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CONSIDER MERIT!

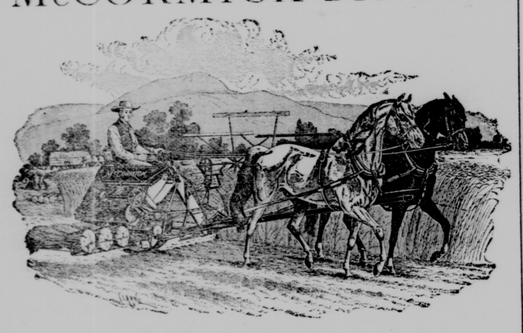
There are Binders and Binders,

BUT IT IS THE DUTY OF THE PURCHASER

TO LOOK INTO THEIR WORKINGS BEFORE BUYING.

THE POINTS OF SUPERIORITY IN THE

McCORMICK BINDER



KNOTTER ARE CLEARLY AND BRIEFLY STATED:

1—It is the simplest knotter made.

2—It never gets out of order; it always ties.

3—It uses any kind of twine from a linen thread to a bed-cord.

4—It saves twine on each bundle over any other knotter.

Finally—The buyer of a McCormick knows that his crop will be saved. There is a reliability about the McCormick that is worth money to its owners.

These Points are Quickly Understood and Appreciated.

THE LOWEST PRICES ON BINDER TWINE.

One of the most essential implements now is

THE CORN PLANTER.

We have the HAMILTON and the FARMER'S FRIEND.

They are accurate and easily managed. Farmers generally are buying them, and we will explain the many points which commend them to all.

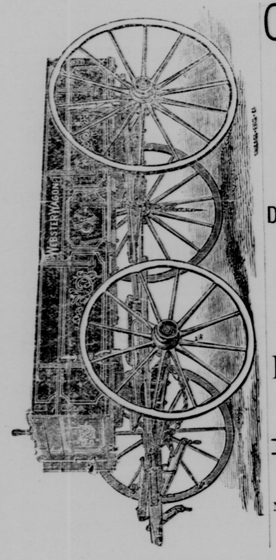
☞Let us have your orders early so that you may get them in time for planting.

BUY STANDARD PLOWS

—LIKE—

The Time-Tested Oliver Chilled.

Then you will never have any trouble about securing any particular part or piece which may in the course of time be needed.



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CULTIVATORS,

Disc Harrows, Hay Rakes, &c.

OUR STOCK

—OF—

FIELD SEEDS,

IMPLEMENTS,

HARNESS,

—EMBRACES—

Nearly everything needed about the farm—from a Wheat Machine to a Hand-Rake.

☞There are thousands of small articles in Building Hardware which would require a great deal more space to mention particularly. Suffice it to say that our stock is large and we are constantly adding to it.

☞Come to the Hardware and get our prices.

RICHARD T. CARTER,

Dealer in General Building and Agricultural Hardware,

DENTON, MD.

"FIRST IN THE FIELD."

As usual, we show the advance styles in wearing apparel for all Male Mankind. Our Progressive Business Methods, our acknowledged reliability and our long experience in catering successfully to the wants of Marylanders, have met with such substantial recognition that we are compelled to add as annex, the commodious warehouse, 6 and 8 S. Charles St., to our Big Stores, 6 and 7 W. Baltimore St., the two forming an L, surrounding Baltimore's busiest and most central corner. Our great Emporium is chock full of seasonable apparel from cellar to roof and more is constantly coming.

Quantity—unequalled!
Quality—unrivalled!
Neatness, Nobbiness, Elegance and Economy are all combined in our grand collection. You save the middleman's profit by buying from us, the Makers.

MEN'S CLOTHING.
Chaste and beautiful Spring Overcoats and Suits at $10, $12 and $15. Every garment, shows the evidence of our workmen's skill.

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One visit to our Juvenile Department will convince you that beauty and elegance of our stock are absolutely incomparable. Dainity Suits at $2.50, $3.50 and $5.

MERCHANT TAILORING DEPARTMENT.
Is crowded with thousands of fashionable patterns. Business Suits to order at $20 and $25.

