DENTON JOURNAL.

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VOL. 54 DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 3, 1900. NO. 13.

WANTED, YOUR CORN.

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. T. RHODES,	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.

THE NEW YORK

ONE-PRICE CLOTHING HOUSE,

102-104 E. BALTIMORE STREET,

BALTIMORE, - MARYLAND,

Has been for many years—just as it is now—one of the most popular Clothing Houses in the State.

I have been engaged as salesman in this reliable establishment, and want to notify all my friends on the Peninsula that they are specially invited to call to see me before purchasing their fall and winter clothiug. I can save them money. The stock is immense; the quality is never doubtful or deceiving. It pays to deal with such a house.

JOHN K. CALLOWAY.

TAKE NOTICE.

I have leased the Roller Flour and Feed Mills in East Denton, am now prepared to furnish the best of

FLOUR AND FEED,

of all kinds, at the very closest wholesale and retail prices.

I solicit the patronage of the town and public generally. I have just completed putting in a Corn Mill, and can make the finest meal. Give me a trial.

GEO. A. MCDANIEL

P. S.—Also jobber of Hay and Clover Seed.

J. W. WHEATLEY,

THE MUSIC DEALER, 38 DOVER ST., EASTON, MD.,

begs to announce that his stock of Musical Merchandise is complete. At his store can be found

MATHUSHEK LUDWIG Bush & Gerts **PIANOS | ORGANS** WEAVER AND CARPENTER.

in the most Artistic Styles that are right.

We make a specialty of repairing Musical Instruments, and our charge will not break you either. In our Small Instrument Department we have just what you want with which to while away the Winter evenings. Violins, Guitars, Mandolins, Banjos, Autoharps in all styles, Columbia and Queen Zithers, Accordeons, Harmonicas, etc. All the latest Songs and Instrumental Music. Call and get our catalogue of 10c Music. It will surprise you. Over 1200 copies of this Music constantly in stock.

STATIONERY.—We take pleasure in keeping the finest line of box paper ever seen in Easton. We can surely please you. School Supplies, Memorandum and Account Bookl. Agent for the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machie.

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 st opposite the new drug store.

T. W. SMITH, OPTICIAN

Ridgely, Md.

Headache Caused by Eye-Strain.

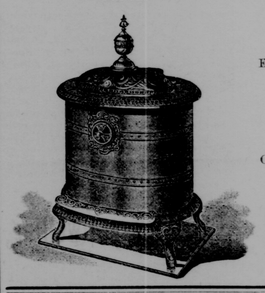
Many persons whose eyes and head are constantly aching have no idea what relief scientifically-fitted glasses will give. Clumsily adjusted glasses will almost invariably increase the trouble for which they are worn, and in some cases may lead to irrecoverable blindness. Our ability to adjust glasses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

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.

THE MOST IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT of the SEASON

is that

No. 8 Cook Stoves for $10.00
No. 8 Cook Stoves for $11.50
No. 8 Cook Stoves for $13.00

are becoming scarce, and anyone desiring to buy a stove had better hasten; or if you are one meditating it you had better make up your mind at once to buy, and do it quick, as it is the last opportunity you will have for years. Everything in the iron line is on the rise yet and no knowing where it will stop. We only have two Air-Tights left, and they are $5.00 apiece; splendid heaters they are and will give you satisfaction in all cases. They will be at least $5.00 next winter, so now is the time to get your bargains.

AXES YET FOR 50 cents

They are Mann's "RED WARRIOR," as good a brand as is made in the United States

COME ASK US ABOUT CLOVER SEED.

We have 100 feet 2½ inch galvanized pipe worth at factory 15c per foot, to anyone who can use the lot he can have it for 25c foot. We are still in the General Hardware business to stay, and dont forge our prices are the lowest (quality considered) in the county. We sell no seconds or auction goods made to shut your eye up, but everything is of the very best grade at the lowest possible price.

In our General Merchandise department we are selling a genuine Calf Skin gaiter for only $2.00. This is no half imitation but the real thing, and the biggest bargains in Men's Shoes in the county. It is a job lot WE picked up and they are a regular $4.00 shoe.

