DENTON JOURNAL.

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VOL. 54. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 3, 1900. NO. 17.

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 sonstantly 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 Machine.

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.

T. W. SMITH, OPTICIAN

Ridgely, Md.

Headache Caused by Eye-Strain.

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

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

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.

NEW STORE at ADAMSVILLE.

I Have opened a full line of

DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES,

CANNED GOODS OF ALL KINDS,

Drugs and Confectionery. Brooms and Tinware.

Good Flour at Lowest Prices. I am now prepared to serve my customers. Call and see me.

C. T. GOOTEE, Adamsville, Del.

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.
11-13-1y] Denton, Md.

Notice to the Public.

Having opened the blacksmith and wheelwright shops at Goldsboro, Md., with workmen of thirty years experience, we guarantee to give satisfaction, and I hereby solicit your patronage.

J. E. GOLT,
j20,2t] Goldsboro, Md.

WANTED.—Several persons for District Office Managers in this State to represent me in their own and surrounding counties. Willing to pay yearly $900, payable weekly. Desirable employment with unusual opportunities. References exchanged. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. S. A. PARK,
320 Caxton Building,
12,2,4m,2p] Chicago, Ill.

For Sale or Rent.

The S. B. Replogle property, store and dwelling, in Ridgely; the Walter Booker dwelling, in Hillsboro, and the C. M. Lloyd dwelling, in East Denton. I have several desirable farms for sale

OSCAR CLARK.
12-30-tf. Denton, Md.

Shingle Mill for Sale.

I have an excellent Shingle Mill, capacity 10,000 shingles per day, for sale. Laws' Patent Trever's make.

Apply to D. I. PATCHETT,
f10,3t] Bethlehem.

Notice to Growers.

We are prepared to contract for peas and tomatoes for the year 1900, on Saturday of each week.

G. T. REDDEN & CO.,
2,10,4t] Denton, Md.

Notice to Tomato Growers.

I am now ready to make contracts for tomatoes for the packing houses at Denton and Tuckahoe Bridge.

H. A. ROE,
f10,3t] 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,
12,2,tf] Queen Anne, Md.

DR. HARTLEY,

Specialist

IS DISEASES OF

Nose, Throat, Lungs and Ear. 21 years' experience. 311 N. Paca st. Baltimore, Md.

Consultation free. Reference by permission to Rev. W. J. D. Lucas.

Notice to Growers.

This is to give notice that we will be ready to take contracts for next season's delivery of peas andtomatoes on and after January 1st, 1900, at their office in Greensboro. F. P. ROE & BRO.

For Rent.

Two new houses in Ridgely. Possession given at once. Apply to

DR. H. N. RICKARDS,
d9,3m] Ridgely, Md

Wanted,

20 young ladies to make shirts in the Denton Shirt Factory. Steady work. Reasonable board. Will pay while learning.

J. H. NICHOLS, Props.

Money to Loan, in various amounts, on First Mortgage.

Apply to OSCAR CLARK, Attorney,
d9tf] Denton, Md.

For Rent.

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

JAMES SWANN,
Denton, Md.

For Rent for 1900.

A good shop for shoe and harness-making. Excellent covening.

j27,4t] J. H. VAN GESEL.

Wanted.

A position as book-keeper or clerk in store. Apply to A. E. COOPER,
Bethlehem, Md.

For Sale

for 1900, Ssable Manure, at my stable.

j27,4t] J. H. VAN GESEL.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

James L. Payne
vs.
John W. Foster, Martha Johnson and John Johnson, her husband, Elijah Hubbard and Rebecca Hubbard, his wife, Annie Williams, Charles Camper, Seldon Sharp, Martha Sharp, Clarrie Sharp, Hattie Sharp, Bowman Sharp, Gertrude Camper, Susan Camper Mary Camper and William Camper.

In the Circuit Court for Caroline County. In Equity.

