DENTON JOURNAL.

1845. A Family Newspaper:—Devoted to Local and General Intelligence, Agriculture and Advertising,—Independent on all Subjects. Subscription, One Dollar per Annum, in Advance. 1901.

VOL. 55. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 2, 1901. NO. 13

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Although it's mid-Winter, our plum tree is bearing many luscious bargains. Our heavy holiday business has left many gaps in our immense stock. Some sizes are missing here and there, but your size is somewhere among them, and you will save dollars by a few moments patience. To appreciate the striking bargains you must feel the cloth. Try on the clothes and you will wonder at the sacrifice prices.

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Boy's Overcoats in All Wool Covert Cloth, sizes 7 to 13, was $3.75 now	$2.49	Ladies' Golf Capes, strictly All Wool, was $4 50 now	$2.98
Boys' Blue All Wool Kersey Overcoats, sizes 8 to 13, was $3 now	$1.98	Ladies' Coats, strictly All Wool light colors and black was $6.00 now	$4 25
Youths' All Wool Kersey Ulsters sizes 14 to 19, was $4.00 now	$2.49	Children's Coats, All Wool, in Blue, Garnet and Gray, was $2.25 now	$1.49
Men's Black Suits, was $3.50 now	$2.25	150 pair Men's Shoes, was $1.25, $1.50, $1.75 and $2.00 now	.98
Men's Suits, mixed colors, was $3.75 now	$2.49	200 Ladies' Shoes, Lace and Button, was $1.25, $150 and $1 75 now	.89
Men's All Wool Suits mixed color, was $5.00 now	$3.49	100 pairs Children's Shoes, Russet and Black, was 75c, $1 00, $1.25 now	.69
Youths' Suits mixed color and black, was $4 00 now	$2.50	Men's Leather Boots, was $1 50 now	.98
Boys' Knee Pants Suits, was $1 50 now	.98	Men's Felt Combination Boots was $2 50 now	$1.69

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Fine bay mare, eight years old, with foal; weighs 1,050 pounds. An excellent driver. R T. CARTER,

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A hot air Cypher Incubator and Brooder, 240 egg size, all complete, has been used but very little, will be sold at a sacrifice. D. F. KING, Ridgely, Md.

Notice.

I am now ready to contract for tomatoes for the season of 1901. HARRY A. ROE,

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Superior Strawberry Plants

for sale at $2 per thousand when more than one are purchased. Also, Tennessees and Johnson's Early, at $1 per thousand. EDWARD HOFFMAN,

1 26,1m] Denton, Md.

A LOVE SONG.

The song the robin sings in May,
It is the one I sing;
He has the same sweet words to say
Across the fields of spring.
Amid the green leaves on the tree,
Hark to his lyric line;
A burst of love and melody—
Sweetheart, be mine!

The south wind's message to the rose
In music soft and clear.
It is the same as mine which goes
To her whom love holds dear.
He sings the crimson to her cheeks;
She trembles on the vine
With joy at every word he speaks;
Sweetheart, be mine!

So, like the south wind's and the bird's,
Let my fate be at last;
Since I have dared to steal their words
My lot with theirs I cast.
The rose and robin's mate shall give
Their hearts to love—and thine.
Say the glad word and let me live;
Sweetheart, be mine!

—Frank D. Sherman in Harper's Bazar.

THE FLEUR-DE-LIS

Was It Dream, Illusion or a Mingling With the Dead?

BY S. L. BACON.

I was a young man then, 24 years of age. That is very young, is it not? And I had been at work ever since I was a mere lad, for I had had my living to make, and at the time of which I write I held a good position and had the respect of my employers.

I had been given just at this time a holiday because of a generally wornout condition of body and mind, having been warned by my physician that unless I followed his prescription of absolute rest and change I should succumb to a fever very prevalent then. So I crossed the channel and buried myself in a little seaport village in France. It was an ideal place in which to rest and gather strength. The salt air blew refreshingly, and all night long one could hear the sound of the waves lashing up against the shore.

The only thing of interest in this quiet little place was the story of the wreck of the Fleur-de-lis and the fact that a good part of the ruined vessel still remained imbedded in the immense banks of sand which cover the coast of this region. My garrulous landlord told me the story of the ship while I discussed my rolls and coffee the morning after my arrival. The big three masted vessel had been caught in a furious gale. It had been a storm before which the fisher folk trembled and which had since been a byword among them.

