HARRY F. JEFERSON.

A Merry Christmas to Everybody!

Your Last Day for Christmas Shopping.

A few suggestions that will help you make useful as well as beautiful Christmas gifts.

A Christmas Package

CAN BE MADE TO LOOK SO MUCH MORE ATTRACTIVE TIED WITH BRIGHT RED OR "HOLLY" RIBBON.

ALL KINDS OF RIBBONS IN GOOD SOLID COLORS, BEAUTIFUL SHADES AND FANCY EFFECTS FOR FANCY WORK WILL BE FOUND ON OUR SHELVES.

GLOVES

Always come in as a most substantial, convenient and useful gift for Christmas.

The H. F. JEFFERSON'S "Special" Glove, name in every pair, guaranteed, at $1.00
Misses' Gloves 1.00
Ladies' Black Kid Gloves 1.50
"Meriam" Walking Gloves, brown or gray 1.00
"Doe Skin" Gloves ..... .50
Golf Gloves for ladies 25c-50c
Golf Gloves for children 25c-50c
Ladies' and Children's Mits 15c-25c

LINENS.

THE GOOD HOUSEWIFE delights in Fine LINENS for her table. Table Cloths, all linen. 50c to $1.50 per yard. Table Napkins, all linen, 75c to $6.00 per dozen.

LINEN BY THE YARD for Dresses, Bureau Scarfs, Tray Cloths, Center Pieces, etc. Handkerchief Linen, 75 per yard.

READY-TO-USE LINENS, Table Covers, Lunch Cloths, Tray Covers.

TOWELS, ½ doz. for 75c. TOWELS, ½ doz. up to $6.00.

Stamped Centerpieces, Tray Covers, Hemstitched Scarfs, Sofa Pillows.

SHIRTWAISTS.

98c—Shirtwaists—98c

White Linen Shirtwaists, plain, with collar attached, good quality, was $1

White Mercerized Shirtwaists, plain or tucked fronts, was $1.25.

White Linen Shirtwaists, tucked, embroidered fronts, was $1.50.

Mercerized Shirswaists, tucked fronts, collar attached, was $1.50.

Flannelette Shirtwaists, was $1.00.

Woolen Shirtwaists, was $1.60.

All go at the same—**98c**.

Christmas Collars.

Nothing brightens up a dress so much as a pretty collar.

A beautiful line for Holiday trade. These are ready to put on.

Fancy Lace Collars, 50c
Fancy Chiffon Collars, with jabot, 50c
Fancy Silk and Chiffon Collars, 50c
Lace Collar and Cuff Sets, 50c, 75c, $1.
Fancy Turnover Collars, 5c, 10c, 15c, 25c.

THE NEW GOLD BELT, 25c and 50c.

HOSIERY.

This line was never more complete nor the variety greater than at present. Women's seamless, black hose, Black Lisle Hose, Black Silk Hose, Black Fleeced Hose, Black Woolen Hose, all sizes.

Special, Fine Ribbed Hose, a genuine bargain at 25c, here for **16c**.

A complete line, all sizes, of "Dog-on-Good" Hose, the best ever offered to the public at **15c**.

CHILDREN'S CAPS.

SPECIAL ATTENTION is called to our complete line of INFANTS' and CHILDREN'S CAPS. The daintiest and prettiest ever shown in town.

Embroidery Silks.

Branierd and Armstrong's.

Filo Floss, skein, 5c, dozen, 5oc: Caspian Floss, skein, 5c, dozen, 50c; Roman Floss, skein, 4c. dozen, 45c: Twisted Embroidery Silk, 5c, doz., 50c.

WORSTEDS.

Columbia Germantown, 4 and 8 fold, per lb., $1.90, per hank, 20c.

Spanish Knitting Yarn, per lb, $1.35, per hank, 18c.

Single Zephyr, 6c lap.

Needles, Embroidery Hoops, Bone Crochet Needles, Steel Crochet Needles, Bone and Steel Knitting Needles, etc.