The object of this suit is to procure a decree for the sale of the property described in said bill of complaint, situated in Caroline county, Maryland, for partition and division amongst the parties entitled thereto, according to their respective interests. The bill states:

FIRST.—That Julia A. Foster, deceased, was in her lifetime seized and possesed of a small tract or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Fourth election district of Caroline county and State of Maryland, on the road from Bethlehem to Dover Bridge, called and known as "Fluharty's Desire," or by whatsoever name or names he same may be called or known, containing five acres of land, more or less, and fully described in a deed from Elias W. Williamson and wife, to the said Julia A. Foster, bearing date the twelfth day of February, 1877, and of record among the land records for Caroline county aforesaid, in Liber J. W. T., No. 38, folio 366, all of which will fully appear by a certified copy of said deed herewith filed, marked Complainant's Exhibit "A" and prayed to be taken as a part of this bill of complaint.

SECOND.—That being so thereof seized and possessed the said Julia A. Foster departed this life on or about the —— day of —— 1896, intestate, and leaving to survive her John Foster, her husband, who died sometime during the the year 1898, and the following children and grandchildren, to whom, as her heirs-at-law, the said lands descended, viz:

(a) John W. Foster, a son of the said Julia A. Foster, who is of full age and lives in the city of Philadelphia and State of Pennsylvania.

(b) Martha Johnson, a daughter of the said Julia A. Foster, who intermarried with John Johnson, both of whom are of full age and live in Talbot county and State of Maryland.

(c) Eljah Hubbard, a son of said Julia A. Foster, who intermarried with Rebecca Hubbard, both of whom are of full age and live in Talbot County and State of Maryland.

(d) Annie Williams, a daughter of the said Julia A. Foster, who is of full age and lives in the city of Baltimore and State of Maryland.

(e) Charles Camper, a son of the said Julia A. Foster, who is of full age and lives in Talbot County and State of Maryland.

(f) Seldon Sharp, widower of Alverta Sharp, a deceased daughter of the said Julia A. Foster, who is of full age and lives in Caroline County and State of Maryland; and Martha Sharp, Hattie Sharp, Clarrie Sharp and Norman Sharp, children and heirs-at-law of the said Alberta Sharp, who are infants under the age of 21 years, unmarried and reside in Caroline County and State of Maryland.

(g) Gertrude Camper, Susan Camper, Mary Camper and William Camper, children and heirs-at-law of Stephen Camper, a deceased son of the said Julia A. Foster, all of whom are infants under the age of 21 years, and live in the State of Delaware.

(h) William E. Foster, a son of the said Julia A. Foster, who intermarried with Azla Foster, and who are of full age and live is Caroline County and State of Maryland, and who have by deed dated the 29th day of Dec., 1899, conveyed all their right, title and interest, in and unto said real estate to your Orator as will appear by a certified copy of said deed herewith filed, marked "Complainants' Exhibit B," and prayed to be taken as a part of this bill.

THIRD.—That said real estate is not susceptible of partition without material loss or injury to the parties entitled to interests therein as above stated, and that in order to make division of said interests it is necessary that said real estate be sold, and the proceeds thereof divided amongst the parties according to their several interests.

It is thereupon this 16th day of February, 1900, ordered by the Circuit Court for Caroline County, in Equity, that the complainant by causing a copy of this Order to be inserted in some newspaper published in said Caroline County, once in each of four successive weeks before the 19th day of March, next, give notice to the said John W. Foster, Gertrude Camper, Susan Camper, Mary Camper and William Camper, absent defendants, of the object and substance of this bill warning them to appear in this Court in person or by solicitor on or before 4th day of April next, to show cause if any they have why a decree ought not to be passed as prayed.

CHAS. W. HOBBS, Clerk.

True copy—Test:
CHAS. W. HOBBS, Clerk.

Established 1844

Frank C. Bolton. Lee B. Bolton.

BOLTON BROS.

PAINTS, OILS AND GLASS.

PRIZE MEDAL READY MIXED PAINTS,

Elaine, the Family Safeguard Oil,

Machinery Oils, Tar, Oakum and Pitch.