It had occurred in December, more than three months before, and in the fury of the hurricane and the blackness of the night the ship had completely lost her bearings and, steered at random, had struck a terrible reef some distance out. The crew and the three passengers she carried had made for the boats, but before their escape could be effected the vessel was swung about and the boats dashed against the rocks. Of all on board only two were saved, the first mate and the cook. These, rescued almost by a miracle, could tell of that dreadful night.

Afterward the wind had driven the vessel on with its powerful lashings and hurled it upon the shore. It was fastened firmly by two projecting points of rock and lay upon its side, a mere discolored carcass of what had been the Fleur-de-lis.

I was sufficiently interested, especially as the sun was warm and bright, to follow my host's suggestion and stroll off to view the wreck myself. I took the direction he had pointed out and after brisk walking found myself nearing the coast. The flat yellow sands stretched before me, and as I stepped upon their moist surface I felt that the sea had been there not long before. There was a fresh wind blowing, and the strong, fragrant salt air seemed to bring returning strength with it. I walked faster. I felt a sense of exultant life.

Finally I came upon what had looked in the distance like a black rock. It was the ruins of the vessel. But it was not entirely destroyed. After climbing over the lower side I could see into the hold, which was filled with debris. I marveled as the rotten planks creaked under me that the ship should have remained here so long. I even suspected some of the keener spirits of the town of making her fast, that their object of interest and curiosity might not be lost.

I stood upon the deck of the stranded vessel and looked about me with delight and admiration. From necessity I was with the large manufacturing firm of Davenport & Co., but by nature I was an artist. With the love of art strong within me I had all my life been obliged to crush it down until I had the means to justify my ambition and cultivate what I felt sure was my gift. Only recently had I been able to begin study, and strong encouragement had been given me. Now I seated myself amid the ruins, with my back to the shore, drew out my sketchbook and lost myself in my beloved work.

I worked steadily, for there were several fantastic points to make, and along the coast, which stretched to the right of me, there were many beautiful views to be sketched. But I was not strong, and the long walk had tired me. Moreover, the strong salt breeze carried a soothing potion upon its breath. The low surge of the waves was like a cradle song. My pencil slid from my inanimate fingers, my head dropped to one side, and my eyes closed. I slept.

I awoke suddenly. It was the sensation of cold, of a chill, which awakened me. How long had I slept? The sky had changed; it was dark, lowering. I heard the cry of a gull flying inland. I rubbed my eyes. Where was I? Was this the Fleur-de-lis? I looked again. Then I sprang to my feet and cried aloud in horror, for the ship was moving.

The sands of the fast receding beach were enveloped and concealed by the water. The tide was up, and the vessel, the vessel upon which I stood, was detached from its hold and headed out to sea!

I cried aloud. I shrieked. I thought I must jump into the water. Finally I felt the hopelessness of my situation and resigned myself to despair. A strong wind had sprung up, almost a squall, and it drove the ship on faster. The shores faded, about me was the measureless sea. Night came on. I was faint and worn with hunger, and I crawled down into the hold and wished for death to come to my release.

Suddenly as I lay there I heard a faint sound. It was not like any noise I had ever heard, and yet it was strangely familiar to me. I strained my ears; while I listened there passed me suddenly a gleam of light. It was surely some one carrying a lantern. Some one. Who?

I started up. Cold perspiration was upon me. The next instant I knew and recognized the sounds I had heard. It was the moving of the machinery of a vessel, but dim and far away, like the suggestion rather than the actual thing. I rose and with the sense of returning strength all fear left me. I climbed upon deck. The masts were there as they had been when the Fleur-de-lis was happily sailing homeward. The sailors were at their post. The captain, a tall, slender man, stood with his glass to his eyes. But about them all was an air of vague strangeness. A deep melancholy, mingled with an unearthly quiet, pervaded them. Their movements were felt rather than heard.

As I stood looking without fear upon the marvelous scene my attention was arrested by the figure of a young girl. She stood with her profile toward me, the wind stirred the little curls of her light hair, with a faint, transparent hint of color in it, as is sometimes seen upon the heart of a cloud. She had a blue scarf twisted about her throat, which she held in place with the delicate fingers of one hand. On one of them there glistened a ruby of great size and brilliancy.

She turned her face slowly as I looked and smiled a faint, unmirthful smile. I approached her and lifted my hat.

"Will you tell me," I said, my eyes meanwhile feasting upon her beauty, "what ship this is and where it is going?"

