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. 1894.

VOL. 48. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 1, 1894. NO. 46.

Peach Plows,
Grub Plows,
South Bend,
Oliver,
Gale, and
Syracuse Plows.
Blankets,
Lap Robes,
Harness,
Whips,
Dearborns,
Carriages,
Daytons,
Corn Shellers,
Force Pumps,

The McCormick Daisy Reaper, Especially Adapted for Saving Buckwheat and Scarlet Clover.

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GENERAL HARDWARE
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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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HILLSBORO, MD.
THE OLD OVER-THE-BRIDGE STAND.
I have received my Spring assortment of
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, NOVELTIES, HATS, GROCERIES, SHOES, SLIPPERS, &C.
My sales the last season were beyond my expectation, and I have made purchases to suit the wants of my customers, as has been determined by their desires. Dress Goods, Muslins, Linens, Ginghams, Calicoes, etc., at lowest prices. 42 in. Window Curtain at 10c per yd. Chambray at 10c. 6-4 Fancy Stripes at 14c. India Linens from 10 to 20c. Buntings and Crown Suitings at 6c. A very large assortment of
MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING.
Men's Suits from $4.50. Boys' Suits from $1.00 up. Come and see the styles and get prices.
Sugars 4½ and 5c. Lime $1.10 per bbl. 150° Coal Oil, 5 gallons for 45c. 2 prs. Rope Traces for 25c. Oleine Soap 5c. Best 20-qt. Milk Can $2.75.
I have on hand a lot of South Bend Plows, which I will sell off at a very low price. Call and get prices.
REMEMBER!
You can always find a general assortment of merchandise on hand, and that the highest market prices will be allowed for all trade.
LUMBER! LUMBER!
I make Flooring, Siding, Ceiling, etc., at my mills here, and will quote you low prices on any one article or on an entire house bill. Write me your wants.
J. M. BEAVEN,
HILLSBOROUGH, MARYLAND.

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COMMISSION MERCHANT,
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THIRTEENTH AND THOMPSON AVENUES,
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Twenty-five cents each will be paid for all lost crates. Daily reports and prompt returns.

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—WITH—
T. H. EVANS & COMPANY,
FRUIT AND PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
214 LIGHT ST., BALTIMORE, MD.
Fruits and Vegetables, Maryland Peaches and Sweet Potatoes.

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We've outgrown our already mammoth establishment; our rapidly growing business demands more room. An army of workmen have invaded the old Hennegan-Bates corner which is soon to become a part of Oehm's Acme Hall, making us the largest house south of New York and twice the size of any in Baltimore. But these operations do not interfere with business—they only lower prices.

Big Values.

Thousands of Men's Suits in all popular material, which show a saving of $3 to $10 a suit. Improvement sale prices, $6.50, $7, $8.50 $10, $12.

Boys' mothers will be intensely interested in the economy shown in our Boys' Department. $2.50, $3.50 and $5 will buy splendid suits, worth $4 to $7.

Men's Straw Hats in abundance, all shapes, all sizes. 98 cts. buys a regular $1.50 Yacht Hat.

Our Furnishing Department is alive with splendid offers in bright, new and stylish creations that men appreciate. Fine Dress Shirts, Linen Bosom, 50 cents.

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Write for Samples, Etc.

ESTABLISHED 1875.
JOHN C. COOK,
Successor to Sawyers & Co.,
Wholesale Commission Merchant
AND DEALER IN
Southern Fruits and Vegetables.
STRAWBERRIES AND RASPBERRIES
SPECIALTIES.
My warehouse is situated in the centre of the produce trade, and is among the oldest established in this city. Returns promptly made.
JOHN C. COOK,
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PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

THE
MARYLAND STEAMBOAT CO
1894—SUMMER SCHEDULE—1894.
BALTIMORE, THIRD HAVEN AND GREAT CHOPTANK RIVER ROUTE.