ENGINEERS', MACHINISTS,

Steamship and Railway Supplies,

418, 420, 422, 424 E. PRATT ST.,

BALTIMORE. - MD.

C. 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.

SHINGLES FOR SALE.

I have on hand about

200,000 No. 1 Shingles For Sale

AT BOTTOM PRICES.

Z. T. HUTCHINSON,
Denton Bridge.

C. PERCY DUNNING,

CONSTABLE AND COLLECTOR,

DENTON, MARYLAND

THE SPIRIT AND THE FLESH.

Into this glorious world I came,
The freeborn of the wind and flame,
I bound to me for good or ill
A body serf to do my will.
Though he was frail and prone to rust,
I snatched him from his mother's breast
And bade him serve me. What would you?
I had a great King's work to do—
Wrong to make right, comfort to bring
To those in trouble sorrowing.

I needed one both swift and strong;
Great was the load, the journey long.
Yet this my slave was weak and lame;
Faltering at my behest he came,
So, when his strength was almost gone,
I took the scourge and urged him on.

Yet hurry as I might to keep
The minutes' pace, both food and sleep
My slave must have. Impatiently
I saw the glorious hours pass by.
(I could not leave him, for we must
Have hands of dust to work with dust.)
At last he fell and would not rise.
He called me with imperious eyes
And bade me pause.

This small white room, this cot of snow,
Ministering forms that come and go;
I crouch here listening for his breath,
And with my hands I hold back Death,
My work neglected and undone.
If he but beckon, swift I run
This worthless serf of mine to save.
How hard they toil who serve a slave!

—L. B. Bridgman in Century.

The Py'rennial's Of the Admiral

A Pretty Sketch of an Old Sailor and His Daughter.

BY MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON.

As long as Sereta could remember there had always been yellow lilies at the end of the garden walk, and as long as the lilies could remember there had always been Sereta blowing down the walk.

"Here they are again, Samuel," she cried every spring, and the hard faced old gardener would go on with his hoeing and reply, "Py'rennials, Miss Sweeta; when they come, they stay."

There was a vague spot somewhere in her memory of a day when it first occurred to her that she, too, was something of a "py'rennial." She knew no more than these golden playfellows how she came into the admiral's garden and, like them, spring after spring found her sunny head among the returning flowers. But it was not until she was head and shoulders taller than the tallest white Easter lily that she inquired further: "What is a py'rennial, Samuel? What makes it a py'rennial?"

"A py'rennial," said Samuel convincingly, "has character enough to go right along and keep going right ahead. It's got no call to be sown or transplanted or slipped; it blooms till it dies, and next year it gets up and blooms again."

The admiral's garden, all rose petals and butterfly wings, was a glowing background for the girl flower breathing her youth fragrance out with theirs on the summer air. Beyond lay some terraces, shaded by lofty elms, and a wide built house, well back from the road and three or four miles from the "shire" town of the rather lonely county.

One stormy day when the admiral was smoking his pipe and raising his eyebrows occasionally at the fire—as if exchanging amusing memories—Sereta followed his glance until it rested upon a photograph that always stood in the same place on the high colonial mantel—an ocean liner, nose down, under full speed—and she spoke before her natural shyness checked her impulse. "It must be like a bird to cross the sea like that—like a bird crossing the open sky on a bright August day!" The admiral smiled down at her, but his face had saddened as he touched the shore of reality after his voyage on that sea of fancy where each must sail alone. "It is better to sit in a big chair and think about it, little friend," he replied. "These birds find darker skies than your meadow larks and run heavier risks." Then the look of weariness came back that Sereta dreaded, because she did not understand it or how to drive it away. After that day she never prompted his conversation or asked the thousand and one eager, irrelevant questions that ignorance naturally craves of maturity; she learned by intuition that questions are cruel; besides she was afraid of bringing the look that meant something she could not understand—something to be kept asleep if possible.