She looked at me half sadly, I thought, and answered in a low, vibrant tone:

"It is the Fleur-de-lis, but it is dead, you know. We are all dead, and we are sailing through eternity. You are a stranger. I am glad to see you. We have been alone so long."

The voice of this young girl thrilled me as nothing had ever done before. My heart beat fast. I looked into her blue eyes, with their changing lights, and the past and future faded. I cared only for the present.

"Are you alone?" I ventured. I could scarcely restrain myself from putting my hand on her delicate wrist, from caressing her soft hair.

"No," she replied; "I have my maid and Mme. d'Estell with me."

"You are French, then?"

"Yes, but I was at school in England." An absent look came into her eyes. "That was long, long ago. I must go now and help madame with dinner. We take the cook's place. He was lost, you know."

She smiled sadly and left me.

A repast was presently served in the long saloon, but all hunger seemed to have left me, nor did I see any of the others partake of anything set before them. Afterward I walked on deck with the girl. We paused, looking at the horn shaped moon together. I felt the blown strands of her hair upon my face.

"Will you tell me your name?" I whispered to her.

She turned her face to me serenely.

"I have forgotten," she said simply.

The answer did not surprise me, for to me the past was a blank.

"Then I shall call you Psyche," I said.

"Very well," she replied, and we began to walk again.

Thus days went by, or at least some form of time, just what I could not tell. I was like one intoxicated with a joyous wine. I thought and cared only for the beautiful French girl. Her seductive beauty enchanted me; her proximity thrilled me with intense delight.

The vessel sailed onward, but never sighted land. Before us stretched always the boundless water, now taking strange and varied hues, now bubbling and whirling around us, now sinking into a glassy calm.

One day as I sat with Psyche, as it pleased my fancy to call her, watching her as she looked out upon the sea, I felt a sudden wild longing to paint her face. A sense of joy and delight sprang up within me. Tremblingly I asked her if I might attempt her portrait. She, with her ineffably sad smile, agreed at once.

With a touch that I should have employed in handling the silk of thistle down I turned her head to the desired pose, adjusted the silky tendrils of her hair and began. My heart thrilled with a wild rapture as the picture grew under my hand. I designed it to be very small, scarcely more than a miniature, and after sketching her head in several different positions I chose the most suitable, if, indeed, there could be any choice. The charm of my existence cannot be described. I felt that for the first time in all my life I lived. As the delicate colors blended together and with unerring touch portrayed the perfect face before me my happiness knew no bounds.

At length the picture was completed. As I put the finishing touches upon it she rose and came to me, leaning over my shoulder to look at it.

At that moment a crash of thunder sounded, and a brilliant flash of lightning illuminated the ship. I looked up. The sky had grown black as night. The sea, with its inky waves, seemed to bound toward us. It hissed under the sing of the wind. The vessel rocked from side to side, and the water splashed upon the deck. I sprang to my feet and, thrusting the picture into my bosom, seized my companion's hand.

Another and still another clap peal'ed through the air. In a few moments we were almost in complete darkness save when the lightning shot in flashing lines across the sky. The fury of the storm was indescribable. The wind seemed to have gone mad. Salt spray dashed on my face, cutting like a knife. In the darkness I turned and threw my arms about the girl. As my lips sought hers there came suddenly a cry—a cry that rushed upon me like a resurrection. I felt my companion slip from my arms. By a vivid flash of lightning I caught a glimpse of her face. It was like a shadow, but wearing still that sad smile upon the lips.

The next instant a light flashed before my eyes. The storm had abated, had ceased. All was calm. Beside me stood a tall man in uniform. His appearance seemed strange to me. He suggested that which I had forgotten. He had his arm thrown about me, and he seemed to be supporting me.

"Feel better now?" He spoke in a loud, gruff voice, and it was to me like the memory of a dream.

He held something to my lips. It was like liquid fire. I gasped and turned from him.

"Psyche!" I cried.

The ship, the crew, my beloved, all were gone. I stood alone upon the ruins of the Fleur-de-lis. The sea was calm and placid, the sky blue. The rotten planks were beneath my feet.

"Come, hurry," said my companion. "This won't last much longer." And he dragged me to the side of the vessel, where there was a boat. Just beyond I saw the masts of an English frigate. I felt myself being transported to the boat, and, though I shrieked and struggled, begging that those I had been with on the Fleur-de-lis might be saved or at least that I might remain there also, it was of no avail.

"He is raving." I heard the officer mutter. "The strain has caused insanity, not unusual in such cases."

