DENTON JOURNAL.

1845 A Family Newspaper:—Devoted to Local and General Intelligence, Agriculture and Advertising.—Independent on all Subjects.—Subscription, One Dollar per Annum, in Advance. 1893.

VOL. 48. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 7, 30, 1893. NO. 1.

A CARLOAD OF SALT

JUST RECEIVED!

$1.25 ◁SELLING RAPIDLY▷ SACK

◁HART'S SUGAR-CURED HAMS▷

15 CENTS PER POUND.

BONELESS SHOULDER, 13 CENTS A POUND.

THESE MEATS UNSURPASSED.

JAS. H. SMITH, RIDGELY, MD.

W. W. TUNIS & BRO. LUMBER COMPANY

MANUFACTURERS,

TUNIS MILLS, MD.

The Largest Plant on the Eastern Shore.

LUMBER

—AND—

BUILDING MATERIALS.

Offers

GREAT INDUCEMENTS

FLOORING, SIDING, SHINGLES, SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, AND EVERYTHING IN THE

◁LUMBER - BUSINESS▷

☞Estimates given and orders filled promptly.

Those who expect to build will find it to their advantage to deal direct with us. Our treasurer, R. S. Fountain, will call to see you and give an estimate any time if you so desire.

W. W. TUNIS & BRO. LUMBER CO.

AMERICUS BRAND

FERTILIZERS.

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST.

WILLIAMS & CLARK FERTILIZER CO.,

manufacture Pure Animal Bone Fertilizers. Farmers who try them use no other. They are manufactured with special reference to results in the field. While we show as high analysis as any competitor on standard goods yet we do not try to pull the farmers in by showing a

HIGH ANALYSIS ON PAPER ALONE.

We always give farmers the agricultural value to put into field, and the

Analysis in the Half-Bushel, when the crop is Harvested.

We guarantee all goods to be fine and dry. Try them.

WILLIAMS & CLARK FERTILIZER CO.,
81 Fulton Street, New York.

CHAS. F. SMITH,
GENERAL AGENT,
RIDGELY, MD.

THOMAS C. HACKETT,

QUEEN ANNE, MARYLAND.

DEALER IN HARDWARE, MACHINERY, PLOWS, STOVES, CARRIAGES, CARTS,

BUILDING AND LAND LIME,

Hair, Cement, Bricks, Tiles, Fertilizers, Etc., Etc.

SCOTT'S SURE GROWTH FERTILIZERS

WRIGHTSVILLE LAND LIME.

I. H. Sheppard & Co's Stoves, Lerbrandt & McDowell's Cooking and Heating Stoves. "Oilgas" Stoves, needed in every house during the warm weather, does away with the big cook stoves which make almost unbearable so many dwellings during the heated term. It vaporizes and burns common coal oil, and is free from odors. It is cheapest; it is best. No housekeeper should fail to buy one. Paints, Oils, Brushes, Cutlery, Oliver and Syracuse Chilled Plows. ☞CASH BARGAINS! 6 10 yr

J. H. MEDAIRY. GEO. R. MEDAIRY.

J. H. MEDAIRY AND CO.,

BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS, LITOHGRAPHERS AND PRINTERS.

No. 5 North Howard Street, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

☞Bank Books Made to Order in any Style.

Notice.

As my wife, Mrs. Mollie E. Hubbard, has left my home, the public is cautioned not to trust her on my account, as I will pay no bills contracted by her.

WM. E. HUBBARD,
9 16 1m Linchester, Md.

We have just received a large stock of

FURNITURE,

Spring and Woven Wire Mattresses.
Prices are right.

I. T. SAULSBURY,
Ridgely, Md.

JOB PRINTING

—SUCH AS—

HANDBILLS, CIRCULARS,
HANDBILLS, CIRCULARS,
HANDBILLS, CIRCULARS,
HANDBILLS, CIRCULARS,
HANDBILLS, CIRCULARS.

