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, OCTOBER 7, 1899. NO. 48.

AMERICUS FERTILIZERS

AMERICUS BRAND

We do not propose to tire you with any long dissertation on our Fertilizers.

They always have and always will speak for themselves.

They have always been strictly as represented, and always will be.

They always have been and always will be in the very best mechanical condition.

They have always produced good crops, and always will.

They have always been and always will be a safe and profitable investment for every farmer and producer of crops.

Such an established reputation is the best possible guaranty for any commodity.

WILLIAMS & CLARK FERTILIZER CO.

CHARLES F. SMITH,
GENERAL AGENT.
RIDGELY, MARYLAND.

WANTED, YOURWHEAT.

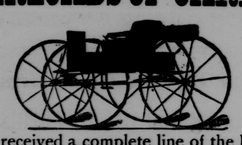
See Our Agents, Who Are Prepared to Pay Highest Market Prices on Delivery.

P. H. GOLT, W. 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,	"
I. T. BAKER,	Ellendale,	"
J. CULVER,	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.

TWO CARLOADS OF CARRIAGES.



I have just received a complete line of the latest style

Carriages, Buggies, Daytons, Surreys, Phætons, Cornings, Spindles,

Runabouts, &c., in grades from ordinary to fine quality, which will be offered at

MARVELOUSLY LOW PRICES.

A long experience in building and dealing in this line enables me to judge quality and to give the best possible values for the price.

BICYCLE DEPARTMENT.

The celebrated Keating Bicycle, with their improved noiseless double roller chain, are the lightest and best. Prices, $75, $50, $40, $35. Write postal for catalogue.

Other makes from $18.00 up.
Second-hand Wheels $5.00 up.

I can also save you money in Carriage Material Bicycle Sundries, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, &c.

Carriage and Bicycle Repairing done in the best manner.

J. N. RICKARDS, RIDGELY, MD.

AN OPPORTUNITY WHICH SHOULD NOT BE NEGLECTED!

Eyes Examined and Tested Free of Charge by Dr. H. W. Dobson.

BALTIMORE OPTIC COMPANY,
OCULISTS AND OPTICIANS,

Are now in your town, and no charge is made to determine if your eyesight can be improved or headache relieved by wearing properly adjusted glasses. Glasses adjusted for reading and all defects of vision. Every pair guaranteed and competition defied in prices and adjustment. Special attention given to children, and removal of Perigium and Cataract.

DOBSON & McKENNEY, GEN. MANAGERS,
221 W. Fayette Street, Baltimore, Md.

☞Persons wishing to consult him can leave order at Mrs. Whitby's, Greensboro

T. H. EVANS & COMPANY,

FRUIT AND PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

No. 214 Light Street, Baltimore, Maryland,

☞Fruits and Vegetables; Maryland Peaches and Sweet Potatoes.

OLD RELIABLE BRANDS

—MADE BY—

PATAPSCO GUANO CO.,

BALTIMORE.

COON BRAND GUANO, BALTIMORE SOLUBLE,
DISS. S. C. BONE.

ALL IN GOOD DRILLING CONDITION.

CENTREVILLE, QUEEN ANNE'S CO., MD., AUGUST 3, 1899.

PATAPSCO GUANO CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

DEAR SIRS: We used on the Waverly Estate 250 lbs. of BALTIMORE SOLUBLE per acre on 70 acres of fallow last fall, and have just threshed from same 2130 bushels. We shall use it this fall.

Yours respectfully. RALPH ROBINSON.

TRAPPE, TALBOT COUNTY, MD., JULY 26, 1899.

PATAPSCO GUANO CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

I used BALTIMORE SOLUBLE on 38 acres of corn ground and threshed 29 bushels to the acre. The straw was very heavy. I have a good set of grass on my farm. I shall use the Baltimore Soluble next fall.

Yours truly. JOHN K. CAULK.

NAMES OF AGENTS.

HENRY HUGHES, DENTON.
B. G. STEVENS, WILLISTON.
W. H. DEEN, FOWLING CREEK.
A. G. SAULSBURY & BRO., RIDGELY.

