DENTON JOURNAL.

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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.

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TUNIS MILLS, MD.

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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.

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THE OLD OVER-THE-BRIDGE STAND.

J. M. BEAVEN

HILLSBOROUGH, MD.

CAROLINE QUEEN ANNE'S AND TALBOT.

My largely increasing customers I thank for their considerate patronage, and as their demands are greater I have purchased this season the largest stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

ever at this popular stand and have fitted up a room to display my stock of Clothing. I have largest stock of CLOTHING to be seen for miles, and the prices I guarantee to be as low as

CITY PRICES.

There are fine Dress Suits and heavy, warm Suits for Men and Boys. Nice assortment of Men's Overcoats. Men's Pants of all grades.

A Few Prices of the General Stock:

Boy's Suits, $1.50; Ginghams, 5c; Calicoes, 4c; Canton Flannel, 6c; G. A. Salt 75c sack; Fine Salt, $1.25 sack; Potomac Herring, $3.90 per barrel; 150° Coal Oil at 10c; Lime, $1.00 per barrel; Granulated Sugar 6c. A very large stock of

Boots and Shoes,

at prices that will sell. If you or your son want a gun, come and see me, and you will be pleased.

WINE, LIQUORS AND BEER ALWAYS ON HAND.

LUMBER.

If you are going to need any building material I can furnish you at low prices. I make flooring, siding, ceiling, dressed boards, &c. at my mills here.

ROSES ARE RED; VIOLETS ARE BLUE;
GRASS IS GREEN, AND SO ARE YOU—

YOUNG MAN,

If you think you can buy a Storm Coat or Suit of Winter Clothes anywhere on this Peninsula cheaper than I can sell it to you. I can sell you a

GOOD WARM SUIT

For $4.50; also $5.00, $6.00, $7.00, $7.50, $9.00, $10.00, $11.00, $12.00, and $15.00. I have the completest line in Suits and Overcoats you ever saw in

DENTON.

Overcoats from $5.00 to $15.00. You should come see my $3.00 Pants. They are all wool and the best I ever saw for $3.00. A splendid line of Boys'

KNEE SUITS

Just in and opened to-day. Suits from $2.25 up to $7.00. Also a good line of Underwear, &c. These goods are all sold for the Cash at Cash Prices.

WM. A. STEWART.

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.

OEHM'S ACME HALL.

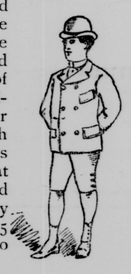
LOST OPPORTUNITIES

are the cause of more sorrow than any one thing in the world. Don't lose the opportunity now offered to you to purchase your Fall Clothing, Hats and Furnishings while the assortment is complete.

MEN'S SUITS AND OVERCOATS.

Nothing like them ever known. Our prices! our goods! our specials! Superb Suits and Overcoats at $10, $12, $15, up to the finest made at $25. An interesting line at $15, well worth $20.

FOR THE COMING MAN.



Why should you not take the same pride in the dress and appearance of your little fellows as in your own? Stylish knee pants suits and overcoats at $2.50, $3 and $5. Over fifty choice styles $5 from which to choose.

A HURRAH IN HATS.

We come to the front with a stock of Fall Hats absolutely correct in every detail of shape and color. Men's fine Derbys $1.50, exclusive hatters' $2.50 quality. We are sole agents for the Youman Hats, the finest in America.

FURORE IN FURNISHINGS.

This department shows a much larger stock than the combined efforts of any two stores at prices that make competitors bow their heads in shame. Comfortable Underwear 50c. per garment. Our "Matchless" Dress Shirt at 50c. is a wonder of quality.

WRITE FOR SAMPLES & PRICE LIST.

Oehm's Acme Hall,

Clothiers, Hatters and Furnishers, Baltimore and Charles Sts., Baltimore, Md.

A VERY harrowing tale is connected with a suit of clothes an acquaintance purchased at a "cheap store" the other day. It wouldn't look well in print, so we'll not tell it. He gave that suit away, though, and bought one of ours. Moral: Shoddy won't go down in the long run.

