A CRUEL CLIMAX.

Frank Barr's Election Bet and How It Worked Out.

It was several years ago, when Nashua, N. H., was enjoying the excitement of an annual city election and, as was natural, the followers of the two political faiths were considerably wrought up.

Frank Barr, then a railroad official in Nashua, now general manager of the Boston and Maine railroad, and his brother, John H. Barr, a prosperous Nashua hardware dealer, dropped into the Parker House, Boston, and there chanced to meet George Bowers, a Nashua clothier, now dead. The conversation drifted to politics. Frank Barr was sure the man he favored would be elected mayor, while Bowers, who was of the opposite political faith, was confident of the winning powers of his favorite.

"Bet you the best dinner in Boston my man wins," exclaimed Frank Barr.

"I'll just go you on that," replied Bowers, and the two shook hands.

"Don't I ring in on that dinner?" asked John Barr.

Both agreed that he should be one of the party, whereupon he suggested that, all parties concerned being in Boston then and in one of the best hotels and with good appetites, then was the time to have the dinner. The others thought it would be better to wait for the election to decide the wager, but John Barr argued that there was no time like the present. He further suggested that he would settle for the dinners and when the bet was decided the loser could settle with him.

The proposition was no sooner made than accepted by the other two, and a private dining room was engaged and the order for the best dinner the house afforded was lodged with the clerk. When the bill was called for at the desk it took a little more than $20 to settle it.

"Mighty good dinner," said John Barr, "and it was nice of you fellows to take me in. There is but one thing missing, and that is the cigars," and he walked toward the cigar counter. He did not pick out any domestic brand, but called for the best.

While he was absent Bowers said, "Say, Frank, I am not so sure about my man winning."

"Neither am I," replied Frank Barr.

"Let's call the bet off, then."

"All right," said the other.

John Barr returned and passed around the Havanas.

"What were you fellows laughing about and shaking hands for?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing," replied his brother, "only we agreed to call the bet off."

"Called the bet off! Well, then, who's going to pay for the dinners?" demanded John.

"You have, haven't you?" inquired Frank.—Boston Herald.

"Ask the Missus."

John Burns, the English radical and reformer and a prominent member of King Edward's cabinet, was, during an election meeting, interrogated by a sturdy voter who wanted to know just what John Burns, the cabinet minister at high pay, did with the enormous increase of wages over the workman's modest wage. The new cabinet officer was equal to the occasion.

"How do you spend it, John?" roared the elector.

"Ask the missus," said the honest, self reliant John, and the crowd roared out its applause. No room there for the microbe of divorce to get foothold. No focus for the stegomyia of distrust and incompatibility.

"Ask the missus" is a whole library of marital wisdom. If a man's wife knows where his money goes, it is, in one thousand minus one case, spent for the best interests of the household. The man that can look his brother squarely in the face and say, "Ask the missus," is no spendthrift, no bogus high roller, no gambler, no cheat. "Ask the missus," and her happy, hopeful, trustful, contented face will be answer enough of the faith she holds in the man who trusts and loves her.

"Ask the missus" would put divorce lawyers out of business. "Ask the missus" would keep the worthless foreign noblemen off the American grass. "Ask the missus" would build homes such only as the founders of the nation knew.

Men of America, take the cue from John Burns. Make it possible to say to every inquirer as to where the money goes, "Ask the missus."—Louisville Herald.

England's Pauper Clergymen.

No case can be more touching than that of the impoverished clergyman in England, struggling to keep up social appearances, while he and his family want bread. Ten cases are reported of deaths of clergymen in the workhouse, one of the number, we are told, having once been wealthy and spent large sums in charity. This takes place in a land where luxury is at its greatest height, where fabulous sums are given for baubles and even for rare postage stamps, and it is said that full $500,000 a day changes hands at bridge, while millions untold are expended on the forces required to purchase the mental luxury of thinking imperially and to pay the cost of unnecessary wars. The benefit of the meals bill might at all events be extended from the parent whose child goes to school without breakfast to the clergyman whose son, when warned of the dinner hour, replies, "It is not my turn for dinner today." Think of the lot of the pauper clergyman's wife! Depreciation of tithes and of the rents of glebe, with increase of the cost of living, with overcrowding of this, as of the other learned professions, is no doubt the immediate cause, but if the faith of the people in the doctrine were unshaken the preacher and his family would hardly be left to starve.—Toronto Sun.