FARMERS' STANDARD, FARMERS' MIXTURE, ROCK AND POTASH,

(South Carolina Bone and Potash)

Are three brand of Fertilizers which have grown good crops for Maryland Farmers for more than thirty years. These goods maintain their excellence, and their popularity increases year by year. The great importing firm of

G. OBER & SONS

Are the manufacturers. Every farmer knows the name of these reliable people. Leave your orders with

SOMERS BLAKE, AGENT,
DENTON, MARYLAND.

JOS. H. BERNARD, PRESIDENT. FRED. R. OWENS, VICE-PRESIDENT.
GEO. L. WALLACE, CASHIER.

CAPITAL, $50,000.00.

PEOPLES NATIONAL BANK,

DENTON, MARYLAND.

We Solicit Your Business, and Guarantee Prompt and Careful Attention.

Open an Account With Us!

DIRECTORS:

JOS. H. BERNARD, Greensboro.	ALBERT W. SISK, Preston.
FRED. R. OWENS, Denton.	F. A. PORTER, Burrsville.
THOS. L. DAY, Ridgely	J. FRANK LEDNUM, Preston.
ROBT. JARRELL, Goldsboro.	HY. T. NUTTLE, Andersontown.
GEO. C. MOORE, Queen Anne.	WILLARD C TODD, Williston.
PAUL HOLSINGER, Ridgely.	F. P. COVEY, Federalsburg.

J. W. KERR, Denton.

DR. WM. B. NOBLE, DENTIST,

(OF PHILADELPHIA.)

has opened an office in

RIDGELY,

and will practice there every alternate Tuesday.

Good Farms for Sale!

I have some excellent farms for sale some of which are located in Tuckahoe Neck and various other parts of Caroline county. These farms are of different sizes and are adapted to the growth of varied crops. I also have some woodland for sale and some dwellings in Denton and Ridgely. Apply for particulars

OSCAR CLARK, Attorney.
Denton, Md.

HARRY B. MASON,
PAINTER AND DECORATOR.
. . DENTON, MD.,

Has had ten years' experience in the cities of Wilmington, Philadelphia and New York, and is now ready to make contracts and guarantees skillful work, fair prices and entire satisfaction

Thomas Carmine,
CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER,
Ridgely, Maryland.

Contracts taken in Caroline and adjoining counties. Thirty-three years experience. Plans and specifications cheerfully furnished. Best of references from Caroline, Talbot and Dorchester counties.

J. B. K. EMORY AND CO
(EMORY & NEAVITT.)
—GENERAL—
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
LIGHT STREET,
Baltimore. Maryland

HENRY R. LEWIS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Denton, Maryland.

Will practice in the courts of Caroline and adjoining counties.

Collection of claims, both foreign and domestic, a specialty. I have associated with me Ex-Sheriff Geo. H. Berry, who will have exclusive control of and give his personal attention to all collections.

G. K. EBLING,
Registerd Veterinary Surgeon,
RIDGELY, MD.

HORSES CASTRATED STANDING OR LYING, BY THE MOST HUMANE AND APPROVED METHOD.

Castrating and Spaying A Specialty.

Ridgeling Horses a Specialty. Cattle and bitches spayed and ruptured colts cured.

To Town Taxpayers.

All parties in arrears for town taxes are hereby notified that unless payment is promptly made I will proceed to collect the same according to law. I will be at my new home, on Main street every Saturday afternoon to receive them,

BENIAH KINNAMON,
7 29 2m Bailiff of Denton.

JOHN W. CLARK, JR.
Auctioneer,
Box 85. Denton, Maryland.
Will sell property in Caroline or any of the adjoining counties.

A Free Trip to Paris!

Reliable persons of a mechanical or inventive mind desiring a trip to the Paris Exposition, with good salary and expenses paid, should write
The PATENT RECORD, Baltimore, Md.

AUCTIONEERING.

Having had six years' experience in auctioneering, I hereby offer my services as practical auctioneer in Caroline and adjoining counties.