But sometimes after her lessons were done, or after his moderate dinner glass had warmed his memories, the admiral would talk to her uninterruptedly for hours about that great unknown place he called life, until little thrills and shivers of excitement crept over her and she could not sleep all night for remembrance and conjecture.

When Sereta was 17, an odd little rose jar of humanity, all silences and dusky perfume, her world suddenly underwent a crisis. There came a guest to the hall.

This revolutionary visitor was a man without a wife and therefore presumably harmless and inoffensive. Sereta liked him almost as well as Samuel after a morning spent together while the admiral was busy and depending on her to do the honors for his guest. They were out of doors, which makes all things possible to begin with, and the man on her hands was old enough to appreciate her charm and lure her simplicity by his varied knowledge of complexer womanhood. So she chatted and explained all down the garden, through the py'rennials, laughed with him over the clumsy colts in the paddock, showed him the view from the pasture hill, brought him home by the woods and was singing to him in the empty drawing room when the admiral returned.

Somehow the afternoon seemed very long after the two well mounted figures dropped down the road together and were out of sight. Sereta among the roses pricked her fingers more than common. "Samuel, I should think the admiral would like a change," she said fiercely when she had cut all the pink buds and walked carefully around the curved beds to begin on the red.

Samuel stared as if he had been challenged from the burning bush. "The admiral? Miss Sweeta, the admiral's a py'rennial. Most of the men that come here is just blown away seed, half sown or wind sown—come up first in one garden, then in another. The admiral's rooted like a red laloc. He don't need transplantin now. More likely strange soil would kill him outright."

It was disappointing that the conversation at dinner that night should have taken a strictly technical turn. It ran—nay, it fairly flew—on naval equipment, tactics and maneuvers till the sleepy hostess withdrew unnoticed. Left all to themselves, it burned out with big guns toward morning, when the stranger suddenly opened attack on the old subject of the admiral's isolation, urging the necessity of renewed contact with men, the familiar charm of old scenes, while the admiral listened as if to faroff music unmoved: "I am like that dear fellow Stevenson, Roger, my boy. I, too, have 'lived and loved and closed the door.'"

"But surely the Welt-geist is not dead in you, admiral. Gray hairs do not make moss grown wits. There's not a man in the service to match you."

"Thanks," interrupted the older man briefly. "Welt-lust ist vorbei. If I can avoid Welt-schmertz here in the overgrown corner of my pasture fastness, don't let envy of my peace poison your happiness. I am too old, and Sereta"—

"Ah, yes, Sereta," broke in the younger. "She is at the other end of the path. You and she are like the two last petals of the daisy rhyme we used to say our fate by—'passionement—pas de tout.' You live in your library and your thoughts. She lives in your shadow and the companionship of that hypercritical old gardener."

"Your voice betrays irritation, Roger," said the admiral blandly. "Samuel did not forget himself, I hope?"

"No—that is, I tried to talk with him a bit about slips this morning. I was admiring his yellow lilies, but he took no interest in my botanical researches. That is neither here nor there, however. Your ward has eyes that no rose bugs can appreciate and a nature that would whiten up some of the dark places of earth considerably if properly applied. She ought to see less of herself and more of"— He began to say people of her own age, but ended worse by adding, "The things her mother would have given her, fun and dancing, and"—

"Stop!" cried the admiral. "God forbid such a fate as her mother's was for her! Thus far her feet have trod in angel innocence. She is happy as a boy, high minded as a saint. She has never tampered with her emotions nor felt the wasting reaction from pleasure. She doesn't know her heart except as she knows her lungs—by name. She is youth, graceful and unspoiled, classic as a Greek. You cannot make a folly of her. The marble is already cut on straighter lines."

For a time things went on in the old routine. Except that the admiral smoked more and talked less no one would have guessed anything had happened. No one saw the battle fought or took account of self indulgence slain or carried drink to the dying convictions or softened the going of well loved preferences, but after many days and nights the campaign ended as suddenly as it began, and the admiral was every inch a commander still as he went to find Sereta with surrender on his brow. It was bedtime, and he found her on the terrace bidding the stars good night, one of her many quaint observances of childhood.