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Contains all the newest shapes in Men's and Boy's Headgear. See our Derbys at $1.25 $1.49, $1.69, $1.98 and $2.49, all worth from 50c to $1 more.

FURNISHING DEPT.
There's a sight and stock that holds your eye and thought;—Neckwear in quality and style, the usual 75c and $1 grades, with us,—25 and 50c. Full lines Uunderwear, Shirts, &c.

Oehm's Acme Hall,

CLOTHIERS, HATTERS AND FURNISHERS,
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ANNEX, 6 & 8 S. CHARLES ST.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

☞Write for Samples and Price List.

WHY GO TO EASTON

To Get Your Spring Goods When You Can Find Them At Home?

HENRIETTAS,	6c	75c and $1.00	yard.
FRENCH SERGE,	75c	" 1.00	"
FRENCH REP,	1.00		"
WHIP CORDS,	35c		"
WORSTEDS,	25c	" 35c	"

Cotton Cashmeres and Bedford Cords, White and Black Embroidered and Fancy Colored Flouncings, from 28 cents to $1.50 per yard.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT

Of White Goods, French Ginghams, Swandownes, Outtings Calicoes, Shirtings, Percales, Cottonades, and Cassimeres. Also a nice line of Surahs, Faille Silks, Gimps, fine Laces, and a full line of Trimmings to match all goods. A complete and nobby stock of Gents' Top Shirts, Hats, Neckwear, Etc. Ladies' and Gents' fine handmade Shoes. Hardware, Lap Dusters, Horse Collars, Whips. Groceries, Provisions, Flour and Feed, Lime, Etc. Call and examine our stock before buying.

RESPECTFULLY YOURS,

KNOTTS & THOMPSON,
HILLSBOROUGH, MD.

BEAVEN, BLOXSOM & CO.,

—GENERAL—

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

FOR THE SALE OF

Grain, Fruit, Produce, Live Stock, Etc.,

3 W. CAMDEN ST. 3
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

☞Members of the Corn and Flour Exchange.

WANTED. A few good salesmen to take orders for a full line of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Small Fruits, Roses, Shrubs, etc. No experience necessary. References required. Good pay. Address, H. P. FREEMAN & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

A SLUMBER SONG.

I'll dream you stand outside the window,
My old whispering trees;
I'll dream you hum outside the window,
My old honey bees,
Till my peaceful spirit drowses
With your pleasant hum,
In and out your little houses,
As you go and come.
Gather me the honey of sleep,
Through the old, sweet, sunny light,
Where your hum is so sweet and deep—
Softer than this barren night.
Little, humming, golden bees,
Humming bees,
Hum me to slumber,
To slumber.

And from the sweet old summer garden,
Flashing to and fro,
And from the bright old summer garden,
Where the lilies blow,
From the hollyhocks' high chamber
Humming loud and low,
Where the morning glories clamber
As you come and go
From the old days fly to me,
Hum a dream around my brain,
Hum old sweetness drowsily,
And my old, soft sleep again;
Little, humming, golden bees,
Humming bees,
Hum me to slumber,
To slumber.
—Irene Putnam in Good Housekeeping.

A MOTHER'S ANXIETY.

Heartrending Absentmindedness Took Away the Pleasure of a Visit.

An up town woman accepted an invitation for one night for herself and husband to dine and sleep at the house of a friend in Morristown. That would be a simple enough affair to many persons, but to the woman in question it was an elaborate transaction, because she never left her children overnight. However, after getting her husband's sister to come up from Staten Island to stay, and making her brother, who lived with her, promise he would spend the evening at home in case any emergency should arise needing a man's assistance, the overdevoted mother felt a certain sense of security for the brief absence.

It was a consolation, too, to recall as she rode down town about 2 o'clock that the nurse had been with her for four years, and the cook and housemaid were tried and faithful servants as well. Still this did not prevent her meeting her husband with a torrent of suggestive anxieties, and the trip to the ferry was interlarded with frequent outbursts of exaggerated maternal fears.

