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. 1898.

VOL. 53 DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 5, 1898. NO. 3.

GREATER OAK HALL | GREATER OAK HALL

A Winter-long Jubilee

is ahead of every man, woman, girl, boy who spends and saves money on good clothes at Greater Oak Hall. Strange, but truer than most advertising. You buy $10 worth here—you get $12 or $13 worth; spend $15 you get $20 worth. So much does buying from the clothes-maker save you. Tens of thousands know it; we want the others.

A Great Overcoat Winter

We meet you with good news of thousands of overcoats ready: warm, good, thoroughly low-priced overcoats. $5 for all-wool overcoat, but don't you think it—our $5 one is $7.50 coat at least. $7.50 is better, $10 better, $15 and $20 beautiful as any that command extravagant prices anywhere.

Men's Suits by Thousands, too
Boys' Suits by Thousands, too

You know these suits. Not an unworthy piece of cloth, bit of lining, stitch of work gets into any Suit here, whether it's $6.50 or $30. No tailor-make more perfect. Boys' Suits to order, $3.50 to $15.

Women's and Children's Coats, Wraps, Suits

The money-saving of these new departments is something for the women folk to rejoice over. It wouldn't be Greater Oak Hall if it wasn't a money saver to you.

Stylish $5 Jackets here; covert mixed cloths; about 23 inches long. $6.50 and $8 ones of black kersey; with silk facings.

At and beyond $10 and up to $32.50 scores of styles of kersey jackets black and tan.

Five styles of women's tailor-made suits, cloths, covert and cheviot; jackets, newest shape, skirts cut full for $8.75, $9.50, $11.50, $12, $15.

We'll save you money on Furs—much.

Railroad fare paid on purchases of reasonable amount.

Wanamaker & Brown
Sixth and Market, Phila.

UHLER & HUGHES,
—DEALERS IN—
LUMBER AND BUILDING MATERIALS,
SHINGLES, LATHS,
FLOORING, CEILING, SIDING, SASH, DOORS, BLINDS,
AND MILL WORK GENERALLY.
LIME, HAIR & CEMENT.

At our Coal Yard at the Railroad Station will be kept on hand a supply of

THE BEST LEHIGH COAL.

It is the best, and 2240 pounds to the ton. Also the best quality of SOFT COAL for Blacksmith purposes. Come and get our prices before buying elsewhere.

Spices, Spices,
All Kinds of Spices
AT
Brown's Drug Store.

THE B. C. BIBB STOVE CO.,
107 & 109 Light Street,
BALTIMORE, MD.

HEATING STOVES,
Cook Stoves, Gas, Oil and Gasoline Stoves, Hollow-ware, &c.

FIRE-PLACE HEATERS.
FURNACES,
RANGES.

Manufacturers of the celebrated
EMERALD,
STONEWALL,
AND VIRGINIA
COOK STOVES.
ALSO
Of the popular Sheet-Iron Air Tight Stoves
TRILBY
AND
WILDFIRE.

FOR SALE BY
Stewart Bros.,
DENTON, MD.,

JAMES T. COOPER,
Undertaker and Funeral Director

DENTON, MARYLAND.

Mr. Cooper's long experience in embalming and all the other branches of his profession, render absolutely certain the proper performance of his duty in all matters intrusted to his care. All calls, either by day or night, promptly answered. Residence on Main street, opposite Brown's new drug store.

T. W. SMITH, OPTICIAN
Ridgely, Md.

Headache Caused by Eye-Strain.

Many persons whose eyes and head are constantly aching have no idea what relief scientifically-fitted glasses will give. Clumsily adjusted glasses will almost invariably increase the trouble for which they are worn, and in some cases may lead to irrecoverable blindness. Our ability to adjust glasses safely and correctly is beyond question.

Eyes Examined Free of Charge. T. W. SMITH, Ridgely, Md.

"If at first you don't succeed," try
SAPOLIO

WE PAY THE FREIGHT AND $15.95 IS ALL IT COSTS.