A. C. YATES & CO.,

13th and Chestnut. Phila.

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.

For Sale,

Lot of Sows, Pigs and Shoats.
J. W. RICHARDSON,
Queen Anne, Md.

Subscribe for the "Journal" —and get all the county news.

IN THE HEART OF THE ROSE.

Where lies the scent of the rose?
In the heart of it.
'Tis a secret the butterfly knows,
And a part of it
She whispered to me one June—
I shall not forget it soon.

There, where the petals meet,
In the heart of it,
Lies a chalice deep and sweet.
'Tis the part of it
Where the rose distills the dew
It gathers the warm night through.

I shall make of the rose a friend.
In the heart of it
A message I'll send, I'll send,
Or a part of it,
For the heart of the rose is small
And cannot contain it all.

She will pin the rose on her breast,
And the heart of it
Will whisper my love—has she guessed
Already a part of it?
Sweet rose, lie lightly above
The pure heart of my love.

—Meredith Rhys in Kate Field's Washington.

AFTER THE SUPPER.

Dating from a certain moment—the second bottle, I believe—I no more remember what happened to me. A curtain, like a misty cloud, descended upon my memory, similar to the between acts baize of fairy spectacles.

Nevertheless nothing is surer than something did happen to me; many things even. Everything proves it to me. My coat on the floor, my cravat as a nightcap and, above all else, if ever I doubted it, my haggard face, fatigued and pale.

Truly a fine business! At my age, eight and thirty years, to allow myself to be surprised by champagne like a schoolboy on a holiday! Stupidity's no name for it!

But what plagues me most is to guess what I did last night, particulars, you know, as to the events of the evening.

Question my servant?

Perish the thought of it! Expose myself to the blushing before a lackey! Besides he would only be able to formulate theories from the hour of my return and—and my behavior on reaching my bedroom.

I divine it, that behavior, 'tis enough. They pretend that with a single bone Cuvier was able to entirely reconstruct an antediluvian animal. It remains to me then only to find some analogous thing to as readily reconstruct my existence for the last 12 or 15 hours—a suggestion, a hint, one or two indications, more or less.

Where find them?

Ah-h, my pockets!

A childish habit of burying everything there clings to me still and will now perhaps serve me well. Behold the moment of rummaging, then, like the culprit that I am.

I tremble guiltily. What am I going to discover?

Gingerly I slip two fingers into the side pocket of my vest and draw out my portmonnaie.

Empty?

By Jove!

In seeking to pick up my overcoat my notebook falls, scattering upon the carpet a heap of papers.

The first of these papers that catches my eye is the slip of the Cafe Anglais.

The trump card of the night's misdemeanor.

Thanks to this bill I learn immediately that the misdemeanor occurred in:

"Salon 14." I could have sworn it.

'Tis always, some way, "salon 14" to which I gravitate.

The total? Eight hundred and twenty francs. Peste! I've not been stingy, it appears.

How many were they, I wonder? Who were they? My habitual friends, it is probable, but still—no?

An inspiration! This menu, in betraying their tastes, will also to me reveal their names. Let us try to decipher it.

Huitres Portugaises—These are the kind that Lucien prefers and that they import from Arrachon expressly for him.

Lucien was of the suppers, then, it is clear. So much for No. 1.

Potage a la puree de gibier—I greatly deceive myself, or that potage is one to which Maxime is specially partial. Maxime, then, for No. 2.

Filets de sole a la Joinville—Fernand, to a certainty; an Orleanist filet, pure and simple.

Canetons de Rouen a l'orange—No one but Polastron for that, an out and out Rouennais, he.

Salades de legumes a la Russe—'Tis useless to ask if Semenow was there.

Bombe a la Cardinal—From whom could this have come? Stay, Marcel! Who but Marcel is cousin to a cardinal?

Lucien, Maxime, Fernand, Polastron, Semenow, Marcel—Behold my table recomposed.