There was a touch of pagan wonder on her upturned face as she stood there. He stood beside her and breathed a last long breath of complete content. "They look down on many a heart and country tonight," he began. "Think of the Alps—they must love such tall peaks best because they are nearest—and then the sea that tosses their image back to them in a million shifting adorations, and the forest full of sleeping and waking beasts, and the flaring flowers of the tropics, the sullen desert and the hearts of men. You, too, little friend, would you like to be a star and have all the beauty and misery of the whole world spread before you?"

Was he in earnest? There was something new in his manner. Oh, was he in earnest? She did not speak, only dropped her eyes to his face, and her upper lip quivered slightly. Did he mean it? Strange desires pressed upon her; the world beyond the garden seemed calling as the merman called his wife in a poem of Arnold that was still ringing in her ears. She was outside the behavior of custom now—troubled, yet glad.

"It is time," he continued simply; "yes, it is time. I did not realize that you had outgrown the lilies."

She could not keep the delight from her face, but she did not speak, and the admiral waited as if for a signal, then spoke on in the summer night.

"Your mother was Julia Ravignon. I loved her, but she married a diplomat, and I took up my career in the navy. Everything came to me—everything except forgetfulness. When I met her again years after in Paris, she was a widow, thanks to a rather irregular political intrigue involving the lives of more than one European envoy. She was the same brilliant, compelling creature. Only eyes that had grown keen with love long unfed could read deeply enough to find the change in her, the loss of those gentler qualities that soften a thrilling girl into a radiant woman. She had preserved few illusions; perhaps I was the only one. She was quoted and courted and copied, but in the spring she would marry me—for love.

"That was a winter to warm dead summers by its memory. We never spoke of the years intervening or their experiences. Our fidelity was at least no indiscretion. There must be a God, in whose mind such joy was conceived and fulfilled. Coming home from the opera one night, when only a few weeks lay between us and our marriage, a frantic runaway tore through the crowded avenue, leaving many a wreck in its deadly wake. Julia was carried into a mere boulevard cafe and died in my arms, my face so close to hers she never saw the squalid surroundings of that last holy hour, though I shall wear the terror stricken faces of the onlookers across my eyes forever, heightened by sad dreams. She knew me to the last. 'Sereta,' she whispered, 'keep her safe from the world. My world has not been always yours. Love is more than'— She smiled with her soul. Her lips were cold. Every haunt held a stab for me there. From that night the sight of her flowers on the other women turned me faint. I shivered when I met one of the gay circle of her devoted inner coterie. Every mood of passion returned to mock me now. The sight of other lovers made me fear myself in my shattered condition of will and nerves. I came home with you, dear. Life had given me all my boyish hopes in manhood's measure. I never reached the high altar of my holy of holies; but I have heard the music of the great organ as I stood on the threshold.

"It was not until lately that I realized the time had come to do more than listen and wait. The blood of your mother is in your veins too. We will go soon, little friend, and make acquaintance with the best of her world and mine."

But Sereta's arms were crossed upon her breast, and in a voice too sweet for any mortal woman save her mother's child she said, "I will not go!" At the end of an hour's struggle she still persisted: "I will not go. I care nothing for a world that betrayed you and broke your heart. I am not afraid, but I will not go!"

Samuel found her singing a "furrin" song over the honeysuckles next morning and waited to be drawn into conversation.

"Morning, Samuel." There was his chance without compromise of dignity.

"Good morning, Miss Sweeta. Hot day, I guess." Then in a queer voice, quite unlike the usual gruff Samuel: "It'll be lonesome enough not to hear you singin, Miss Sweeta. Some say you and the admiral are tired of roots and goin away."

