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. 1899.

VOL. 53 DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 4, 1899. NO. 15.

WANTED, YOUR CORN.

See Our Agents, Who Are Prepared to Pay Highest Market Prices on Delivery.

W. H. GOLT, P. H. DENNY,	Wye Station,	Q. A. R. R.
S. N. SMITH, JR.,	Willoughby,	"
W. F. PENNINGTON,	Queen Anne, Hillsboro,	"
EUGENE LYNCH,	Downes,	"
W. H. ANDERSON,	Denton,	"
H. C. HOBBS,	Hobbs,	"
W. R. PETERS,	Hickman,	"
M. L. BLANCHARD,	Blanchard,	"
W. S. LORD,	Greenwood,	"
J. CULVER,	Ellendale,	"
CUSTIS BURTON,	Milton,	"
E. W. INGRAM,	Lewes,	"

Grain also received on Storage in Elevator, Queenstown, and negotiable Receipt issued, covered by Insurance. Particulars furnished on application to

WILLIAM M. CONN, QUEENSTOWN, MD. } Manager For { WM. HOPPS & CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

W. W. TUNIS & BROTHER LUMBER CO.

TUNIS' MILLS, TALBOT COUNTY, MD.,

—MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF—

Lumber and Building Material.

Shipments made direct by vessel to all points on navigable water, to inland points by rail.

Save Money by Purchasing Direct from Manufacturers.

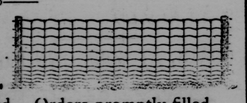
North Carolina Pine, Our Specialty!

WE DEFY COMPETITION IN CYPRESS SHINGLES.

Saw Mill Daily Capacity, 20,000 feet.
Plaining Mill Daily Capacity, 40,000 feet.

STATE AGENTS FOR

PAGE'S Woven Wire FENCE.



Correspondence solicited. Orders promptly filled.

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.

DEWEY DEWEY DEWEY

WE DO

Have the best Carriages, Spindle Buggies, Daytons, and a full line of Machinery and Farm Implements. Lowest Prices on Everything! Good Second-Hand Carriages and Buggies from $10.00 up.

SINCE WAR BEGAN

OSBORNE COLUMBIA BINDERS AND MOWERS are at the front, and have outbattled all competitors, having proved to be the lightest draft, the best work, simplest in construction, the strongest and best-braced binder ever made. Hence the victory! Columbia All-Steel Hay Rakes and Tedders are constructed in a way that you have two new rakes for the price of one. Osborne Columbia Spring-Tooth and Disc Harrows are the only ones made with double levers.

Don't forget that I am headquarters for all lines of Machinery, Carriages, etc., at lowest prices. TONS OF BINDER TWINE. Also have three second-hand Deering Binders for sale cheap. Will guarantee them in every way to do first-class work or no sale. Give me a call.

H. M. THOMPSON, - - HILLSBORO, MD.

THE PLACE

TO BUY

THE BEST COAL

IS AT

L. B. TOWERS',

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 the new drug store.

From Factory to Fireside.

$1.75 Buys this White Enameled Steel Bed in either 54, 48, 40 or 36in. widths. Length 75 inches. It has one inch pillars and ⅜ in. filler. Guaranteed the strongest bed made.

Our great 160-page catalogue tells of thousands of bargains in Furniture, Clothing, Bedding, Crockery, Silverware, Sewing Machines, Clocks, Upholstery Goods, Baby Carriages, Refrigerators, Pictures, Mirrors, Tin Ware, Stoves, etc., and in buying from us, you save from 40 to 60 per cent. on everything—don't forget this.

We publish a lithographed catalogue of Carpets, Rugs, Art Squares, Portieres and Lace Curtains which shows exact designs in hand-painted colors—selections can be made as satisfactorily as though you were here at the mill.

