DENTON JOURNAL.

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VOL. 54. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 7, 1900. NO. 22.

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,

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BALTIMORE, - MARYLAND,

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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.

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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.

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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 fnstrumental Music. Call and get our catalogue of 10c Music. It will surprise you. Over 1200 copies of this Music sonstantly in stock.

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Undertaker and Funeral Director

DENTON, MARYLAND.

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Ridgely, Md.

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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.

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Price? { I will cheerfully quote prices on any kind of Machinery, and prices guaranteed to be as low as any one in the United States on same class of machinery.

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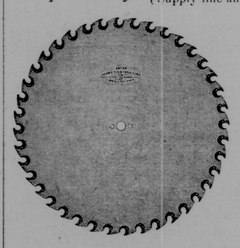

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Fully equipped to do all kinds of work.

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TO GROW BIG CROPS

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Manufactured by the

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Baltimore, Maryland.

Our brands have been used by the most expert farmers.

The following well-known brands always in store at the warehouses of our different agents:

COON BRAND GUANO, SEA GULL GUANO,
GRAIN AND GRASS PRODUCER,
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SEWING MACHINES.

Owing to the advance in the prices of machines at the factory I am compelled to increase my prices, I shall handle nothing but the best.

Blackiston Drop-Head, $40 *on time.*

Blackiston 5-Drawer, $35 *on time.*

Blackiston 3-Drawer, $30 *on time.*

Singer D. H. $40 *on time.*

Domestic D. H. $40 *on time.*

Wheeler & Wilson $40 *on time.*

Standard Rotary $45 *on time.*

Seamstress $40 *on time.*

AGENTS WILL CHARGE YOU $60 FOR ANY OF THE ABOVE.

Western machines not worth my selling or your buying.

WILLIAM J. BLACKISTON,

JAMES W. CHAIRS, Manager. DENTON, MARYLAND.

BROOKLAND NURSERIES

H. I. DASHER, Manager.

The Growing of Small Plants a Specialty.

STRAWBERRIES, RASPBERRIES. BLACKBERRIES, AND LUCRETIA DEW BERRIES.

Orders by mail receive every care. Estimates on large orders cheerfully furnished. TERMS—Cash with order. My stock comprises 45 varieties and is guaranteed true to name Full count given. [3-24 3t

CERTIFICATE OF NURSERY INSPECTION.

To Whom it may Concern:

THIS IS TO CERTIFY, That on the 7th day of August, 1899, we examined the Nursery Stock of Mr H. I. Dasher, growing in his nurseries at Ridgely, County of Caroline, State of Maryland, in accordance with the laws of Maryland, 1898, Chapter 289, Section 58, and that said nurseries and premises are apparently free, so far as can be determined by inspection, from the San Jose Scale, Peach Yellows, Peer Blight and other dangerously injurious insects or plant diseases.

This certificate is invalid after August 1st, 1900, and does not include nursery stock now grown within this State, unless such stock is previously covered by certificate and accepted by the State Entomologist and State Pathologist.

WILLIS G. JOHNSON, State Entomologist.

College Park, Md., Sept 5, 1899. CHARLES O TOWNSEND, State Pathologist.

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

T. H. EVANS & COMPANY,

FRUIT AND PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

No. 214 Light Street, Baltimore, Maryland,

☞ Fruits and Vegetables, Maryland Peaches and Sweet Potatoes.

DRY LOCO WEED.

I hear it now as I heard it then
Along the sandy reaches,
Within a wandering whisper
Of the crooning, southern beaches—
That lonesome sound along the ground
That runs the island o'er,
A tiny musketry to roar,
A promise gone to seed,
The rattle of the loco weed
That grows along the shore.

A fanfare brave the silence gave
Athwart the treeless spaces,
Like warning signal of the snakes
That coil in driest places,
That lusty sigh beneath the sky—
A cheerful lisping lore
Of solitudes the bares explore,
Afar from hunters' greed—
The rattle of the loco weed
That grows along the shore.