The magnificent side-wheel iron steamers Enoch Pratt and Chowan will leave daily alternately except Saturday, as follows:
Denton, 12.30 p. m.; Lyford's, 1.00 p. m; Williston, 1.10; Two Johns, 1.15; Turkey Creek, 1.30; Kingston, 1.45; Dover Bridge, 2.00; Hog Island, 2.30; Medford's, 2.45; Wright's, 3.00; Oyster Shell Point, 3.30; Cambridge, 5.30; 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 the Delaware and Chesapeake Railway, and at Cambridge with the Cambridge and 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. T. HUTCHINSON, Agent at Denton.

SOME FADING WORDS.

SECTARIAN TERMS ARE TOO NARROW FOR THIS AGE.

A Sermon Preached In Central Music Hall, Chicago, by Rev. David Swing—Faith of the New Era—The Term Christian—A Bright Outlook For Christian Unity.

Text—Yea, he would have led thee away out of distress into a broad place where there is no straitness.—Job xxxvi, 16.

The person who wrote the book of Job was one of those poetic minds that are liable to appear in Italy as a Dante or in England as a Milton.

Before the eye of this ancient the ills of the spirit are pictured as ills of the external scene. As Dante's personal troubles took the form of a wandering in a strange wood where a leopard and lion and a wolf were passing to and fro before him, so this old writer compelled the external landscape to express the troubles of the sufferer's private life. His hero is seen as in some dark or narrow ravine or in the midst of rocks, flints and thorns, in some dreary, horrible place, and yet in a world where mercy would have been glad to lead him out of the distress and to a broad, open country where there was no straitness.

The old poet and the later one may have had in mind the straits into which man generally falls in his bad dreams. In such dreams we are always in the narrows. If there are not walls or ditches or fences or floods, then there are weights to the feet or other kind of impediment. As contrasted with all such distress how blessed is the broad open country!

Made For a Wide Career.

Thus the poets, early and late, assure man that he was made for a wide career and would grow happy as rapidly as the scene should widen before him. Coming from an infinite mind, man contains within himself a preference for the ocean as compared with a pond and for a boundless prairie as compared with a square yard of dirty grass in the heart of a great city.

In a little volume, "The Attic Philosopher," the poor little girl Paulette has a wallflower blossoming in a green paper box. Her garden was a little piece of a roof in Paris. There her plants had to grow in boxes made with her own hand. There the sun could peep in at times, and there the rain had to mix itself with soot and dust and half kill the plants it ought to nourish. What a miracle of grace and beauty could the taste and love of Paulette have been transferred from that roof to some valley of the Seine or the Loire! The child's heart would thus have been led out of its distress into a broad place where there is no straitness.

Mind Grows Under Culture.

By as much as the human mind grows under the perpetual influence of the schoolhouse and the perpetual accumulations of the literatures and the sciences, by so much does it love more the broad place of our world. Mind grows under culture. It would be great pity if long summers and rich soil and a thousand years should combine to make great oak trees, great cypresses, massive woods, and could not combine in some way in the construction of great minds and great hearts. The world's buildings grow larger, its ships larger, its bridges longer. Thus the mind journeys onward and gladly exchanges ponds for oceans and little ideas for large ones. Schools, literatures, sciences, arts and a thousand years are beginning to reveal an effect. Much that was pleasing once is too small now. Many ideas that once gave pleasure have become oppressive, not from any falseness, but from their littleness. Paulette's flower in her green paper box was not false. It was simply too much limited by the paper. It needed scope for root and branch and vine.

Influence of Thought.

Great changes must come into man's intellectual world after thought has been playing upon it for a few hundred years. There must be new adjustments of subject and object, name and thought. It would be very singular to us should some great despot come here and set up an absolute throne in the night, and in the morning we should wake to find the castes of India around us, and that we dare not speak to the man we liked yesterday and dare not touch the hand of our old friend. The wife must not eat with her husband nor the son with the mother. The soldier must not associate with the farmer. Thus India has 36 shades of humanity, going from the Brahman downward. Unable to find more than 36 names for these human colors, they call all other people by the name of pariahs.