This 5-piece parlor suit, rocker, divan, and sofa, and two parlor chairs, highly polished frame, finished mahogany, and upholstered in velour or tapestry, largest size, and suitable for any parlor in the land, $15.95 and freight paid anywhere on earth. Such a bargain as this you have never seen before, no matter how old you are, and never will again, probably, if you reach the century mark, which we hope you will. Further comment is unnecessary, except that if you want to know of thousands of such bargains, send for our 160-page furniture catalogue, and if you want carpet at such prices as most dealers can't buy for, send for our ten-color lithographed carpet catalogue, and what you'll find in these two books will teach you something that you'll want to remember for many a day. Remember Christmas is coming, and sensible people give sensible gifts which sensible people most appreciate. Something for the home is the best of all presents, and our catalogues will suggest to you what is best. Address (exactly as below)

JULIUS HINES & SON,
Dept. 909. BALTIMORE, MD.

Special Announcement.

GREAT SALE
—OF—
SUMMER GOODS.

WE WILL SELL ALL OUR SUMMER GOODS AT AND BELOW COST (FOR TWO WEEKS ONLY) IN ORDER TO MAKE ROOM FOR OUR FALL LINE.

SHOES.

Men's Vici Chocolate that were $2.85, now - - - $2.25
Men's Vici Chocolate that were $2.50, now - - - $2.00
Men's Patent Leather Russet that were $2.85, now - - $2 25
Men's Slippers that were $1 25, now $1.00
Ladies' Tan Shoes, silk vesting top, that were $3.00, now - $2 25
Ladies' Tan Shoes, cotton vesting top, that were $1.25, now - - $1.00
Ladies' Tan Shoes, leather top, that were $1.75, now - - - $1 35
Ladies' Tan Slippers that were $1.38, now - - - $1.00
Ladies' Tan Slippers that were $1.25, now - - - $1.00
Ladies' Black Slippers that were 65c. to $1.25, now - 50c. to $1.00

CLOTHING.

Twenty-five Per Cent. Off All Clothing for Two Weeks Only.

Men's and Boys' Summer Overshirts at you: own price. Men's Summer Undershirts greatly reduced.

MEN'S STRAW HATS

Notice them in our window, marked 35c. CHOICE. Former price of these hats ranged from 40c. to $1.00; now any of them 35c. A chance to get a bargain.

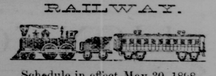
Lawns and Organdies Greatly Reduced.

Lawns as low as 3c. per yard. We do not believe in carrying any summer goods over, and therefore we give you a chance to get some big bargains for the next two weeks.

Do not forget our Men's and Boy's Ready-Made Clothing. Twenty-five per cent off means something to you. It simply means that a Suit that sold for $4 sells now for $3; one that sold for $3 sells now at $2.25. Come and see us soon and get some of these bargains.

R. M. COLLINS,
The Cash Store. Denton, Md.

DELAWARE AND CHESAPEAKE RAILWAY.



Schedule in effect May 30, 1898.

Passenger trains will run as follows:

North. Mail. A. M.	North. Pas. P. M.		South. Mail. A. M.	South. Pas. P. M.
6 45	1 40	Oxford,	11 53	7 47
6 55	1 50	Trappe,	11 42	7 37
7 08	2 07	Easton,	11 24	7 20
7 18	2 17	Chapel,	11 12	7 08
7 24	2 24	Cordova,	11 04	7 02
7 31	2 33	Queen Anne,	10 54	6 55
7 42	2 43	Ridgely,	10 44	6 46
7 52	2 54	Greensboro	10 34	6 36
8 03	3 04	Goldsboro,	10 24	6 26
8 10	3 11	Henderson,	10 16	6 19
8 17	3 18	Marydel,	10 08	6 12
8 23	3 24	Slaughters,	10 00	6 06
8 26	3 27	Hartley,	9 57	6 04
8 36	3 37	Kenton,	9 48	5 56
8 45	3 46	Clayton	9 38	5 47
A. M.	P. M.		A. M.	P. M.

PURE BONE!

Is the only true fertilizer after all.

TRY
LISTER'S AMMONIATED
DISSOLVED BONE
on your wheat and the result will astonish you.

SOLD BY
J. H. BARROW,
PRESTON, MD.

Farms Wanted.