I love it now as I loved it then,
A sound of winnowing wind,
At work among the drying herbs
That starving cattle find.
A cadence low, the warm stars know,
When day has wandered o'er,
A blithe complaint of sunshine more
Than any hint of need,
The rattle of the loco weed
That grows along the shore.

—Grace Adelaide Luce in "Land of Sunshine."

The Schooner That Turned Squatter.

Captain Rowell, Being Wrecked, Concluded to Make the Best of the Situation.

Leaping seas lifted the schooner Raven high on the beach one night when a spring gale churned Lake Michigan. The Raven was owned, navigated and now, in the flower of her sailing days, beached by Captain Ebenezer Rowell. Cape Cod was the place of the captain's nativity, and he had sailed all sorts and conditions of waters, from the Erie canal to the Arctic ocean.

He asserted, however, with a flow of explosive language that was certainly no part of his Puritan inheritance, that he never ran into quite so much "dirt" anywhere else as when there was a norther screaming down this long lake, breaking the water into foam from Skilligalee to Grosse point. Now the indignant lake repaid his tarry epithets by flinging him farther up on the land than any boat ever went before.

Captain Rowell had characteristics that marked him as a man apart. His long mustache drooped and mingled with a short beard well shot with gray, and when he wore his dingy sou'wester he looked very like a middle aged walrus. The captain had a wooden leg, bound at the bottom with triple bands of brass. One of Farragut's surgeons took charge of the leg of flesh for which this wooden substitute did duty after the battle of Mobile Bay.

The skipper of the Raven also had a pipe that was not without celebrity. It was burned to ebony blackness, and, upon the word of reliable mariners, was declared to emit such penetrating fumes that the Raven could not clear from a Wisconsin port without the fact immediately becoming known in Michigan, if the wind were right.

But now the Raven, her commander, wooden leg, pipe and all, were cast up on the beach. Captain Rowell had been trying to make port and had missed the harbor entrance—a narrow passage between two piers, as easy to sail into in a storm as the neck of a bottle. As his boat went flying in through the breakers the captain raged and beat a tattoo on the deck with his wooden leg, having no gratitude in his heart for the wind and waves that were landing him on soft sand instead of banging the Raven against the rocks that were equally handy. The schooner settled easily on the beach, with the skipper clinging to the taffrail and the two Scandinavians who constituted the crew gripping at the shrouds.

Morning showed the seriousness of the case. The Raven lay at the innermost point of a cozy bight, with a couple of hundred yards of sand between her and the bluffs that rimmed the bay. A little way to the north a long breakwater was thrust into the lake, the visible evidence of harbor work in which government engineers were engaged. One effect of the building of this breakwater had been to arrest certain lake currents and make them deposit great quantities of sand along that part of the shore on which the Raven stranded. In consequence, new land was forming rapidly at that point, and the people of the town were beginning to speculate as to the use to which it should be put.

It was a singularly effectual rush of the water that carried the schooner to this resting place, and Captain Rowell knew very well that to get her back into the water would be expensive and difficult. He was the more disgusted with fate because he had been cast away on the shore of his home port, where neighbors would want to know the why and wherefore of this extraordinary navigation.

One of those who came next day to look at the schooner, so far removed from her ordinary element, was a lawyer acquaintance of the captain. In speaking about the changes that were going on in that part of the coast, he referred to the rapidity with which the land was encroaching on the lake there and gave it as his opinion that there was doubt about the right of owners of property on the bluffs—between which and the lake a railroad right of way intervened—to claim the accretion.

"In fact," said Lawyer Flanders, "I believe that this is government land, and anybody who squats on it will have a fighting chance, at least, to establish title to the whole strip." Whereupon Captain Ebenezer Rowell pricked up his Yankee ears and adroitly cross questioned the lawyer until he had a fair notion of the legal conditions affecting this stretch of weed tufted sand, not lovely to look upon, but destined to be very valuable. He announced that night that he intended to defer preparations for floating the Raven.