PRICES REASONABLE.

Prompt attention given to inquiries by mail. Address, ROBT. WOOD,
sep16-y. Denton, Md.

N. ALEX. HUTSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
DENTON, MARYLAND.

Will practice is the courts of Caroline and adjacent counties.

ON THE REBOUND.

Of course we'd met the winter through
At balls and teas, but then, you know,
I thought the world of Ned Carew,
Who'd been devoted, and I knew
Tom was in love with Kittie Snow.

So Tuesday night at Kittie's ball,
When they announced she was engaged
To Ned Carew, I thought I'd fall
Or faint. I really can't recall
When I've been so stunned or enraged!

She's such a scheming girl, and then,
Oh, lots of times, I've heard Ned say
He thought she looked so silly when
She tried to flirt! Oh, dear, some men
Can't keep the same mind through the day!

Well, Wednesday came, and, as 'twas Lent
And I was blue about it all,
I thought the day would be best spent
In some good work, and so I went
To take flowers to the hospital.

And, passing by, who should I see,
As at their door, with all my flowers
I stood, but Tom! He said that he
Thought time best spent in charity.
I said those were my happiest hours.

Well, that began it. Then we found
Our tastes alike in everything.
We think respect's the proper ground
For love, and ours is strong and sound.
* * * * * * *
Mine's twice as big as Kittie's ring!
—Beatrice Hanscom in Ladies' Home Journal.

HOW HE WAS AVENGED

By C. W. Doyle.

A Young Hunter Astonishes a Native by His Bravery and the Accuracy of His Aim.

The travelers from beyond Moradabad having reached Kaladoongie were discovered to be men of consequence by the thanadar and were invited by him to join the circle of the great round his fire on the evening of their arrival. It was very warm, and the dismal silence was only accented by the distant howl of a lonely jackal. The sheet lightning flickered fitfully over the foothills, mocking the gasping Terai with its faint promise of a coming change.

The conversation round the fire flagged, and the hookah passed languidly from hand to hand. Those present would have retired to sleep had sleep been possible, but as that was a consummation not easily attained at this season of the year they preferred their present miseries to those that come in the wakeful night watches when the Teral is athirst. Ram Deen's arrival was a nightly boon to those who were wont to assemble round the thanadar's fire. There was always the possibility of his having news, and, besides, men seemed to acquire fresh vitality from contact with his vigorous personality. The strangers were especially grateful for his arrival, and when he had taken his usual place beside the fire the hookah was at once passed to him.

"Any tidings coach wan ji?" inquired the thanadar.

"None, sahib, save that the great frog in the well at Lal Kooah—who is as old as the well and wiser than most men—gave voice just ere I started, and the bunnia said it was a sure sign of rain within two days, as the frog's warning had never been known to fail."

"Nana Debi send it be so," exclaimed the little carrier, "for my bullocks be starved for the lack of green food, and bhoosa (chaff) is past my means."

"Thou shouldst not complain, Goor Dutt," said Ram Deen, with a smile. "Their very leanness is thy passport through the jungle. Fatter kine had been devoured and their driver with them long ere this."

Hint of danger that might be encountered in the jungle having thus been given, one of the strangers was moved to ask concerning the lame tiger of Huldwani, part of whose biography they had heard from Ram Deen at Lal Kooah on the previous day.

"Coach wan ji, wast thou not afraid to carry the mail after the slaying of thy hostler, Nandha?"

"Those who carry the queen's mail may not stop for fear. Nevertheless fear rode with me a day and a night after the death of Nandha."

"It is a great telling," said the little carrier, nodding at the wayfarers, while Ram Deen "drank tobacco."

When Ram Deen had passed the hookah to his neighbor, he went on: "Brothers, on the day that Nandha was carried off by the tiger I sent word to the postmaster of Naini Tal concerning the killing, and the outgoing mail brought me word that the sircar (government) would send me help. Ye know that a tiger kills not two days in succession. So I had no fear when I traversed the road to and from Lal Kooah till the second day after the slaying of Nandha. Ere I started on that morning the munshi told me to drive to the dak bungalow for a sahib who had been sent to slay the slayer of men. Brothers, when I went to the dak bungalow there came forth to me a man child—a Faringi—whose chin was as smooth as the palm of my hand.