I am in communication with a number of persons in Pennsylvania and the West who desire to purchase farms on this peninsula, and I will, therefore, want several farms to show them. I will be glad to communicate with any person having farm land for sale in this or adjoining counties. Call on or write.

CHARLES E. STEVENS,
Denton, Maryland.

Subscribe for the JOURNAL. $1.

Wrinkles Around the Eyes

Are usually caused by defective sight. Many women, and likewise men, look

Prematurely Old

from these wrinkles. The wrinkles can in many cases be removed by wearing

Correctly Fitted Glasses.

We fit glasses correctly, and give full satisfaction.

O. F. STURMER,
OPTICIAN,
Easton, - - Maryland.

GOOD NEWS
FOR THE PEOPLE OF
Ridgely and Caroline County.

I have just returned from the East where I have been laying in a full line of Fall Goods in

DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING,
BOOTS, SHOES,
HATS, CAPS,
AND
Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods.

Also a full line of Ladies' and Children's

CAPES AND WRAPS,

which will be our cheap feature this season. Having bought everything for cash, and being crowded for room, we must sell everything as quickly as possible, as we must have room, and we will sell at low prices.

Our Styles are Positively the Latest.

A SEWING MACHINE FREE.

In order to interest our patrons we will have in our window a fine first quality $30.00 Sewing Machine, which we will give away to the one guessing nearest the number of beans in the jar in the window. Each purchaser of one dollar's worth of goods and upwards will get a ticket entitling him or her to a guess at the jar of beans, which will be counted on Christmas Day. Remember, that in every dollar's worth of goods purchased you will save 25 per cent., and, besides, you get a guess at the jar of beans, which may win the Sewing Machine for you. Come all, and you will tell your friends of our

Immense Stock & Low Prices,
ALSO OF OUR
BEAUTIFUL GIFT.

Thanking you for your past patronage, and soliciting yours in future, I remain
Yours,
THE BALTIMORE BARGAIN STORE,
D. KLINE, Prop.
RIDGELY, MD.

To Reduce My Stock

of the following goods I will sell them at a greatly reduced price, some of them below wholesale price.

Bed Room and Sitting Room Stoves,
$4.75 down to $3.50
7.25 down to 6.25
7.50 down to 6.00

Best Tinned Carpet Tacks, 5 cts per 1000.
" " " " 12 cts per 3000.
Hog Rings, 5 cents per 100.
Egg Whips, 2 cents each.
Tea Strainers, 2 cents each.
Fire Shovels, 2 for 5 cents.
Three Boxes of Matches, 1 cent.
Flesh Forks, two for 3 cents.
Harrow Tecth, $2.50 per hundred.
When the above stock is reduced prices will be higher.

PAINT, READY-MIXED,
37c., 50c., 75c., 90c., $1.15, $1.30, $1.40 and $1 50 per gallon.

A LARGE LOT OF BLANKETS AND ROBES, from 60 cents up to $7.50.

Furniture, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Carriage and Wagon Harness. A large lot of Stoves.

FOURTEEN ROOMS FILLED WITH GOODS!

TILGHMAN HARVEY,
Burrsville, Md.

For Rent,

A well-improved farm to a man who understands trucking. Call on or address
F. J. WILLOUGH Y,
1845 W. Fayette St., Baltimore, Md.

NOTICE OF NOMINATIONS.

A X made in the large square space to the right of emblem or party name at the head of party ticket means a vote for all the candidates on that ticket; and no other X is required.
A X made in the small space at right of name of candidate means a vote for the particular person opposite whose name the X is placed.
A X made at right of emblem and also opposite one or more of the names of persons in any other column or group to the vote so cast shall be regarded as given for all the candidates under such marked party emblem or name, except the candidate or candidates under such party emblem or name whose name or names is or are opposite to the name or names so marked; and also for the candidate or candidates whose name or names is or are so marked.

