage it?

Crabshaw—Just a little system I worked out. Whenever I find I'd like to do anything I make up my mind it's something I'd better not do."—Puck.

MAKES COMPLETE JOB.

Mistress (to new butler)—Oh, James, I found this bowl chipped and cracked in the pantry this afternoon.

James—I am not the culprit, madam; I never chips nor cracks. When I breaks I smashes utterly.—Punch.

GULF.

"But now that these sisters are married, a social gulf separates them hopelessly."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. One of them married a mechanic and the other a mechanician."—Puck.

LIFE ON THE FARM.

"Hiram wore a mustache last year. This year its chin whiskers."

"He always a great hand for rotation of crops."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

AS GOOD AS BUCKWHEAT.

People who are fond of buckwheat cakes are reminded that something at least equal, if not superior, to buckwheat is flour made from sorghum seed.

NEW POETESS.

Miss Amy Lowell, sister of President Lowell of Harvard, has issued a volume of poems.

PROOF.

Knicker—Is Jones original?

Bocker—Very; he never describes imself as a live wire.

STOLE THE ARMY'S MOUNTS

Horse Thieves That Annoyed General Buell at Fort Griffin Pursued and Slain.

Like every other frontier army post or civilian settlement, Fort Griffin had troubles of its own, says Denver Field and Farm. In 1870 horse stealing had become such a business as to be numbered among the infant industries. Old General Buell was in command there at the time and vowed vengeance on the satellites of the saddle who were prowling around nights and running off the government stock. The black soldiers of the Tenth cavalry always voted themselves smart enough to guard Uncle Sam's property through the lonesome vigils of the night, but they could not outwit the horse thieves, and the stealing went right on.

The meanest gang in the country was that of Lloyd and Gresham, for they did a wholesale business every time they came around. Finally they got away with over a hundred head of cavalry mounts one night when the cavallard was grazing outside under a negro guard. The following morning Lieutenant Hunter and a company of the buffalo troops took the trail and Buell's last word was to bring back the stock or keep away altogether. Eight miles west of Fort Griffin they came in the night to the Canyon Blanco and espied the thieves asleep in their blankets.

At the peep of day the charge was made and every last one of the gang, nine of them in all, were shot dead as they slumbered peacefully on, and their bodies were left to feed the prowling coyotes and the carrion buzzards. For these riders of the plains were the men "that God made mad, for all their words were merry and all their songs were sad." Life was a little too short in those days to stop and bury horse thieves and their bones lie bleaching there today in the happy Texas sunlight.

OWN WAY



Wifey—The cook says she is going to leave.

Hubby—Nothing will change her mind?

Wifey—Nothing.

Hubby—All right. Then I'll go down to the kitchen and discharge her.

WHY BIOSCOPE FAILED TO DRAW.

An amusing story comes from one of the remote villages in Bengal. Recently an enterprising showman took a bioscope to the village. The first performance drew a crowded house, but to the surprise of the entertainee the show received no further patronage from the villagers. On making inquiries he was still more surprised to discover that he was regarded as a lieutenant of the evil one and that fond mothers were keeping away their children from the show, believing that one who was capable of making lifeless things look like real ones was no fit person to be an entertainer even.

AN INSTANCE.

"Does sickness really turn the hair gray?"

"Well, I've known delirium to make brunettes light-headed."

NO MATERIAL.

"Was there a black sheep in your family, too?"

"No. The rest of the children of my father and mother were all girls."

HIDDEN.

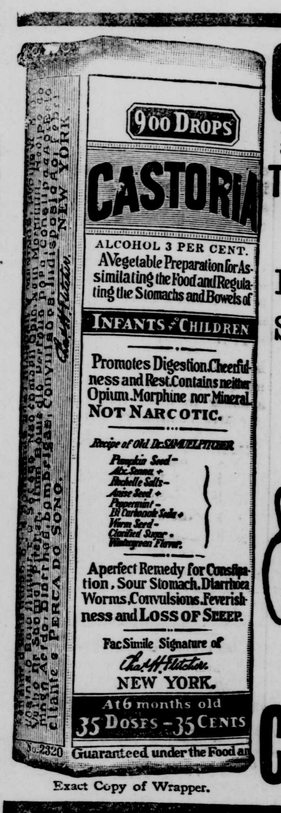
"Were there any original features at that vaudeville performance?"

"I expect so, but you couldn't see them for the make-up."

POOR SUBJECT.