BRITISH BRIEFS.

England's first representative parliament assembled in 1265.

Caesar conquered Britain in the year 55 B. C. The Roman occupation continued nearly 500 years, or until 410 A. D.

In 1679 was passed the habeas corpus act, which, along with the right of trial by jury, is the great bulwark of Anglo-Saxon liberty.

The great plague was introduced into London in 1664 by bales of cotton imported from Holland; 100,000 persons succumbed to the disease in one year.

Cromwell's long parliament assembled in 1640; Charles I. was beheaded Jan. 30, 1646, and Cromwell became lord protector in 1653. In 1660 the Stuarts were restored to the throne.

Westminster abbey, where the kings and queens of Great Britain are crowned, was originally a Benedictine monastery. It was founded by Sebert, king of the East Saxons, about 616.

DESPERATE HEROISM.

An Incident of the Indian Fighting Days in Illinois.

The desperate intrepidity and warlike heroism of the early settlers of Illinois are illustrated by an incident narrated in "Historic Illinois." The early days were a time of hardship, danger and death. Every forest covert, every tuft of prairie grass, might hide some skulking red enemy. Among the early frontiersmen was a Captain Whiteside, whose name became a terror among the Kickapoos.

A party of fourteen white men led by Whiteside made an attack upon an encampment of Indians of greatly superior force. Only one Indian escaped. During the heat of the skirmish Captain Whiteside was severely wounded, he thought mortally, having received a shot in the side.

As he fell he called to his sons to keep on fighting and not to yield an inch of ground or permit the savages to touch his body. Tell Whiteside, who had also been shot in the arm, so that he could no longer use his rifle, hastily examined his father's wound, discovering that the bullet had glanced along the ribs and lodged against the spine.

With that daring and disregard for pain so often characteristic of border men he immediately whipped out his knife, gashed the skin, extracted the ball and held it up, crying:

"You're not dead yet, father!"

The old man leaped to his feet, renewed the fight and bore his full part to the end. Many such instances of heroism distinguished the men who in those days of peril were called upon to defend the frontiers of Illinois.

EASILY SCARED.

An Adventure With a Rhinoceros In East Africa.

Of a curious encounter with a rhinoceros an African traveler writes in the Globe Trotter, published in Nairobi, British East Africa: "He was peacefully grazing on a choice patch of green stuff and apparently meant to do the well bred thing and allow us to pass by; so, with my heart in my mouth, nothing in my pockets and an empty magazine rifle in my hand, I attempted a slide for a more secure position. But I was immediately foiled of this object by a suspicious movement on the part of the enemy. A swish of the tail, a suggestive uplifting of the snout and a sniff of the atmosphere, and the delicate and fairylike creature bore down ponderously upon my two native bearers and myself.

"My knees promptly refused to work. I could not move a muscle, and so with all the British pluck and courage of which we have read so much I calmly resigned myself. By this time the hideous beauty had advanced to within ten yards of its prey, when, to my surprise, the two boys accompanying me hastily dismantled themselves of all baggage, and, with all muscles stretched, ready for a sprint, they stood their ground and, without moving an inch, began to whistle for all they were worth.

"Quickly noting the satisfactory result of the maneuver, I blew my whistle hastily and with good will. The shrill notes struck strangely on the untutored ear of the rhino, for he promptly turned tail and fled."

A Short Cut.

"There goes a man," observed a steamship agent as he directed attention to a surly looking individual who had just engaged passage for Europe, "whose efforts are devoted to constructing short cuts in business methods and in eliminating all time consuming men and their propositions from his busy existence. He is a man of very few words. Some years ago this gentleman crossed the ocean and had a very unpleasant trip. One morning a sympathetic passenger offered him a lemon, expressing a sincere wish that it would give relief. The pale traveler seized the lemon, hurled it viciously into the ocean and growled:

"'This is a quicker way than the other.'"—New York Times.

An Odd Moorish Custom.