MUSLINS.

"A WORD TO THE WISE IS SUFFICIENT."

White Cotton goods of all kinds will be higher. To those who can do so it will be well to invest in these goods.

Our MUSLIN line is second to none.

A few Remnants of the 8c to 22½c values, all white, 1 to 10 yards at **7c**.

MILLINERY.

Our MILLINERY DEPARTMENT during the present season has been working day and night. Beautiful effects have been wrought with the rich materials that have been used in the making of our HATS.

Our line is yet quite complete, because new goods are constantly added, and our trimmer, Mrs. Hitch, the best ever on the Eastern Shore, will be pleased to make a HAT according to your own idea.

HANDKERCHIEFS.

Better goods cannot be had for the money.

Cotton Handkerchiefs. 5c, 10c, 12½c.

Best pure linen Handkerchiefs, 25c, 50c, 60c, 75c, $1.00.

Also a full line of initial Handkerchiefs put up in boxes, ½ doz. to box. Full assortment of Children's Handkerchiefs.

HARRY F. JEFFERSON, Prop.,

THE NEW STORE,

OPPOSITE STAM'S HALL, CHESTERTOWN, MD.

LETTERS TO SANTA CLAUS

The following letters have been received at the TRANSCRIPT office, and have been forwarded to Old Kris at his home in Spitzbergen. He will be in Chestertown early Monday morning and says he will attend to all the wants of the little girls and boys:

CHESTERTOWN.

Dear Old Santa Claus—I want you to bring me a pair of gum boots, a pair of shoes, a suit of clothes, a over coat, a makintosh, a guiding sled, some candy, nuts, bananas, oranges, fire works, I think this is all. Don't forget my big brother Willie who works in the Transoript printing office and all my other brothers and sisters.
Allie Blyman.

Dear Santa Claus—I am a little boy eight years old and I go to school every day, and if you please bring me a drum, a watch, a sled, an express wagon, a train of cars, a box of tools and some candy and oranges and nuts. From your little boy, William B. Ireland.

Dear Old Santa Claus—I am a little girl 6 years old and I go to school. Please bring me a doll baby, gocart, set dishes, table, pair gloves, pair rubbers, pair shoes, pair stockens, candy, nuts and orange and some fireworks. I think this is all I want, and don't forget my sister and brothers and my mother. Yours truly,
Bee Blyman.

Dear Old Kris—Please bring me a sled and a story book. Please bring my brother Solomon a wheelbarrow and a ball. Please bring us all plenty of candy, nuts and oranges. That is all. Goodbye, from Bates Chaires.

Dear Old Kris—Please bring me a sled, a double slate, a storp book. Please bring my little baby brother something nice to play with. That's all. Expect plenty candy, nuts, oranges. Goodbye from Edgar Chaires.

Dear Santa Claus—I want you to bring me a pop gun and some books and some candy canes and a Christmas tree with some candles on it. Fill my stockings full of candy, fruit and nuts. Don't forget the poor children and make them happy. Put a fence around my Christmas tree. Put the tree in the room that my stockings are hanging and close the doors. Give me a picture of you. Goodbye. Yours down deep your friend,
W. Ralph Evans.

Dear Santa Claus—I am a little boy 4 years old. I think I have been real good. Please bring me a a picture book, a horse with a saddle on it, a train of cars to run on track, a tree and plenty of candy, nuts, oranges and apples. Don't forget little Brother Ronald. Godfrey Harris.

Dear Old Santa Claus.—I have made an ice-boat and I wish you would tell me how to sail it without ice, as ice is very scarce about now. From your little boy, Joe Lewis.

ROCK HALL.

Dear Santa Claus—Please bring me a large doll baby and some games, candy, nuts and oranges. Don't forget papa, mamma and sister and everybody. Lillie Maslin.

Dear Santa Claus—Please bring a doll baby and a baby carriage, candy, nuts and oranges. I am five years old. Dorothy Maslin.