Even the more sensible Greeks in Athens once had six grades of humanity—priests, mechanics, shepherds, hunters, plowmen and soldiers. By a fine process of differentiation the early Greeks found a difference between the mechanic and the plowman and between the farmer and the hunter. In our age and land the mind longed to be released from all this oppressive straitness, and on meeting an Emerson and a Webster it did not wish to be told that they were degraded farmers, that Washington was a lowborn surveyor and Franklin only a low, inky printer. Our nation came from a desire to escape the oppressive caste of all barbarous times and to reach and enjoy the broader country into which the Lord seemed willing to lead his children.

England, France, Germany, Italy and America are tending toward greater generalizations and therefore toward a greater form of individualism. In India a man is made great or small by his caste. A Brahman may all life long be a perfect blockhead, but no harm comes from that condition of intellect, for he was born great. People fall on their faces before him not because he has any sense or virtue, but because he was born great. Then it is in vain if a carpenter attains to great learning, for he was born miserable and must remain true to his birth. Along come the western nations, and men and women may rise up to one class—a great humanity. Each individual may draw strength from the whole world. The mind need not be oppressed by the narrows and wild beasts around Job and Dante. It may move out into the more boundless open country.

Many of the Christian churches of our day find themselves embarrassed by the names which their ancestors selected and loved long ago. In the whole past mankind seems to have loved some form of personal distinction. The mind was too small to conceive of and love the resemblances in our race. It was more fond of the differences. It was common and degrading to be a member of the human family, and it was easy to claim some special feature of the intellect.

Church Names Are Passing Away.

And now at last a time has appeared when the name of Calvinism or Wesleyanism has become more of a burden than a joy. Once each of these church names was a source of happiness to the church that bore it, but they have at last become empty of such pleasure.

Hundreds of church names are getting ready to fade away in the general term of Christian. The special term of Methodist or Presbyterian or Episcopalian has served its first purpose and will always be hereafter a picture of the past rather than an active, living creature.

The Unitarians are particularly unhappy over their name, for even if Christ were something less than a god it could not well harm a mind if it believed that he were a deity in fact. A church might have been formed so as to make it optional with a Christian to think of Jesus as a human being. To declare Jesus to be human was irrelevant. If our statesmen should declare in favor of a silver dollar, they ought still to permit the country to make coin out of gold. So if many thought Christ to be only human there should have been an ample welcome offered to any who might think him divine. But the Unitarians so idolized silver that they insulted the old gold. They should have stated clearly that their purpose was to make silver only a part of the ornament of the sanctuary. What that body of Christians now seeks to create is a Christlike character. It does not care how godlike humanity may become. It will never again file any objections to anything divine, either in Palestine or America. It has learned that society does not need to have any of its ideas debased by a resolution. Christ becomes humanized rapidly enough without help from any theological convention. We need no enabling act.

The Universalists find themselves embarrassed also by a name. That society was created while the public mind was still fond of exact definitions as to all things that pertained to the spiritual universe. Reasoning from the goodness and power of God, and from the intercession and love of Christ, certain theologians reached the conclusion that all souls would find at last holiness and happiness. The great river of human life was flowing toward a happy country. And so this thought and belief were called Universalism and were made the basis of a new society.

Changes In Orthodoxy.

To this society time has brought a great change of scenery. Little remains now of that eternal fire and torment that helped make Universalism so logical and welcome in its early years. The old orthodox churches have bartered away their fiery perdition for the doctrine of such a fair form of punishment as may harmonize most with the character of the infinite God. It is not probable that orthodoxy claims that any punishment will be eternal. All wicked souls may at last emerge from the cloud and take their place in the realm of light. Eternity has of late years become so long and so unknown that not many Christians remain who feel willing to make a declaration about a punishment that will go on forever. Nearly all Episcopalians and Presbyterians in thinking of future punishment have in mind only a vast sweep of years. They do not insist upon that eternal burning that was so welcome a thought in the times of our fathers. The word Universalist has thus lost its import, the awful hell against which it raised its protest having passed away, and the love and the equity of God having come. All things are ready now for the word Universalism to give place to the word Christian.