They were in midstream, though, before the tragedy came. Mrs. A. had been sitting wrapped in deep thought for several seconds when suddenly her face took on an expression of agony, and clutching her husband's arm she exclaimed, "Oh, Frank!" in tones of such real distress that her husband thought she was about to faint.

"What is it?" he asked, greatly alarmed.

"Oh, I left the bathroom window open," she gasped, "and Harold sometimes strays in there, and the bar is off, you know. I thought it would not matter till summer, for the window is never open save under my supervision."

"Why is it open today, then?" the half angry, half anxious father inquired.

"I wanted to air the halls well before I left. I'm always so afraid of sewer gas, and Jessie might forget it. Oh, dear! I must go back at once," and the distracted woman started for the rear of the boat.

Her husband impatiently detained her.

"You can't swim back," he said grimly. "There's no use in your going back anyway. When we get across we'll send a dispatch to Jessie."

"But if she shouldn't get it," wailed the mother, who by this time saw the mangled form of her four-year-old stretched on the flags beneath the bathroom window, "hadn't we better send a messenger, and you could pay him extra to make him fly?"

Mr. A. thought this might be a difficult and expensive result to obtain, and persuaded his wife that electricity would be better. At the telegraph station her doubts arose again and considerable time was consumed discussing the efficiency of each method. Finally a "rushed" dispatch was sent, Mrs. A. writing it, and finding a degree of relief in underscoring some of the words:

Be *sure* to shut the bathroom window *at once*. Answer Morristown.

By this time the train they started for had gone, and a half hour's wait was cheerfully occupied by Mrs. A. in felicitating herself that she had left the family physician's telephone call with her sister-in-law Jessie and also with the nurse. They had barely reached their rooms after greeting their hostess, when a servant brought up a dispatch. Mr. A. tore the envelope and mastered its contents.

"Well," said his wife anxiously.

"'You did not leave it open. Jessie,'" read Mr. A.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

Agassiz the Teacher.

Agassiz was above all else a teacher. His mission in America was that of a teacher of science—of science in the broadest sense as the orderly arrangement of all human knowledge. He would teach people to know, not simply to remember or to guess. He believed that men in all walks of life would be more useful and more successful through the thorough development of the powers of observation and judgment. He would have the student trained through contact with real things, not merely exercised in the recollection of the book descriptions of things. "If you study nature in books," he said, "when you go out of doors you cannot find her."—Professor David Starr Jordan in Popular Science Monthly.

Does Humanity Degenerate if Left Alone?

We find no instance yet of the wolf evolving itself into life human, but we have instances of the human easily losing its most essential characteristics and taking on the type of the wolf. Does the human life left to itself find degradation more natural than development?—Rev. J. H. Seeley in Congregationalist.

A Money Making Photographer.

A West Side photographer is wealthy. How he made his fortune is worth telling.

Three years ago the artist noticed that when he got a lady sitter with a pair of small and elegant feet she generally liked to place herself so that her fairylike supports were just visible; while the lady with the large, misshapen hoofs and bulky hoofcases kept her feet out of sight every time.

From this he inferred that the latter person would much prefer to have two small and lovable trotters also, and if she had them she would want to display them; and then he conceived the inspiration of keeping feet on hand, and supplying them to customers who needed them.

He has a dozen pairs of them—small wooden feet with adorable boots on them. The lady with the generous extremities is planted in the chair with her massive limbs and copious boots hidden as far back as they can go without dislocating her knees, and then the artificial feet are carefully hooked on to the inner hem of her dress.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Maryland Duck Story.

Story telling was in order among the enthusiastic sportsmen of the Baltimore Gun club. Rufus A. Brainard related this experience: "When I was a boy I borrowed a flintlock gun, and was at Frog Morter shore shooting with my uncle. Early one morning I saw thousands of canvasback ducks close in shore. I ran to the blind, and leveling my gun I banged away. The ducks arose in a mass, and not one remained on the water. My uncle came to me and scolded me for not waiting for him. I saw something strike the water, looked up and noticed dead ducks falling through the air. You see the ducks were so closely massed that the live ones carried the dead ones up with them. We picked up forty-three ducks when all had dropped. Some crippled birds which could spread their wings were carried off by their fellows. There were lots of ducks in those days."