Here's the celebrated Hines Sewing Machine—none better made. Guaranteed for 20 years. Catalogue tells you all about it. Price (3 Drawer Style),

$13.25

Why have we customers in every part of the United States, in Canada, Mexico, Bermuda, Cuba, Porto Rico, and even as far as Australia and South Africa? Send for our Free Catalogues. They will tell you. Address this way

We make all styles of Machines.

Julius Hines & Son, BALTIMORE, MD. Dept. 909.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS

—AT—

BOTTOM PRICES!

We will be glad to have you come in and see our goods and learn our prices. Our line of

UNDERWEAR

is up to date. We are selling Men's 50c. Undershirts at 44 cents. Try a pair of Men's 20c. Undershirts at 15 cents.

SHOES. SHOES.

Heavy shoes and light shoes; fine shoes and coarse shoes. Bought right and will be sold right.

PANTS. SUITS.

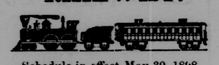
Hats, Notions, Floor Oil Cloth, all widths, Table Oil Cloth at 10 cents a yard; Calices, Ginghams, Muslins, Canton Flannels, and Dress Goods, all at Bottom Prices.

Give us a call.

R. M. COLLINS,

DENTON, MD.

DELAWARE AND CHESAPEAKE RAILWAY.



Schedule in effect May 30, 1898.

Passenger trains will run as follows:

NORTH. Mail. A. M.	Pas. P. M.		SOUTH. Mail. A. M.	Pas P. M
6 45	1 40	Oxford,	11 53	7 4
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.

G. H. BULLOCK,

PRACTICAL

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,

AND DEALER IN

Clocks, Watches, Spectacles, Jewelry & Silverware.

There are some specialtie in stock suitable for holiday gifts, including

Chains, Bracelets, Rings,

and various Neck Jewels and Ornaments in gold and silver. Silver Reed Harmonicas, Silver Thimbles, etc.

DENTON, MD.

DENTISTRY.

Having been in the profession for about 20 years I feel competent to execute all branches of Dentistry known to the profession.

Filling and Extracting Specialties.

Children's teeth treated with care and skill.

Teeth extracted absolutely without pain by a late scientific method.

Our low prices and terms surprise everybody.

CALL AND BE CONVINCED.

WM. McKOWN, D. D. S.

Two doors above the Hardware Store.

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.

MUSIC IN THE NIGHT.

No, send me not to Morpheus yet.
The night is fair and bright.
'Tis sweet to spend some wakeful hours
And watch the heaven's light.

Here in this cold December air
I'll hear the nightly chimes,
And once again recall the past,
The thoughts of olden times.

Above yon silent, sleeping town
There floats a distant song,
A mellow tune that swells the breeze
And softly sails along.

It comes to me in lingering notes,
In faint and mournful strain,
And sadder grows my heart—but calm,
O pain that soothest pain!

It brings me back the dear old songs,
Songs silenced long ago,
Oft heard among the moonlit groves
By sweet Euphrates' flow.

Once more I stand by one dear form
Upon the waveless sand
To hear faint echoes die afar
And press a trembling hand.

Ah, how the murmuring river hushed,
The moon was paled above,
When from those tuneful lips there rushed
Sweet melodies of love!

O priceless past, O dreamlike joys,
O long remembered face,
What charm you give this stranger's song,
What sad and tender grace!

Let men in gold seek pleasures cold
In vanity or strife;
One grief to me is worth a world,
And one true tear a life.

Sing, sweet unknown, and from this breast
Let sadness not depart.
As rain will only brighten flowers,
Griefs beautify the heart.

—Boston Transcript.

BULLHEAD PARKER.

When George Parker made his first appearance on the football field at Clevedon college, about two weeks after the term began, he came unheralded and unknown.

The football enthusiasts had been busy for days discussing the merits and qualifications of the various new men who had come up for the first time that year and were trying for positions on the team. Good football material was scarce at Clevedon, and the captain and the coach were at their wits' end to construct a winning team with the candidates who had thus far appeared. The very day that Parker made his initial appearance they had held a short council in the directors' office at the gymnasium before going on the field for the afternoon practice, and the outlook, as they viewed it at the time, was gloomy indeed.