MAKE YOUR X MARK HERE FOR ENTIRE TICKET.	MAKE YOUR X MARK HERE FOR ENTIRE TICKET.	MAKE YOUR X MARK HERE FOR ENTIRE TICKET.	MAKE YOUR X MARK HERE FOR ENTIRE TICKET.	
REPUBLICAN TICKET.	DEMOCRATIC TICKET.	PROHIBITION TICKET.	Loyal Democratic Ticket.	
For Representative for the First Congressional District of Maryland in the Fifty-Sixth Congress of the United States:	For Representative for the First Congressional District of Maryland in the Fifty-Sixth Congress of the United States:	For Representative for the First Congressional District of Maryland in the Fifty-Sixth Congress of the United States:	For Representative for the First Congressional District of Maryland in the Fifty-Sixth Congress of the United States:	For Representative for the First Congressional District of Maryland in the Fifty-Sixth Congress of the United States:
WILBUR F. JACKSON.	JOHN WALTER SMITH.	JAMES SWANN.	WILLIAM WILLIS.	

A SONG.

The wind comes riding down from heaven.
Ho, win I of heaven, what do you bring?
Cool for the morn, dew for the even,
And every sweetest thing.
Oh, wind of even, from pink clouds driven,
What do you bring to me?
The low call of thy love, who waits
Under the willow tree,
Whose boat upon the water waits
For me—for thee!

—Harriet Monroe in Century.

THE SKIPPER.

The last half hour of the steamship Saraband had come. All day she had lain in the pitiless bay, crouching under the fierce blast of the northeast gale, the seas sweeping her decks, and now all on board knew that she had but a short time to live.

She had had her day. Built to carry 120 passengers, she had once been one of the popular boats going through the newly opened canal to the east, and her long flush deck had been the scene of many a gay gathering when her passengers had assembled under the awnings to laugh, flirt and talk after dinner. But larger and faster boats had come, and her glory had departed, so that after many vicissitudes here she lay, her passenger accommodation taken out and the space filled with grain from the Black sea ports, sinking.

Her decks were slanting at an angle of 45 degrees, for the wheat had shifted, and she lay nearly on her beam ends. Every movable thing had long been washed away, and one structure which should have been immovable—the engine hatch—had also been smashed in.

That was the immediate reason why she was going to founder. The engine room plates were awash, and the fires in the stokehole were out, and for the last two hours she had only been kept head to sea by means of a sea anchor made of the derricks and spars. A portion of every sea that came on board found its way through the makeshift contrivance of spars and tarpaulins nailed over the gaping chasm in her deck that marked the former position of the engine hatch, and each found her a little lower in the water.

In the shelter of the bridge deck, the only structure which had been strong enough to resist the remorseless violence of the seas, clustered her crew, some 30 hands, hard faced sailors and grimy firemen, the former quiet, apathetic, almost careless; the others, save for a few, dead white with fear, spending their last moments in cursing, with foolish, meaningless repetitions of the same words, the ship, their luck in coming in her and the skipper for not making use of the two remaining boats which hung from their davits at the lee side of the bridge deck, and which from their elevated position had not gone when the other boats had been swept away. On the bridge stood the skipper and the mate, bearded, elderly men both, straining their despairing eyes into the wall of mist and spray which relentlessly rushed down upon them, in the faint hope that some passing vessel might appear through the gloom of the gale.

At length the skipper turned and scrambled down the sloping bridge to where the mate crouched on the lee rail. "We shall have to try the boats, Mr. Smith. She'll not last much longer!" he shouted, the wind picking up each word as he uttered it and sweeping them away to leeward, as if jealous of the mate hearing them.

"It's a very poor chance," said the mate, "but I suppose it's our only one. How long do you give her?"

"Half an hour at the outside. Are the boats all ready?"

"They've been ready since morning," said the mate, "but can we get them in the water unsmashed, and won't the firemen rush them?"

"I don't think so," replied the skipper. "There's time enough and room enough for all to get away."

But his face took a grimmer look as he led the way down from the bridge to the charthouse, the mate following him. Inside they could hear each other with greater ease, and the skipper, while taking his revolver from a drawer, gave the mate his final instructions.

"We'll lower the forward lifeboat first, as she's the biggest. You will take charge of her, get your crew aboard and have every one in his place before we start to lower, so that you can shove off as soon as she touches the water. If these patents act, you ought to be all right." The boats were fitted with a patent contrivance by which the tackles holding them are automatically released the moment the boat is water borne, so that there is no unhooking of blocks to be done while the boat is getting dashed to pieces against the ship's side.