The claim of forty-three dead ducks showed that Mr. Brainard was up in shooting, as no gunner, when telling a story, ever kills an even number of ducks or birds.—Baltimore Sun.

He Had No String.

We were camped on the Bear river, in eastern Utah, when a prospector came along one morning on a mule. He had his jaw tied up and at first he seemed inclined to pass on without a word. On second thought, however, he halted and gruffly queried:

"How fur to Salt Lake?"

"Three hundred miles."

"Humph!"

"Traveled far?"

"About 200 miles."

"Get your jaw hurt?"

"No. It's just an infernal toothache, and I'm a-riding 500 miles to get it pulled."

We invited him down and one of the crowd got a piece of string around the tooth and jerked it out as slick as you please. After the overjoyed man had ceased dancing about I queried:

"Why didn't you try the string before starting out on such a long ride?"

"Best kind of reason, sir. I hadn't nary a string."—New York Telegram.

A Ludicrous Proceeding.

Among the Portuguese at Fayal, where I once spent a winter, the young gentlemen were expected to wear black trousers to parties in winter and white in summer, but to decide on which particular evening summer began was the point of difficulty; so the young men would sometimes go to the house in black, with the white garments under their arms, ready to peep in through the window and take a hasty census of black and white legs. If the latter prevailed they would make their toilet afresh in the bushes outside. It was not a matter of social caste, for they were all of the same caste; it was only a wish not to be singular.—Colonel Higginson in Harper's Bazar.

Two Ways to Win.

Messenger Boy (to comrade)—Say, the woman where I took a letter gimme a quarter.

"What for doin?"

"Nothin. She sed I was 'a little gentleman' for keepin my cap off in her house."

"Geewhitaker! five nickels for that!"

"Yes, but I didn't tell her the feller that sent the letter gimme a quarter to keep my cap off so's none of 'em in the house could spot my number."—New York Tribune.

The Benefit of the Doubt.

Mrs. Gadabout—What made you say that Mrs. Youngwife's baby was pretty and resembled its grandmother? You never saw her and the baby is homely.

Mrs. Readytongue—I dare not say that it looked like its father or mother, so I gave its grandmother the benefit of the doubt.—Westfield (N. J.) Leader.

Sight and Smell in a Cat.

A few simple experiments with a cat will convince any one that she cannot distinguish a hand, with empty fingers, held toward her, from one containing any not too odoriferous edible. A bull makes no distinction between the display of a red pocket handkerchief and the shedding of blood.—London Globe.

A Good Place for an Iceman.

One of the hottest regions in the United States is along the line of the Southern Pacific railroad in Arizona. At Bagdad the thermometer has been known to stand as high as 140 in the shade for days in succession. The ticket agent at Bagdad says that he has seen the mercury standing at 128 on the cool side of the depot building at midnight.—St. Louis Republic.

QUALIFICATIONS OF A PREACHER.

First of All He Should Be a Manly Man.

First of all he should be a manly man. He should have that within him that would lift him to the consciousness of a noble manhood. Allowing that God is that intelligent personality that we conceive him to be, we must admit that in seeking his preachers he chooses men who, as a rule, are men of such reputation and character. The preacher must be a partaker of the life he offers to his people. God has a process in saving souls, and all who would enter his kingdom must do so through the portal of his methods. This is accomplished through the intelligence of a man. God works by method.

A man to be a preacher must be more than a manly man. There are thousands of men who are as manly men as ever stood in the pulpit, and yet they have no right on the platform. God selects his preacher and makes known the fact to the person selected and to others, making the ministry a divine vocation. The prime essential is that the man should have a call. God's method in dealing with men is to deal with them as rational beings and to reach them through the intellect. Hence the men who are called to do his work should be men who can present what they have to say in such form as to appeal to the intelligence of man. They must be able to understand the environment and circumstances of the people they address, and to know the obstructions that lie in the way of truth. It is the duty of the pulpit to reach the mind through all possible paths of knowledge.