Women also were at that supper then? Beyond a doubt. These scattered photographs attest it. Female suppers out or supperesses, if I may call them so, have always a rage for distributing their portraits. Henriette of the Varieties in her costume of the Revue, her great English coal hoppers squeezed into tight French slippers. Quick, conceal thyself!

And Jeanne, the eternal, in powdered hair and leering over her shoulder at the risk of a wry neck.

The third—ah, the third, I do not know her. 'Tis strange!

Not a bad lot, either, the third. She's even pretty. Small head, low brow, tiny nose, a mite of a mouth. Nothing but eyes—superb eyes at that! Lashes like a fringe, and a genuine blond.

Dence take it! No, I do not know her. The little yellow curls that dance about her brow look even in this photograph like a golden smoke.

Nearly a child, too—18 years perhaps, at farthest. Dressed modestly besides. A high neck robe, puritanical in cut, but which only the better develops that which it envelopes. Exquisite figure, slim and lithe as a bending willow.

Decidedly she is a very pretty little girl. And—and I see in her ears neither pearls nor diamonds, nor even on her fingers a single jewel. The reason possibly for her air of disdain.

Disdain, did I say? This child, who as yet knows nothing of life, yet seems already bored and wearied! Ban! women or girls, they are all alike.

Still, where did she come from? Who is it that I have had, unknown, to sit at my table? Maybe it was her debut—the opening of a great success that I already foresee and predict.

She beside me, of course. I talked with her, 'tis certain—all the madnesses probably that came to my head. She refused me, or left me. Behold the reason why, perhaps—that I made myself drunk.

But let us resume. There were then in salon 14 six men and three women. My personnel's complete. What happened then? I have the actors, but not yet the drama.

Let us continue the voyage in my pocket.

THE CARTES DE VISITE.

The devil!

Two cards, as I'm a sinner!

The first bearing the name and address:

R. DE FAYET-MORET,
Sous-Lieutenant—Infantry.

The second:

JULES BUHOT,
Captain 120th of the Line.

What is it that all this tells me? I've never known in all my senses as many militaires as this. There is under it of course a quarrel, a row, an altercation. These two cards, cold and glacial, have assuredly been exchanged for two of my own!

Behold the drama demanded: A duel—two duels perhaps.

But two duels with whom? Duels apropos of what? Whom have I offended? For it is I, it is I, surely, that am the offender—I, who know so well that I am truly unbearable when—when a little high up.

In this case what am I, provoked or provocator?

Now I think of it, it seems to me that my left cheek pains me a little and is bigger than the other—the scar of battle unquestionably.

Pooh! An illusion! What other nonsense will I get into my head? Stay! what is this written in the corner of the lieutenant's card, the Lieutenant R. de Fayet-Moret? "Ten o'clock at St. Maunde."

At St. Maunde! Zounds! an armed encounter; the hour of the rendezvous. Nothing could be clearer!

Quick, run! There is still time perhaps!

No, the hour has passed. 'Tis 11:30 now!

I am dishonored!

No one will believe me when I say that I slept too late and got up with a splitting headache.

I have no longer the strength to interrogate my pockets. Still, let us see.

Fine and hemstitched; an airy, cobwebby batiste. But it is not one of mine.

It bears in one of its corners, too, a baron's tortil.

What next? A handkerchief in my pocket that belongs to another! Behold me on the road to the galleys!

Ah, my head, my head!

And these flowers in my buttonhole—this wilted boutonniere. Tiny myosotis blossoms that have closed their blue eyes. The thread that holds them is half untied. A bouquet too modest and simple for me to have bought from a regular flower vender, to have stolen like the handkerchief or to have had bestowed upon me by demoiselles of the theatrical clique.

It was given to me, I know it. Just how it was given to me too. A continuation of the story of that unknown little blond. She gave me these myosotis blossoms, knowing that I was going to fight—that I was going to fight for her—in all probability.

Yes, that is it—it could be nothing else!

My apprehensions redoubled. Awhile ago I wished to know, now I fear to learn too much.

I hesitate to plunge too deep into the depths of my overcoat. Suppose, like the comedian Arnal, in the fair of the Rue de Lourvine, I draw out my hand full of soot or of blood!