"I would have laughed, but that I thought of the tiger that I knew would be waiting for us, and, taking pity on him, I said: 'The jungle hereabouts is full of wild fowl, sahib, and 'twere pity, when shikar is so plentiful, you should waste this morning looking for a budmash tiger who will not come forth for two days as yet.' He answered me never a word, but went into the dak bungalow for something he had forgotten, and while he was gone his butler spake to me, saying: 'Coach wan, make no mistake; thy life depends upon thy doing the sahib's bidding. He is a very Rustum, and he knoweth not fear, for all he is so young.' 'He is a man after my own heart, then, sirdar; but, mashallah, I would he had a beard!' I replied.

"Presently the young sahib came forth with an empty bottle in one hand and a gun in the other. Throwing the bottle into the air, he shattered it with a bullet ere it reached the ground. Startled by the report, a jackal fled from the rear of the cookhouse toward the jungle, and the sahib stopped its flight with another bullet. Then, replenishing his gun, he took his seat beside me on the mail cart, saying, 'Blow on thy bugle, coach wan, and announce our coming to Shere Bahadoor, his majesty the tiger.'

"It was a brave jawan (youth), brothers, but he was very young, and belike he had a mother, so I swore in my beard to save him whatever might befall. As we proceeded he questioned me concerning the killing of Nandha, speaking lightly as one who goeth to shoot black partridge.

"'He is lame, coach wan, and will doubtless be waiting for us by the Bore bridge,' said the sahib. 'As soon as he appears stay the horses for an instant while I get off the mail cart, and then return when your horses will let you.'

"'Bethink thee, sahib,' I answered: 'the lame one of Huldwani is old and cunning. It is no fawn thou seekest this morning. Perchance the sircar will dispatch some great shikari to help thee in this hunting. Gunga send we may not meet the tiger, but if we should, shame befall me if I permit thee to leave the mail cart while the horses are able to run!'

"For answer, my brothers, the sahib flushed red and, calling me a coward, he drove his elbow into my stomach with such force that the reins fell from my hands. Taking them up, the while I fought for my breath, he turned the horses round, saying: 'A jackal may not hunt a tiger! I have need of a man with me this morning, and Goor Deen, my butler, shall take thy place.'

"'The sahib, being a man, will not blacken my face in the eyes of Kaladoongie,' I said. 'I spake for thy sake, sahib, but I will drive thee to Jehandum an thou wilt, for no man hath ever called me coward before.' Then the sahib looked in my face, as I tucked the ends of my beard under my puggri, and, seeing that my eyes met his four square, he gave up the reins to me, saying, 'If thou playest me false, I will kill thee like a dog,' and he showed me the hilt of a pistol that he had in his pocket. We spake no more together, but when we came to the Bore bridge I shook the jungle with a blast from my bugle.

"'Shabash, coach wan!' exclaimed the sahib. 'Thou art a man indeed and shalt have Shere Bahadoor's skin as recompense for the hurt to thy stomach. Bid him come again.'

"Half a mile beyond the bridge, as we sped along the level road above the river, I again blew upon the bugle. The sound had scarcely ceased when we heard the angry roar of a charging tiger.

"'Stop!' exclaimed the sahib, and I threw the frightened horses on their haunches, while he leaped to the ground. Then, while the horses flew along the road, I looked back over my shoulder and beheld the Lame One bound to the middle of the road, and the sahib blew on his fingers as one would whistle to a dog. The great beast stopped on the instant and crouched to the ground, ready to spring on the sahib as he advanced toward it, and I prayed to Nana Debi to befriend the young fool.

"When he was within 30 paces or so from the tiger, the sahib halted and brought the gun to his shoulder. The next instant there was the crack of a rifle, and the Lame One leaped straight into the air.