BILLHEADS,
BILLHEADS,
BILLHEADS,
BILLHEADS,
BILLHEADS,

LEGAL FORMS,
LEGAL FORMS,
LEGAL FORMS,
LEGAL FORMS,
LEGAL FORMS,

CARDS,
CARDS,
CARDS,
CARDS,
CARDS,

TICKETS,
TICKETS,
TICKETS,
TICKETS,
TICKETS,

AND ALL KINDS OF

PLAIN AND FANCY
PLAIN AND FANCY
PLAIN AND FANCY
PLAIN AND FANCY
PLAIN AND FANCY

JOB WORK
JOB WORK
JOB WORK
JOB WORK
JOB WORK

EXECUTED WITH

NEATNESS AND DISPATCH
NEATNESS AND DISPATCH
NEATNESS AND DISPATCH

AT THE

LOWEST RATES.
LOWEST RATES.
LOWEST RATES.

DRUGS, MEDICINES, STATIONERY, GROCERIES!

HAVING purchased the Drug and Grocery business of Messrs. T. M. Cooper & Son, I have reopened with a new line of Drugs, Confectioneries and Groceries, which I will sell at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

We have in stock a full line of Staple Groceries, such as—

Sugar, Meats, Lard, Coffee,

Etc., which we are prepared to sell at prices to suit the times.

We propose to keep in stock a full line of Prescription Drugs and Standard Patent Medicines.

DR. GEORGE M. FISHER, a thoroughly competent druggist and physician will have charge of the Drug Department.

W. E. BROWN,
MAIN STREET,
DENTON, - MARYLAND.

THE
MARYLAND STEAMBOAT CO

1893—FALL SCHEDULE.—1893.

BALTIMORE, THIRD HAVEN AND GREAT CHOPTANK RIVER ROUTE.

The magnificent side-wheel iron steamers Ida and Joppa will leave alternately daily, except Saturday, as follows:

Denton, 12.30 p. m.; Lyford's, 1.00 p. m.; Williston, 1.10; Two Johns, 1.15; Dover Bridge, 2.00; Medford's, 2.45; Oyster Shell Point, 3.30; Cambridge, 5.20, Oxford, 6.30; Double Mills, 7; Easton, 9; Oxford, 10; Corner's, 10.30; Tilghman's, 11.15, arriving in Baltimore early following mornings.

Returning, leave Pier 4 Light Street Wharf daily, except Sunday, at 9 p. m., for the landings named, connecting at Easton with Dela. & Chesapeake railroad and at Cambridge with the Cambridge & Seaford Railroad.

Freight taken at low rates and carefully handled. Grain bags furnished and grain delivered at elevators.

JAMES E. BYRD, Sec. & Treas.
Office, 302 Light St., Baltimore.
Z. HUTCHINSON, Agent at Denton.

The Van Wagoner
PATENT WIRE FARM FENCE

LAND-OWNERS AND FARMERS!

The undersigned offers for sale the Best Serviceable Farm Fence on the market. It is built of galvanized wire, (especially annealed for this fence) of 8 strands, with 5 wooden pickets woven across per rod, which makes the fence very stiff, prevents all saging, and turns all stock effectually. This fence has complete ratchet device for each wire, whereby the tension is under perfect control, and the only fence on the market here where the natural stretch can be taken up quickly. PRICE PER ROD, 65 CENTS, put up on your land with conditions. Call on R. T. CARTER, Denton, Md., for further explanation.

County, district and farm rights for sale. Apply to JOSEPH GUEST, Manager for Co., Chestertown, Md.

☞See sample in front of Court House, Denton, Md. 6 17 tf.

Look at our line of

FLY NETS, LAP DUSTERS, HORSE SHEETS,

Before you buy.

Prices Will Please You.

I. T. SAULSBURY, Ridgely.

For Rent.

The Brick Hotel, Denton, is for rent for the year 1894. Possession will be given before if desired. J. H. VANGESEL.

The Heavy Heart.

And slight withal may be the things which bring
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
Aside forever; it may be a sound,
A tone of music, summer's eve, or spring,
A flower, the wind, the ocean, which shall wound;
Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound.

—Byron.

THREE ON A BENCH.

The Boy Had a Future, the Crook a Past; the Vagrant Had Nothing.