No man can look into the great questions of religion intelligently that does not think of God through his works and manifestations, and it is the function of the preacher to penetrate as far as any other man into the mysteries of God. It is the business of the preacher to remove doubts from the minds of others, and to open up their minds to the reception of the truths of the Gospel. The preacher must absorb all possible knowledge, so that, touch him where you may, you will find him electric with knowledge.—Bishop R. S. Foster.

Christian Conduct.

Oftentimes a young Christian may be puzzled about how he should act as a Christian. I have this much to say—one who is very anxious to do God's will, and is prayerful and reads his Bible daily, is not often troubled by this question. We must take it for granted that everybody who is a Christian wants to do the will of Christ.

The New Testament furnishes general rules for Christian conduct. The whole law is, love to God and love to man. This comprehends everything. We give some rules founded on the Scriptures:

Do nothing if you doubt its being right. "Whatsoever is not of faith is sin."

If there is something you want to do which would do you no harm, but might lead a weaker brother into sin, dare not do it. "Wherefore, if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth."

Do not place yourself in a false position. "Abstain from all appearance of evil."

Do nothing in thought, word or deed on which you cannot ask God's blessing. "Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him."

The work of a Christian, as it is described in the Bible, looks fitter for the angel than for a fallen man; but the fallen, weak man has more than the sufficiency of an angel for the discharge of it—his sufficiency is of God.—Rev. W. Jay.

Fervor Needed in the Pulpit.

A very distinguished lawyer once said to me: "If I had a student in my office who was not in more earnest to win his first ten dollar suit before a justice of the peace than some ministers seem to be in trying to save souls, I would kick such a student out of my office." That lawyer voiced the popular judgment. Men demand of us ministers of Christ that, whatever else we are, we shall be in earnest. A discourse that is very moderate in scholarship or intellectual stature may be prodigiously powerful if the man who utters it is under the baptism of fire from heaven. "Is the pulpit in these days losing its power?" Yes, wherever it loses that holy passion for souls that is kindled by the Holy Spirit. But the humblest pulpit may be strong when the strength of Jesus Christ is put into it, and when the thermometer of the preacher's heart is up to blood heat! There is not a doctrine in God's Word that ought to be preached coldly; and the minister who puts his own soul into his sermons is the man who will bring souls to Jesus Christ.—Theodore L. Cuyler in Christian at Work.

All Around Men.

Let those who really want to be all around men make time and opportunity to train their bodies to strength and health. They will find it easier to withstand temptation and face the evil about them. They will be able to do the work of God among men with more power and larger results. For the world wants men of iron, who have gone safely through the fire and can endure hardness. It wants men who can do a huge day's work and be none the worse for it. It wants men who can stand firm and stand together and fight against evil with the consciousness of a pure life and a seeing faith. It wants men like the master himself, of whom it has been said that "He was ready for every duty because he came up with it strengthened by the perfect discharge of the duty preceding it." Such men shall have the victory.—St. Andrew's Cross.

A Poor Relief.

It is a poor relief from sorrow to fly to the distractions of the world. As well might a lost and wearied bird, suspended over the abyss of the tempestuous ocean, seek a resting place on its topmost wave, as the child of sorrow seek a place of repose amid the bustling cares and intoxicating pleasures of earth and time.—Dr. Spring.

Conscience.

Conscience is either the best friend on earth or the greatest enemy on earth. And man had better have all the world against him than have his conscience against him, and if all the world be against a man, yet if his conscience be for him, if his conscience befriend him, it will enable him to bear up with comfort.—Samuel Slater.

Working His Own Head.

"Yes," said the old Georgia colonel, "I think that up to the age of fourteen the colored children learn quite as well as the white; better, perhaps, but there they seem to come to a halt.

"I recall a boy I owned before the war, who was as sharp as a steel trap and a great pet of myself and family. At the time of the incident I am about to relate he was about ten years of age, and so full of mischief that it bubbled out of him.

"Whenever he broke out of bounds and got unbearable I sent him with a note to the overseer, with instructions to flog him, always indicating the weight and number of stripes.