Candidates for positions behind the line were many, and some of them gave promise of developing into good players, but the linemen, especially the tackles, left much to be desired at the close of their conversation.

Shaw, the coach, expressed himself very forcibly as to the qualifications of at least one of the players: "I tell you, Arnold, we must get some life into that line or the best backs in the world won't win games for us. Now, there's Brice at left tackle. He's big and strong enough to stop a freight train, but he plays as though he were dead on his feet. If we only had some man to go in against him on the scrub eleven and wake him up and give him a bit of a scare, he might amount to something, but as it is he's about as lively as an ice wagon."

All this was too obvious to elicit anything more than a very gloomy acquiescence from the captain, and the two men tramped out through the gymnasium to the practice field, and here they found Parker for the first time among the crowd of youths passing and kicking the ball. He was of medium height, rather light but firmly built, resembling the other young men around him in general appearance, except for a rather unusual squareness of the jaw and levelness of gaze.

He came to Clevedon from an obscure little academy in a distant state, where he had prepared for college. The captain of the scrub eleven had noticed him in chapel in the morning and afterward had hunted him out, and, having learned by dint of hard questioning that he had played football and at least knew the rudiments of the game, had asked him to come out to the field in the afternoon and have a try at the second eleven.

The second or scrub eleven, be it known, is composed of the candidates who are denied a place on the varsity and who yet for the sake of the sport and in the hope that one day promotion may find them out are willing to work on without glory or reward unless they find them in the hard practice game played daily with the varsity. From the ranks of the scrubs come the substitutes for the varsity, and a good player in the former may well dare hope to be chosen on the varsity the next year. It is, as one may see, a sort of apprenticeship or training school through which one must pass before he reaches the varsity.

It had been the bane of the scrub captain's life hitherto that he had not been able to find a man in his miscellaneous lot who was able to play a hard enough game against Brice, the varsity left tackle, either to cause that gentleman any particular inconvenience or to satisfy the demands of Shaw. They had all made the mistake of "bucking" straight into him, and being inferior in weight and muscle to Brice, who was a giant in size, if not in intellect, the result may be imagined.

Thus it happened that in sheer desperation Parker was chosen on this his first night out to go in against Brice, and, if possible, frighten him into improving his playing.

As the two men looked each other over for a moment before the ball was put in play Brice thought to himself, rather contemptuously, that he would have no trouble with this stripling, but after Parker had broken through two or three times on plays around his end and downed the man with the ball he began to realize that he had a very unusual sort of scrub to deal with, and that it would require something very different from his ordinary style of practice game to keep this fellow occupied. After he awoke to this fact Parker's lot became rather harder, and he was forced to content himself with an occasional tackle behind the interference when the runner was slow or the ball was poorly passed.

But the climax came just before the close of the 15 minutes' practice. The varsity had carried the ball down the field directly in front of and about 20 yards from the scrubs' goal. Parker had become somewhat used to the varsity play by this time, and when he saw the full back drop back and the half backs move out from and back of their regular positions he knew that a goal from the field was to be tried. Here was his last chance to outwit the now fully awakened Brice.

Instead of moving out, as he might have been expected to do, in order to get a clearer field and open the line, he moved in close and made a feint as though intending to dive between tackle and guard, which was just the sort of play it was the delight of Brice's heart to stop. He was practically immovable, and woe to the unlucky mortal who attempted "go through" him. Nothing, however, was further from Parker's mind than the attempting of such a feat. Instead, as the ball was snapped, he wheeled out quickly, caught Brice's arm in his own and, whirling upon him as on a pivot, threw that worthy flat on his back and rushed at the full back just in time to block a well directed try for goal.

The men on the side lines cheered lustily for the plucky scrub tackle, and the coach gladdened his heart with a few words of commendation, while the discomfited Brice had a bad five minutes explaining to the captain how it all happened.