It was 3 o'clock in the morning. The electric lights were still blazing in the silence of Madison square. A number of shabby figures slumbered or moved about on the seats beneath the trees of the park. On a bench beside the little fountain sat a group that arrested my attention. Three figures were reclining here with their heads and shoulders almost touching one another. One was but little more than a boy. A bundle done up in a calico handkerchief was in his hand. His sunburned face and his sturdy shoulders gave evidence that he was from the country—probably a farmhand who had trudged in to try his luck in the city. His boots were covered with red clay. He was leaning against a thin figure clad in somewhat shabby garments.

This man possessed a dark and sinister countenance. He was restless, and his hands, which were thin and white, twitched nervously in his sleep. His lips moved spasmodically. His was an evil conscience. There was plainly a shady side to his past life. Here were deceit and honesty side by side. Next to the dark man slumbered a very old and decrepit one. He was clad in a linen duster. A battered gray hat sat on his head, and his toes were peeping out from the tips of his worn shoes. The face of this old fellow was seamed with deep and careworn wrinkles. His hair and beard were snowy white. He was possessed of a palsy that made him tremble constantly as he lay dozing. It was youth, manhood and old age—typical of life.

These three reclined here in a stolen sleep. A park policeman came gliding along from the distance through the twilight of the trees. He crept along like a gray ghost on the lookout for those weary souls who were transgressing the law by surreptitious slumber. His eye lighted with satisfaction as he beheld the three figures on the bench. "You see that seedy fellow in the middle?" he whispered. "That's Tony McElroy, who cracked three safes over in Jersey City last summer. I spotted him at once by his mug. He just come out of the pen last Tuesday."

The officer seized the crook by the collar and shook him till his teeth rattled. The noise awakened the boy, who grasped the situation at once. Seizing his bundle he skurried like a rabbit across the grass toward Twenty-third street. Once feeling himself safe he stretched his limbs and began to whistle cheerfully. The crook arose and stood in sullen silence a few moments until the policeman pushed him on. He thrust his hands into his pockets, humped up his shoulders and shambled up the avenue. The old vagrant tottered to his feet. He was dazed, and it took him quite awhile to collect his senses. He shuffled across the square with bowed head. He scanned the buildings and the streets about him with a hopeless, helpless glance that was pathetic to see. Then he, too, vanished in the gray of breaking dawn.

The boy had a life of hope before him, the crook had a past behind him, but the old vagrant had neither past nor future.
—New York Recorder.

A Legend About Lacemaking.

Lacemaking is by no means so old an industry as most persons suppose. There is no proof that it existed previously to the fifteenth century, and the oldest known painting in which it appears is a portrait of a lady in the academy at Venice, painted by Caspaccio, who died about 1528. The legend concerning the origin of the art is as follows: A young fisherman of the Adriatic was betrothed to a young and beautiful girl of one of the isles of the lagoon. Industrious as she was beautiful, the girl made a new net for her lover, who took it with him on board his boat. The first time he cast it into the sea he dragged therefrom an exquisite petrified wrack grass which he hastened to present to his fiancee. But war breaking out the fisherman was pressed into the service of the Venetian navy. The poor girl wept at the departure of her lover and contemplated his last gift to her. But while absorbed in following the intricate tracery of the wrack grass she began to twist and plait the threads weighted with small beads which hung around her net. Little by little she wrought an imitation of the petrification, and thus was created the bobbin lace.—Washington Star.

Rich Sap From Maple Trees.

The more uneven, rocky and ledgy the land and the drier the soil, except where cold springs abound, the better are the products of the maple. Trees standing in or near cold springs will discharge the most and the sweetest sap. I am acquainted with one tree standing by a spring, seven quarts of whose sap will make a pound of nice white sugar. The richness of this sap will be realized when it is remembered that it takes 16 quarts of average sap to make a pound. The black maple is the richest for sap of any variety. Our poorest sugar orchards give us about two pounds of sugar to the tree, while our best ones yield five and six pounds a tree. I have heard of a few extra orchards yielding 7, 8 and 10 pounds to the tree, and one extraordinary one that has yielded 16 pounds to a tree. The quantity of sugar that can be made from single trees in one season of six weeks at most will depend on many circumstances.