"Seeing the unfavorable consequences of carrying that bit of paper to the overseer, he said to me one day:

"'Massa, ken dat papah talk?'

"'It can,' I replied. 'It tells when you are idle and won't work.'

"'But you don't nebbah work, ez I seez,' he said.

"'Oh,' I replied, 'I work with my head and that is the hardest kind of work.'

"The next time I gave the boy a note to take to the overseer, he went off stroking his forehead.

"I soon learned that he had destroyed the paper instead of delivering it. So I called him up and asked him why he had not obeyed me.

"'Wa'al, maussa,' said the boy with a twinkle in his eyes, 'I'ze done been doin some t'inkin fo' myse'f, an I'ze allowed az how I'd start in an work wid my head too!'"—New York Advertiser.

Pronunciation in Our Schools.

I would like to call attention to a matter of which I may be very ignorant. I refer to the education of our children in the public schools. Some of my children attend Public School No. 39, and I very often hear them pronounce very familiar words in an outlandish way, the queer thing about the matter being that, in speaking to people whose education was taught them at a later day than my own, they tell me that they were instructed to pronounce the words as I will try and illustrate, the funny point being that they spell after the words as I was taught thirty-six years ago in the public schools. Here are some of the words: For dog they must say doag, for new, neuw; for doll, dol; neighs, nays; soft, saft; wrong, wrang; long, lang; wrench, rentze; fast, faast; Newfoundland, Neuw Findland; New York, Neuw Yark, etc.

Now, what's the benefit or use in teaching children pronunciations which they do not apply in after life?—F. Forster in New York Sun.

Hackney Cabs in London.

The growth of hackney cabs in London has been of late years enormous. At the beginning of Charles I's reign there were only twenty on the street ranks, and a proclamation was issued for the suppression even of them. They continued, however, to be more and more hired from the jobmasters, and "the king's majesty" accordingly took into his consideration "the restraint of excessive carriages to the destruction of the highways," and also "to the great disturbance of the king, queen and nobility."

No coach was thenceforth permitted to be hired in London for any distance short of three miles out of town, "save by persons who shall constantly keep four sufficient able horses for his majesty's service whensoever his majesty's occasion shall require them." The judges always rode on horseback to Westminster in all weathers.—Illustrated London News.

An Untruthful Boy's Work.

Pretty Teacher (severely)—Did your mother write this excuse?

Bad Boy—Yes'm.

Pretty Teacher—Humph! It looks very much like one of your scrawls.

Bad Boy—Mamma wrote it; but, please ma'm, she had sister Jennie in one arm, crying with a bumped head, and brother Willie in the other with a cut finger, and a lot of sewing on her lap, and she was rocking the cradle with her knees and she had to write with her toes.

Pretty Teacher (in the evening)—I am very sorry, Mr. Poorchapp, but I have changed my mind. I shall never marry.—Good News.

Rubber Shoes and Chest Protectors.

Rubber shoes and arctics during wet and snowy weather will serve to keep the feet dry and warm. The so-called chest protectors and all articles intended to cover only certain parts of the body with thick flannel are not desirable, as they render such an area very sensitive to cold.—Babyhood.

Five Young Rulers.

The five youngest sovereigns in Europe are William II of Germany, thirty-two years; Carlos I of Portugal, twenty-eight years; Alexander I of Servia, fifteen years; Wilhelmina of Holland, eleven years, and Alphonse XIII of Spain, five years.—Exchange.

Inflamed Eyes from a Lamp.

Eyes are sometimes inflamed by being held too near the heat of a lamp, and relief may be obtained by shading the eyes with any old scrap of green paper, such as handbills are sometimes printed on.—Hall's Journal of Health.

A Horse's Strength.

The average weight of a horse is 1,000 pounds; his strength is equivalent to that of five men. In a horse mill moving at three feet per second, track twenty-five feet diameter, he exerts with the machine the power of 4½ horses. The greatest amount a horse can pull in a horizontal line is 900 pounds, but he can only do this momentarily; in continued exertion probably half of this is the limit.—Humane World.

COLLEGE MEN AT A DISCOUNT.