The next day he brought Maria, his wife, down from their cottage and, having got the Raven properly braced on an even keel, installed Mrs. Rowell in the cabin. "We'll live here awhile, Mariar," said the captain. And Maria, who had sailed under Ebenezer's orders for 40 years, thought this no time to ask questions, but began to set things in order. The schooner Raven had squatted on unclaimed land.

Now, in the course of time the dwellers on the bluff, inhabitants of stone houses set in terraced lawns, looked down on this marine squatter and were displeased. They paid little attention at first, but the steady issue of smoke from the Raven's cabin stove and the accumulation of Maria's flowerpots savored of permanent occupation. Autumn came, then winter, and the Raven was still on the sands.

The next spring, a year after the schooner went on the beach, certain rich men took steps to formally assert title to the natural increase of land, on a portion of which the Raven lay. Then came lawyers, writs and constables, whom Maria turned over to Ebenezer, and with whom Ebenezer dealt through the medium of his friend, Lawyer Flanders.

In the first court to which the men who owned the land on the bluff took the matter, Ebenezer won. Title was not proved, and the skipper of the Raven, so far as this tribunal was concerned, was confirmed in his right as a claimant of government land. An appeal failed to reverse the judgment, and, although the rich men declared their fixed purpose to carry the case to the highest court in the land, Ebenezer considered the victory won.

Thereupon, under the advice of the farseeing Flanders, he began the most wonderful improvements on his land that ever were seen on that coast or, perhaps, any other. To repay some small annoyances that he had been subjected to, he caused to be erected a staring sign, where every dweller on the heights might read: "Captain Rowell's Shipyard."

I found the captain there one evening walking about his queer domain, pipe alight and puffing like a tug. Half a dozen cottages of remarkable architecture had sprung up about the Raven.

"Snug anchorage," said the captain, with a comprehensive wave of his pipe in the direction of these new possessions. "Mariar an I are landlubbers now. Yes, we've squatted on guv'ment land an cal'late to live here. Mr. Bingham, up on the hill yonder, an some o' the other shore folks got after me in the courts, but I beat them. Tried to bother me with the charge o' puttin up shanties within the fire limits an sent a lubber down here one day to pull my houses down. You see, every house in this here shipyard is a boat, built boat shaped an registered at the custom house."

The captain had, in truth, built as he said. The architecture did not appeal to one's sense of beauty, whether the structures were considered as houses or boats, but any one of them, properly bottomed, might be set afloat and made to serve as a scow or a tow barge. By way of tenants the captain had a few of his sailor friends, a fisherman and a laborer who liked the situation because it was near the railroad yards where he worked. The shipyard was paying expenses.

"Yes," Captain Rowell went on, "the Raven has done pretty well for me. 'Bout the best cruise I ever made was the one that ended with this here wreck. It's made me a rich man. But I was tellin you 'bout that attack on my fleet. They sent the fire marshal, an he says, says he, 'Them shanties is in the fire limits, an I'm ordered to pull them down.' Then I gets out on the forrad deck o' the Raven, an I says, says I, quite like as though I was whoopin in a blow outside the point: 'Ship ahoy, there! Every one o' them shanties is a boat an registered in the Yewnited States custom house. Any man that tears down one o' my boats is a pirate, an Uncle Sam 'ud rather hang a pirate than eat pie.'

"That fire marshal looked at my shipyard carefullike then an kinder opened his eyes. He went round behind one o' those craft, an when he seed her name an port o' hull painted there, plain as on any steamboat in the harbor, that settled him. He went back to the lawyers, an they've been figgerin ever since on how to make this here fleet put to sea. I'll keep 'em figgerin," added Ebenezer confidently, "until my title to all this new land's as solid as Spectacle reef."