We sell a Moody's shoe for Ladies, heel or spring heel, laced or button, and genuine dongola kid for $2.00 only. The same in Misses for $1.85. We also have a job lot in Men's Laundered and Unlaundered White Shirts. They are "simon pure," and genuine "New York Mills" muslin, and 2200 linen bosoms. They are as good as any $1.00 shirt to be found in any other Denton store, *all reports to the contrary notwithstanding.* We have lots of bargains in other goods too numerous to name. Garrett's Snuff 10c Oleine Soap 4c; Ground Pepper 10c, Ames' Spades $1.00; Pad Locks 7c up, best Puerto Rico Molasses 35c per gall; Ames' Shovel $1.00, a Batchelor Fork 50c, Knives and Forks 35c to $2.00 Set; Macaroni 7c, Riveting Machine and box rivets 35c; Lap Robes and Square Blankets—splendid line, all reduced very low since Christmas, we want to close them out. Lamp Chimneys 3c, 4c, and 5c for large, medium, and small.

Important to Blacksmiths

We will sell you Juniata Shoes at 4½c lb., or by the keg for $4.25, and the very best Horse Nails for 12½c lb. All the above prices are NET SPOT CASH and no deviation. Lots of the prices quoted are far less than wholesale prices in the city. They are mid-winter prices at our store, and it is to your advantage to call on us when you need anything in our lines. Respectsully,

STEWART BROTHERS,
DENTON, MARYLAND.

J. O. TAYLOR WITH

J. C. LEIB & COMPANY,

FRUIT AND PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
14 East Camden St. - BALTIMORE

REFERENCES: Traders' National Bank of Baltimore; First National Bank of Stewartstown, Pa. Branch at Stewartstown, Pa.

Money to Loan, in various amounts, on First Mortgage.
Apply to
OSCAR CLARK, Attorney,
d9tf] Denton, Md.

For Sale,

Farms, Town Property, with or without improvements, Timber Lands, Mercantile and Manufacturing establishments—Have several bargains to offer. Correspondence solicited. E. H. ROE, Agent,
12.22.tf] Queen Anne, Md.

Notice to the Public.

This is to notify the public that John H. Baggs and Aulay B. Smith, trading as Smith & Baggs in the livery business at Ridgely, dissolved partnership January 1, 1900, by mutual consent, and that I, Aulay B. Smith, will continue the livery business at new stable at depot.
AULAY B. SMITH,
j20,3t] Ridgely, Md.

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.

GEO. K. McGAW & CO.,

FAMILY GROCERS,
220 AND 222 N. CHARLES STREET,
Baltimore, Md.

LOWEST PRICES, PUREST & BEST GOODS.

Orders of $10 and over, Freight Paid, with the exception of Sugars.

When in the city call to see us and be convinced. Mail Orders promptly attended to. Write for price-list.

Mr. D. H. Maulsdale, of McGaw & Co., visits Denton every month and takes orders from families for groceries. Drop the firm a card, and he will call to see you on his next trip.

Notice to Creditors.

This is to give notice that the subscribers, of Caroline County, have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Caroline County, in Maryland, letters testamentary on the personal estate of

THOMAS H. FLUHARTY,

late of Caroline County, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased are warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscribers on or before the 15th day of August, 1900, or they may otherwise, by law, be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under our hands this 23rd day of January, 1900.

ANNIE C. FLUHARTY,
MARY C. BARROW,
JAMES H. BARROW,
Executors H. Fluharty, dec'd.

For Sale

for 1900, Seable Manure, at my stable
j27,4t] J. H. VAN GESEL.

For Rent.

Dwelling and Store-house on Sixth St., Denton, near the depot, for rent, apply to
JAMES SWANN,
Denton, Md.

You assume no risk when you buy Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, Hugh Auley, Hillsboro; J. J. Colston, Ridgely; W. E. Brown, Denton, will refund your money if you are not satisfied using it. It is everywhere admitted to be the most successful remedy now in use for bowel complaints and the only one that never fails. It is pleasant, safe and reliable. 3m.

For Sale,

Twenty-five (25) head extra fine Western Mules, well-broken and kind, weighing from 900 to 1100. Ages 4 to 6 years. We have also several good horses which we will sell on reasonable terms.