Frank Advice from a Sensible Sister Aided One Young Fellow to Get a Start.

He was a college bred youth, and after graduation came the question of how he was to make his living. He had the right stuff in him, though at first it was pretty well hidden by the high opinion he held of his own capacity.

A farmer's son, with no influential friends to assist him in obtaining a situation, he found himself alone in Boston. He presented himself at business offices, wrote letters in answer to advertisements, sought interviews with men prominent in commercial and banking circles, but was everywhere met with refusal. At last he began to grow despondent and to wonder what a college education was good for anyhow.

He now sought the advice of an old maid sister, his senior by many years, whose experiences in the world had made her thoroughly practical. She questioned him closely as to how he made application for a position, how he approached an employer, what he said of himself, etc. When the young man had answered, she said:

"It's just as I supposed, John. You didn't ask for a place as an employee at all. Your method is more like demanding that the employer turn over his entire business to you. You'll have to go about the thing differently. Don't attach so much importance to your college acquirements. Collegians nowadays are as thick as huckleberries down east, and some of them are working for a mere song.

"Don't say to a man from whom you expect a situation, 'My dear sir, if there is an existing vacancy in your establishment I shall be glad to fill it, being assured that my qualifications will enable me to assume any position you may have to offer.' Just believe that there are a few things left which you don't know, and make your application accordingly."

John was sensible, and saw the force of his sister's remarks. His next request for a situation was couched in more modest terms than the others, and his college training was not mentioned until the very last part of the interview, when it was drawn out by the employer's own questions.

He got that situation after a few days without further trouble. That was several years ago, and today he holds a much better position in the same establishment.

Only the other day John repeated his sister's advice to a recent graduate from his alma mater, at the same time relating his own experience.—Boston Herald.

Hardy Meat Eaters.

Many races of men live entirely on animal food, and these are the most hardy, and from all I have been able to gather on the subject the most free from diseases of all kinds. Sir Francis Head says of the Pampas Indians: "They are all horsemen, or rather pass their lives on horseback. In spite of the climate, which is burning hot in summer and freezing in winter, these brave men, who have never yet been subdued, are entirely naked, and have not even a covering for their head. They live together in tribes, each of which is governed by a cacique, but they have no fixed place of residence. Where the pasture is good they are to be found until it is consumed by their horses, and they then instantly move to a more verdant spot. They have neither bread, fruit nor vegetables, but they subsist entirely on the flesh of their mares."—Gentleman's Magazine.

Electricity in Modern Warships.

In modern warships electricity is playing a very important part. The commanding officer, who sits in his conning tower, has at his disposal every electrical device known, and by the pressure of a button can make his wishes known to every part of the vessel, as well as direct its movements mechanically. Now, by a new application, the fighters on the Miantonomoh can blow away the smoke from their eyes, and it may not be long ere some invention is patented by which they may blow this smoke into the eyes of their enemies.—Electricty.

A New Jersey Sweet Apple.

Nature must have been in a humorous mood when she made the Sweet Greening. She has turned out an apple which is peculiar to itself. This variety is large and firm. Its coat is a very pale, yellowish green, sometimes almost white. It is rather sticky, but the skin is thin and tender. The best way to eat it is to rinse it in lukewarm water and bite it off without peeling it. If peeled and quartered it will not taste half so good.

This variety is grown almost altogether in Monmouth county, N. J. Nearly all of the crops are shipped to the New York market. The greater part of each crop is consumed in this city.—New York Evening Sun.

America as Taught in Foreign Schools.

It is said that American girls who have been educated abroad never grow to look with respect upon the land of their birth and its institutions. Brought up in the midst of the pageantry of monarchical conditions they grow to love the splendor and deem the simplicity of American customs barren. American history is insufficiently taught, American customs ridiculed by tales in which they are shown distorted by the fancy of the narrator. Even the geography of this country is neglected.—Philadelphia Press.

Agricultural Brevities.

Paint the tools and they will last longer.

Irregular feeding makes an uneven fiber of wool.

Numbered with potatoes that are everywhere receiving commendation are the varieties Rural New Yorker No. 2 and the Thorburn potato.