What?

This overcoat—this overcoat is not mine!

No, mine was chestnut color, and this is the color of a Corinth raisin.

I have not, then, voyaged in my pockets. I have voyaged in the pockets of another.

But then, if this overcoat is not mine, no more is the duel mine!

Nor mine the bill of the Cafe Anglais!

Nor mine the photographs!

Nor mine the cards of the militaires!

Nor mine the wilted myosotis blossoms!

Nor mine the theft of the baron's handkerchief!

And the romance and friendship of the little blond?

Not mine, either!

Bah! what matters it? The address can still be found by means of the photograph.—From the French.

People Who Live Long.

Sir George Humphrey has investigated the life histories of centenarians in England with the view of ascertaining the causes and circumstances of longevity. As one reads the habits and life of these men and women who attained to the age of 100 years and more, one is struck by the fact that they were almost invariably lean people of spare habits and of great moderation in eating and drinking. Of 37, 3 took no animal food, 4 took very little, 20 a little, 10 a moderate amount and only one acknowledged taking much meat. With regard to alcohol the returns are much the same, and abstemiousness is found to be the rule of life of these centenarians.—London Hospital.

Prize Winners For Humane Stories.

To Mrs. Frances Birdsall Stearns of Harrisburg, Tex., and Miss Marshall Saunders of Halifax have been awarded two of the three prizes of $200 each offered by the American Education society of Boston for the best stories of equal length with "Black Beauty" and illustrating kindness and cruelty.

The First Menu Card.

It was the Duke Henry of Brunswick who was first observed in the intervals of a banquet to scan carefully a long strip of paper by the side of his plate, and when the curious guests ventured to inquire into the nature of his studies he explained that it was a sort of programme of the dishes which he had commanded from the cook, to the intent that if some delicacy which especially appealed to him were marked for a late stage in the repast he might carefully reserve his appetite for it. The simplicity and beauty of the idea appealed instantly to the good duke's convives, and the menu card from that moment became an institution.—Season.

The Hot Poker Delusion.

An interesting delusion is produced by looking along a redhot poker at some small object (a coin or a letter stuck upon a wall) removed from the eye a distance of from four to six feet. Direct the gaze intently for a few seconds, and you will presently see an inverted image of the object hanging near the end of the poker.—St. Louis Republic.

WINTERING CELERY.

An Improved Plan Described by a Farmer Who Proved Its Success.

Mr. Peter Henderson once gave the following advice about wintering celery: "Lift the celery from where it has been growing, when not too wet and when not frozen, with whatever earth conveniently adheres. Stow away in an upright position compactly, but without bruising or squeezing too tightly, in a trench just as deep as the celery is high and not more than 10 inches wide. Cover with clean litter of any kind, very lightly at first, gradually increasing until a foot or so (but do not let the celery freeze after being gathered) of litter is placed on the celery for the coldest weather." Any dry or bad leaves must of course be removed before putting the celery into winter quarters. The ground must be as dry as possible—a breakwater may be necessary. A correspondent in Country Gentleman tells that his first successful attempt to winter celery was when he followed this advice, which he comments upon thus:

Good as these directions of Mr. Henderson are, I found trouble from the inroads of the mice, and from the rain and snow being so heavy as to wet through the mass sometimes and press too heavily upon it, thus causing rotting. I prevent these things by making a roof of boards (cheap hemlock) like this A. This roof I rest upon strips of wood, say, 2 inches thick, laid crosswise above two boards running lengthwise of the trench and close up to the edges of it. Inside of and under the boards I put a covering of only about 2 inches, but I am careful to put enough on outside, not forgetting to put a good depth of covering on the ground to a great enough distance from the base of the bottom boards and at the ends to prevent the frost getting in horizontally. The roof I have just described could be placed on small posts.