After that Parker's play was carefully watched by both Shaw and Arnold, and Brice was warned that unless he looked sharp and worked hard he might yet lose the position which he had begun to look upon as peculiarly his own. Under this stimulus he improved wonderfully, and the hopes of the rooters rose again as they saw the line grow stronger and faster day by day.

The great game of the season, for which all the others were but a preparation, was the one with Hanover college, and was to be played this year at Clevedon. For three years the yellow and blue of Hanover had waved triumphant, and their team was reported to be in better condition than ever.

At last the great day arrived and the morning train brought with it the Hanover team and a great crowd of students, already boasting of the victory that was sure to be theirs. Odds were offered freely, but the Clevedon boys, mindful of the lessons of former defeats, were slow to bet, and much Hanover money went begging.

The day was an ideal one for football, crisp and cool, with that suspicion of frost in the air that puts every player on his mettle and makes every nerve tingle with pure human joy of living. On such a day even a disordered liver loses its ascendency over the mind, and the blood races through the veins in an exhilarating flood. In spite of the lateness of the season the close clipped turf was green and soft as velvet and the field, lined on either side with bleachers filled with a gayly dressed, ribbon bedecked crowd, was an inspiring sight. Every one in the little town, without regard to age, sex or present condition of servitude, had turned out to witness what proved to be a battle royal.

Hanover, with their usual good fortune, won the toss and chose the north goal, with the wind at their backs. Burrows, the Clevedon full back, swung his toe into the pigskin and sent it whirling well down into the enemy's country, with the ends close after it, and the battle was on. Hanover sent their backs around the Clevedon ends for a few short gains, and then lost the ball on a fumble. Clevedon held it for a few plays and lost it, and so the battle raged. Back and forth in the center of the field they fought. Occasionally a long kick by the full back would drive the ball down the field, and one goal or the other would be temporarily endangered, but soon the ball would be carried back to the center, and the struggle would be begun again. The teams were so evenly matched that neither was able to gain more than a temporary advantage over the other, and the first half closed without either having scored.

For the first five minutes of the second half it was the same story over again, but after one of Hanover's fierce rushes into the line a figure was seen stretched on the ground and a thrill of apprehension ran along the side lines. "Who is it?" "Is he Hanover or Clevedon?" "What subs have we?" were some of the questions anxiously asked.

To the dismay of the Clevedon contingent, it was discovered in a moment that it was Brice, the big left tackle, whose lame ankle had finally succumbed to a severe wrench. For him to continue longer in the game was out of the question, but who was there to take his place? The only man who had practiced in that position was Parker, and when the "rooters" saw him strip off his sweater and trot across the field obedient to the captain's summons their hearts sank within them. What chance would such a green stripling as he have against such a heavy, experienced player as the Hanover tackle? But the captain remembered Parker's play against Brice and held his peace.

The first play demonstrated that, whatever else he might be, Parker was no coward. Whenever there was a rush through his side of the line he was generally found at the bottom of the heap when the mass of men untangled itself. But the fierce, determined, bulldog game that Hanover was playing was beginning to tell, and slowly the ball was being carried nearer the coveted Clevedon goal—50 yards, 45, 40, until the ball lay on the 30 yard line, and here the advance stopped. Three times the Hanover backs drove headlong into the Clevedon line, only to be held and thrown back again.

It was the old guard at Waterloo over again. One more play and the ball must go to Clevedon. But the goal was straight ahead and only 30 yards away, and a well directed kick would put Hanover five points to the good. The full back dropped back and every one knew what was coming. Every man was crouching low in the line with his muscles tense and every sense alert watching the ball and the man opposite him. Back went the ball to the full back, and after it the Clevedon quarter back, dodging quickly through a hole between center and guard, but just too late. The ball barely cleared his finger tips as it sailed up into the air and straight between the goal posts. A clean kick, and the Hanover bleachers roared and waved their approval.