Dear Old Santa Claus—I am a little boy 9 years old. I go to school every day it is fit and I would like to have for a Christmas present a sweater and a pair of gloves to keep me warm and a neck tie and some candy, apples, oranges and nuts and a pair of skates to have fun on the ice. Hoping that I am not asking for too much. Yours with love to Santa, Leroy Johnson.
Greys Inn, Md.

Dear Old Santa Claus—Please bring me a doll, a gocart, set dishes, piano, candy, nuts, oranges and lots of other things. Please don't forget little sister. From Bessie Warner.

Dear Old Santa Claus—Please bring me a large doll, a table, a chain, a carriage, a nice set of dishes, apples, candy, nuts I guess I will not ask for anything else. From Edith Warner.

Dear Old Santa—I am a very small girl. Please do not forget me. I want a doll and a rattle.
From Helen Warner.

Dear Old Santa—Please bring me a bicycle, a pair of boots, shooting crackers, Roman candles and nuts, candy and apples. Rollen Warner.

EDESVILLE.

Dear Old Kris—Please bring me nice little doll that will not get broke.
Mary Frances Gladskey.

Dear Old Santa Claus—Please bring me a nice little wagon and some candy and nuts.
Steve Gladskey.

Dear Mr. Kris—Plerse being me a pair shoes to go to church in and a set of dishes, a nice book, candy, nuts, oranges. Margie Gladskey.

My Dear Old Santa—Please bring a large pistol aud caps and shooting crackers and a sled and a nice book some candy, nuts, oranges,
Frank Gladskey.

My Dear Kris—Please bring me an ice sled, a book, candy, nuts, shooting crackers, pistol and caps. Stanly Gladskey.

Dear Santa—Please bring me a neck tie, a book, some shooting crackers, large and small, candy, nuts, oranges. Please do not forget our grandma and grandpa. Joseph Gladskey.

Dear Old Kris—Please bring me and brother Joseph a riding saddle and bridle, some shooting crackers, large and small and some fire works, a nice book, candy, nuts, oranges. Please do not forget our Xmas tree, also please do not forget our dear little Uncle George, he lives in Rock Hall now, also please do not forget our father and mother and bring our servant Carl Johnson something good for he was working right good this year. Theodore Gladskey.

Dear Old Kris—I though I would write to you and tell you what I want. I wish you would bring me a camera, a air rifle, and an express wagon.
So I will close. Charlie Hadaway.

Dear Old Kris—Please bring me a ring and necklace and mackintosh and please don't forget my little sister and brother.
So I will close, Jennie Hadaway.

WORTON.

Dear Old Kris— As Christmas will soon be here I thought I would write and tell you what I would like you to bring me. I want a doll, a pair of new shoes, oranges, apples, candy and nuts and toys. Don't forget my little sister. She wants a rubber doll. I would like to have little muff and fur for my doll, like mine. Don't forget my little cousin William Loller. Your little girl,
Catharine Loller.

Dear Old Kriss—Christmas has come again and I want some candy and nuts and an orange. I am ten years old and I live in Kent county. Don't forget Greenhill farm. Warren Litsinger.

Dear Old Kris—I want you to come and see me, and bring me some candy and nuts and fill my plate. Please don't forget me on Greenhill farm. Well goodby, from Helen Litsinger.

STILL POND.

Dear Old Santa Claus—Will you please bring me a pair of leggins, a pair of kid gloves, a pair of rubbers, a picture book, a blackboard, a horn and anything else you can, and please trim my Xmas tree. From Ethel Robinson.

Dear Old Santa Claus—Will you please bring me a sled, a pair of legrons, picture book, a car that is up in Mr. Harper's window. Bring me nuts, candy, horn and anything you can. I am a good little boy. Goodbye, Bennie Robinson.

I hope your leg is better, as I heard the cars run over you.

KENNEDYVILLE.

Dear Old Santa Claus—Please bring me a shotgun, electric trainway, guiding sled and a stocking full of nuts, oranges, apples and candy. Your little boy, Lipden Archibald.