All Stock Guaranteed.

Call and look them over before you buy. Can be seen at our stable, Ridgely, Md.
SMITH & FOUNTAIN,
j27-3m] Ridgely, Md.

A. T. REICHMAN,

PLUMBING & METAL ROOFING,

TIN WORK and REPAIRING.

I have opened a shop on Third Street where I am now prepared to serve those having work in my line. Metal roofing of all kinds, stove repairing, etc., at reasonable prices. I make a specialty of putting in BATH TUBS, and guarantee satisfaction.
A. T. REICHMAN,
11-18-1y] Denton, Md.

THE TWO JOHNS STORE

IS AGAIN OPEN

with a full stock of

DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES OF ALL KINDS.

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, and

NOTIONS.

The Grocery Department embraces many things at specially low prices, for instance:

BEST FLOUR $3.50 PER BARREL.

Come and bring your produce.

R. G. PEPPER, Jr.,
MANAGER,
j20,y] TWO JOHNS, MD.

Subscribe for the Journal.

JAFFAR.

Jaffar, the Barmecide, the good vizier,
The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer—
Jaffar was dead, slain by a doom unjust.
And guilty, Haroun, sullen with mistrust
Of what the good and e'en the bad might say,
Ordained that no man living from that day
Should dare to speak his name on pain of death.
All Araby and Persia held their breath—

All but the brave Mondeer. He, proud to show
How far for love a grateful soul could go
And facing death for very scorn and grief
(For his great heart wanted a great relief),
Stood forth in Bagdad daily, in the square
Where once had stood a happy house, and there
Harangued the tremblers at the scimitar
On all they owed to the divine Jaffar.

"Bring me this man!" the caliph cried. The man
Was brought, was gazed upon. The mutes began
To bind his arms. "Welcome, brave cords!" cried he.
"From bonds far worse Jaffar delivered me;
From wants, from shames, from loveless household fears;
Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears;
Restored me, loved me, put me on a par
With his great self. How can I pay Jaffar?"

Haroun, who felt that on a soul like this
The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,
Now deigned to smile, as one great lord of fate
Might smile upon another half as great.
He said: "Let worth grow frenzied if it will,
The caliph's judgment shall be master still.
Go, and, since gifts so move thee, take this gem,
The richest in the Tartar's diadem,
And hold the giver as thou deemest fit!"
"Gifts!" cried the friend. He took and, holding it
High toward the heavens, as though to meet his star,
Exclaimed, "This, too, I owe to thee, Jaffar!"

—Leigh Hunt.

Told Over The Samovar

This is the story as Polly told it to me over the samovar—bad luck to the new come Russian of bearded smile who gave it to her! But the story loses much in coming from the second hand, for the grace of Polly's tales lies in the telling—in the light of eye, the twitch of mouth, the smile and the shrug of shoulder, and these, by favor of heaven, cannot be put to paper, else all would have my Polly.

She—Polly, of course—was asked by Miss Stanton to spend the night with her. Miss Stanton had moved into a new place during the day and wanted Polly to help her fix up—Polly knows by instinct just where this and that ought to be placed for the best effect. When they got to the house just at dusk, not a soul was at home, and the immovable door recalled to Miss Stanton that she had not yet asked for a latchkey. For an instant there were consternation and blank faces. Then the front windows were tried. One of them was not locked. Their faces resumed expression.

"It's unlocked all right," said Miss Stanton in a voice made hopeless by new troubles, "but how are we going to get in? Can you climb?"

Miss Stanton couldn't; that was plain. Miss Stanton is—well, as Polly hesitatingly said at the telling, "she's—she's wide, you know." And then Polly spread her hands until about three-quarters of the width of the table lay between them. "About so," she added.

"Can I climb? Of course I can," said Polly with the confidence of an all doing genius. "You just stand in front of the window, so no one can see, and I'll get in."

Miss Stanton slipped into position and Polly disappeared behind her. Just how Polly got through the window—it began three feet from the veranda floor—is not to be told, for Miss Stanton effectually screens much territory, and Polly, when I asked her, demurely replied that there were some secrets that a woman could keep.