"I shall be all right," said the mate, "but what about you? Who's going to lower the falls of the after boat? You can't manage it from the boat itself, with all the crowd you will have on board."

"I'll lower her from the deck," said the skipper. "If they have a long painter made fast to the ship, they can easily pull up again under the counter, and I'll make a jump for it."

"Mind you don't jump short. You'd have a poor chance with those boots and oilskins on," said the mate.

"Oh, I'll manage," replied the skipper. "Call the men up."

The men came up in a body, and the skipper came out on the deck, revolver in hand.

"The ship's sinking," he said, "and I have decided to take to the boats. There's plenty of time and room for all to get away in safety if you obey my orders. You will remain standing where you are till I call your names; then the man whose name is called will take his place in the boat. Any man that starts for the boat before I tell him I shoot; understand all?"

There was a low murmur from the men, and the skipper continued:

"Mr. Smith will take charge of the boat."

The mate, with a look at the skipper, climbed into the boat as she hung in the davits. The skipper then called the names of the crew he proposed to send in her, sending first the sailors, so that the mate might place each in his proper station in the boat, before the firemen, etc., who would be of no use in the critical maneuvers of getting her away from the ship's side, crowded her up. But these same firemen did not understand his reason and thought he was showing undue preference to his own men, and, a heavier sea than usual striking the steamer, there was a cry of, "She's going down, and he's sending the sailors first!" and a rush for the boat.

"Stand back!" cried the skipper.

Crack, and the leading fireman spread out his hands and pitched on to his face, rolling in a limp bundle down on to the lee rail. The rest of the men stopped. They might as well be drowned as shot, they thought, and they huddled together, looking with horrified glances at their dead comrade. The skipper paused, lowered his revolver and then called the next name. They had learned their lesson and went quietly to the boat, which was got safely away and drifted out of sight in the mist of the gale.

The other boat was filled without any mishap, and the skipper, the only man left on the deck, lowered her. She also got clear away and drifted out to the full length of her painter. The skipper walked aft to wait for them to haul up again. He had to pass the body of the dead man, and he did not look at it. The boat was hauling up on the painter and was getting close. The skipper got on the rail ready to jump. At that moment a fireman, the brother of the man he had shot, reached over the boat's bow, and with a cry of "Blast you, stop and drown with Bill!" cut the painter.

The distance between the ship and the boat began to widen instantly, and in spite of the frantic efforts of the sailors at the oars the deeply laden boat was swept away and blotted out in the mist. The skipper got down from the rails and made his way back to the bridge deck. He had just ten minutes to live. Ten minutes to prepare for the next world after 40 years at sea!

He climbed up on the bridge again and sat on the canvas wind screen to think. His wife and children, who would look after them now? His wages were £16 per month. On that he had had but small chance to save. Well, he supposed the Shipmasters' society would do something for her, but she would have to give up her little house at Forest Gate and drop from the position of a captain's wife to letting lodgings. Perhaps one of the children could be got into an orphanage. If not, well, it meant starvation or the workhouse. He thought of his own life, of his hard, ill used boyhood, cabin boy in a Quebec timber ship; of his manhood, spent in unremitting toil in all parts of the world; of the various ships he had commanded, in each of which he had been expected to use less coal, less paint, fewer provisions and to go with smaller crews than in the last. He thought of the blackguards he had had to command as crews, and the trouble he had had with them, and the old sailor proverb rose to his lips, "To live hard, work hard, die hard and go to hell after all would be too d——d hard." Well, he'd not had much fun out of life, and now he was going to find out what it all meant. Anyway he had always done his best for his ship.

His eyes fell on the dead body of the fireman. That too! If the man should indict him at the bar of the last judgment, he would answer there, as he would have answered to an earthly court, "In my judgment it was necessary for the safety of the men in my charge." A sudden quiver warned him she was nearly gone, and he rose to his feet for one last look to windward. As he looked into the blinding spray, he saw a large wave come out of the mist, and knew it would swamp her. He gripped the rail with both hands, and his lips moved in a half forgotten prayer. "Our Father, which art"— and the wave swept on. But the Saraband had gone. The skipper had gone to meet his fireman where "there shall be no more sea."—Temple Bar.