It has been in favor of Universalism that it has not formally declared Christ to be only human. It has permitted its pulpit and people to believe in some divine mediation, to believe in an incarnate love that made hell impossible in a God formed universe. Of the unorthodox churches it has been the most simple and the most attractive in theory, but as to the numerical power it has suffered by the fact that Unitarianism preceded it in time and caught in its gospel net a vast multitude that would have found a spiritual home in the later creed. It was a beautiful Ruth, but in a field where others had gleaned.

Disappear Like Snows.

As die these two words, Unitarianism and Universalism, so other church names are falling into decay. No sectarian name holds today the meaning and fame it held a hundred years ago. Even the word Jew is rapidly parting with its old significance. It would be unreasonable to expect a term like Jew or Universalist to perish in a day. Customs and prejudices do not perish by an explosion. They disappear like the arctic snows. Those snows once reached south to the Ohio, but the sun has smitten the margin until it has uncovered the fields of Indiana and Illinois and Canada. Thus old names of churches will die, not by violence, but by the melting touch of a new era.

In England the name of churchman or Episcopalian was once so tall and pompous that all other alleged Christians were little better than infidels. Their services were "meetings," and their buildings not "churches," but "meeting houses." This treatment given by the establishment inflamed the zeal of the Wesleyans, and Sydney Smith says the Wesleyans had on some lake or stream a steamboat built for carrying nothing but Methodists. The same culture that keeps the caste of India out of the western civilization is extracting all the old significance from the names of the sects and is offering to them instead the simple word Christian.

By the Power of Christianity.

Under the same intellectual action the word Christian will at last imply a human character like that of Christ. Later in the history of our race the words Protestantism and Romanism will disappear, both displaced by the power and beauty of a Christian manhood and womanhood. It is a law of our planet that the less shall die when the greater shall come. The wild apple, the wild orange are not sweet enough to merit our soil and sun. Slavery died when the present century came with its study of liberty. Before the educated and half divine white woman the Indian girl disappeared. Thus all ideas that contain some littleness live only a temporary life. Men only camp in them. They do not live there. They are not home. Poor thoughts fade when some new and great beauty is born. Thus the two words "Protestant" and "Catholic" are serving only in an interregnum, waiting for the advent of some crowned forehead. When the "Christian citizen" shall have come into this nation, the lesser worlds will soon perish, for great as "Protestantism" and "Romanism" have been neither name contains any trace of immortality, but to the term "Christian citizen" one may easily attach the word "forever."

Lovers of Humanity.

Even the old term "Christian" was not wide enough. It was used often as a synonym for Methodist or Calvinist or Catholic or churchman. Thomas a Kempis was a Christian, but he lived in a cell for 70 years. Pascal was a Christian, but he wore a girdle of thorns to keep in check any form of happiness. Thus that word waits for a greater import to come to its confines. The word "citizen" seems destined to attend the word as an interpreter, for the word citizen implies a mind that is loving all the people and all the contents of the globe.

The faithful friend of one nation is the friend of all. The Guizot of France was able to be a good citizen of all the civilized states of the world. Our greatest men would all have been great children of England and Germany, humanity loving and law abiding.

A citizen is a soul before which all humanity moves in its organic and individual form, a soul that does not live only for itself, a heart that feels the pain of the millions and that grows ambitious for the human race, that loves not the flowers of its own garden only, but the heather of Scotland, the red poppies of France and the great sunflowers of Holland. Those who migrate to this continent and here oppose law and fling bombs into the streets were never citizens of Germany or of any land. They do not possess that kind of mind that can appreciate the progress and happiness that may come to man from his country. They are without a country because their minds are too narrow to hold the idea of a state. When at last sectarian names shall perish, they will perish before the face of a great, even a majestic name, that of the Christian citizen. The former term will reveal a relation to Christ, the latter a relation to humanity.

Giving Place to Intelligence.

If the special names of many of the churches are failing and are about to fall away as dead limbs from the oak, it must be coming to pass that names are falling away from other objects besides the church. The sun cannot shine upon the grape and not touch the ripening fig. In Illinois the sun cannot shine upon the wheat and not touch the corn and grass. The age that finds irrelevant terms in the sanctuary will soon find them in the home and street. Our land is leading in this work of separating manhood and womanhood from all that is irrelevant.