Just as Polly came down with a little thump within Miss Stanton gave a great gasp without.

"Oh, Polly! A policeman! What'll we do?"

"A policeman!" cried Polly, peeping over Miss Stanton's shoulder.

Sure enough there was an officer in terror inspiring brass buttons. And he was walking toward the house.

"Quick, Polly! What'll we do?" The voice approached the frantic.

But before Polly could make answer there came words from the officer.

"Say, you there—come out of that!"

"But—we live—we stay here," expostulated Miss Stanton tremblingly.

"That's right, Kate. Talk up to him," whispered Polly encouragingly.

"Oh, yes, of course," said the officer dryly, a man of "most painful humor," according to Polly.

"There was nobody at home, and I'd forgotten my latchkey."

"Good, Kate! Don't let him scare you," in a discreet undertone from Polly.

Miss Stanton was trembling.

"That's a nice little story, but it's a little old. But, say," he demanded brilliantly, gazing with a most wise smile at Miss Stanton, who completely eclipsed the window, "how did you expect to crawl through that window?"

Miss Stanton stammered, whereat the officer nodded his head with even greater wisdom.

"You're smooth, but the game's an old one. I'll just run you in. You're the kind I'm looking for."

"But you don't mean to arrest me? I live here!" Miss Stanton cried weakly.

The policeman grinned. "That will not go either. I know everyone in the house." Which was the truth, as they learned later, for he was sweet on one of the girls. "You might as well close the talk and come with me."

He took hold of Miss Stanton's arm. As he did so he chanced to look over her shoulder, and his eyes lighted on Polly, who was calmly biting the finger tips of her gloves.

"Hello! So there's two of you?"

"Yes," admitted Miss Stanton.

He motioned to Polly.

"Come out," said he.

"I won't," said Polly.

He started for her, but Polly slipped the window down, locked it and looked at him with chin straight out. When Polly holds her chin so, one usually does as she likes. The officer stared through the glass an instant and then turned to Miss Stanton.

"She'll come out of there all right. You come with me to a patrol box."

Miss Stanton meekly walked away with him. In about five minutes they came back and sat down on the steps. Polly pulled an easy chair to the window, slipped into it and leisurely began to pull off her gloves.

So they sat until the patrol wagon grove up, into which Miss Stanton was bundled with little ceremony. Then the policeman came up the steps to the window.

"Look here," he called out. "I'm tired of this! Come on out of there!"

Polly calmly took off her hat and eyed it critically with head a trifle to one side.

"If you don't, I'll smash the window and come after you! You'll come then."

Perhaps he would have done so—for he had but little temper left—had not the man who owns the house come up the steps just then with his wife. To him the officer turned.

"Robbers have been trying to get into your house, Mr. Wilson," he called out.

"Robbers!" exclaimed Mr. Wilson.

"Thieves in my house! Where?" screamed his wife.

"Oh, we've got 'em tight enough," said the policeman. "One's in the parlor now. She got in through the window."

"What! Women thieves?" Mrs. Wilson ran up the steps, and within the window sat Polly, leaning back, with her hat in her lap, which sight almost sent her into hysterics.

"There's one of them!" she screamed, pointing to Polly. "Sitting there just as if she owned the place! Oh, the—creature!"

"Yes, I seen her just as she and t'other one was trying to get in," the officer said complacently. "T'other one's in the wagon."

The frantic Mrs. Wilson made a rush for the patrol wagon. Miss Stanton thrust out her head.

"It's me—it's just me—Miss Stanton," she said plaintively.

"Miss Stanton! Well, of all things—my new roomer!" Mrs. Wilson stopped short. "What are you doing in there? How did you get in there?"

"They put me in," said Miss Stanton mournfully.

Then came the explanation. And then Mr. Wilson said something to the policeman. What that was Polly does not know.

"I couldn't hear," she explained to me when she had finished telling the story.

"Probably told him that he was a policeman," I suggested.

Polly shook her head as she dropped a slice of lemon into her tea. "No; I think he called him a fool."

"Which is the same," said I, with a feeling that I was very clever. "But how did it all end?"

"It's ended. That's all there is to it."