Parker, in the rush of the moment, was conscious of nothing but a mad desire to tear his way through the line and reach the full back, but struggle as he would the man opposite him blocked him hard and low, and his effort was futile. On the Clevedon side of the field there was a gloomy silence that was almost tangible. Only seven minutes to play and the score 5 to 0 against them.

Burrows put the ball in play again with a low, swift kick that sent it straight at one of the big Hanover guards. Taken by surprise, instead of holding it, he let the ball bound back from his broad chest straight toward Parker, who was rushing down the field. As the ball bounded toward him, remembering the injunction of the coach never to try to kick up a ball unless he had a clear field before him, he threw himself full length at the coveted oval and gathered it in his arms.

At the same moment the unlucky guard, rushing from the other direction to repair his error, stumbled over the prostrate form and, whether it was intentional or accidental no one ever knew, struck poor Parker full in the face with the toe of his heavy shoe, cutting a deep gash above his left eye. To the Clevedon supporters on the side lines it seemed as though an evil fate was pursuing them. There was no one to take Parker's place, and how could he play with a deep cut in his head and the blood streaming down his face? But they failed to recognize the spirit of the boy, and when the coach tried to lead him from the field he flatly refused to be taken away. "Let me stay the game out," he pleaded, and then as a shrewd afterthought he added, "Who'll you put in my place anyway?" The force of this argument struck the coach, and, pleased with the boy's grit, he had no alternative but to yield, and back into his place went Parker, with his bloody face and a handkerchief bound round his head.

If he had played hard before, he played like a demon now, but the team was going down hill fast. The men had lost heart and with ever increasing swiftness the Hanover wedge ground its way down the field until a final breathless rally stopped the advance on the 20 yard line. One minute to play and the Hanover full back dropped back for another try for goal. Here was a last desperate chance, and in spite of his aching, whirling head Parker remembered the trick that had worked so well on Brice and shoved in close to his opponent. The latter, mistaking the movement, closed up the gap, when, quick as a flash, as the ball was snapped, Parker sprang out, whipped his husky opponent half around and rushed at the full back like a tiger, with the speedy quarter back close at his heels. The kick was swift and sure, but Parker was quicker, and as the ball rose he sprang high in the air and caught it full on his outstretched arms.

As the ball bounded back Sheldon, the quarter back, snatched it up, and was off for the Hanover goal, 80 yards away. Behind him strained the Hanover half backs in hot pursuit, but it was no use. A stern chase is a long one, and Sheldon did not hold the varsity record for the 100 yards for nothing. He planted the ball squarely between the goal posts, and Burrows kicked an easy goal, making the score 6 to 5 in Clevedon's favor, and time was up.

And Parker—well, Parker fainted away in the arms of his roommate as he tried to walk off the field and was sick for a month with brain fever. But he had earned his nickname of "Bullheaded" Parker, and lived to prove his full right and title to it on many a hard fought field.

They talk of his powers yet back at the old college, but Parker is sleeping in a Cuban grave, having given his life for his country this year. He fell in the charge of the rough riders at San Juan, a hero to the end.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Yellow Fever Cure.

A correspondent of a London paper asserts that no fatal results may be feared from yellow fever if the person attacked, as soon as the symptoms appear, take a tumblerful of olive oil with the juice of a lime squeezed into it. This dose should be repeated till vomiting and purging ensue.

"This is infallible in checking the virulence of the complaint," says the letter writer, "and a speedy convalescence invariably follows. I have not only proved its efficiency personally, but have witnessed its complete success in dozens of cases, both in Cuba and South America."

ROUND COTTON BALES.

Some Points Which It May Pay the Farmer to Carefully Consider.

A good deal of discussion has developed about establishing uniformity in the size of cotton bales. This is doubtless desirable for economizing space in shipping and reducing freights. It might indirectly increase the price of cotton. If a bale of dimensions somewhat less than those ordinarily packed be adopted, old presses might be changed to meet the case and no loss of invested capital ensue. But if a smaller bale is adopted the number of bales must be increased, and the charges for storing, selling, shipping, ginning, packing, etc., must be correspondingly reduced; otherwise the decrease in cost of freight might be entirely offset.