Impressing the Neighbors.

Mr. Wigsby—See here, my love, there is some mistake. The baggage delivery man has left seven trunks on our front porch.

Mrs. Wigsby (who has just returned from the mountains)—Imbecile! Don't you understand? He's coming back after dark for the extra five.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

It takes 72,000 tons of paper to make the post cards used in England each year.

AN ANCIENT CHESS KING.

Haply some rajah first in the ages gone
Amid his languid ladies fingered thee,
While a black nightingale, sun swart as he,
Sang his one wife love's passionate oraison;
Haply thou mayst have pleased Old Prester John
Among his pastures when full royally
He sat in tent, grave shepherds at his knee,
While lamps of balsam winked and glimmered on.
What dost thou here? Thy masters are all dead,
My heart is full of ruth and yearning pain
At sight of thee, O king, that last a crown
Outlasting theirs, and telest of greatness fled
Through cloud hung nights of unabated ring
And murmurs of the dark majestic town.

—Jean Ingelow.

"A SAD NIGHT."

How Carlyle and Leigh Hunt Differed Even About the Sky.

Leigh Hunt and Carlyle were once present at a small party of equally well known men. It happened that the conversation rested with these two, and the others sat, well pleased to listen. Leigh Hunt talked on in his bright and hopeful way, when Carlyle would drop some heavy tree trunk across his pleasant stream and bank it up with philosophical doubts and objections at every interval, but Hunt never ceased his joyous anticipations nor saturnine Carlyle his infinite demurs. The listeners laughed and applauded by turns, and now fairly pitted them against each other as the philosophers of hopefulness and unhopefulness. The contest continued with ready wit, philosophy, pleasantry and profundity and extensive knowledge of books and character.

The opponents were so well matched that it was quite clear that the contest would last indefinitely, but night was far advanced, and the party now broke up. They all sallied forth, and, leaving the close room, the candles and the arguments behind them, found themselves under a most brilliant and starlight sky. They looked up. Carlyle can have no answer to this, thought Hunt, and shouted: "There! Look at that glorious harmony that sings with infinite voices an eternal song of hope in the soul of man!"

Carlyle looked up. They all remained silent to hear what he would say. They began to think he was silenced at last, but out of the silence came a few low toned words in a broad Scotch accent:

"Eh, it's a sad night!"

They all laughed and then looked thoughtful. There might be some reason for sadness, too—that brilliant firmament perhaps contained infinite worlds, each full of struggling and suffering beings.

Unrecognized.

Perhaps when one makes that conversational blunder which is known as a "break" it is best to say nothing whatever about it. Extenuation only renders a bad matter worse.

Not long ago a lady was visiting the studio of a portrait painter and trying to make herself as agreeable as possible in return for a welcome and afternoon tea. She enjoyed the pictures, although in each case they seemed to her much idealized, and she went from one to another, civilly expressing her approbation.

"Ah," she said to her hostess, "you must tell me all about them! Who is this?"

"Mrs. Lorraine."

"I don't know her; charming, but of course I can't speak for the likeness."

"I try to be faithful," said the artist humbly.

"Oh, I know! I know! And who is the very pretty lady in brown?"

"That," said the other, with some frigidity, "is myself!"—Youth's Companion.

Below Decks During a Fight.

The position of the men below decks on a modern vessel of war, they being isolated by the watertight hatches and doors, has been frequently commented upon, but their position is not always so hard as has been supposed. On the Brooklyn, during the fight before Santiago, Admiral Schley sent orderlies among the men behind casemates and below decks telling them the effects of the shots and how the fight was going. When the chase of the Colon began, the orderlies went down to the stoke holes and engine room and told the men there that the race had begun and everything depended upon them. The wisdom of the action was partly shown in the outcome.—Argonaut.

People of Stone Age.

"The stone age" is not, properly speaking, an expression of time. It refers to a stage in civilization which passed long ago in Europe and Asia, but still lingers in some out of the way corners of the world. A report of La Plata museum in Paraguay describes the Quayoquis, a small tribe of 500 or 600 living near the headwaters of the Acaray river, as a true stone age people. They are timid, harmless folks, desperately afraid of the whites, and with reason, as they have been shamefully abused by them. They have no weapons for defense save bows, lances and stone tomahawks. They are undersized and round headed.