Polly looked at me in silence for a full minute. But Polly is never long without a word.

"Wasn't it simply awful?" she said, shaking her head with wide eyed, shivering solemnity. "It was shocking!"

Then an irrepressible smile displaced the gravity of her face, and she laughed, her head thrown back just enough to reveal the birdlike pulsings of her throat.

"It was funny, though—is now. It wasn't then." Her eyes were bright with mirth tears.

She leaned forward, dropped her chin into her hands and gazed at me half smiling, half blushing.

"You'll never tell, Tom. That's a good boy—don't."

"Tell!" said I, hurt by the imputation.

"No, of course you won't," said Polly.

"Of course not," said I.

But Polly will never see this.—Chicago Journal.

Ingersoll and Beecher.

Several years ago Henry Ward Beecher and Colonel Ingersoll met in a railroad station in New York state, where both had to wait for a train. They talked together on all sorts of subjects, more especially the future of man. Finally the conversation drifted to peculiar epitaphs on gravestones, and Mr. Beecher, who had been looking over the headlines of a morning paper, exclaimed:

"Ah, colonel, here is a fitting epitaph for you." The day before the birthday of Robert Burns, the Scotch poet, had been celebrated with unusual ceremony, and a description of the celebration occupied considerable space on the first page of the paper. Mr. Beecher tore off a two column headline and handed it to the unbeliever. It read, "Robert Burns."

Two years later Ingersoll and Beecher met again in a St. Louis hotel. "I remember your epitaph on me, Mr. Beecher," said Ingersoll, "and I have got one for you. I will read it for you. 'Born in the slavery of sectarian shackles, hungry and thirsty for freedom and light, he yet died in religious bondage.'"

Somewhat Mixed.

A gentleman from a neighboring town in Mississippi told the following last night:

"I walked into a small store the other day and found the proprietor lying on the counter just dozing off into a sleep. He roused himself on my approach, and, jumping to the floor, quoted the familiar line:

"'A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!'

"'Where did you get that?' I asked.

"'Oh, don't you know? That's what Absalom said when his horse ran under the tree and left him hanging by the hair to a limb. I thought everybody knew where that came from.'"—Memphis Scimitar.

Great City For Prayer.

A visitor to Moscow soon discovers why it is called the Holy City. Every 200 or 300 feet there is a cathedral, church, chapel or shrine, and whichever way you look you see people crossing themselves. Until one has seen Moscow the piety of the place is not easily understood. The outsider cannot imagine Moscow conditions. He cannot imagine church bells ringing all the time and people praying in the public streets at all hours of day and night.

On a Camel.

The sensation has been likened to that which would be felt by mounting a stool placed on a springless cart drawn over a plowed field. I found it all that and more. Next to walking barefoot in chains, riding on camel back is, in the eyes of the Moors, the worst degradation they can put upon their prisoners.—Grey's "In Moorish Captivity."

HIS START IN LIFE.

A STORY THAT A DISCUSSION ON RELIGION BROUGHT OUT.

It Involved a Christian and an Infidel and a Most Remarkable Coincidence, and the Narrative Pointed a Moral as Well.

The question of religion came up the other day in the Busy Men's Lunch club, and old Parmesan, who is senior warden of St. Pecunia's church and therefore constitutes himself a defender of the faith, remarked, "You may say what you like, gentlemen, but a religious man is more apt to help those who need it than an infidel."

"I am a firm believer in Christianity," remarked Bilson, who has made a million or so in the Swamp during the last few years, "but I take exception to that statement. When it comes to helping a fellow who is down, it's about an even toss between a Christian and an infidel. You doubt it?" he continued as he saw old Parmesan shake his head. "Well, to prove what I say I will give you an episode in my own life. I came to New York in 1873 with no capital but a country made suit of clothes and a common school education. I was a lank looking young fellow, with 'hayseed' written all over me; but, like many another raw country lad, I was irresistibly attracted to the city, where I soon expected to strike the combination that would lead to fortune and fame. But before long my main thought was to keep from starving. I could get no work, and nobody would listen to me when I asked for it. I tried to keep up my courage, but in my heart I would have given anything to be back on the old farm again.