The more spouts put into a tree the more sap is obtained and the more sugar is made. From the tree already referred to as standing near a cold spring there were made 30¾ pounds in one season with two spouts, which emptied into the same tub. They were set in holes bored 1½ inches deep with a three-eighths bit. Another tree I have known of yielded 30 pounds, and a third 28. Still another tree was tapped with 10 spouts, and 50 pounds of sugar were made, but it killed the tree.—Timothy Wheeler in Garden and Forest.

Menu For a Pink Tea.

Thin slices of lean, boiled ham, light bread, fresh butter, beet pickles, stewed Indian peaches, stewed apples flavored with cinnamon, a dish of watermelon, rose cake, pink layer cake, raspberries and cream, sugared cherries, tea and milk.

LEADERS AND RULERS.

How Some Common Names and Titles Came to Be Applied.

There are heaps of history in titles. For instance, take that of the "prince of Wales." This title is always given to the eldest son of the ruler reigning over England, and it came in this way:

Wales is now part of the kingdom of Great Britain, as Ireland and Scotland are. But once for a long time Wales was a separate kingdom. At last the English conquered it, and then after that there were always plots and rebellions among the Welsh people. By and by an English king went with his queen into Wales to see if the Welsh were ill treated, and if they were to try to make things easier and pleasanter for them. The Welsh nobles and leaders all came together to meet their English king and to complain to him.

But the king gave them no chance to speak. He rose and told them he had heard they wanted a prince of their own, and that he meant to give them one—a born Welshman and speaking no other language.

Then, as the Welsh joyfully cheered as loud as they could, he fetched out his baby son, born the night before in the Welsh castle, and of course the baby could "speak no other language," as he was not able to speak at all. Ever since the eldest son of the English royal family has been called the "prince of Wales." That ruler deserved his own title "king," for "king" is a word that comes from "koenig," which means a "wise" or "knowing man." I suppose the first rulers—the heads or kings of small tribes—came to be so by "knowing more," by being "wiser," than the other men of the tribe.

"Czar" and "kaiser" both came from the Latin word "cæsar," the title of the great conquering Roman rulers, whose only law was their own will.

The czar of Russia and the young Kaiser William of Germany have much more power over their subjects than the queen of England has over the people of England. "Sultan" is another such title, and it comes from an Arabic word, which means "absolute lord."

Grover Cleveland's title, "president," means one appointed to sit before or over others. It comes from the two Latin words "præ," which means "before," and "sideo," which means "to sit." The title shows that the president's business is to sit before or above the lawmakers and carry out and execute the laws they frame. This is why the president is sometimes called the "chief executive."

"Captain" means "head man." It comes from the word "caput," which means "the head." "Colonel" comes from the same Latin root word as "column," and the title no doubt rose from the regimental practice of marching or attacking in column, with their commander at the head.

As to the two titles "democrat" and "republican," when a small boy hears them he generally thinks of one or the other of those political parties as the people who are not of his father's way of thinking. It will do him no harm to know exactly what each of these party titles really means.

"Democrat" comes from the Greek word "demos," which means "the people," and from "kratos," which means "power." So a "democrat" is one who believes in the power or sovereignty of the people, each acting as nearly as may be for himself.

"Republican" comes from the Latin words "res publica," which mean "for the common good."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Self Medication as a Science.

Imagination has too much to do with a man's practice on himself. One who reads the little textbook on physiology in the schools will immediately discern in every rumble of his intestines the kind of action the gastric juices are taking on the food that has gone into the stomach, and he soon becomes, if he pushes his investigation further, a monomaniac on hygiene. It is true that a man or woman who has arrived at the age of 40 years ought to be able to decide at a glance the kind of food suited best to their digestive organs, and experience ought to teach them never to touch any food that disagrees with them. This is true also of drinking. When a man is 40 years of age, he ought to understand himself sufficiently to guard against all imprudences in either eating or drinking or working, but that is about all he ought to know about it. He expects to be employed as an expert on others in his own line of study, and he ought to be willing to reciprocate by employing a physician when he is sick.
—Austin Statesman.

A Large Cross In an English Church.