Dear Santa Claus—I am a little girl five years old. I want a doll baby, some candy nuts and orange, and don't forget my little brother and my little nephew, James Startt. Sadie Knight.

CHESTERVILLE.

Dear Santa Claus—I will write a few lines to tell you what I want for Christmas. I want a baby carriage, new dresses for my dolls, a little iron bed for Dolly Kate, nuts, oranges, a pair of skates and some candy. Oh, yes, Santa, I want a double book bag. So good-night, Santa. I'll go to bed early and will be a good nice girl. A kiss to Santa, Your little girl Alma Estelle Dill.

Dear Santa—I thought I would write and tell you what I want for Christmas. Santa please bring me a pair of skates, a double book bag, dresses for my dolls, a little bureau, a baby carriage, a table, oranges, apples, bananas and all kind of candy, and Santa I want a pair of rubber boots. A kiss to Santa. I will go to bed early So you can fill my stockings full of pretty things Your loving little girl, Alpha Dill.

Dear Santa Claus—Please bring me a horn, express wagon, car and some candy, nuts, oranges and some bananas. I think I will close. Goodby dear old Santa Claus. Woodall Durham.

Dear Santa Claus—Please bring me a doll, a companion, some candy, nuts; oranges, apples, and some bananas. I think I will close. Goodby dear old Santa Claus. Lille Durham.

Dear Santa Claus—Please bring my three little sisters, Ethel, Bertha and Margette, a high chair and three dolls and some candy, nuts, oranges and some bananas. I think I will close. Goodby dear old Santa Claus.
Ethel, Bertha and Margette Durham.

LOCUST GROVE.

Dear Santa Claus—Please bring me a doll, pair of skates, big slate, set of dishes and a stove, some toy candy and nuts of all kinds and some oranges, and please don't forget mom and pop and sister and brothers, I am a nice little girl most all the time and go to school every day and love my teacher. I remain, a good little girl,
Lessie H. Sutton.

BLACKS.

Dear Old Kris—Will you please kring me a coasting sled, fire crackers, candy, nuts, orange and apples. Calvin Cox.

Dear Old Kris—I am the same little boy that wrote to you last year but I do not believe you received my letter as I did not see it published in the paper. I thought I would write to you this year and ask you please bring me a express wagon, some fire crackers, candy, orange nuts and apples. Leonard Cox.

Dear Old Kris—Please bring me a sled, candy, orange, nuts ard apple. Please don't forget papa and mama. Joseph Cox.

Dear Old Kris—I am a little girl not old enough to go to school but please bring me a doll baby, doll coach, candy, orange, nuts, apples. Goodby old Kris. Catharine Cox.

CAROLINE COUNTY.

Dear Kris—I am a little boy 6 years old. I want you to bring me pistol and 6 boxes caps, horn, a little duck that plays music, a little wheelbarrow nuts, candy, grapes, bananas. Albert Robinson.

Dear Old Kris—Will you please bring me a picture book, an old man that shakes his head and has whiskers, 15 boxes of caps, horn, nuts, candy grapes, oranges, bananas. My little brother wants the same. Wrightie Robinson.

CECILTON.

Dear Santa Claus—I am a little girl ten years old, and will you please bring me a doll baby and a baby carriage, and a book bag, and a little girls sweater, and some nuts, candy, and oranges, and I think that is all I want for this time. To dear old Santa Claus. Emily Nickerson.

Dear Santa Claus—As it is almost time for you I thought I would remind you of a few things I want you to bring me. Please bring me a sled, a double slate, a drawing book, some story books, blocks, and some games, also nuts, candy, oranges bananas and trim our tree. As I am a very small boy I will not ask for too much this time. Sister wants a doll, a rocking chair, a muff and fur and some books and anything else you choose to bring her. From one of your little boys,
Raymond Anthony.

SASSAFRAS.