My idea of having only a slight covering, or even none at all, under the roof is to keep the mice in the litter (which is mostly inside of the boards) as much as possible away from the celery. However, if celery has to be got out from the trench in very cold weather, it will be better to have a number of short trenches that will hold enough celery to last for, say, only two takings out or to pack a lot of litter under the boards for about three feet back from the opening each time after taking out some celery. This will prevent freezing way back along the line of the trench. This packing can be done very rapidly, even before any celery is taken out, each time, by running the packing in by means of a stick. The roof keeps away too much wet and prevents any weight from pressing on the celery, for squeezing it is injurious. When the roof is placed on strips separating it from the bottom boards, it is so as to admit a slight circulation of air.

Before closing I wish to call attention to one point more, and that is that if the earth is mellowed in the trench before placing the celery in it the celery begins to take root more quickly. The reason why the celery keeps so well in such a trench (and blanches) is that it grows, and growing in the dark it grows white. The trench must not be wider than 10 inches, because celery is of such a nature that it heats if put up in too great a mass.

Storing Grain.

Corn cribbed before it is fully mature will mold and may rot. It does not pay to get in too great a hurry to store the corn before it is fit, and, on the other hand, unless one begins husking it at the earliest seasonable moment and pushes the work his corn will pass beyond a fit condition for storing if he be in the great corn growing belt. Wheat or oats put in the bin in unfit condition will spoil unless attended to, and one should frequently run his hand deep down into the bin for some weeks after thrashing. If the grain starts to spoil, the only thing to do is to get it out on the barn floor and shovel it around every day until it dries and cools. In conclusion, to put everything in storage in good condition is a reform much needed on many farms, and it is to be noted that it is a reform that may be begun at any time.—American Agriculturist.

Keeping Eggs.

The result of experiments at the New York station in keeping eggs was that eggs packed in salt during March and April, after painting with vaseline to which salicylic acid has been added, kept well four or five months in a barn cellar at a temperature of about 66 degrees F. Each box was turned over once every two days. Fertile and unfertile eggs showed no difference in keeping qualities, nor was there noticed any difference in the keeping quality as dependent on breed or feed. The liming process of preservation had been tried, but the quality of the eggs with it was inferior to those kept in salt.

Preventing Horns on Calves.

The germ or embryo horn of a very young calf may be easily and quickly destroyed. Take a stick of caustic potash, dip the end in water, rub it for about 10 seconds on the spot where one horn is to appear. Then rewet it and apply in the same manner to the other horn. Repeat the application immediately. Nothing more will be necessary. The calf will never have a horn if the operation is performed before it is 3 days old.—Georgia Experiment Station.

Fruitfulness of Squash.

The Hampshire Gazette furnishes a good suggestion for squashgrowers in its statement that the main vine of the squash chiefly bears male blossoms, while the side branches produce the fruit. Keeping the main vine well pinched back so as to encourage more side branches is therefore a good way to make the vines more fruitful.

Entertaining the Butcher.

Little Mary is the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman in a pretty village of western New York. One morning a corpulent butcher called at the parsonage with a roast of beef for dinner. Mary answered his knock at the kitchen door and proceeded to entertain him until her mother should arrive. The pastor's wife on her way down stairs overheard this conversation:

"This is a very lovely day, Mr. Meason."

"It is indeed."

"Do you like roast beef?"

"Yes."

"Do you eat it every day?"

"Not every day. Why?"

"Nothing, only your stomach seems to be larger than ours."—New York Times.

King George's Mongrel Cur.

King George of Greece is invariably accompanied wherever he goes by a little mongrel cur to which he is deeply attached and of which he came to be the owner in a rather curious way. He was at some maneuvers a number of years ago, standing amid his staff on the top of a hill watching the movements of the troops, when suddenly the little dog made its appearance, no one knew whence, and stationed itself at the king's feet. All attempts to dislodge it were fruitless, and it remained there until the end of the review.

When the king walked to his carriage, the little dog trotted in front of him as proud as Punch, with his tail erect, and before any one could interfere scrambled into the carriage. Arrived at the place, he darted in first and insisted on remaining with the king. His majesty, who is slightly superstitious, declared that the dog's persistency was a good omen, and that at any rate he had one faithful friend. Since that day the dog has slept in the king's bedroom and has scarcely ever left him. It is a most supercilious little fellow and never takes notice of any one save his majesty, whom it seems to idolize.—New York Tribune.