Medium—Your wife is here. Do you not feel her presence?

Widower (nervously)—No—no; nothing has hit me yet.



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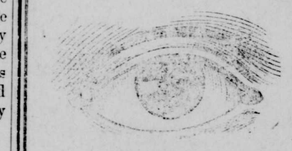
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FORSALE BY C. H. REDDEN, DENTON MD.

TOWN ORDINANCES.

An ordinance to regulate the use of the streets, lanes or alleys within the town of Denton.

Section No. 1. Be it ordained and enacted by the Commissioners of Denton, that no rider or driver, of any Motorcycle, Automobile, Motocycle or machine or contrivance propelled by steam gasoline electric power or any other kind of power, other than musuclar power, shall permit or allow the same to go or move at a rate of speed greater than eight miles an hour over any of the streets, lanes or alleys within the corporate limits of the town of Denton; provided that in no case shall any such rider or driver, permit or allow such Motorcycle, Auto', Motocycle machine or other contrivance to proceed at a greater rate of speed than is reasonable, having regard to the traffic and use of highways as to endanger the life or limb or injure the property of any person.

And any one violating the provisions of this section shall be fined not less than one nor more than ten dollars.

Section No. 2. And be it further ordained and enacted that this ordinance shall take effect from the date of its passage.

JONATHAN EVITTS
President.

Enacted, Dec., 16, 1912.

An ordinance to prohibit spitting or expectorating upon the side walks in the town of Denton.

Be it ordained and enacted by the Commissioners of Denton that it shall be unlawful for any person to spit or expectorate upon any of the side walks of any of the streets or alleys within the corporate limits of the town of Denton.

And be it further ordained and enacted that any person violating Section 1 of this ordinance, shall be subject to arrest, and, if arrested, may be tried before any Justice of the Peace for Caroline County, and, if upon such trial shall be found guilty of violating said section (1) of this ordinance, shall be fined not less than one dollar nor more than two dollars.

And be it further Ordained and enacted that this ordinance shall take effect from the date of its passage.

JONATHAN EVITTS
President.

Enacted, Dec., 16, 1912.

Order Nisi.

T. Pliny Fisher, Assignee,
vs.
Mary Bertha Cephas.

In the Circuit Court for Caroline County. In Equity. No. 1555.

Ordered, this 27th day of November, 1912, that the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings made and reported by

T. PLINY FISHER, Assignee,

be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 30th day of January next, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Caroline County, once in each of four successive weeks before the 28th day of December next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $300.

J. KEMP STEVENS,
True copy—Test: Clerk.
J. KEMP STEVENS,
Clerk.

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Notice to Creditors.

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

ROBERT J. JUMP,

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 on or before the 28th day of June, 1913, or they may otherwise, by law, be excluded from all benefits of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 3rd day of December, 1912.

ELIZABETH E. PIPPIN,
Adm'x of Robert J. Jump, dec'd.



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Railway Division.

Schedule Effective November 25 1912.

EAST BOUND				WEST BOUND	
x 109	a 103	c 101		x 106	x102
P. M.	A. M.	A.M.		A. M.	P.M.
3.30	6.30		Lv. Baltimrre Ar.	11.50	
7.12	10.16	8.58	Denton	8.16	5.26
8.33	11.55	10.35	Ar. Lewes Lv.	6.45	3.50
P. M.	A.M.	A.M.		A.M.	P.M.

x. Daily, except Sunday; a, Monday only; c, Daily, except Sunday and Monday.

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For Sale or Rent.

Two 6-room and one 7-room dwellings on Fountain avenue, also the building recently used as a Restaurant on Third Street; also two rooms 20 x 45 feet over T. W. Smith's jewelry store, in Carter Block, all located in Denton.

One Farm of 175 acres, 135 acres of good arable land. $800 worth of timber. Good buildings. Known as the "Franklin Farm." 3 miles from Burrsville, Md. Price $25 per acre.

Farm of 47 acres, 30 acres good arable grain and grass land, located 1 mile of Hobbs, 3 miles of Denton, 4 room dwelling, necessary outbuildings. Splendid neighborhood and locality. Price $2,200.00.

Two tracts of 14 acres each and one of 16 acres Fisher Land, Suburbs of Denton, Md. Prices on the latter tracts right and terms reasonable.

Possession of town property Jan 1, 1913, and of farm lands at once if necessary.

JOHN T. CARTER,
Owner.

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