Dear Old Kris—I am a little boy eight years old. I am so glad it is most time for you to come see us again. Now I will tell you what I want. Please bring me a nice big wagon so I can drive my dogs to it. We have two dogs and have such fun, also a set of blocks to build a house, nuts, candy, oranges and all the nice things you choose to bring me. Please do not forget I have a sister and brother. They think they are too large too write but they want something too. From your little friend, Allen Johnson.

BARCLAY.

My Drar Santa Claus—As it is nearly Xmas I will let you know what I want for I am afraid you will not leave me all I would like to have. I want alarge express wagon, a pair of goats to drive to it and also a nice little whip. And I would like to have a sled so I can go with the boys to coast down hills. Please bring me some candy, nuts, bananas, grapes, figs, dates and oranges. I hope you will call to see us. I have a sister, Myrna, and she would like to have a nice fur scarf and a pair of kid gloves. Well this is all from your dear little boy, George Chrisfield.

P. S.—Oh, I like to forgot, please bring me some fire crackers. Goodby.

BETTERTON.

Dear Old Santa Claus—I am a little girl ten years old and I have tried to be good all the year. I want you to bring me some nuts, candy's, oranges and bananas and anything else you have to spare, don't forget mamma and papa and my two sisters, Maud and Edna and please don't forget little Morris Jester and little Ethel Wilmer.
Mabel Jester.

The Transcript Publishing Co. Gentleman Dear Sirs.—My little boy about five years of age, he wishes to inform you what he wishes Kris to bring him, he wants a pair of gum boots, also a bycicle and a steam engine also lots of candy, apples and oranges and nuts. He says he will leave the door unlocked for him, he says he is going to be a good boy now and in the future Dear Kris do not forget pop and ma. Yours respectfully, from my little boy, Joseph E. Harbison. Jr.

MILLINGTON.

Dear Old Kris—I want you to please bring me a nice raincoat, gloves and a pair of gum boots and some nuts, candies and fruits. Please bring papa, mamma, brother and sister something nice too, Your friend, Thomas E. Turner.

Dear Old Kris—Please bring me a tool-chest and anything else you please. Bring me some nuts, candies and fruits and etc. Your little friend,
John Percy Turner.

Dear Kris—Wont you bring me a bicycle., wagon, sweater, games, some books, leggings, gloves, lots of candy. oranges, nuts, and raisins, I will close. Your little Friend, George Tonkin.

Dear Old Santa Claus—Please bring me a desk, sweater, leather gloves, sled, boot tops, bank, games, books and lot of candy, oranges nuts, and rasins. I will close. Your little friend,
Henry Tonkin.

Dear Old Kris—I write to tell you what I want you to bring me, an expresss wagon and little train and a pistol that shoots paper caps and a horn and please bring me some candy and orange, rasins, and lots of things. Remain
Little Guy Wamsley.

Dear Old Kris—I write to tell you what I want you to bring me. I want you to bring me a sled and some marbles and a pistol that shoots paper caps and a nice big horn and please bring me a gum ball, please bring me a pair of boots and candy and nuts and rasins, orange. Remain,
Eddie Wamsley.

Dear Old Kris—I thought I would write and tell you what I want you to bring me, please bring me a big doll that can say papa and mama and a go cart to ride my baby in and a little stove, set of dishes and please bring me a little tiny doll too, some candy and nuts aud lots of things. Good-bye, Little Janie Walmsley.

ROCK HALL ITEMS.

Rock Hall will witness on Jan. 1st one of the greatest events in its history. The K. of P. will confer the three degrees upon 15 candidates at their hall on that evening. Governor Warfield and other prominent men will be present and assist in the ceremonies. Lankford lodge of Piney Neck have united with Chesapeake and through this lodge members of the Grand lodge will be in attendance. Every member is expected to be present and make this a success. If there are others who are contemplating joining, now is their time, as after the evening of the 30inst. the doors will be closed.