In India there are 36 shades of human condition between the Brahman that may be worshiped and the widow who might be burned. This is the land in which the 36 discriminations are to be erased. In England the shopkeeper is still far below the personage called the "gentleman." Caste is weak, but it still prevails, but the world is rolling along gracefully toward a time when all the old, cruel names will give place to the one high rank of intelligence and honor. The intelligence and honor of a farmer will make the plow an ornament; the printing press of a Franklin and a Childs will be turned by honor into a coat of arms; the merit of mind and heart will make the youth or the maiden have an ancestry from God; education and a Christlike character will make woman into a queen; her heraldry need be only the rose on her bosom; culture and righteousness will open all the doors of fashion and office and fame. Children born in humblest poverty can be reborn in the mighty mansion of humanity.

Women Appraisers.

Mrs. Addie Larned, Miss Mary Hamilton and Miss Sarah M. Curtis of Toledo have been appointed appraisers of the estate of a woman. The Toledo Blade claims this as the first instance of women being appointed to such an office. Whether first or not, it is unusual. The Blade says: "The selection of the ladies in this instance is perfectly right and the proper thing. The deceased left a lot of personal property, and for men to attempt to place a value on it would result in a dismal failure."

In Pharmacy.

Miss Mary Steele Ewing has completed the full course in the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy, but has not had the four years' experience in a drug store required for graduation. There have been two girl graduates in the history of the college—Miss Wilbur, in '92, and Miss Bartlett, in '93.

The French Barometer.

The French aneroid barometer is a beautiful thing to look upon, but the showiest of these instruments are not the best, and some of the nickel plated affairs that glisten in the windows of opticians are useless for the purposes for which they were designed. A great French geographer, who measured mountain heights in the Catskills, is said to have used instruments not of French manufacture. The best aneroids are so sensitive that they will change for each floor of an ordinary dwelling, though readings for such slight changes of elevation cannot be depended upon for accuracy.—New York Sun.

Two Old Families.

Miss Penelope Budleigh-Blake (with much pride)—Did you say "old family?" Well I should say so. Why do you know we can trace our ancestry back almost 300 years, to the time when Coverly was hanged for witchcraft.

Miss Michigan-Avenue Lakeshore—Well, our family goes back an awful lot of years too. My grandfather was lynched for horse stealing 30 years ago. Isn't it awfully terrible how they used to persecute people in olden times?—Brooklyn Life.

SHE RUNS A CANALBOAT.

Miss Lizzie Campbell Has Demonstrated Her Ability as a Captain.

Woman is gaining in the industrial pursuits and has invaded nearly every branch of industry in the cities, but it remained for Miss Lizzie C. Campbell to demonstrate the ability of woman to cope with the various and varied difficulties of canal navigation.

Her father, James C. Campbell, was for many years a canal captain and ran his boats from New York to Buffalo with some degree of profit. When he died three years ago, he was the owner of two boats—the Silver Gloss and the James Campbell—both of about 300 tons burden.

This property he left to his wife, an aged and invalid woman, and to his daughter Lizzie, a young woman of 25.

There was neither brother, uncle nor cousin who could be called upon to undertake the captaincy of the boats when Mr. Campbell died, and for a time the two women were in a quandary.

An old canalboat has very little value intrinsically, but furnishes a most comfortable income when properly managed.

Miss Lizzie decided to keep the boats and ran them herself for three years. She has attended to all the details, hired the men of the crew, bought her own stock and made arrangements with the shipping agents.

Besides all this, she lives aboard the boats, cooks all the meals for her mother, herself and the crew, does the family washing, and withal is cheerful and contented.

Miss Campbell is a large, pleasant faced woman, who looks as though she thoroughly enjoyed her novel business. In a short interview I had with her in her neat but small cabin, while she was preparing the dinner for her crew of four men, she said:

"Yes, I've been in this business for three years for myself, but am an old canaler. I was brought up on a canalboat, and of course when it became necessary for me to take hold of the management of our boats I knew a good deal about the way of doing business. Still I had lots to learn, but after a few trips managed to pick up all that was needful.