Conceive a double row of buildings which upon front view appeared to be canalboats, gabled windowed and clapboarded, with a little picketed inclosure behind each one, and you have the shipyard in mind. At the end of the street, nearest the water, lay the Raven, dismantled with respect to rigging, propped with timbers and kept immaculately painted and scrubbed, as a flagship should be. Thus the fleet lay, a squadron to be depended on in any kind of weather.

To the shipyard came sightseers, small boys and even the Salvation Army. Ebenezer Rowell was a friend of religion, although his language at times might give rise to a contrary opinion, and he welcomed the Salvation soldiers to the beach. He even performed on an accordion one night in honor of the open air gospel meeting and was assured that the Army band could do no better.

The excellent impression thus made was almost effaced by the captain's conduct on another occasion. Six men in tall hats came down to the beach one night, followed by a lot of lake front loungers, and began to sing gospel hymns. The captain was gratified. He never quite approved of the Salvation Army costume, and here, it seemed, was a delegation of soberly clad ministers come to preach without any sound of brass and tinkling cymbals.

One of the clerical looking men began to address the crowd. In the beginning his harangue was not unlike that of the average street preacher, but he imparted gradually and in small installments the information that this was a missionary party from Utah sent out to teach the doctrines of the Church of Latter Day Saints.

"Mormons!" snorted Ebenezer, and into the crowd he stumped with a peremptory order for the meeting to disperse and the missionaries to climb the hill. Expostulation only moved the captain to boiling wrath, and he volleyed and thundered such dreadful language that the six tall hats moved off, leaving Ebenezer in possession of the field, but with a shattered reputation for piety.

When small boys offended on his premises, the captain would roar: "Hi, there; go ashore, you little powder monkeys! I'll take you all out to sea an maroon you!" This would be followed by wild scampering across the sands, for the boys were divided in opinion as to whether marooning meant boiling in oil or hanging at the yardarm.

For six years Ebenezer and Maria lived in the shipyard, drew rent and paid lawyers. The lake currents kept adding to their sandy domain, and as the beach widened displeasure grew in the fine houses on the hill. The expanding acres to which the skipper of the Raven laid claim gave rise to visions suggested by possible uses to which the land might be put when the mariner saw fit to sell, if his title ever arrived at a state of perfection that warranted anybody to buy.

The shipyard was bad enough, but a factory, a thing of smoke and smell and chimneys, would be worse. So the hill folk managed to keep a lawsuit imminent above the captain's head that he might not become too well established in his belief that he was lord of the shore.

In the extreme of their disgust aid came to the enemies of the captain from an unexpected source. The town upon whose hospitable front the Raven had become a squatter decided to establish a system of parks.

It was agreed with entire unanimity that all the water frontage possible ought to be secured for this purpose, a proposition that directed instant attention to Captain Ebenezer Rowell's contested territory. All the machinery of lawyers, courts, writs and bailiffs was once more set in motion, and Ebenezer and Maria had to form a new line of battle.

Indeed they had come upon evil days, for the discerning lawyer who had been their chief defense in the earlier years of their occupation was dead, and they had to intrust the fortunes of the shipyard to strangers. The aggressive city hustled Ebenezer from one court to another, summoned him, examined him, made him depose, affirm, deny, give bond and generally feel the pangs of litigation until he declared himself "worried outen his vittles."

He smoked three times his normal allowance of tobacco and told Maria that he was sorely tempted to put to sea again. A little later he gave proof that this was an idea that had some grip on him, for he set men to work calking the Raven's gaping seams and getting the schooner into something like sailing shape again.

One evening Captain Rowell returned and found the shipyard in a tumult. A case had just gone against him in one of the courts, the judge having declared that title to the land was vested in the city, and the municipal officers lost no time in following up this victory. Policemen descended, and the sheriff came, and with them sundry stout fellows having in charge teams, timbers, crowbars and other tools sufficient to make Maria tremble.