Wind, low tides and rain have dissipated some of the anticipated enjoyment of the Xmas holidays. Messrs. Willson, Casey, Durding and Downey pronounce this season as being the dullest for years. Mr. Mannie Miller reports his opening as surpassing any of the past. Xmas goods have been purchased in small quantities in order to avoid loss. Mr. Crew has the largest display of toys. Mr. T. B. Durding thinks it unnecessary to unpack his toys. We are facing a period we fear of distress unless the bay keeps open so that the men can work.

Ex-Commissioner Ayres has been confined to the house with indigestion but when the snow made its appearence, Louie arose and harnessed Tom, preparatory for a trial of his speed.

We are sorry to report Mr. Lee Durding no better, but very much worse. Mrs. Conway is ill with la grippe. Mr. Med Taylor is confined to the house with rheumatism. Capt. George, the old patriarch, who has been an invalid for many years, is quite sick at this writing.

Our ministers are reaping the fruits of Cupid's exertions. Two of our young people sat in their carriage and were made one before pa could arrive, and have not yet received the parental blessing.

Rumor has it that one of our old bachelors has become tired of single blessedness and will resort to the matrimonial noose. Are congratulations in order?

Mrs. Ottinger, of Philadelphia, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Greenwood.

The Misses Taylor are home for the Xmas festivities.

Bro. Burr gave a discourse on revival Sunday morning, but few were in attendance owing to the weather. His extra meetings will begin in a short time.

Our school closed with appropriate exercises on Friday. There was a discussion upon the composition of two of our prominent writers, beside a confectionery treat by the teachers.

A reading circle has been organized by the teachers of Rock Hall and suburbs. Mr. Arthur L. Greenwood was made president, and Miss Ada Middleton, secretary. They meet in the principal's room every Wednesday evening. James' Talk to Teachers is being discussed, and at their next meeting will take up McMurry's Critical Era, and Vanity Fair.

When the oystermen do get a day's work the evening's salutation is: Were you culled to-day? Capt. Downey, of the police boat, is enforcing the cull law.

The force at the wrapper factory do not remain long enough to allow the managers to become familiar with their faces. In to-day, out to-morrow. Considerable trouble arises from the wagging of the tongue, but can we expect less from the fair sex? Try the men, Mr. Foreman.

Mr. Chas. Tremble is building a unique sleigh for Master Owen Selby to correspond with his pony.

Stork left a fine boy at Mr. Joe. Kendall's on Tuesday. Joe thinks the stork made a mistake as a girl was requested.

Mr. Joe Sewell was relieved of $110 while in Baltimore last week. He was given knock-out drops and robbed.

Now accept my good wishes that you and your subscribers may have a merry Xmas and happy New Year.

IN MEMORIAM.

DWYER.—In loving rememberance of Isaac L. Dwyer, who died one year ago, Dec. 18, 1904, aged 24 years, 2 months and 5 days, beloved son of John A. and Maggie T. Dwyer. Loved in life, in death remembered.

With sorrowful hearts we are today,
For our loved one has passed away,
The evening of life had scarce begun
When the darkness fell and the day was done.
Forever is hushed the voice so sweet,
And forever still the gladsome feet.
Our darling has gone and we must wait
Till He calls us, too, through the shining gate.
We mourn but fond hope points above
Where awaits a meeting with those we love,
Where shineth the light of endless day
And Jesus, wipeth all tears away.

MOTHER AND FATHER.

An Emergency Medicine.

For sprains, bruises, burns, scalds and similiar injuries, there is nothing so good as Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It soothes the wound and not only gives instant relief from pain, but causes the parts to heal in about one third the time required by the usual treatment. Sold by M. A. Toulson, druggist.

SUSPENSION BRIDGES.

Used by Man Hundreds of Years Ago For Crossing Streams.

The towline is doubtless the earliest, as it is still the simplest, application of a rope for the removal of material. Hitched to a floating log, the genesis of all water craft, canoe or sledge, it was used before history learned the art of writing or mankind the art of reading.

