DENTON JOURNAL.

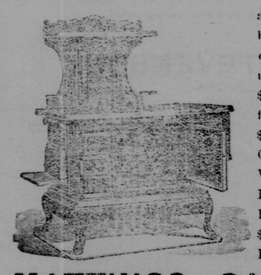
1845. A Family Newspaper:—Devoted to Local and General Intelligence, Agriculture and Advertising,—Independent on all Subjects. Subscription, One Dollar per Annum, in Advance. 1902.

VOL. 56. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 1, 1902. NO. 17

SEEDS, SEEDS, SEEDS.

The thoughtful farmer is now considering the selection of his seed for the coming planting. We can relieve him of much of the worry in the choosing if he will come and see our stock. He will find here the best grades of Western Clover Seed, as well as Sapling Clover and Timothy Seed.

FURNITUEE AND STOVES



are still here in abundance, and can be bought even cheaper than formerly. Air tight Stoves from $2.75 up. Cook Stoves and Ranges, $8 to $30. Solid Oak Bed-room Suites from $15 to $27; Poplar Suites from $12 to $14; Bureaus $5 to $10; Dining Chairs $2.50 to $8.50 per half dozen; Willow Rockers $2.25 to $4.75; White Enamelled Iron Beds $3.75; Wood Bedsteads $1.95 to $3.75; Mattresses $1.50 to $6; Couches $4.75 to $15; Lounges $2.75 to $4.

MATTINGS, CARPETS, RUGS.

Mattings from 12c to 25c. All-wool Ingrain Carpet at 60c; half-wool at 38c, and Granite at 28c; Rag Carpet at 25c; Step Carpet 25c and 32c; Step Oil Cloth 8; Step Pads 8c each; Carpet Padding 4c to 6c. Rugs in very pretty patterns. Linoleum and Oil Cloths, pretty patterns and various widths and prices.

BUILDING HARDWARE A SPECIALTY. Don't forget that we always carry a good line of Heath & Milligan Paints.

NUTTLE HARDWARE COMPANY.

QUEEN ANNE'S RAILROAD CO.

CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.

IN EFFECT WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8th, 1902.

STATIONS AND TIME OF LEAVING AS FOLLOWS:

EASTWARD Read Downward. Saturdays Only.	Daily Ex. Sat.	Daily Ex. Sunday.	NAME OF STATIONS.		WESTWARD Read Upward. Daily Ex. Sunday.	*Daily Ex. Sunday.
P.M.	P.M.	A. M.			P.M.	P.M.
2.00	2.45	5.50	Ly....	Baltimore....	Ar. 12.05	9.45
4.50	5.45	8.45	Ar....	Queenstown....	Lv. 9.10	6.45
5.06	5.56	90 7	Lv....	Queenstown ...	Ar 9.05	4.50
f5.10	f6.00	f 9.12	.....	Bloomingdale....	f9.00	f4.46
f5.16	f6.06	f 9.20	.....	Wye Mills.....	f8.54	f4.34
f5.21	f6.11	f 9.28	.....	Willoughby	f8.49	f4.23
5.28	6.18	.....	.....	D. & C. Junction....	8.42	.....
5.30	6.20	9.40	.....	Queen Anne.....	8.40	4.08
5.36	6.26	9.48	.....	Downes	8.34	4.00
f5.39	f6.29	f 9.51	.....	Tuckahoe	f8.31	f3.57
5.44	6.34	10.00	.....	Denton.....	8.25	3.50
5.52	6.42	10.15	.....	Hobbs.....	8.20	3.34
6.02	6.51	10.23	.....	Hickman.....	8.11	3.23
f6.06	f6.56	f10.27	.....	Adamsville.....	f8.07	f3.18
f6.11	f7.01	f10.32	.....	Blanchard.....	f8.02	f3.03
6.17	7.08	10.40	.....	Greenwood	7.55	3.0[illegible]
f6.25	f7.16	f10.57	.....	Dover.....	f7.47	f2.46
f6.30	f7.21	f11.00	.....	Oakley.....	f7.43	f2.40
6.38	7.29	11.06	Ar....	Ellendale	Lv. 7.36	2.33
6.46		11.15	Lv....	.....	Ar.	2.23
f6.52	f7.36	f11.24	.....	Wolfe	f7.16	f2.14
6.57	7.41	11.30	.....	Milton.....	7.10	2.06
f7.05	f7.49	f11.38	.....	Whitesboro.....	f7.01	f1.56
f7.08	f7.52	f11.41	.....	Overbrook.....	f6.58	f1.73
7.15	8.00	11.50	Ar....	Lewes.....	Lv. 6.50	1.45
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.			A.M	P.M.