The largest cross in any church in this country is the "Great Rood," which the Duke of Newcastle presented to the Church of St. Albans, Holborn. It is an enormous crucifix, the cross of which is over 25 feet in height, and hangs suspended from the chancel arch. The cross itself is colored dead olive green, and the arms have terminals of flower-de-luce and Tudor roses. The sacred figure is painted and gilt, while on either side stand presentments of St. John the Divine and the Virgin as "the Mater Dolorosa." The idea of the work has been chiefly borrowed from the rood crosses to be seen still at St. Peter's, Louvain, and at Oplinter in Brabant.—London Tit-Bits.

In Kentucky Jurors Must Be Able to Read.

Circuit Judge Green in a murder trial at Williamstown decided that not being able to read disqualified a person from sitting on a jury. It is the first time the question has been raised we believe. Section 225 of the criminal code provides: "The court shall, on motion of either party, and before argument to the jury, instruct the jury on the law applicable to the case, which shall always be given in writing." Congressman Dickerson made the point that each juryman should be able to read the instructions himself, and if he could not do this he was disqualified. The judge sustained the objection.—Greenup (Ky.) Gazette.

A Forcible Way of Putting It.

A nautical term comes with a kind of a shock in art criticism, but there was a certain pertinency in the remark of the good mayor of Gloucester, Mass., who said, speaking of the picture of a predecessor in his office, that it was a pretty good likeness, but with a man of his style of features a profile view would never be as effective as though it were taken a little more "head on."—New York Times.

An Anecdote of Lord Lytton.

Many years ago when the elder Bulwer was in his prime a laborer on the estate was engaged to do a certain job of hard work. At the end of a week he carried his account to the bailiff, who said a week's work was worth 3 shillings and 6 pence. The man insisted that this was not enough and refused to settle, and every time he met the bailiff he would stop him and ask him for his money. Finally the bailiff became angry, discharged the man and refused to allow any farmer on the estate to hire him.

The man was forced to leave the neighborhood, but he was too poor to move any great distance, so that he was still within the circuit of the bailiff's ill will. Wherever he went this pursued him, and his life in consequence was a hard one. But all the time he kept telling his family and his friends that some day he would get the money which the Bulwer Lytton estate owed him.

He was well on in years, when one day he met a man in the road. It was the some time poet Owen Meredith, now come to the title, and English embassador to France, at home on a visit.

"You are Lord Lytton, I believe," he said respectfully.

"Yes."

"Then, if you please, I should like you to pay an account which has been due me for a long time."

Lord Lytton looked at the account, and at his request the man told the whole story. The poet was very much affected and disturbed. Then he said:

"Well, I will do what I can to make it up to you."

He was as good as his word. He built a house at the gates of the park, put the man and his family into it, and gave it to them rent free, with other perquisites, so that he was entirely comfortable for the remainder of his days.—Hartford Courant.

The Wily Chinee.

A German Jew who keeps a pawnbroker's shop in Sydney is blessed with one daughter, who now and then keeps shop while her father attends sales on the lookout for bargains. During the temporary absence of old Moses recently a meek looking Chinaman walked into the shop and asked Rachel to show him some "welly good watches."

Rachel handed down four from the shelf at the end of the counter marked respectively, "$50 watch," "$40 watch," "$30 watch" and "$10 watch," and arranged them in a line on the counter in the order of their value.

John inspected them, and taking advantage of Rachel's momentary inattention slipped the $10 watch into the place occupied by the $40 watch and handed over a $10 note saying:

"I takee cheapee watchee."

Shortly afterward Rachel detected the swindle and sought refuge in tears. On the return of old Moses she related the misadventure with many protestations of concern.

"Never mind, mine tear," said the father, with a dry chuckle, "dose vatches were all de same brice—$6—but vat a scoundrel dot Shinaman must pe, don'd he?"—London Tit-Bits.

The Cause of Geysers.

Bunsen has explained the periodical eruption of geysers in such a satisfactory manner that doubt is no longer possible. A cavern filled with water lies deep in the earth under the geyser, and the water in this cavern is heated by the earth's internal heat far above 212 degrees, since there is a heavy hydrostatic pressure upon it arising from the weight of water in the passage or natural standpipe that leads from the subterranean chamber of the surface of the earth.