"I knew the tiger was dead, and immediately thereafter the mail cart ran into the bank and spilled me on the road. Leaving the stunned horses tied to a tree, I proceeded to seek the sahib. Wah ji, wah, brothers, we must pay taxes to the Faringis until we can raise sons like theirs. When I joined the boy sahib, he was smoking and taking the measure of the tiger with a tape! His bullet had struck the beast between the eyes, and the Lame One had died at the hands of a man."—Speaker.

How to Kill Them.

Although every housekeeper may not be a member of a band of mercy or humane society, she can help on the good work if she will practice some of the society's rules. For example, let her bear in mind that crabs to be properly killed should before boiling be thrust through the mouth and body with a sharp steel at one blow.

When a lobster is required, insert a narrow bladed knife into the third joint of the tail, severing the spinal cord. This will cause instant death and is much less cruel than to put it into the water alive, especially if it is not boiling, as the lobster then suffers a slow, lingering death.

Terrapin also should be mercifully killed before being cooked.

The eel tribe is said to be a terrible sufferer from man's inhumanity to fish. So difficult is it apparently to kill eels that people have even ceased to try to kill them at all. If their heads were cut off before they were otherwise handled, they would at once be out of misery.—Buffalo Express.

Best of the Earth.

It is well known that a great deal of effort has been put forth in all parts of the world where mining is carried on to a great depth, to determine as a satisfactory average the increase of the earth's temperature with depth. A few years ago it was commonly assumed to be 1 degree for each 90 feet in depth, but more recently deeper workings under other conditions have led to the belief that it is something over 200 feet for each degree of increased temperature. It is admitted, however, that the depth to which mining has thus far been carried is so shallow as compared with the great distance to the center of the earth that it is really not known what the average increase of temperature with depth is. Observations made at the various places have been where the surrounding conditions were so different that the tests were not satisfactory, as, for example, those made in the Lake Superior and Nevada regions.

An Unjust Discrimination.

"This idea of making you take out a license for a dog is all wrong," said the dog owner. "It is unjust discrimination."

"Oh, I don't know!" answered the man who had just come from the county clerk's office. "In most places you have to take out a license for a wife too."

"But you don't have to renew it every year," returned the dog owner in an aggrieved tone.—Chicago Post.

At the Art Gallery.

He—Do you care for the old masters?

She—No. I prefer the society of young people. These fussy old professors always want to talk about such uninteresting things.

POISONED WEAPONS.

HOW SAVAGE NATIONS MAKE SURE OF DEALING DEATH.

Some of the Venomous Mixtures Used by the Barbarians Retain Their Life Destroying Properties For an Indefinite Time.

From the age of stone up to the time when the art of killing one's neighbor led to the discovery of powder and firearms primitive peoples, owing to the insufficiency of their weapons to cause prompt death, have invented means of giving them poisonous qualities. Poisoned weapons, whether they are arrows, knives, lances or what not, may get their fatal properties from either vegetable or animal poisons.

The South American Indians use curare; the natives of India, Indo-China, Borneo and the Moluccas employ, or rather did employ, the upas to poison their weapons; the negroes of the Sudan and the Kongo still make use of a poison extracted from different varieties of strophanthus called m'boumou or ine, according to the regions where it is employed; the people of South Africa, the Hottentots, the Bushmen, the Kaffirs and the Akkas, poison their arrows with the venom of divers serpents, the cobra de capello among others; certain tribes of equatorial Africa, the N'Dris and the Banjiris, use their arrows after long burial in decomposing corpses, to communicate blood poisoning, which results in speedy death; in Oceanica the natives of New Caledonia, the Hebrides and the Solomon group give their enemies lockjaw by soaking their arrows in marshes containing large quantities of the bacillus of tetanus.

The first three kinds of poison are practically of vegetable origin, though the local medicine men mix with their preparations red ants, snakes' venom, toads' eyes, etc. They are the characteristic alkaloids of plants, which serve as the basis of a deadly poisonous mixture. Curare, upas and m'boumou have as their principal elements plants whose species vary with the tribe, and which all belong to the strychnine family. The three last named poisons, except that of the South African negroes, are of microbial origin.