*Saturdays only, steamer leaves Queenstown for Baltimore at 6.00 P. M.

CENTREVILLE BRANCH.

Trains leave Queenstown for Centreville daily except Saturday and Sunday, 8.15 A. M., 9.15 A. M. and 6.00 P. M. Saturdays 8.15, 9.15 A. M. and 5.10. P. M.

Trains leave Centreville for Queenstown daily, except Saturday and Sunday, 8.45 A. M., 4.00 and 6.20 P. M. Saturdays 8.45 A. M., 4.00 and 5.30 P. M., making direct connections at Queenstown with all trains and boats.

ABBREVIATIONS.

F—Stop on signal to take on and let off passengers.

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2-15 tf] Hickman, Del.

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The property in Ridgely, formerly owned and occupied by the late Samuel B. Replogle. Apply to OSCAR CLARK, Att'y,

2-15,3t] Denton, Md.

1902 ....THE.... 1902

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Will practice in the courts of Caroline and adjoining counties.

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We are prepared to contract for Peas and Tomatoes on Tuesdays and Saturdays. Jas. H. Nichols, at Denton Bridge will also fill out and sign contracts for us in our absence.

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JAMES T. SYLVESTER,

CONSTABLE,

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WILLIAM H. MOWBRAY, Agent.

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		FREDERICA	WEBB'S	BOWER'S
Monday,	Dec. 2,	9.00 p. m.	10.30 a. m.	11.00 a. m
Thurs.	" 5,	11.00 a. m.	12.30 p. m.	1.00 p. m
Monday,	" 9,	2.00 p. m.	3.30 p. m.	4.00 p. m
Thurs.	" 12,	6.00 a. m.	7.30 a. m.	8.00 a. m
Monday,	" 16,	8.00 a. m.	9.30 a. m.	10.00 a. m
Thurs.,	" 19,	10.00 a. m.	11.30 a. m.	12 noon
Monday,	" 23,	2.00 p. m.	3.30 p. m.	4.00 p. m
Thurs.,	" 26,	6.00 a. m.	7.30 a. m.	8.00 a. m
Monday	" 30	8.00 a. m.	9.30 a. m.	10.00 a. m

Returning, Steamer will leave Philadelphia from Pier 3, South Wharves, (First pier above Chestnut street) every Tuesday and Friday as follows:

Leave Philadelphia

Tues. Dec.	3, 6.00 p. m.	Tues. Dec.	17, 5.00 p. m
Fri. "	6, 9.00 p. m.	Fri. "	20, 7.00 p. m
Tues. "	10, 11.00 p. m.	Tues. "	24, 11.00 p. m
Fri. "	13, 12 m'dt	Fri. "	27, 12 m'dt

Wednesday, January 1, 1902, 5.00 p. m.

Leave Chester 1½ hours after leaving Philadelphia.

Passenger accommodations first-class. Ladies' saloon, gentlemen's saloon, and private staterooms. Heated by steam and lighted by electricity.

Fare to Philadelphia	$1.00
Round-Trip	$1.50

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LOVED and LOST

I shall never forget the joy with which I received the news of my appointment. It was a year after I left the university. Strange to say, my first feeling as I received my appointment as teacher in the female gymnasium of the city of N. had nothing to do with the improvement in our economical status which it implied. I remember that feeling so clearly that it seems as if it had all happened but an hour ago. Maybe it is because of the occurrence which it foreshadowed and which was destined to leave such a deep trace on my life that I recall it so vividly every time I think of it. However that may be, the first exclamation which I made mentally as I received a letter announcing my appointment was not, "Now I shall have about 100 rubles a month!" but, "Now I shall teach a class of beautiful girls and fall in love!"