Hattie's Pert Retort.

The shoppers in a well known store were amused the other day by the pert brightness of a little child who was evidently much spoiled by her mother. The latter was looking for something and could not find exactly what she wanted. Finally her choice narrowed down to three pieces of dress goods, and she was very much perplexed which to take. The little girl, who was about 6 years of age, was constantly asking questions about things she saw and distracting her mother's attention from her purchases. Finally the mother became distracted between her purchases and her child and said, "If you don't keep quiet, Hattie, I'll burst out crying."

The little one drew herself up and as quick as a flash responded, "For goodness sake, mamma, don't begin in front of all these people, or you'll make me ashamed of you."

It is to be hoped she was disciplined when she reached home, but from the way her mother continued to laugh over the child's precocity it is not probable.—Philadelphia Press.

Milo of Creton.

Of the wonderful athletes of all ages, Milo of Creton is perhaps the most known. He once ran a mile with an ox on his shoulders, then with a blow of his fist killed the beast and ate it in one day.

The strongest man could not take from Milo a pomegranate which he held between his two fingers, although a woman he loved is said to have done it. He could break by contracting his veins and muscles a cord tied around his forearm. One day, being in a house with some pupils of Pythagoras, the ceiling threatened to fall in, but Milo supported the column on which it rested, thus giving his friends time to escape.

His death is well known. He tried to tear asunder the trunk of a tree, but his hands got pinched in the wood, and being unable to disengage them he perished, devoured by wild beasts.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

A General Title.

In Lisbon years ago there was a very popular boatman who served the various men-of-war that visited the port. He was a cheerful, obliging fellow, and always at his post, consequently he received a lion's share of the patronage of the ships. His Portuguese name translated, or rather spelled phonetically, was John Fishballs, and ever since his time the value of the name has been so well recognized that every boatman on the quay has appropriated it to his own use, and on the appearance of a passenger the air is filled with shouts of "Me John Fishballs!"

"Here you are, Fishballs!" and a regular scrimmage ensues for the possession of the fare.—Harper's Young People.

Wet Feet and Colds.

Dr. Brown-Sequard recommends the following as the best way to overcome susceptibility to taking cold from getting the feet wet: Dip the feet in cold water and let them remain there a few seconds. The next morning dip them in again, letting them remain in a few seconds longer. The next morning keep them in a little longer yet and continue this till you can leave them in half an hour without taking cold. In this way a person can become accustomed to the cold water, and he will not take cold from this cause. But be it thoroughly understood that the "hardening" must be done carefully.

A Young Critic.

"Papa," said the pastor's little girl, watching him constructing and revising his Sunday sermon, "does God tell you what to write?" "Yes, my child, God tells me." "Then what do you scratch it out for?"—New York Recorder.

He Was an Expert.

Old Farmer (tending thrashing machine, to applicant for a job)—Ever done any thrashing?

Applicant (modestly)—I am the father of 17 children, sir.—Boston Woman's Journal.

Origin of "Cut a Dido."

Dido, queen of Tyre, about seven centuries before Christ, after her husband had been put to death by her brother, fled from that city and established a colony on the north coast of Africa. Having bargained with the natives for as much land as could be surrounded with a bull's hide, she cut the hide into narrow strips, tied them together and claimed the land that could be surrounded with the line thus made. She was allowed to have her way. And now when one plays a sharp trick he is said to "cut a dido."

AMERICAN CHILDREN.

WHEREIN THEIR EDUCATIONAL TRAINING IS DEFECTIVE.

The Subtle Distinction Between "Instruction" and "Education" Made by the Clever and Farseeing French—The Need of American Youth.

A subtle distinction between "instruction" and "education" is admirably drawn by that people most highly endowed with a strong analytical faculty, the French, with the habit of keen scrutiny, thorough investigation and just deduction usual with them. The difference existing between acquired knowledge on the one hand and inculcated virtues on the other has been embodied in these separate appellations, which carry with them two distinct meanings. Both may be largely possessed apart from the other.