After a time the temperature of the water below rises, so that steam is given off in spite of the pressure, and the column in the exit tube is gradually forced upward. The release of pressure and the disturbance of the water then cause the contents of the subterranean chamber to flash into steam and expel the contents of the exit pipe violently. These eruptions may also be provoked by throwing stones or clods of turf into the basin of the geyser. The water in the cavern below is disturbed by this means.—Great Divide.

Newspapers and the Love of Books.

It is not any more true in England than it is in this country that the reading of newspapers is spoiling the taste for books. Never in any other generation were there as large editions of books of knowledge and thought printed and sold as there are in this one. The figures given in the reports of the British and American book trade are amazing, especially as regards books of the highest erudition, the deepest cogitation and the wisest counsel. As many as 50,000 copies of Mr. Bryce's "American Commonwealth" have already been sold in this country and England. The works of the great authors of the past, too, are more in demand than they ever were before. It is ignorance to say that good newspapers spoil the taste for books. They promote the love of the best books.—New York Sun.

Showing That Plants Can See.

Can plants see? Darwin gave it as his opinion that some of them can, and an Indian botanist relates some curious incidents which tend to verify the belief. Observing one morning that the tendrils of a convolvulus on his veranda had decidedly leaned toward his legs as he lay in an attitude of repose, he tried a series of experiments with a long pole, placing it in such a position that the leaves would have to turn away from the light in order to reach it. In every case he found that the tendrils set themselves visibly toward the pole and in a very few hours had twined themselves closely around it.—London Public Opinion.

A Scientific Fact.

A lady asked an astronomer if the moon was inhabited.

"Madam," he replied, "I know of one moon in which there is always a man and a woman."

"Which is that?"

"The honeymoon."—Journal Amusant.

In Mrs. Bismarck's House.

The Princess Bismarck conducts her house on the most delightful free and easy plan. Breakfast is served at all hours in the morning, each member of the family and each guest appearing only when ready. Dinner is supposed to be served at 3:30 o'clock, but it is generally 4 o'clock before the party is gathered around the board. Then they have coffee, and about 8 o'clock a promiscuous supper is served.—Philadelphia Press.

WHERE WAS LITTLE MATILDA?

A Story of a Little Girl Who Was Always Looking About For Something New.

If you lived at Oak farm, you would have heard Matilda's mother asking 20 times a day:

"Where is little Matilda?"

For little Matilda was always hunting about to see what she could find. And she found the farm a good place for looking about. There was always something new to be seen, and if there did not happen to be anything new little Matilda was content with the old ones.

"WHAT PRETTY LITTLE THINGS THEY ARE!"

One day she could not be found anywhere, and her mother and all the maids were running about saying:

"Where can little Matilda be?"

And at last it was found that little Matilda had crept into the dog Rover's large kennel and was sitting behind Rover, who was looking out in front wagging his tail, for he was very fond of little Matilda.

Another time she was found in the dairy, where she had taken two saucers and the two cats, Tabby and Blackie, and was giving them a treat of milk and cream, much to the anger of the dairymaid.

But little Matilda thought she should like to go farther away from the house than she had been before.

"If I go by the palings, I dare say I shall find something new."

"What can that be?" said little Matilda, half aloud. "This is too far for a hen to be away from the farmyard. I must go and see."

So little Matilda kept along by the palings until she suddenly came to a stop. She still heard the hen clucking, and she looked round and round, and at last she found a place through which she could manage to scramble.

"Why," she said, "there is a hen and her chickens living here. What pretty little things they are! Why, I know the hen quite well; it is Mrs. Goldie. Why, Mrs. Goldie, how did you come here?" But as Mrs. Goldie could not speak she could not tell little Matilda anything. So after Matilda had looked long enough at Mrs. Goldie and her chickens she went home, and there she heard that Tom, the man who took care of the poultry, thought that change of air would be good for Mrs. Goldie, and so he made a sort of coop down by the palings for her.

"And I found it out," said little Matilda.

Wood Mice.

There are many kinds of mice, and though some people are afraid of them they are all perfectly harmless. Some of them gnaw holes in our cupboards and carry off bits of food, but there is not a mouse in the world who is not more afraid of us than we can possibly be of him.