"Well, one day I grew especially desperate. The papers were full of the triumphant success of 'Billy, the Converted Bum,' who was holding revivals all over the country. And I asked myself why I, a clean, decent young fellow, who had never been a 'bum,' should be allowed to starve, while 'Billy' was living on the fat of the land. At first the wild thought came into my head to start out myself on a career of cr—I mean of revivalism under the name of 'Charley, the Converted Boy Fiend,' and rake in the shekels like 'Billy.' But somehow I felt I couldn't get down as low as that. A brilliant thought struck me, however. I would state the whole thing in an advertisement, more to relieve my feelings than with any hope of getting an answer.

"So I scraped enough money together to insert the following in one of the papers: 'If I were a drunken "bum" just taken out of the gutter, scores of kind religious people would stretch out a hand to help me. But as I am only a decent and self respecting young man, with no vices or bad habits, I am without work and starving in this great, cruel city.' And I added my initials and address.

"The next day I called to see if there might possibly be an answer and got two. The first one I opened read as follows: 'I was touched by your strange advertisement, as I myself was once in the same position. I found help through a noble Christian man, and if you will call and see me I will prove to you that there is a Christian who is able and willing to help you if you are worthy. Ask to see me personally, as I am sorry to say my partner is an infidel, and, though a good man, he might not be disposed to look at your case so kindly.'

"My heart jumped with joy on reading this kind letter, and for a little while I forgot the other one. But I soon opened it and read as follows: 'I was deeply stirred by the undertone of despair in your advertisement, as I was once as friendless as you are. I found a start in life through a noble man who, like myself, was an unbeliever. And if you will call and see me I will prove to you that there is an unbeliever who is both able and willing to give you a start in life if you are worthy. Ask to see me personally, as my partner is a Christian, and, though a good man, he might not be disposed to look on your case kindly.'

"Wonderful coincidence, wasn't it? But the most wonderful part of the story is yet to be told. These two men were partners. Each one of them was trying to do a good deed without the knowledge of the other.

"The end of the story? Well, that was interesting and remarkable too. After trying in vain to decide to which of these two gentlemen I should make myself known I determined to see them together and read the two letters to them. I did so, and you ought to have seen the look of blank surprise that came over the faces of both men as they learned that, though differing so widely in creed, they were at one in acknowledging the religion of humanity. They were silent for a few moments, and then the Christian, with tears in his eyes, grasped the hand of his partner and said:

"'Brother, I have wronged you, for I have learned that, without knowing it, you are not far from the kingdom of heaven.'

"'It is I who have wronged you,' exclaimed his partner, 'in assuming that you would not obey the teaching of your Master to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. Let us hereafter live as brothers indeed, even though we may not be able to profess the same creed. And may the unknown God whom ignorantly we worship accept us at the last.'

"These two good men gave me a start and were my dearest friends until they died. The moral of it all? Well, I think there is more goodness in the world than can be enshrined in any creed, however true."

Boer Exhibits at the Paris Exposition.

At the Paris exposition 40,000 square feet have been allotted to the Boers. Their pastoral life will be shown by a Boer farm, portraying vividly the life of the first colonists of the Transvaal. The national pavilion of the Transvaal, built in the Dutch style, will display geographical documents, mineral specimens and exhibits showing the methods of instruction in the schools. In the Boer farm will be exhibited the wild animals of the Transvaal. The means and methods of transportation used will also be portrayed. The mining industry will be shown by a five stamp battery.—Scientific American.

No Fear When Death Draws Nigh.

"I have seen thousands of persons die under all sorts of circumstances, and never yet have I seen one display the slightest fear of death." This remarkable statement was made the other day by a physician who has practiced many years in Philadelphia and who has seen a great deal of hospital service.

"It is a popular fallacy," he went on, "to imagine that a deathbed scene is ever terrible other than as a parting between loved ones. The fear of the unknown is never present at the last. Even amid ignorance and vice I have never experienced such scenes as a novelist who strives after realism will sometimes picture.

"When a patient is told that he cannot recover and the end is near, he invariably seems resigned to his fate, and his only thought seems to be of those who are to be left behind. This is true alike of men and women.