It is said that there is in Sonora a tribe of Indians with yellow hair and blue eyes.

The three prime essentials in the nursery are fresh air, good food and pure water.

TENNYSON'S FAITH.

The Problem of the Future Life Had the Dominant Interest.

A reader of the "Life of Tennyson," by his son, will be struck by the fact that no subject interested him so deeply as the problem of the future life. He will also observe that it was always a problem to him, one that he was constantly raising, that would not stay settled. To be sure, he was a believer in immortality, but not a restful believer. He was all the time digging up the roots of his faith to be sure they were alive. The old question would not stay unanswered. The reader of his poetry observes the same thing. He is always on the side of faith, but of a somewhat disturbed faith. He belonged to that "metaphysical society" which invited into its membership believers of all shades, with all shades of unbelievers, whose object was to raise and answer doubts about God and the future life. He was the spokesman of the scientific doubt of the age, fluttering over the dovecots of faith, but hardly settling and resting and nesting therein.

One observes the contrast with this fluttering faith who reads the poems of Milton, with their abiding faith in the future life. This is the spiritual contrast between "In Memoriam" and "Lycidas." In Milton's requiem, even under its paganized form, there is a robust and jubilant faith in God and eternal life. No question enters. The mind and heart are satisfied. The dear friend is beyond all doubt among the saints and choirs above. One regrets that Tennyson's mental structure perhaps could find positiveness and rest on questions of politics or poetry, but must perennially dubitate—to be sure, with the hopeful balance of probability—over questions of faith. "I believe I know," he once said, "the quantity of every word in the English language except scissors," but one seems to detect a tremulousness in his best expression of faith, "I hope to meet my Pilot face to face, when I have crossed the bar."—Independent.

HARNESS REINS.

Made From the Stoutest of Leather. A Word About Hand Holds.

The reins of a set of single harness are each about 13 feet in length, those of a double harness about 15 feet. For business harness reins are made of leather, tanned black; the reins of carriage harness are made of russet colored leather.

Reins require to be very stout, and they are almost always made of steer hide, the leather of which traces are made, these, however, being of more than one thickness. Occasionally lines for light or for cheap harness are made of cowhide, but not often. As a rule the best of leather is used for the reins, even in cheap harness. There can be obtained from the hides of leather suitable for reins strips from seven to nine feet in length, so that reins are always of necessity made in two pieces.

The loops, or hand holds, often seen on the reins of track or road horses are commonly made of lighter leather stitched together and then sometimes stitched to the reins, but more often secured to them in such a manner that they can be shifted on the reins to suit the convenience of the driver. The three loop hold, which is called the Boston hand hold, is commonly used for track driving. The single loop is the one used by most drivers on the road. There are patent hand holds made of metal. The wooden buttons sometimes seen on reins, used as hand holds, are made in pairs, one button of each pair having a stem, with a thread cut on it, which goes through the rein and is screwed into the other button of the pair on the opposite side.—New York Sun.

Sowing Pansy Seed.

During early October is a good time for sowing pansy seed for next spring's supply of plants for bedding out. The reason for fall sowing out of doors is that the plants are not then subjected to the hot, drying influences of the house, which are so likely to bring on red spider and other troubles.

Prepare a bed of very rich, porous loam on a well drained location. Place over it a frame to be filled with forest leaves as a protection to the little plants over winter. After sowing the seed in the bed sift a very light covering of soil over the seed, merely enough to hide them. During the process of germination never allow the bed to dry out, as moisture is essential to perfect germination of any seed.

As severe weather approaches cover the bed with a few inches of litter of some sort, forest leaves being preferable. At the proper time in the spring the seedlings may be pricked out of the soil in the seedbed and transferred to the bed in which they are to bloom.—Woman's Home Companion.

Her View of Evolution.

When the late Professor Henry Drummond was giving a course of lectures on "Evolution" in the Lowell institute, he overheard two women, evidently much opposed to his views, discussing them. One of them said, "Mary, if what he says is not true, we can stand it, but if it is true we must hush it up."

Japanese children are taught to write with both hands.