The greatest enemies of the wood mouse are the snakes and the owls. To escape the former, mother mouse builds her warm nest on a shrub or tree, but she finds it hard work to hide it from the sharp eyed owl. If the baby mice escape this silent thief of the night, they are very lucky.

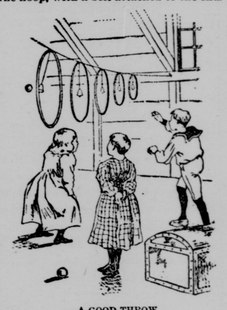
A Fine Rainy Day Game.

"Hoop and ball" is a very pretty little game in which both hoops and balls are used, but the balls are not thrown to be caught, and the hoops are not rolled.

You get six wooden hoops, all of different sizes, such as will measure from 12 to 3 inches across. Fasten on each a little screw hook to hang it up by.

Next prepare a place to suspend the hoops. That may be a stout wire fixed across the playroom about seven feet from the floor, or you can put up your wire across the attic between rafters, at the same height, or in the barn. Or if you wish to play out of doors you can have the wire stretched between trees.

Now, just where the hook is, fasten to each hoop a cord reaching to the center of the hoop, with a bell attached to the end.



A GOOD THROW.

To play, you throw a rubber or worsted ball at each hoop in turn. If it goes through the hoop without ringing the bell, it counts by fives, according to the size of the hoop, the largest 5, the smallest 30. But if the ball goes through and rings the bell, you add 10 to the count. If it rings the bell and falls back without going through the hoop, count only 10. The game is 500.

Each player throws at all the hoops every time it is his turn.

This is a good play any time, anywhere, and it is the very best rainy day game that I know of, in a barn, or an attic, or the playroom, says a writer in the Atlanta Constitution, in which a picture shows a small boy in the act of making a good throw. He has just rung the bell.

Bound For Fairyland.

Two little maidens went hand in hand,
Trudging and toiling to fairyland;
They lost their way in a tangled dell
And came at last to a wishing well.

What did they wish for? They wished for home,
But gave their hand to a merry gnome,
Who led them to a fairy bower,
And there they slept in a lily flower.

Through fairy morrows each reigned a queen;
In jeweled crown and a robe of green,
But in the arbor where roses peep
Their kind nurse found them—they'd gone to sleep.

Fashion Notes.

A coarse make of net, which looks something like the Russian net of two or three seasons ago, is in vogue again for trimming. You see it on mantles, and a tea gown lately made was draped with it. In this case the net was white, so the effect was rather striking.

Though stripes of lace insertion or foolish little frills are both fashionable adornments, many perfectly plain skirts are being made by first rate modistes. Fashion doesn't get it all her own way, as she did once upon a time.

It's a wonder that alpaca doesn't become fashionable for outdoor dresses. If women knew what was good for them, they would certainly wear it more than they do at present. There are few stuffs that hold less dust.

Large sprays of flowers for the front of the bodice are the thing at smart teas this season.

GEMS IN VERSE.

Sorrow.

Count each affliction, whether light or grave,
God's messenger sent down to thee; do thou
With courtesy receive him; rise and bow;
And ere his shadow pass thy threshold crave
Permission first his heavenly feet to lave;
Then lay before him all thou hast; allow
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow
Or mar thy hospitality, no wave
Of mortal tumult to obliterate
Thy soul's marmoreal calmness; grief should be
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate,
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free,
Strong to consume small troubles, to commend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end.

—Aubrey de Vere.

Unheeded.

In a field apart two violets bloomed,
And over their heads the tall grass loomed,
And there came one day a frolicsome breeze
That parted the grass so they saw the trees,
And catching a glimpse of the world outside
They chaffed at the fate that had kept them tied
To a nook obscure in a gloomy dell
Where scarcely a drop of dew e'er fell,
And they drooped their heads, for they longed to see
What the wonderful world outside might be
When, lo! as it happened, a maiden strayed
Close by where the breeze with the violets played,
And seeing but one—for they grew apart—
She pressed it quick to her throbbing heart
And took it away, and the flower was glad,
But the one that was left behind was sad,
And drooped its sorrowful head, and pined,
And paid no heed to the whispering wind
Until, as it chanced, next day, once more
The maiden came, and her breast still bore
The faded one that she'd taken away
With a song in its heart but yesterday.
And seeing its brother growing free
It cried with its dying breath: "Ah me!
I've seen the world, and behold my fate.
So hide your head ere it be too late."
But the one that was left said, "I'm not afraid,"
And lifted its face to the merry maid.
"Tomorrow I'll be content to die,
But let me now to the gay world fly."