"Going away?" repeated Sereta. "Why, Samuel, you said yourself only a little while ago that the admiral was a py'rennial, and I am another. We are going into partnership with the yellow lilies forever and ever." The old man made a motion of incredulity and, shaking his head as he did when rain was prophesied in a drought, remarked: "May be true of the admiral, Miss Sweeta, but I expect that other soldier fellow'll be back here before fall lookin after some more yellow lily slips—like as not. He said he took a very particular interest in py'rennials. I should think he would. He'll be the first man that ever raised a bulb from a slip."

And Roger did come back many times, but he went straight to the admiral when advice was needed, for the kind of flower he wanted was never illustrated in the gaudiest catalogue of Samuel's loyal admiration. Nor will the yellow lilies watch in vain at the end of the garden walk next spring, for Sereta has given her lover to understand that she is a py'rennial of the admiral, however satisfied he may be to live as mere "blown away seed."

Perhaps she hopes he will take root some day. Anyway, she smiles when Samuel whistles, "My hope is built on nothing less." "Sereta is too young," says the admiral, "and I am too old."—Martha Gilbert Dickinson in Springfield Republican.

Early Days of Colorado Mining.

As illustrating the local conditions at the time of the commencement of operations by the pioneer smelter in Colorado it may be stated that every single firebrick used in its construction cost $1, having to be brought by wagon about 600 miles from the nearest point on the Missouri river and to that point by railroad from St. Louis. The iron cost 22 cents per pound. The pay of skilled labor was $8 per day and of common labor $4 per day, and the charge of smelting ranged from $20 to $45 per ton. There was no railroad nearer than the Missouri river, about 600 miles away. Wagon transportation was high, as also were all the necessaries of life. Moreover the "matte," the product of the plant, in the absence of any local means of separating or refining, had to be hauled to the Missouri river in wagons, thence by railroad to New York and thence to Swansea, Wales, where it was separated and the gold, silver and copper rened.

Today there are nine smelting plants in Colorado. The aggregate daily capacity is 4,500 tons, and about 4,000 men are employed.—Engineering Magazine.

It Doesn't Pay to Be Captured.

It will doubtless surprise most people to learn that any soldier of the British army who is captured by the enemy gets his pay stopped at once. Therefore the 1,000 English warriors who are now playing football inside the race track at Pretoria are in no sense of the word wage earners. A further provision of the army regulations allows an investigation to be made after a soldier has recovered his liberty, and the authorities may, if they see fit, turn over the back pay to the released prisoner. There is no obligation on their part to do this, however.

Pretoria and Thackeray.

Pretoria, as everybody knows, is named after Pretorius, one of the celebrated Boer triumvirate of the past. He was said to belong to the same family as a Dr. Pretorius who in the early years of the queen's married life was attached to the immediate service of the prince consort and who in that capacity was present at all the functions of the court. The Court Circular of the time, after naming all the distinguished personages present, invariably concluding with the words "and Dr. Pretorius." At a banquet one evening at which Thackeray was present, after the toast of the queen had been received with musical honors, the author of "Vanity Fair" was overheard quietly singing to himself the refrain:

"Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
Dr. Pretorius,
God save the queen."

—Westminster Gazette.

News and Notes.

Ne Plus Ultra, an English variety of bean, is highly commended by American Gardening as a late crop, dwarf, garden bean.

In Bohemia, where horse radish is grown to perfection, the kind known as maliner or maliner kren, which has just been introduced into the United States, is considered superior to any other.

On account of the large amount of water roots contain, cows on roots are never as thirsty in winter time as they otherwise would be.

HACK SAWS.

And Saws of Various Other Sorts Used In Cutting Metals.

No doubt the common idea of a saw would be of an implement used for sawing wood, and such is the chief use to which saws are put; but there are also many saws used for sawing metals. The most commonly used of these saws is what is called a hack saw.

The hack saw is built something like a meat saw; that is, the blade is held between the bent down ends of a frame, to one end of which is attached the handle by which, in the ordinary way, the saw is plied. But the hack saw is smaller than the meat saw, with a far more slender frame, and a light, slender blade.

There are various styles and sizes of hack saw frames, including extension frames, in which can be used, according as the frame is adjusted, saws of different lengths; for the hack saw blade is not riveted into its frame, but adjusted there, and blades can be taken out or put in at will.