I thought of Psyche, of my love, and with the despair of the thought I swooned away.

I remained unconscious, ill, for many days, and when I was myself again we were nearing the shores of England. As I tottered weakly upon the deck and, wrapped in a heavy cloak, reclined in my easy chair I suddenly bethought me of my portrait. I put my hand in my bosom. There, close to my heart, I felt it. Tremblingly I drew it forth. I gazed with a sense of joy and relief upon it. Just as it had been completed it was now—the beautiful, perfect features, the exquisite turn of the head, the sweet, melancholy smile.

I pressed it to my lips in a delirium of joy. I spent myself upon it. At least I had this tangible proof of the past. It was more than I had dreamed possible, a treasure. For when I related my experience to those on board I saw from their incredulous faces that they regarded my words but as the incoherent wanderings of a distraught brain.

The captain told me that he had espied a floating wreck, that with his glass it had appeared to him that some one was signaling, and he had sent to investigate. This story, and not mine, was everywhere received among my friends, and as I noted their pitying glances when I eagerly related my narrative, I ceased finally to make any mention of it.

But in the solitude of my chamber I kissed the loved face which I carried against my heart and heaped every dear and endearing name upon it. I had a case of chased gold made and fitted the picture to it. A fine, almost invisible gold thread was fastened to this, and it never left my person. As often as I gazed upon the sweet face which looked back at me I longed with an intense longing for the original. My heart cried out for my lost one. Willingly would I have spent all my days upon that ghastly wreck to have possessed the joy of her presence.

I mingled but little in society, for it held no attraction for me. I was considered a woman hater and looked upon with curiosity. But I was prosperous in my business. Fortune smiled upon me. I made rapid strides and all that I touched seemed to yield tenfold. But whatever art I had in painting was lost, gone from me forever. Vainly I strove to restore my talent. I could accomplish nothing. Since the painting of that one perfect picture all else was of no avail. Finally I abandoned the effort in despair.

So time passed. Years came and went. I watched the gray hairs come about my temples, and in my uneventful life counted time "by the figures on a dial."

Eighteen years went by. It was the summer of 1889. We all remember the great heat of that year. I took a little trip into Switzerland, to Interlaken. The first evening I was there, after dinner, I stepped out on the piazza of the hotel with my cigar. I raised my eyes from lighting it. I saw standing at the other side of the balcony the figure of a young girl. Her profile only was toward me as she gazed out at the beautiful view. Her light hair was uncovered, and she had a blue scarf twisted about her throat. As I looked she raised one hand to draw it more closely, and I caught the flash of a deep red stone upon her finger.

My heart seemed to stand still. Throwing away my cigar and shaking as with an ague, I approached her. As I passed her I was obliged to steady myself by the railing. Her face was identically the same as the one I felt against my fast beating heart. She looked at me curiously and with sympathy, and the pallor of my face might well have startled her.

I sought M. Lanze, the maitre d'hotel, and begged to be introduced. He hesitated, but my earnestness increased, and finally he presented me to the young girl. Her name was Marie Ramee, and she was traveling with her invalid mother. She had but just left school.

"You remind me of a dear friend," I said to her in explanation of my presumption. The words quivered upon my lips.

When night came, I took out the portrait. I looked eagerly upon the face. It was indeed a perfect likeness of this French girl. But as I looked it seemed to grow less distinct, or were my eyes tired? I replaced it without kissing the lips as I usually did.

Marie and I were much together. We walked or sat on the broad piazza looking out on the beauties around us. I longed to show her the picture, but refrained. I knew not why. When I looked at it at night it seemed less fresh, less clear. I wondered if my caresses had injured it.

There came at last a day when I felt that Marie loved me. I divined that precious gift was mine and for me was reserved God's greatest blessing. Trembling, though I felt that the treasure was already within my reach, I asked for her love. My arms encircled her, her warm lips met mine. Then I told her the story of the Fleur-de-lis—a story I had vowed never to relate again. Her eyes widened, her face paled like a white flower.

"The Fleur-de-lis!" she exclaimed. "Surely it is not possible, dear one! My mother's only sister, my young aunt, a beautiful girl, scarcely 18, was lost on that vessel. It is for her I am named. She was returning from England with a companion and maid. They all perished." Her blue eyes filled with tears. "You see it is not possible, sweetheart."

"But it is," I exclaimed, "and I have her portrait. I painted it, and I will show it to you now." I put my hand in my bosom and drew out the case. With trembling fingers I opened it. Vaguely I gazed at it. There was nothing there; the face had faded utterly!