As a people the Moors are already well inclined to anything that gilds life. A correspondent says: "Nothing delights them more as a means of agreeably spending an hour or two than squatting on their heels in the streets or on some door stoop, gazing at the passersby, exchanging compliments with their acquaintances. Native 'swells' consequently promenade with a piece of felt under their arms, on which to sit when they wish."

Wanted a Big Tip.

Chevrolet, the automobilist, was talking at Ormond about American railways. "Your railways are superb," he said. "Abroad we have nothing like them. In speed, in comfort, in luxury American railways lead the world. But the expense! On my way down to Florida I said to the porter as the time drew near for us to part, 'Porter, you have been very attentive, and I want to give you something, but I have no change.' Then I took a $20 bill from my wallet. 'Can you change this for me?' I asked. 'Certainly, sir,' the porter answered, pulling out a large roll of money. 'How will you have it, sir? In fives?'"

He Blames the Professors.

At a meeting of Inverness Free presbytery recently the Rev. Murdo MacKenzie, Inverness, said if he were to speak his mind he would say there were too many professors in Scotland. Too many professors had been the ruin of the Free church. There would not have been so many heretics in the land were it not that there were so many professors. He was afraid the Free church was falling by having so many professors.—Glasgow Times.

His Advantage.

First Man—How do you do? Second Man—Beg pardon, but you have the advantage of me. First Man—Yes; I guess I have. We were engaged to the same girl, but you married her.

The taste of beauty and the relish of what is decent, just and amiable perfect the character of the gentleman and the philosopher.—Shaftesbury.

TRAINING DOGS.

Poodles the Easiest to Teach, Dachshunds the Most Difficult.

A poodle is the easiest of all to train, and the dachshund is the most difficult, the latter not because he is too stupid, but because he is too smart. A dachshund readily understands what you want him to do, and he can do it, but he thinks he knows a better way, and he invariably tries his way first. As a result, he is never trained in anything that is really difficult. A dachshund seems to be always poking fun at one and getting no little amusement out of it for himself. Collies are easily trained, but they are more or less unreliable, and they are such flatterers. They make you think things are all right and then they run away at the very first opportunity. In preference to other dogs, collies are trained almost exclusively in the militia of Vienna for carrying, in time of war, messages and medicine to and from the camp and the sick soldiers, but they are chosen more for their speed than their faithfulness. Fox terriers are natural acrobats. Within a few weeks one can be trained to turn a somersault. A few weeks more and he will do a double turn. To teach him to do this the trainer calls the animal to him, and as he comes jumping playfully against the trainer he is caught and turned quickly in the air, much to his surprise. He thinks it is play, and he comes jumping up again. After each turn he is given a small piece of meat. In a few weeks he will run up and try independently to do the turn over in the air for the meat, and if he is encouraged it will not be long before he is an accomplished acrobat.—Leslie's Weekly.

ERRATIC ENGINES.

Locomotives That Act as Though They Were Bewitched.

You never see a ship launched on a Friday, and similarly a new locomotive hardly ever makes a trial trip on that day or on the 13th of the month. Even though the superintendent may jeer at the superstition, yet he knows too well to set it at naught, for just as sailors consider that some ships are unlucky so do train hands credit certain locomotives with a sort of demoniacal possession.

It is certainly very strange the difference that may be observed between two locomotives built from the same plans, at the same time, of similar material. One goes on her way quietly and smoothly, never breaks down, costs little or nothing for repairs. The other causes trouble from the very first, runs off the line, kills the drivers, gets into accidents of all kinds and generally acts as though possessed by some evil spirit.

There was a famous instance some years ago on the South Florida railway. A locomotive killed so many people that she got the name of "the hearse," and no fewer than three engine drivers actually left the employ of the company rather than continue driving her. The odd thing was that she never seemed to injure herself. Eventually the owners were forced to break her up, although she was by no means worn out.

Of actual ghosts in trains or railway engines one very seldom hears.—New York Herald.

The Art of Flattery.