The towline was combined with the suspension cable as a means of crossing streams in the mountains of Hindustan at a very remote period. The suspension cable, often several hundred feet in length, was made of twisted fibers or slender stalks of climbing vines. This was solidly secured to large trees or masses of rocks on the banks of the chasms to be crossed. On this cable a wooden block, grooved underneath, was placed, suspended from which was a small rude platform or at times a simple loop of rope for the passenger or baggage. The wooden block, with its attached load, was pulled across the chasm in either direction by a towline attached to the block. This rude contrivance is the genesis of the most refined aerial ropeways of the present day and of the suspension bridge also, which is, of a crude form, of very great antiquity.

When the Spaniards first visited Peru they found suspension bridges which could be traversed by men and burdened animals. Some of these bridges were of over 200 feet span and were formed of half a dozen cables of twisted osiers stretched from bank to bank and passed over wooden supports. These cables were bound together by smaller ropes and were covered with a layer of bamboo, which formed a support for the roadway.

THE SOMALI.

They Are Habitually Idle and Always Merry—Their Peculiar Headdress.

By nature Somali are alternately docile and savage, nearly always merry and habitually idle. Even in busy Aden they work as little as possible and then do no manual work, for their inherent pride forbids that. Cab driving, boat manning and grooming are the general crafts of the Aden Somali. In the interior of his own country his principal occupations are plundering and cattle lifting, at which latter pursuit he is said to be unparalleled in skill. In religion they are all Mohammedans.

The great peculiarity of the Somali is, however, his hair, for, contrary to the custom of most races professing Islam, he does not shave his head, but allows his locks to run wild. Nor is his hair the wool of the negro, for instead of growing in one dense cluster all over his head, as is the case of the Galla, for instance, it tangles into long cords, not unlike those of a poodle, which, parted over his forehead, hangs down on both cheeks, often projecting almost as far as his shoulders.

Not content with the show of hair that nature and neglect insure him, he plasters his head with a peculiar light clay, which has the effect of bleaching its blackness to a light reddish hue, and a Somali in a new tobe, as their winding sheet of a garment is called, and a freshly clayed head is the very acme of dandyism.—Blackwood's Magazine.

An English Mantrap.

A mantrap has been found in Alford, Lincolnshire, England, which shows the barbarity of a century or so ago. It is probably the largest mantrap in existence. It is seventy-six inches in length, and its jaws, with teeth protruding two inches, will open fully two feet two inches by eighteen inches. Old time landlords who chose to insist upon their rights in their entirety, as they often did, were at liberty to plant these barbarous engines about in the undergrowth of their inclosed land for the benefit of any trespasser or possible poacher who might chance to set foot near them. Their use was abolished by law in 1827.

Not a Lottery.

Deacon De Good—It won't do; it won't do. We must not have games of chance at our church fairs.

Mrs. De Good—But this is not a game of chance.

"You propose to sell tickets and give prizes."

"Oh, no; you are mistaken. We shall sell the tickets, of course, but we can't give any prizes, you know, because we haven't any to give. There is no chance about it."—New York Weekly.

Heavy Wedding Rings.

There are some heavy old wedding rings at Kirk Braddan, in the Isle of Man, such as might be handy when the flustered bridegroom loses the ring. Leaning against the north wall are some very ancient rings of stone, through which, in days of long ago, before the jewelers' windows glistened with wedding rings at all prices, the bride and bridegroom joined hands, it is said, and were wedded.

For Her Own Protection.

"Yes, madam," said the salesman, "this is the most exquisite dinner set we ever handled. The price is $150."

"I'll take it," said Mrs. Richley, "if you'll agree to mark it 'Imitation; price, $6.90.'"

"Of course, but—er—that's rather an odd request."

"Yes, but I want to deceive our servant girl."—Philadelphia Press.

Bunkoed.

"Bilkins says there's nothing in these get-rich-quick schemes."

"What's happened to him?"

"I think he's married to a stingy heiress."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"I've had a lot of trouble during my life," an old man says in a recent book, "but most of it never happened."

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