What are the value, duration and activity of these poisons? Curare keeps indefinitely. In 1757 in the course of experiments in physiology made in France with curarized arrows brought in 1752 from equatorial America by La Condamine, a fowl scratched with one of these arrows died in seven minutes. Among the Oniteto Indians, lumps of curare handed down from father to son have preserved all their poisonous activity, although covered with mold. The same may be said for the upas, which, kept in little sections of bamboo for seven or eight years, retains the same active qualities as when freshly prepared. Malay weapons, even those of steel, always keep their poisonous properties.

The black races that use ine claim that it will keep only a short time before it spoils. Now, ine, which is an aqueous maceration of strophanthus seeds, to which is added the juice of a fig or of a euphorbi, and generally also vipers' venom, becomes covered with mold at the end of a few weeks, but notwithstanding it has preserved all its toxic properties. Guinea pigs have been killed in a few minutes by being scratched with arrows whose points had molded. In fact, the vegetable poisons used by primitive peoples for their arrows keep indefinitely and always make effective weapons.

This is not the case with poisons of animal or microbian origin. As we have seen above, the Bushmen, the Kaffirs and the Akkas poison the points of their arrows with serpent venom, especially that of the cobra. At the end of two or three weeks their arms have lost all harmful quality. This is due to a single cause. The venom of snakes, which is preserved indefinitely in alcohol, becomes covered in air with a peculiar mold, which has not been studied hitherto and which removes all poisonous effect from the venom.

The poison used on the arrows of the N'Dris of the Upper Ubangbi is nothing else than the septic vibrio (microbe of blood poisoning), which dies in the air if it is not in the presence of decomposition. Thus these arrows are harmful only during a very short time. As for the arrows of the New Caledonians, which infect their victim with tetanus, authorities do not agree about the duration of their harmful action, although it is proved that the bacillus of Nicolaier cannot live except in a very moist medium and together with other bacilli, harmless or otherwise, such as the septic bacillus, which, as we have seen, dies in a short time.

Thus in all cases the poisoned arrows of the races that make use of vegetable alkaloids are much more to be feared than those of the tribes that employ poisons of animal or microbian origin.

A "Sure Thing" Bet.

Those who are unsportsmanlike enough to bet on a sure thing might try this: A bets that B cannot endure a piece of ice on his arm for two minutes. A to select a place between the fingers and the elbow. B bares his arm, and A puts a lump of ice on the pulse in the wrist. In 41 seconds usually the pain becomes so great that B gives it up. This catch originated on the London Stock Exchange. It is said that Guy Kickalls, the oarsman, is the only one who ever endured the pain two minutes.

A Denial.

"So," exclaimed Senator Sorghum indignantly, "that man told you my vote was for sale?"

"He said so in so many words."

"Well, you can go to him and refute the calumny. It's for rent once in awhile, but never for sale."—Washington Star.

Obedient to the Letter.

Bobbie's Mamma—Now, mind, Bobbie, if they pass you the cake a second time at the party you must say, "No, thanks; I've had plenty," and don't you forget it.

Hostess (at the party)—Won't Bobbie have some more cake?

Bobbie (who hasn't forgotten)—Nope, thanks; I've had enough an don't you forget it!—Cleveland Plain Dealer

HOW TO STOP WORRYING.

There is a Sure Way if You Will Only Make Yourself Think So.

"The usual way people set about stopping worry is a wrong one," writes Mary Boardman Page in The Ladies' Home Journal. "That is why it is so unsuccessful. If a doctor tells a patient he must stop worrying, the patient is likely to say impatiently: 'Oh, doctor, don't I wish that I could! But I can't. If I could have stopped worrying a year ago, I would not be ill now!' All of which is probably perfectly true. And the doctor does not always know how to help him, because both doctor and patient have an idea that it is possible to repress worry through an effort of the will. This is a mistake. It is not possible to repress worry. You have got to replace it with something else.