These matters The Southern Cultivator advises farmers to look carefully into before they act upon the representations of interested parties. Especially are they urged not to reach hasty conclusions touching the substitution of round bales for square bales. We are not fully informed, says this journal, as to all the details connected with these round bales, but one fact is patent—viz, that round bales cannot be packed on car or ship as closely as square bales. There must necessarily be open interstices between the bales, and these would not only occasion loss of space in packing, but in case of fire enable flame to penetrate more readily. It is claimed also, we believe, that a round bale is never to be cut and the cotton never exposed. As to exposure, it is practicable and easy to cover a square bale as completely and as neatly as a round bale. The cutting and sampling of the round bale are to be avoided by a guaranteed sample taken from each bale before it is closed. The guarantee must be a very strong one to satisfy a purchaser, and this involves a strong money power behind the whole matter, with all the evils which may grow out of it. We have noticed in some magazines numerous indorsements of the round bale, but they all come from interested parties. "Where self the wavering balance shakes, it is rarely right adjusted."

ORIGIN OF SURNAMES

PREFIXES OF VARIOUS KINDS AND WHAT THEY MEAN.

Some of the Local Designations of Ancient Times From Which Have Descended the Personal Nomenclature of the Present Day.

In nearly every country where personal nomenclature has assumed a sure and settled basis—that is, where a second or surname has become a hereditary possession in the family—we shall find that that portion of it which is of local origin bears by far the largest proportion to the whole. Prefixes of various kinds were at first freely used to declare more particularly whence the nominee was sprung. Thus if he were come from some town or city he would be William of York or John of Bolton, familiarly pronounced William a York or John a Bolton. This, of course, is met in France by de, as it was also on English soil during early Norman times.

If, on the other hand, the situation only of the abode gave the personality of the nominee, the connecting link was varied according to the humor or caprice of the speaker or relative aspect of the site itself. Thus we find such entries as John Above-brook or Adelina Above-town or Thomas Behind-water, or John Beneath-the-town. The word Lane is found attached to the personal name in the following ways: Cecilia in the Lane, Emma a la Lane, John de la Lane, John de Lane, Mariota en le Lane, Philippa ate Lane and Thomas super Lane.

Of the definite terms used some are purely Norman, some purely Latin, a few an admixture of the two, and the rest are Saxon, atte being the chief one. This atte was "at the," answering to the Norman de la, del or du, and was familiarly contracted by our forefathers into the other forms of ate and att, or, for the sake of euphony, when a vowel preceded the name proper, extended to "atten." This atte or att was occasionally incorporated with the sobriquet of locality and thus became a recognized part of the surname itself. Thus such a name as John atte Wood, or Gilbert atte Wood, has bequeathed us not merely the familiar Wood, but Artwood and Atwood also. In a like manner atte-Ridge has become Attridge; atte-Field, Atfield, while such other designations as atte-Town, atte-Hill, atte-Worth, atte-Tree and atte-Cliffe are nowadays Atton, Athill, Atworth, Attree and Atcliffe.

Such a name as De la Dene or Atte Den, of frequent occurrence formerly, and as Dean or Den, equally familiar now, is worthy of particularity. A den was a sunken and wooded vale, where cattle might find alike covert and pasture. We have a remembrance of the brock in Brockton, the wolf in Wolfenden, the fox in Foxden, the ram in Ramsden, the hare in Harden and the deer in Dearden, Buckden or Bugden, Raydn and Roden, or Rowden. The more domesticated animals abide with us in Horsden, Oxenden, Cowden, Borden and Sugden, or Sowden, Swinden, Eversden and Ogden, at first written de Hogedene.