While I looked, horror stricken, upon the empty case there was breathed close to my ear a faint sigh. Twice it came almost imperceptibly, then it ceased. It was not my companion, for when I looked at her she was smiling.—St. Louis Star.

Old Manx "Bank Notes."

Speaking of the curious Manx banking lore of the past, the Liverpool Post says that a singular state of affairs was exhibited in "the island" at the close of the Napoleonic wars. Trade was brisk, money was more freely adventured, and all sorts of private persons began to issue notes. There was no occasion whatever to have sterling against them. All you had to do was to get some one to take them and pass them on. The fashion grew till even the humbler traders issued card "promises to pay," the values most in circulation being 5s., 2s. 6d., 1s. and even sixpence.

Once a young advocate from Castletown went to Peel to collect a judgment of £350 from the coroner of Glenfaba. This worthy paid him with 2,704 card notes, many of them worthless. They took several hours to examine and count, and their transport was an item of extreme difficulty. Finally they were put into a big sack, half shaken to one end and half to the other, and the whole slung over the back of a horse. The father of the horse, soaking through, spoiled nearly half the cards!

The Ticket Came Back.

A recent number of The Railway Journal contains a well authenticated story of a railway ticket which took a sudden journey on its own account.

As a north bound train on the Colorado and Southern road passed one of the stations a passenger in a forward car raised a window, and in an instant his ticket was blown from his hands out of doors.

The passenger naturally gave it up for lost and was very much surprised when the baggage master handed it to him a little while later.

It appears that when the ticket flew through the window a south bound train was passing. The suction of that train, which was moving at a rapid rate, drew the ticket along with it, and as it passed the rear end of the north bound train it blew into the door of the smoking car. There it was found by the baggage master.

Humor in the Classroom.

It is the habit of a certain Lewiston (Me.) instructor in languages to call upon the pupil and then give him a clew to the place by translating the first three or four words the latter is to read. The result is that often when the teacher is in somewhat of a hurry at the close of the hour such startling admonitions as these roll forth upon the class: "Next, 'Take off your boots,'" or "Miss S., 'You scoundrel, what do you mean?'" or "Mr. Brown, 'Pray the gods to spare you,'" and the innocence of the teacher and the surprise of the pupil never fail to please the sense of humor of the class.

The Realistic School.

"Have you heard Booth von Wheezer recite the 'Seven Ages?'"

"No. It is clever, of course."

"Clever! It's the most realistic bit of illustrated elocution that I ever heard. Say, what do you suppose he does when he gets to the line, 'Creeping like a snail unwillingly to the school?'"

"Something great, of course. What is it?"

"Lies on his stomach and wriggles from the center table to the sofa!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Hint For the Weather Prophet.

He entered the meteorological office and said, in his jerky way:

"This 'ere's where you give out weather predictions, ain't it?"

The clerk nodded.

"Well," continued the old man, "I thought as how I would come up and give you some tips."

"Yes?" said the clerk politely.

"Yes. I've watched very carefully, an I find that ye ain't always right."

"No; we sometimes make mistakes."

"Course you do. We all do sometimes. Now, I was thinkin as how a line that used to be on the auction handbills down in our county might do fust rate on your weather predictions an save you a lot of explainin."

"What was the line?"

"Wind an weather permittin."

He went down without waiting to say goodby.—London Answers.

Agricultural Brevities.

The Cornell experiment station has found beet pulp a good food for milk cows and worth about half as much as silage.

One hundred bushels or more of lime per acre is now seldom applied. It is now recognized that on poor soils and sandy soils the quantity applied at one time should be small.

The Ohio station urges preparation of the soil intended for sugar beets by fall or winter plowing and subsoiling and that beet planting be done as early as practicable, say in March and April.

Christmas.

Now thrice welcome, Christmas,
Which brings us good cheer,
Mince pies and plum porridge,
Good ale and strong beer;
With holly and ivy,
So green and so gay,
We deck up our houses
As fresh as the day.

—Old Carol.

VISITING IN CHINA.

CEREMONIALS THAT ARE PROPER ON SUCH OCCASIONS.

The Duties of Hostess and Guests Are Intricate, and the Etiquette Smacks of Hypocrisy—The Houses and Their Furnishings.