The blades are very narrow and very thin and very fine toothed; they are made of a steel specially hardened for the use. In the manufacture of the blades the teeth are set and filed by machines with greater accuracy than that work could be done by hand, and at much less cost. Formerly many hack saw blades were imported from England; now there are very few imported. The American blades are better and far cheaper. They are so inexpensive that when worn dull they are not refiled; it is cheaper to use a new blade.

The hack saw blades most commonly used are made in various lengths ranging from 6 to 14 inches; perhaps there are sold more 18 inch blades than any other. These saw blades are put up in dozens, a dozen of them together making only a slender little bundle. The average price at retail is about 65 cents a dozen.

Hack saws are used in many trades. A jeweler would have some little hack saws on his workbench; hack saws are used by machinists, locksmiths, stovemakers, plumbers, brass workers, foundrymen; they are used in all trades in which metals are worked, and the carpenter, supposed to be a worker in wood alone, is likely to have a hack saw in his kit of tools. He may want to saw off a bolt or something of that sort, and for that matter hack saws are sometimes used for sawing in wood.

How long a hack saw will last depends, of course, very largely on how much it is used, but a hack saw with which a seven inch steel shaft had been cut off still remained sharp enough for further use. Hack saws are put to many uses on indoor and on outdoor work.

There are now made for railroad construction and repair work portable rail saws for sawing off rails, the old way being to cut them off with chisel and hammer. The rail is clamped into the frame in which the saw is worked, the saw being operated by hand power. Portable rail saws of American invention and manufacture are sold all over the world.

Of power driven saws for metals there are various kinds, these saws being put to many uses. For some purposes hack saws are fitted up so that they can be power driven, but the saws commonly used with power are circular. As to size, circular saws are made for metals ranging from 3 to 60 inches in diameter, and such saws are variously tempered, some harder and some softer, according to the use to which they are to be put. Some are run at high speed, some at low speed. Some are toothed and some are toothless, these last being called friction saws. And there are cold saws and hot saws, so called, the hot saws being used to saw metal which comes to the saws redhot.

Such saws, in one form and another, are used in the various mills in which iron and steel are made into shapes and in bridge and architectural works and in machine shops and foundries; they are used for sawing off rails and beams and bars and for many other purposes.—New York Sun.

Dining a Talker.

Seven people make a very comfortable company for a dinner, provided the seven are well selected. Two servants, even one, can attend to seven very nicely. And with that number the talk can be general. It can be, but it is not always so. There are so many people of many words in this world that it is difficult to get seven men and women together without including one monopolist. When such a monopolist is a woman, her sex does not make her more attractive. Such a person is a "weariness, a fever and a fret." The most, however, is responsible if such be included at a small dinner. The large dinner is the place for such a person; then only two persons, the one on either side, can be made miserable. There is an idea in that—a fiendish one, however. If it be desirable to punish two of your friends, give a large dinner and put the most insistent bore in town between the two.

The Pride of Manhood.

The happiest time in a boy's life is the day that he dons his first short trousers. Mrs. Poyser's bantam cock, which imagined that the sun rose every morning to hear him crow, could not strut with more conscious pride than did this little fellow, and he felt the importance incident to his first pair.

Finally, he stopped in front of his little sister and delivered himself of these indisputable facts:

"Sister, you can't never wear pants! Sister, you can't never have a mustache!" and finally, as a complete clincher, "Sister, you can't never be a man, nohow!"

Overcome with the gloom of her future, "sister" burst into an uncontrolable flood of tears.—Memphis Scimitar.

The Benefit.

Widow's Daughter—Mother, why do you tell people that I am only 18 when you know I am 24?

Widow—Because 18's six years younger than 24.

Daughter—Yes, I know, but surely I do not need the benefit of those six years at my age, do I?

Widow—Not at all, my child, but I do.

American apples are reported as gaining a strong hold in the markets of the chief cities of Germany.