The lee afforded shelter to all manner of domestic live stock and some few of the wilder quarry. The equine species has given us Horsley, the bovine Cowley, Kinlee and Oxlee or Oxley; the deer, Hartley, Rowley, Buckley and Hindley; the hare, Harley, and the sheep, Shipley. Characteristic of the trees which inclosed it we get Ashley, Elmsley, Oakley, Lindley or Berkeley.

Our Hargreaves hail from the grove where the hares are plentiful, and our Congreaves represent the same in the coney. Our Cloughs represent the narrow fissures between the hills. To the same root we owe our Clives, Cliffes, Cleves and Clowes, besides endless Cliffords, Clevelands, Turnicliffes, Sutcliffes, Ratcliffs, Faircloughs, etc.

Another branch of local surnames throws a light upon the migratory habits and roving tendencies of our forefathers. Thus such a name as Peter le Newe or Gilbert le Newcomen or Walter le Neweman declares to us at once its origin. Then there is no village or hamlet in England which has not subscribed in this manner to our nomenclature, as Ralph de Debenham or Miles de Ashford. A passing from one part of the British empire to another has been a prolific source of names. Thus we find Henry de Irlaund, Adam de Irland, Roger le Escot and Maurice le Scot.

Other countries also furnished many names. The Arters, once registered de Artoys, came from Artois, the Gaskins and Gascoignes, from Gascony, while to Champagne we are indebted for the Champneys. To Lombardy and the Jews we owe the Lombards, Loumbards and Lubbards. From le Aleman or de Almania or le Alemaund have sprung our Alemans, Almaines and Allmans and through the French probably our Dalmaines, Dalmans and Dolmans.

A class of surnames which occupies no mean place is that bequeathed by the dignitaries and officers of mediæval times. These include king, priest, abbot, prior and many others. In considering the surnames of occupation, we remember that every village had its thatcher, to make and mend the roofs. From this we get the surnames Thatcher, Thacker and Thackery or Thackeray. A hilyer was also a roofer, and we have Hillyer, Hillier, Hellier, Hellyer, Helman and Heilman. A curious memorial of a past state of life abides with us in our Boardmans, Boorders, Bordmans and Borders. They were the tenants of lands which their lord kept expressly for the maintenance of his table, the rental being paid in kind.—Boston Herald.

Strange.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—Did you ever think what a funny thing a lemon is?

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—Why funny?

"You know how sour it is?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Well, people take 'em to make 'em sing sweetly."—Yonkers Statesman.

Houses were whitewashed inside in spring and cleaned once per week regularly, at each time covering the floor with slaked lime; roost poles saturated weekly with either kerosene oil, kerosene emulsion or any other insecticide that was on hand. Yards were plowed frequently in some parts, a growth of weeds in remaining portion left for shade. The breeders were dusted with insect powder every 60 days. Fresh water was supplied three times per day in summer and twice per day in winter.

A RUSKIN LECTURE.

ONE THAT WAS HEARD IN A NOTED LONDON DRAWING ROOM.

Famous People Who Were Present on That Occasion, but Who Have Since Passed Away—Why Mrs. Bishop, the Hostess, Was Not Happy.

For years Mrs. O'Connor Morris Bishop's house in Prince of Wales' terrace was a rendezvous of authors and journalists, churchmen and politicians, as well as of French men and women of distinction. One habitue was Mrs. Augustus Craven, a member of the delightful De la Ferronnays family, whom one knows so intimately through her "Recit d'Une Sœur," and after Mrs. Craven's death her "Life" was written by Mrs. Bishop. In that drawing room in Prince of Wales' terrace great things were done. There one heard Coventry Patmore read aloud his "Odes" and Mr. Ruskin lecture to an audience of guests on the occasion of one of his last appearances in general society.