Do not laugh. If you had been brought up under the same conditions, you would be in a similar flurry. I was what is called a good boy and never left my books. When in St. Petersburg, I was ever trembling lest I should fail to pass my examinations and thus cause mother unnecessary expense and worry. Besides, I had inherited from my father a retiring, studious nature, and the very thought of young ladies would make my heart beat fast with a feeling of diffidence and timidity. When I learned about the gymnasium where I was to teach physics, I beheld a class made up of twenty or thirty beauties. Why all beauties I could not have explained, but there they were—all young and rosy cheeked, all tall and all with bashful blue eyes.

I, too, grew bashful as I thought of them in their brown dresses and black aprons. They lured me, caressed my soul, agitated my heart, threw me into a disquieting ecstasy which was as novel to me as it was sweet and painful.

It had taken me three hours to dress. I was to make my first appearance at the gymnasium, and my first lesson was in the highest class, which was made up of girls of seventeen or eighteen. No student preparing for examination ever trembled as I did on that morning. It was as if instead of scholars I was to face twenty or thirty ruthless examiners, each with an incisive pair of eyes ready to pounce upon my poor bashful self. I could hear them giggle at my expense, make jokes about my awkwardness, my necktie, my looks.

When I entered the classroom, I struck an attitude of exaggerated severity. To prove to myself that I was not afraid of the girls I spoke ridiculously loud. I almost shouted. As I went on explaining the distinction between chemistry and physics I frowned on my class, looked daggers at the front row and altogether behaved as if I bore them a personal grudge.

"Isn't he stern?" I overheard one girl whisper to another. A thrill of pride ran through me. "You're all right," I said to myself, and, elated with the impression I had produced, I began to feel more at ease and to stride up and down the room with the manner of an old timer. I was in the seventh heaven. Two girls were talking in the rear seats.

"Silence!" I thundered.

There was a suppressed chuckle at this, and my heart sank within me. I was the most miserable wretch in the world.

When I got home, I lay down on my lounge to think over I did not know what, and as I tried to pass the girls in review it came over me that I had not made out a single face. I could not say whether they were pretty or homely, dark or fair. A blurred image of young ladies in gymnasium uniform was all I had carried away.

The next time I had a lesson in the same class I called out Mlle. Ryshkina. She had evidently given much time to her lesson, but she had it all wrong, and, strange to say, the more she blundered the more I liked to hear her recite. It was so charming to hear her go on with the explanation which she did not understand herself. You should have heard her rattle on about phenomena and laws. To judge from her manner one would have thought she was sure of her ground and felt able to give cards and spades to her teacher. Her dark brown eyes blazed with enthusiasm, and as she recited she gently jerked her head and low and then waved her hand. There was grace in her movements.

"This is the one I am going to fall in love with," I said to myself. and a wee. or two later I was so far gone that I was afraid of my own shadow. Mlle. Ryshkina and the other girls in the class seemed to have discovered the secret of my heart, to make fun of me, to think of nothing but my insane love for Maria Vasilyevna Ryshkina. Suppose the director finds it out? Why, that would be terrible. The shame of it! Besides it might lead to all sorts of disagreeable situations and finally to my losing the position.

The teacher of mathematics in the higher classes of the male gymnasium fell sick, and the work was divided between another man and myself. It only took me one hour a day and did not in the least interfere with my lessons at the female gymnasium.

The most stupid member of the eighth class was a fellow named Krassoff. He did not seem to have a clear idea as to the difference between the size of an angle and the length of its sides. How they had passed him to the highest class was more than I could understand. But he was very diligent, and his struggles with his geometry (we were reviewing the curriculum of the lower classes for the final examinations) touched my heart.

I was so madly in love that I seemed to be mutely praying everybody to help me convey my feeling to the young lady to whom I dared not speak except in the stern accents of a teacher addressing his pupil. I had never been in such a meek, almost tearful, mood. I was the kindest man in the world, and every sufferer or victim aroused my sympathy. I invited Krassoff to my house, gave him a few private lessons, patiently went over the elements of the subject with him, and, flushed with success, I spoke to him of my past and got him to tell me about himself.