—Tom Masson.

Indirection.

Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion is fairer;
Rare is the rose burst of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is rarer;
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter,
And never was poem yet writ but the meaning outmastered the meter.

Never a daisy that grows but a mystery guideth the growing;
Never a river that flows but a majesty scepters the flowing;
Never a Shakespeare that soared but a stronger than he did enfold him;
Never a prophet foretells but a mightier seer hath foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs the painter is hinted and hidden;
Into the statue that breathes the soul of the sculptor is bidden;
Under the joy that is felt lie the infinite issues of feeling;
Crowning the glory revealed is the glory that crowns the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symboled is greater;
Vast the create and behold, but vaster the inward creator;
Back of the sound broods the silence; back of the gift stands the giving;
Back of the hand that received thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit; the deed is outdone by the doing;
The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart of the wooing;
And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the heights where those shine,
Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the essence of life is divine.

—Richard Realf.

Some Day.

Some day I shall be dead—
Under the grass and close to my head
A stone with name and date of my death
May withstand old Time's corroding breath,
But I shall be nothing but dust.

Some day I shall be dead—
Lie like a stone with the life all fled—
I, in whose veins health's rich red blood
Rushes and leaps like an unchecked flood;
To think of me lying there dead!

Some day I shall be dead,
And some fair woman my grandson has wed
Will say, as she holds up jewel or lace
To the wondering eyes in her baby's face,
"Great-grandmother once wore this."

Some day I shall be dead—
The last song sung and the last prayer said,
The laughter hushed and the tears all dried,
And I, whatever of woe may betide,
I shall be safe and dead.

—Louise Phillips.

Show Your Colors.

Come, children, and listen; I'll tell you in rhyme
A story of something that happened one time.
There was war in the land, and each brave heart beat high,
And many went forth for their country to die.
But words fail to tell of the fear and dismay
Which swept the small village of W—— one day
When the enemy's army marched into the street,
And their own valiant soldiers were forced to retreat.
Such hiding, surrend'ring and trembling with fear!
When what in the midst of it all should appear
But Grandmother Gregory, feeble and old,
Coming out from her cottage, courageous and bold.
She faced the intruders who marched through the land,
Shaking at them the poker she held in her hand.
"How foolish!" her friends cried, provoked, it is true.
"Why, grandmother, what did you think you could do?"
"Not much," answered grandma, "but ere they were gone
I wanted to show them which side I am on."

Now, children, I've told this queer story to you
To remind you of something the weakest can do—
There is always a fight 'twixt the right and the wrong,
And the heat of the battle is borne by the strong,
But no matter how small or unfit for the field,
Or how feeble or graceless the weapons you wield,
Oh, fall not until the last enemy's gone
To stand up and show them which side you are on.

—Anna R. Henderson.

"Tears, Idle Tears."

Oh, why are Mary's eyes so red, and why are salt tears straying
Adown the face where happy smiles were wont to be a-playing?

What sudden grief unjustly bears upon so fair a maiden,
Whose soul and self seem fitted less for earth than distant Aidenn?

Has death or fate brought into naught fair Mary's dream of mating?
Ah, no! 'Tis not so bad as that—horseradish she is grating.

—Detroit Tribune.

Within the deep,
Still chambers of the heart, a specter dim,
Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time
Heard from the tombs of age, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have passed away
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life.

—George D. Prentice.

According to Dr. A. Brubacher, spasmodic croup in children, coming on suddenly at night, is often due to impaired digestion brought on by eating some heavy food just before retiring. If the stomach in these cases be emptied by an emetic, it will be found that the croup will also disappear.

Consider all thy actions and take heed
On stolen bread, though it is sweet, to feed.
Sin, like a bee unto thy hive may bring
A little honey, but expect the sting.

—Watkins.