"Of course when I first went to an agents' office things seemed a little queer, and the agents evidently thought it queer also, but both they and myself have grown accustomed to the conditions and get along with as little friction as do the men folks, though some of them, I believe, claim they do not like to do business with a woman."

All along the canal I found that all the boatmen and shippers were loud in their praises of Miss Campbell's abilities as a boat owner.

She has the reputation of being an exacting captain, demanding full labor from her help, but withal just. She keeps her men to the mark and knows immediately what work has been left undone, or if her mules and horses have not been properly cared for, and if necessary can harness and attend to these adjuncts of a canalboat herself.

The shippers recognize her business capacity, and in appreciation of the active supervision she exercises over her cargo give her the highest rates on freight, both going west or coming east.

There have been many chances for Miss Campbell to change the name in which her property stands, but so far none has been accepted, and the two boats and the snug bank account, from all indications, will remain for some time to come in her maiden name.—New York Herald.

"Vindicating" American Womanhood.

I observe that in a recent letter to a Chicago paper Major Moses P. Handy refers to Mrs. Potter Palmer as "vindicating," by her success at the great fair, "American womanhood."

I esteem Major Handy as an accomplished journalist and viveur, but when, in the name of Mary, the mother of Washington, did American womanhood become in need of "vindication?" In the eyes of foreign flunkies, toadies and decrepit aristocricies? Every one will join in the finished eulogium pronounced on the estimable president of the "ladies'" board of managers, but when the lounging and luxurious major talks of Mrs. Potter Palmer or any one else "vindicating" our peerless American womanhood I think he deserves to be called down. Don't you?—American in New York Sun.

An Economical Creation.

For that light, everyday piazza wear that demands the appearance of a wrap to satisfy the scruples of anxious mamma, and yet must not disarrange or destroy the effect of the dainty toilet, an ingenious young woman has devised an economical creation. She buys the cheap crepon tulle which comes in white and other delicate tints, has it accordion plaited across the width and fitted into a neckband of the same. This fashioned about the throat with either a bow or tying ribbons is the fleeciest and most becoming sortie de soir that can be fancied, and two or three of them give a harmonizing choice for many toilets. If only two can be had, select a black one and a white one, and if but one keep to the white.—New York Correspondent.

Silver Shirt Buttons.

Babies' buttons, as every mother knows, come on cards—three in a set. Now there are cards of buttons for bachelor girls to wear in their shirt waists, but instead of three chained buttons there are six, seven or eight on a card. There are collar buttons, studs for the front and studs and buttons for the cuffs. They are made in silver and gold, plain, chased and enameled, and cost anywhere from 60 cents to $20. Some of the designs are very neat, and some are very flashy and inelegant. It is beginning to look as though pins, machines, needles and thread and plain sewing were losing their usefulness. New styles in ladies' furnishing goods have buttonholes, but that's all. For fastenings studs only are recommended.

Was Aware of It.

"Remember, witness," sharply exclaimed the attorney for the defense, "you are on oath!"

"There ain't no danger of my forgettin it," replied the witness sullenly. "I'm tellin the truth fur nothin when I could have made $4 by lyin fur your side of the case, and you know it."—Chicago Tribune.

Harriet Beecher Stowe at Eighty-three.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe was reported to be 82 years of age on June 14; but, according to the Hartford Times, she was really 83. It explains the matter thus: "The Times has once stated that the biographies and cyclopedias are all in error as to the year of her birth and also concerning the natal year of Henry Ward Beecher. Both are published as having been born one year later than they actually were. A consultation of 'the old family Bibe' settles it. Mrs. Stowe was born in 1811 and Henry Ward in 1813."