That was in June of the year 1883. The professor, as Mr. Ruskin was then commonly called—and the name suited him who was and was proud to be a teacher—had had his first illness, and his coming into the world again was something in the nature of a resurrection; such at least it seemed to some, and there was about the whole man a spiritual presence belonging only to those who in one way or other are dead to this world. During his illness he had grown his brown beard, and his thick brown hair was brushed close to his head, which is abnormally flat at the top, so that at a little distance he looked like the picture of a hooded Capuchin friar. Nor would that description have been one he would wish to repudiate, for the professor had been dreaming many dreams during his illness and before it, and once he had dreamed that he was a friar of St. Francis.

After that in actual waking life he was in Rome, and each day on the steps of the Pincio, within sight of the window, which slowly grew "a glimmering square" to the dying eyes of Keats, he used to give alms to an old beggar man. The beggar man once kissed his hand, whereupon the benefactor—all Englishman and a professor though he was—stooped down on an impulse and kissed the beggar on the cheek. On the next day the beggar came to his lodging with tears of gratitude and with an offering—a shred of the brown robe which had once been worn by St. Francis. Then the professor remembered his old dream, that he, too, was a Franciscan, and he set off to Assisi and to the convent of St. Francis, where he had his reward in a sight of the frescoes of Giotto and much more besides.

But now he was back for the moment in a London drawing room face to face with an audience of friends. It is years ago, yet what changes, what endings, what tragedies come to mind as one recalls that interesting group! Mr. Lowell was there, man of the world, man of two continents, and hence doubly mundane, yet also man of letters. Alas, mundane now no more! Matthew Arnold was there, mundane, too, by the measure of the man he had come to hear. Not of this world any more. Lord Leighton came late, and came late purposely, nervous lest his sensitiveness should be shattered by some sally of that lecturer of whom, as a critic, it had once been said, "D—n him, why doesn't he back his friends?" That sensitive presence is ours no more. Nor is that of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, who sunned himself that afternoon in Ruskin's favor. Miss Jean Ingelow, a true woman and therefore sure of Ruskin, was there, but she is not here. Mr. Hutton of The Spectator sat beside Mr. Knowles of The Nineteenth Century, a contrast in editors, of whom one is taken and the other left, and others of the then young generation are of the elder now—Miss Gladstone, great then as a daughter, and Hallam Tennyson, great then as a son. He perhaps was a little bored by talk about "Francesca's Book," and took notes of that blue tie of the lecturer of which he was to tell us in his father's future biography.

The lecture was a good deal about Miss Frances Alexander, that American woman who had then spent half her life among the peasants of Tuscany, studying their manners, their songs, their legends, their religion. Then the lecturer spoke of children's books—their needed grace, their imagination, their sweet mission in dealing with peace, dutifulness and innocence. Kate Greenaway, he said, he adored, and, catching sight of coy Lord Leighton, he congratulated him on having so much of the Goth in him that he cared to show the world the childhood of a goddess. Lord Leighton was not sure how to take it, and the professor went on quickly to say that it was only when Christianity was fully interpreted to the nations that the woman and child became the center of all that was beautiful and pure in nature and in art. Coming to modern authors, Ruskin—with whom Mr. Henley would be one for once—paid homage to Dickens as a benefactor of the child, but no word had be for George Eliot, an author he had scorned. And all this was gayly interspersed with denunciations of railway bridges, steam printing presses, mowing machines and The Times newspaper.

Mrs. Bishop was a happy hostess that afternoon or should have been, but when you congratulated her she only replied, "What a pity that Mr. Browning could not come!"—London Academy.

Impertinence of Genius.

Dr. Johnson once called upon Mr. Garrick in London and was shown into his study. Unfortunately, a door being open, he strayed into an adjoining room which contained the novels and lighter works which had been presented as tributes to the highly admired actor. Johnson first read a bit from one and then another, and threw them down, strewing the floor with the expensive volumes. Garrick was angry at finding Johnson there and said: "This is a private cabinet and no company is admitted here."

"But," said Johnson, with impertinent coolness, "I was determined to examine your valuables, which I find consist of three sorts—stuff, trash and nonsense."

Among favorite varieties of winter tomatoes in Florida are Acme, Beauty, Dwarf Champion and Stone.