"Let me illustrate this by a figure. Suppose you were to go into a completely dark room, wishing it to be light. How would you set about the work? Would you try to scoop the darkness up in buckets and carry it out at the door? Not at all. You would just open the windows and shutters and let in the blessed sunlight. You would replace the darkness with light. So it is with worry. The only possible way to get rid of it is to replace the worry attitude of mind with the non-worry attitude. And this can always be done when the person is sincere and patient in his desire to bring it about. All he has to do is to be passive and let nature have her own perfect way with him."

Fatal Loquacity.

In a New England village rich in quaint and amusing characters John Bates was renowned for his ability to hold his tongue. The gift approached genius, but John was keenly alive to what he considered its incompleteness, although of course he said nothing about it.

He made mattresses for a living, and one day a native of the village came into his shop and said:

"John, what's the best kind of a mattress?"

"Husks," said John and said no more.

Twenty years later, so the tradition runs, the same man came again to the shop and asked what, in Bates' opinion, was the best kind of a mattress.

"Straw," said John.

"Straw? You told me husks was the best!"

John gave a despairing sigh. "I've always ruined myself by talkin," said he.—Youth's Companion.

May a Woman Tell Her Love?

It is true it is unconventional for a woman to tell a man that she loves him unless the man has persuaded her to make such confession. But is there any good reason why a woman should not take the initiative? Is she any less a woman for doing so? A shy and timid man may not know how to tell a woman that he loves her. Should the woman, who is of firmer faith and stronger mind, stand halting and waiting for a confession that may never come? Why should she suffer in silence? By so doing may she not lose the man who loves her and also the happiness of a lifetime as well?—New York World.

Mutual Aid.

From the time that the mother binds the child's head till the moment when some kind assistant wipes the damp from the brow of the dying we cannot exist without mutual aid. All, therefore, that need aid have a right to ask it from their fellow mortals. None who hold the power of granting aid can refuse it without guilt.

True It Is.

"Gur-ruls are niver satisfied," mused the janitor philosopher. "Whin they are in short skirts, they are crying for long wans, an whin they git long wans they have to hold thim up."—Chicago News.

The Sorrowful Tree.

There is a tree in Persia to which the name "the sorrowful tree" is given. Perhaps because it blossoms only in the evening.

When the first star appears in the heavens the first bud of the sorrowful tree opens, and as the shades of night advance and the stars thickly stud the sky the buds continue gradually opening until the whole tree looks like one immense white flower. On the approach of dawn, when the brilliancy of the stars gradually fades in the light of day, the sorrowful tree closes its flowers, and ere the sun is fully risen not a single blossom is visible. A sheet of flower dust as white as snow covers the ground around the foot of the tree, which seems blighted and withered during the day, while, however, it is actively preparing for the next nocturnal festival. The fragrance of the blossoms is like that of the evening primrose.

If the tree is cut down close to the roots, a new plant shoots up and attains maturity in an incredibly short time.

In the vicinity of this singular tree there usually grows another, which is almost an exact counterpart of the sorrowful tree, but less beautiful, and, strange to say, it blooms only in the daytime.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Bride With Some Good Points.

Some years ago in an agricultural district there lived a farmer who wanted to sell one of his cows. There was not at that time a weekly paper in which he could advertise, so he resolved to follow a local custom and ask the vicar of the parish when giving out his notices at church to advertise the cow.

"Yes, farmer," said the vicar, "I should be willing to oblige you, but you don't attend my church."

Presently, however, they struck a bargain that the vicar should advertise the cow, and the man in return promised to go to church.

Now, unfortunately the man was deaf, and on the Sunday following when the vicar gave out the banns of marriage between Joseph So-and-so, bachelor, and Sarah So-and-so, spinster, the farmer took it for granted that the vicar was giving out particulars of his cow and shouted out:

"You might as well say while you are about it that she is a most gentle creature and entirely free from vice."—Stray Stories.

If a man is known by the company he keeps, what shall be said of the average sheriff?—St. Paul Globe