She bewailed the absence of Ebenezer, but came part down the steps that led up the Raven's side and gave an imitation of the captain in a bad temper. The sheriff said such language was shocking, but she refused to listen to the writ. Before Ebenezer appeared to defend the premises from invasion one of the structures that the sailor called a boat when he talked to a constable and a house when he conversed with a tenant had been hoisted from its anchorage and placed on skids.

One without occupants had been selected by way of a beginning, and the Bird of Freedom, as letters done in the highest style of the sign painter's art announced the clumsy affair, was well on her way toward the street at the foot of the bluff when Ebenezer came snorting upon the scene. He did not stop to parley with the sheriff, but dived into the cabin of the Raven and presently emerged on deck with a rifle in his hands.

It was a weapon that had been purchased in the early stages of the fight for possession of the lake front, but by a singular oversight Ebenezer had neglected to provide himself with ammunition. However, nobody stops to inquire with any particularity into the condition of a gun when that gun is in the hands of a man whose hostility is undoubted, and the whole attacking force stampeded at the sight of the Winchester.

Nearly all night the captain kept watch, rifle in hand, but when Maria questioned the efficiency of a gun that wanted cartridges he concluded to go to bed and risk the further kidnaping of his scows.

It was shortly after this incursion that I saw the captain again. The shipyard showed almost as many signs of disorder as though it were really a place where boats were built. The Bird of Freedom, the Albatross (all the captain's scowhouses were given the names of birds) and the rest were either in ruins or in process of being plucked. The Raven showed unmistakable signs of an impending voyage.

She had been shored up, painted and rid of all the accumulation of steps, platforms and flowerpots that made her look like something that belonged neither on land nor sea. The captain was rather melancholy, but energetic in respect to ship chandlery and repairs.

"Yes," he said, "I'm goin sailin once more; compromised with the city." This he said as cheerfully as a man might announce the date of his own hanging. "Compromised," he went on; "that's what they call it. I gives the city the land, an the city gives me the vally o' these here craft. No, I ain't as rich as I used to think I was when I stuck on a hundred thousand every time a storm heaved up a fresh lot o' sand, which happened pretty reg'lar.

"Fact is, if the guv'ment keeps extendin that pier into the lake an upsettin the cal'lations o' nature in p'int of currents, sand'll keep pilin up until this lake's plum cut in two. I'm sick o' this bilin, roisterin, bangin body o' water. I'm goin to sail the Raven down the lakes to the St. Lawrence, take her out to sea an go back to Cape Cod, where Mariar an I cal'late to spend the rest o' our days."

It was a laborious undertaking to get the Raven into the water again. She had lain on shore so long that she had to be, in a large measure, rebuilt before she was fit to sail, but finally the captain pronounced her as good as new and fine enough to exhibit to those keen critics of things nautical, the inhabitants of Cape Cod.

So I went down one night to see him and Maria set out on their long voyage. There was a flattening of noses against the window panes in the houses on the hill, whose satisfied owners saw the trim lines of the schooner slant across the darkening waters. The captain was at the wheel, and as he sailed away into the gloom I could get glimpses of his cheerful pipe, glowing like a binnacle lamp and pointing as nearly as might be in the direction of Cape Cod.
—New York Evening Post.

How Oleomargarine Is Made.

Margarine was first prepared by M. Mege Mouries. In this process 1,000 kilograms of ground fat from freshly slaughtered cattle is mixed with 300 kilograms of water, one kilogram of potassium carbonate and two sheep's or pigs' stomachs cut into pieces and heated at 45 degrees C. by steam for two hours. The fat rises and, after being skimmed, is run off and heated at from 30 to 40 degrees C., with 2 per cent of salt, the clear fat being then poured off from the sediment and cooled at from 20 to 25 degrees C.