All Chinese houses are hidden from passersby in the street by high, blank walls, while on each side of the entrance are the stables and the apartments set apart for the gatekeeper and other servants. In China the mule takes the place of the horse, and near the door of the courtyard a well groomed, well fed mule will generally be found hitched to an iron ring in the wall, this being the animal which the master either rides or harnesses to his cart. When a visitor is expected after accepting an invitation, if the hostess and her daughter-in-law are not in waiting to receive the guests, there are sure to be half a dozen women servants, while the family will be in waiting in the court beyond. They will be dressed in their finest apparel, rich silks, magnificently embroidered, with the hair elaborately dressed and adorned with jewels, and bearing rich silver and gilt fans, also much decked with jewels. On entering the guest addresses the mother-in-law first and afterward the other ladies, the visitor, if a woman, being welcomed in the Chinese fashion—by placing one closed hand upon the other and moving it up and down. If the children have been brought out for inspection, as is very generally the case, they will be drawn up in line and will greet the visitor with a pretty and graceful courtesy.

As a rule, Chinese children will be found extremely pleasing and attractive, their quaint and fascinating little dresses, jackets and trousers, which suit their dark skins and bright eyes so admirably, lending much to the general, happy effect. A Chinese household is a community in which the parents are the head, over which the mother rules with a rod of iron. Each son must bring his wife to his mother's house on his marriage, and he must there remain with his growing family. Until she is fortunate enough to give birth to a son the position of the daughter-in-law is very much like that of an upper servant, her life being frequently one of the greatest misery. The best rooms of the houses face the south, and these are occupied by the mother-in-law, she having usually a suit of apartments, with reception, dining and bed rooms, which are separated by handsomely carved screens. The flooring is of brick or stone and uncovered, this being even the case in the emperor's palaces. What is more, it is seldom clean and is made the repository for all sorts of rubbish, being carefully swept, however, when a visitor is expected.

In the reception room of a well to do Chinese house a handsome table is usually found placed against the wall opposite the door, with a chair on each side, while around are cabinets filled with bronze and porcelain. In the bedroom a k'ang, or oven bed, occupies more than half the space, and on this bed the Chinese woman spends more than half her existence, sewing, eating and gossiping thereon, and at each end of this bedstead are carved wardrobes. The dining room is separated from the reception room by a solid wall and not by screens, as in the other apartments, while it must be reached by going out of doors, although it is under the same roof. The furniture consists of a high, square table, with two or more polished and none too comfortable looking chairs, side tables for the serving of the many dishes which go to form the meal, and upon the wall inscriptions in Chinese characters.

On the threshold the hostess steps on one side and entreats her guest to enter, which the latter, to be polite, must strenuously refuse, requesting her hostess to precede her. This little bit of Chinese etiquette can be prolonged for some time, when of course the guest enters first, as was originally intended. She is then conducted to the place of honor, this being the chair at the right of the table, which she must at first refuse, repeating the previous meaningless performance, ending by occupying the place. Pipes are then brought in, but if the visitor is a foreigner and does not smoke the hostess foregoes her accustomed puff. Presently tea is brought in, clear as amber, flavored with flowers and served without sugar or cream.

With it are served delicate small cakes, sweetmeats, candied fruits, red fruit marmalade pressed into small squares and walnuts browned in hot oil and dipped in sirup. What is considered vulgar in England is considered polite in China, for during the meal the guest must smack her lips to show the meal is appreciated. Very few are educated, the great majority being able to neither write nor read. Probably first of all the guest will be asked her age, for the Chinese ask the most pointed and personal questions. The older she is the more admirable will she appear in the eyes of her hostess, for youth in China does not gain much respect. The hostess will then want to know if her parents are living, how many brothers and sisters she has, and from these inquiries will pass on to dress, any peculiarities in the visitor's toilet being carefully noted, and the jewelry, lace and ribbons are religiously examined and admired, all that the visitor possesses being extravagantly praised and the belongings of the hostess correspondingly depreciated. At the close of the visit the latter will insist upon accompanying her visitor to the outer court, which of course she must be implored not to do, but which she does in the end, all the same, finally shaking hands Chinese fashion, after which the visitor enters her cart and drives away.

The Sunny Side.

A friend was once speaking to the late Bishop Brooks of a clergyman whose congregation had begun to feel that it would be advisable for them to have a younger man in the pulpit.

"It's only natural," said he in reply to an indignant remonstrance from the bishop, "for, you see, he's on the shady side of 65."

"The shady side!" retorted the bishop, with a smile, "Why, you mean the sunny side! Surely it's the side nearest glory!"