There are those who have an instinct which prompts them to offer verbal caresses to all with whom they come in contact, and there is no doubt that, if such people are gifted at the same time with good hearts, they greatly sweeten life. They do not know how to say, much less write, a disagreeable sentence. They see with their mind's eye the exact spot where a flattering word would produce pleasure or salve a smart, and the temptation to say it is very great. The pleasure they produce delights them, and they study to produce it again. No doubt they practice an art, but not a very black art, and it is difficult not to like them, especially if they are women. Real flattery—the really false article—can hardly exist with a warm heart. Plenty of folly and too much desire to be popular may go with that, but nothing else.—Family Herald.

Church Built of Bulrushes.

The first place of worship in Western Australia was unique in two respects—the materials of which it was built and also the several purposes to which it was devoted. This remarkable building was made at Perth by soldiers shortly after their first arrival in 1829 and was composed almost entirely of bulrushes. In addition to its use on Sundays for divine worship, it occasionally served as an amateur theater during the week and during the whole time as a barracks.

Byles on Bills.

Among the humorous memories connected with English judges is one of Justice Byles and his horse. This eminent jurist was well known in his profession for his work on "Bills," and as this gave a fine opportunity for alliteration his associates were accustomed to bestow the name on the horse, which was but a sorry steed. "There goes Byles on Bills," they took pleasure in saying, and as the judge rode out every afternoon they indulged daily in their little joke. But the truth was that the horse had another name, known only to the master and his man, and when a too curious client inquired as to the judge's whereabouts he was told by the servant, with a clear conscience, that "master was out on Business."

The Bengali.

The Bengali has the best brains of all the peoples in India and the readiest tongue. His memory is prodigious and his fertility in talk inexhaustible. He is something of an Irishman, something of an Italian, something of a Jew—if one can conceive an Irishman who would run away from a fight instead of running into it, an Italian without a sense of beauty and a Jew who would not risk £5 on the chance of making £500. He is very clever, but his cleverness does not lead him far on the road to achievement, for when it comes to doing, rather than talking, he is easily passed by people of far inferior ability.—London Standard.

VIRGINIA:—In the circuit court for the county of Accomack, in the vacation of the said court, on the 2nd day of May, A. D., 1906.

William C. Watkinson and Jennie, his wife.....Plaintiffs.

against

Sarah E. Watkinson, Administratrix of William Watkinson, deceased, and the said Sarah E. Watkinson, in her own right, George T. Groton and Bettie F., his wife, in right of said wife, Minnie Chance, Robert Watkinson, Tibbie Watkinson, Minnie C. Parkes and Shelley Parkes, the last four of whom are infants under the age of twenty-one years..Defendants.

In Chancery.

The object of this suit is to partition the real estate of which William Watkinson died seized and possessed.

Affidavit having been made before the clerk of said court that Minnie Chance, one of the defendants in the above entitled cause is a non-resident of the State of Virginia, on the motion of the plaintiffs, by their attorneys, it is ordered that she, the said non-resident defendant, do appear here within fifteen days after due publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect her interests; and that this order be published once a week for four successive weeks in the "Peninsula Enterprise", a newspaper published at Accomack C. H., Virginia, and also posted at the front door of the courthouse of the said county on the third Monday in May, A. D., 1906.

Teste: John D. Grant, C. C.

A Copy:—

Teste: John D. Grant, C. C.

Rew & Rew, p. q.

Cemetery Notice.

Persons in Accomac and adjoining counties wishing to mark the grave of a relative or friend with a

Monument

TABLET, TOMB or HEADSTONE

in Marble or Polished Granite, can now do so at a very small outlay as we keep in stock a large collection of finished work of modern designs of the best workmanship and at the very lowest prices.

115 N. Liberty St. near Lexington also 31½ S. Charles St.

Gaddess Brothers,

Established Seventy-five Years.

Baltimore, Md.

To John S. Doughty and "Leander Wilcox and others."

You are hereby notified that at the sale of Delinquent Lands by the County Treasurer of Accomack county, Virginia, on the day of December, A. D., 1903, I, the undersigned, became the purchaser, at the price of eleven cents (11 cents) of twenty acres (20 A.) of a tract of land containing thirty acres (30 A.), charged to "Leander Wilcox and others," located 30 miles North of the Court House. Given under my hand this 7th day of March, A. D., 1906.

William J. Matthews.