The granular solid product is cut into pieces, packed into linen and exposed to hydraulic pressure at about 25 degrees C., with the production of a solid cake of stearin and a liquid oleomargarine, which is passed through cylinders and washed by a shower of water. Of the melted oleomargarine 50 kilograms is mixed with 25 liters of cows' milk and 25 kilograms of water in which has been macerated 100 grains of finely ground mammary gland of the cow. Annotto is added and the whole churned for about two hours and the product kneaded and washed.

In the method employed in the United States, Austria and some parts of Germany pepsin is not added, the original finely ground fat being subjected to a temperature below 50 degrees C. for some time. The oleomargarine is mixed with sour milk and a small quantity of bicarbonate of soda and annotto and is churned. After about 15 minutes it is cooled in ice and then kneaded to eliminate the water, then returned with more sour milk and is ready for sale.

Knew What She Wanted.

There was a tall and haughty young woman in a provision store this morning, a pretty girl, who wore a smart tailor gown and an air of great importance.

"Have you a nice roundhouse steak?" she asked the butcher sweetly, when he came forward to wait upon her.

The man's face assumed a beefy hue itself, and he looked well nigh apoplectic as he replied, "No, miss, I haven't a round steak."

"Then send me a porterloin. About seven pounds will be enough, I should think."

"Tenderloin is the best cut, miss; suppose you take that?" suggested the clerk, his face growing still redder.

"Kindly send me what I ordered," said the young woman with great dignity. "My mother-in-law is entirely conversant with the cuts of beef, and I'm quite sure that's the name she told me, and send ten pounds of rice with it."

Then she walked out of the shop with the pleased smile on her face of one who has found housekeeping the merest child's play, while the spectators murmured "Bride!" to each other under their breath.—Baltimore News.

One Thing That Won't Stop.

Maria Mitchell, who has been called the "Mother of the Stars," when professor of astronomy and director of the observatory at Vassar was an inspiring teacher, and, in spite of her brusque manner and severity, was adored by her pupils. Every spring just before the commencement she gave a "dome party" to the girls. Small tables were placed around the large telescope in the observatory, and roses from Miss Mitchell's own garden brightened the atmosphere. Nonsense poems were a feature of these breakfasts, and the astronomer was proud of her skill in writing them. She was not without a keen sense of fun, in spite of her constant and absorbing duties, as was shown by her dryly consoling observation to an awestricken student whom she was leaving one day in charge of the instruments of the observatory. Looking back at the worried face of the girl, Miss Mitchell said:

"And, remember, if the chronometer stops, the universe won't stop."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Her Ambition.

After the youthful but powerful intellects of the observation class in a West Philadelphia school had devoted 15 minutes the other day to making known the results of their thoughts upon nature and surrounding objects the teacher diverted their minds by asking each of the dozen youngsters what they meant to be when they grew up.

One precocious girl of 7, looking up at the strong, but not overly comely, face of the teacher, whispered timidly, "If I'ze pretty when I gets big, I am going to be an actress, but if I grows ugly I'll be a schoolteacher."—Philadelphia Record.

A Healthy Locality.

To all appearance Ardnamurchan, on the west coast of Scotland, is a great place for longevity. Whether it is because of the soft and salubrious climate or the remoteness of the place from the centers and the sins of population or something indigenous to the Ardnamurchan nature it would be rash to say, but certain it is that an Ardnamurchanite seems to have a good chance of becoming a patriarch. Within 30 years many of the inhabitants have been cut off at verying ripe ages between 100 and 112.—Scottish American.

He Took Back His Seat.

A woman got in, and a polite man rose to give her his seat, raising his hat and asking her if she would not sit down. The woman plumped herself down in the vacant seat without a word of thanks, and I saw the color flush up in the young man's cheeks. In a minute he hastily looked over the books which he carried under his arm, and then, speaking to the woman to whom he had given his seat, he said:

"I beg your pardon, but I think I left my pocketbook on that seat."

The woman arose to let him see, and he quietly slipped into the seat himself, saying "Thank you" and immediately burying his nose in a big geometry.—Brooklyn Times.