But when both are combined in one individuality the highest degree of excellence has been obtained of which the human race is capable.

With us in America it is fair to state that instruction from books, in school and college, where the aim must of necessity be only the development of the mind and intellect, in conjunction with religious teachings from the pulpit and at the fireside, sums up the education generally given to the youth of the country, even among the prosperous and the wealthy. But between these two lines of education, both admirable and necessary, stands a more subtle and intangible form of mental and moral training which embraces the development of the finer chords of both the intellect and the sentiments having for effect not only to instill a desire for knowledge and virtue and a reproval of vice, but to educate as to the desirability of that superior excellence which enables the possessor to strive for the ideal graces and beauties, which, when understood and practiced, produce a perfect civilization.

That religion alone cannot give this result is shown by the fact that the extreme and beautiful polish to character and the broad æsthetics it evolves have been possessed by men and women who have acknowledged no attachment to religious creeds and again by members of Christianity and paganism alike, while the bookworm and the savant, whose mind is the crowded receptacle of a marvelous agglomeration of knowledge, may be absolutely lacking in this particular phase of culture.

It is this education, which does not apply exclusively to the intellectuality nor to the moral sense, but envelops the whole being through a cultivation of the receptive faculties and finer instincts, which is denominated "education" by the French, and which should be applied with greater care in America to the training of youth, for as a factor in enlightenment and progress its value is enormous. With the many splendid qualifications given by nature to the American citizen, and which the political institutions under which he lives has fostered, his sturdy self dependence, spirit of inquiry, his energy and natural intelligence, if aided by a strong development in this direction, would produce remarkable results both in the individual and for the masses.

For it is evident that from a cultivation of this phase of the human mind springs the conception and execution of all that pertains to the arts, fine and industrial, they being the tangible expressions of the aspirations and genius of those from whom they have emanated. Unless the trend of a people be toward an ideal existence, stretching beyond the absorption of effort merely to supply the wants of man's physical life, neither poet, sculptor nor painter nor the artistic and accomplished artisan will emerge to adorn and testify to their civilization and their superiority. Indeed expansion in this direction proves the condition of national life with a sure and true precision.

The time has come when an education tending toward similar results should occupy public thought in this country, heretofore too exclusively engrossed in solving the problem of national existence. It is just to say, however, that there has been an advance, noticeable in large centers, which has been brought about by friction and competition and the contact with our nationalities, varying opinions and antagonistic creeds. But the general improvement has not been in accord with the capabilities in that direction of the American people, nor proportionate with the increased wealth, for outside of our large cities, in the interior portions of the country, life is still unjustifiably primitive, and those living on plain and frontier, in mountain and forest, are uncultured beyond what their isolation would justify.

Again it is noticeable that the education of the children of those classes possessed of ample means is in these United States generally superficial. The American early youth among the educated classes, which are those exerting the most influence on the destinies of a people, is not subjected to that sober discipline deemed necessary by the older nations of Europe as being a protection to them, against their own irrepletive impulses, through mental habits thus enforced, and as constituting a desirable tutelage in preparation for the later severe struggles of life. The overindulgence generally accorded the American child and youth is the cause of a general disregard of authority and careless attitude toward obligations, a distinctive feature of the American youth. On the part of those in authority the effort would seem to be to gloss over the unsound basis of a scanty learning by some few gaudy accomplishments, equally superficially possessed.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Wise Lad.

"If fishes knew enough to live in the ground instead of water," remarked Frank, "they could get all the worms they wanted without hooks in them."—Harper's Young People.

The mosaics in the Church of St. Mark in Venice are the finest in the world. They cover 40,000 square feet of the upper walls, ceilings and cupolas and are all laid on a gold ground.

The conditions are favorable for the development of consumption only when the system gets "run down," then follows a cold, a catarrh, the bacilli of tuberculosis become lodged in the mucous membrane, invade the tissues and spread.