The world famous authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" keeps her physical vigor to a remarkable degree and is stronger and in better health than she was six months ago. This may be due to the fact that during the summer weather she is almost constantly out doors, wandering about among the trees and flowers of Forest street, Hartford, where her pretty home is situated. Her bent figure, with its crown of white hair, is a familiar sight to her neighbors, as she walks along with a step that belies her years, accompanied by her faithful attendant. The copyright on "Uncle Tom's Cabin" expired a year ago, so that Mrs. Stowe has now no claim on the receipts from her most famous and popular book. Through the courtesy and kindness of her publishers, however, she still receives a bonus from the sales, although of course not an equivalent of the royalties that were hers lawfully before expiration of the copyright.

Feminine Damon and Pythias.

Talk of the days of Damon and Pythias having passed. Not at all! The story of the winning of the Frederic Coudert prize of a gold watch for proficiency in French at the recent Normal college examination is almost as good and contains more than one lesson.

This prize was secured by Miss Amy H. Koezly, and the winning was made possible by one of those friendships that are read of, but seldom met.

President Hunter announced that Miss Koezly desired it known she has the unhappiness to have lost her hearing, but she has plenty of pluck. So Martha Adler of her class studied and read with her until she was able to claim the prize. Of course the audience applauded and wanted to see Miss Adler and felt that such unselfishness deserved some reward.

Then President Hunter announced that Miss Adler was to reap fruit for her unselfishness, for the second prize, $40 in gold, the Joseph Thoron prize, was hers. Then everybody craned their necks to see the girl who had been so successful with her first attempt at teaching that not only her pupil, but herself, captured a prize. There was nothing half hearted about the applause that followed her to and from the platform. These are both academic graduates, and the little story made many a woman in the audience wish that such friendships were more numerous in life.—New York Journal.

Women Students at Cambridge.

The entries from Girton and Newnham colleges for the various tripos examinations at Cambridge this year show a steady increase. Over 80 students have within the last three weeks submitted themselves to the test which secures for a man his degree in honors, whereas all that a woman has to show for the same work is a "parchment fair of gracious seeming"—a document which, however, does not imply any university standing. With the results of the last few years before us, does it not seem strange that women should still be debarred from receiving that recognition of their work which would be fair to them, and which would also be more easily understood by those less closely connected with the university? So far the results are known in two cases only, and they point to the same story of good work with which those acquainted with the colleges and with the class lists are now so familiar.—London Queen.

Will This Discourage Them?

A New York paper, commenting on the suffrage fight now going on in that state, says: "See what women will lose if the word 'male' is stricken out from the state constitution. They can bring no breach of promise suits, all husbands may abandon their wives, and no support will be awarded by the courts. All right of dower will fade away, there will be no difference in the causes of divorce of women and men, as now provided in the code of civil procedure, and no civil or criminal consequence shall accrue. This is the programme of a leading member of the constitutional convention. It is a sequence of woman suffrage, officeholding and participation in politics. She must enjoy no exemption or privilege not held by man. In the new century, if she votes, she will be compelled to perform the same public duties as man."

What Made Them Mad.

The women of Louisiana are mad—at least some of them are. A committee of them went to Baton Rouge to "petition the legislature," quite a new departure for southern women. And they told the governor what they wanted very pluckily and very explicitly, only to be told by the governor in response that "women were too good to be dragged into politics." And that is what made them mad. Small blame to them, for whether one is in touch with their demands or not one can recognize that when a woman asks for bread—politically leavened—she does not care to be supplied with sugar plums and metaphorically told she is a pretty child. The governor of Louisiana was gallant, but not up to date.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Not This Time.

Grandma—I see that the locusts with a "W" on their wings are out again. It means "war" whenever they appear.

Miss Laura—Not this time, grandma. It means "woman." This is the era of her emancipation.—Indianapolis Journal.

In room 28 of 7 Warren street 12 pretty girls stood at a long table at about 8 o'clock yesterday morning up to their ears and eyes in roses, pansies and sweet peas, which they swiftly sorted and formed into buttonhole bouquets. These boutonnieres, when finished, were placed in wicker baskets ready to be carried out and sold.

A new idea was put in practice yesterday in New York. The bouquet company, superintended by F. C. Clark and managed by Mr. Hamilton, scored a tre-