"Those who become hysterical and declare they are not fit to die are the ones who are not as ill as they think they are. They always get well.

"A psychological reason? Oh, I don't know that there is any. It's just a human trait."—Philadelphia Record.

A Composite Name.

"One of the differences between the east and the northwest," said a Puget sounder, "is the names of places, and the Skikomishes, the Snohomishes, the Snoqualmies, the Wahkiakums and the lot of them give a man funny feelings, and when he runs across Bucoda, on the Northern Pacific railroad in Pierce county, Wash., he doesn't know whether it is Chinook or Siwash or what. But it is none of them—like Kenova, in West Virginia, which is near the junction of Kentucky, Ohio and Virginia, or Delmar, where Delaware and Maryland come together.

"Bucoda is a composite name, and its story is simple enough. When the Northern Pacific came in, a town sprang up, and it must have a name. There were Indian names in plenty, but something more novel was wanted, so Messrs. Buckley, Coulter and Davis, all N. P. officials, put their heads together first and their names later, and the name Bu-co-da was evolved, with an etymology very apparent to any one who is at all informed in terminology. Bucoda it has remained, and it is not half bad as names go in the Puget sound country."—New York Sun.

The Peculiar Jains.

Ernest M. Bowden in The Nineteenth Century reports a chat with Raja Sivaprasad on Jainism. The Jains pay more regard to the feelings of the lower animals than any other sect in the world; will not kill them or injure them; are careful to avoid destroying even insects, sometimes wearing a handkerchief over the mouth to prevent any living creature being breathed in. It may be argued that this tenderness will prove in the long run fatal to its possessors, handicapping them seriously in the struggle for life with less scrupulous rivals. As evidence to the contrary Mr. Bowden points to the Jains:

"Notwithstanding the opposition, if not active persecutions, of bygone times, the one small sect which, more than any other in the world, has taught and practiced the doctrine of 'ahimsa,' or 'noninjury,' to living creatures, stands today, after some four and twenty centuries, by far the most prosperous community in a population verging on 300,000,000."

Weapons of the Skunk.

A skunk once challenged a lion to single combat. The lion promptly declined the honor. "Why," said the skunk, "are you afraid?" "Very much so," said the lion, "for you would only gain fame for having the honor to fight with a lion, while every one who met me for a month would know I had been in company with a skunk."

This reminds us of the story about Henry Ward Beecher's father, the famous Dr. Lyman Beecher, who, when asked why he did not reply to somebody who had severely attacked him in a newspaper, replied that when a young man, crossing a field one night with an armful of books, he saw a small animal and after hurling several volumes at the animal found he got the worst of it, and ever since had thought it better to let such animals alone.—Our Dumb Animals.

And the Minister Smiled.

The York (Me.) Transcript says that a Portland minister recently called upon one of the families in his parish. He ascended the steps and knocked at the door. Receiving no response, he was about to depart when he heard a window in the next house open and a woman's voice say, "Mrs. Smith, the minister's at your door."

What was the pastor's surprise and amusement when he caught Mrs. Smith's response wafted gently around the corner of the house, "Sh, don't you s'pose I know it!"

The next Sunday after service Mrs. Smith met her pastor and expressed her sorrow that she was away when he had called.

A Bright Jeweler.

A gentleman tells the following joke on a jeweler: A young man who was on the verge of matrimony went to the jeweler and bought a ring and left instructions that in it be engraved the legend, "From A to Z," which, being interpreted, meant from Anthony to Zenobia. To his astonishment, on calling for the ring the next day he found it engraved like an Egyptian obelisk and on closer examination found that the jeweler had put the whole alphabet "from A to Z" on it.

By the aid of mechanical instruments human beings can do many wonderful things, but to save his life no man could cut such a perfect circle without a pair of compasses as the parasol ant does out of a leaf with nothing but her jaws.

Unconstitutional.

"What a wretched daub!" exclaimed the unsophisticated visitor at the art exhibition, turning to speak to a stranger.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the stranger. "It is a pity to violate all the time honored precedents, but I really am not the painter of that picture."

This is a cold, iconoclastic age, and the mortifying, yet instructive, contretemps of the olden time is not good form in literature now.