Outside of his studies he proved to be quite a sensible fellow. He even had a sort of humor which I thought delightful. I also liked his honest face and his manly figure. As to him, he was rather shy and slow to cast off all restraint, but one evening, after a few hearty words from me, the ice suddenly broke, and he said:

"Ah, Semyon Semyonovitch, I know I am stupid and that it's no use studying. But I am in love with an angel, and it is for her sake that I am sitting up nights, trying to drive my lessons through this iron forehead. She would take me as I am. She said so. But I pledged myself to be an educated man, to be worthy of her."

"Tell me who she is," I commanded him, pressing his hand and all but falling on his neck and kissing him. It was all I could do to keep myself from giving away my own secret.

"You know her," he answered. "She is your scholar. It's Mlle. Ryshkina. She says you are an angel."

I let go his hand. I felt as though the floor was giving way under me, but at the next moment I was overcome with fear lest he should divine the cause of my sudden change, and, putting on a mask, I fell to clapping my hands.

"Bravo! Glad to hear it, old boy!" I shouted. Of course my voice did not ring true, but Krassoff was in a ferment of all sorts of feelings, so he did not notice it.

* * * * * *

Eight years have passed. Krassoff is practicing law. He is quite successful, and often as I make my way home after lessons I meet Maria Vasilyevna driving. I don't call on them. Am I still in love? I hardly think I am. But so far I have not been interested in any other woman in the same way in which I was in her. Maybe I had in me just love enough for one attachment; maybe I am still destined to love and to be loved. At all events, my heart feels so empty, so empty! Ah, if you knew how hard it is to live as I do!

Mme. Titiens' Money.

The fortune of the famous singer, Mme. Titiens, remained in chancery for years. She died in 1877 and left all her vast fortune to a relative named Peter Tietjens. In 1873 Peter Tietjens was living at Cardiff and about that time announced his intention of emigrating to South America. Whether he did so or not has never been ascertained, but for three years prior to Mme. Titiens' death nothing was seen or heard of him, and for twenty years after the death other relatives tried to obtain the estate on the presumption that Peter was dead and had left no heirs. The courts, however, are very slow to act in such cases, and it was only in 1895 that an order was granted giving leave to assume the legatee's death if after proper advertising neither Peter Tietjens nor his heirs put in a claim.

Contented Customers.

"One of the curses of modern business," remarked the passenger with the side whiskers, "is the habit so many people have of buying goods and then bringing them back and changing them. It keeps one clerk busy nearly all the time at my store making exchanges."

"I never have the slightest trouble of that kind," said the passenger with the patch over one eye. "And I have been in business forty-three years."

"What is your business, may I ask?"

"I'm an undertaker."—Elmira Telegram.

Be Careful of Geography.

When you are writing a novel, don't get your geographical facts so badly mixed as to reflect discredit upon your early training. In one popular novel the Azores are referred to as in a southern latitude. The writer also introduces his hero into the antarctic regions in January and speaks of the "inky blackness" of the nights he experienced there. Of course anybody ought to know that the month of January is the height of the antarctic summer, and the entire month is one continuous day.

NECESSITY FOR SMILES.

A Discourse on the Decirability of a Happy Countenance.

Certain kindly disposed persons are in the habit of advising mankind in a phrase peculiar to photographers to "look pleasant" whatever be their state and condition and to insist that even aching hearts should be carried beneath smiling countenances. Yet just as there are people who object to those regions where perpetual sunshine prevails and where clouds and storms are unknown, so there are those who would find monotonous an ever cloudless countenance. As an antidote to melancholy Keats suggested that when one's beloved exhibited some "rich anger" to

Imprison her soft hand and let her rave
And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.

Of course there are smiles more heartrending than tears and tears more cheering than smiles, while the Cheshire cat variety of expression is pleasant to the point of exasperation. The smile upon the face of Leonardo da Vinci's celebrated Monna Lisa is unendurable to some people, while over others it casts a spell not to be resisted. It is said that the American feminine countenance is one that leans toward smiles, and if foreign testimony is to be trusted there is cause for a smiling complacency in the demonstrated facts that American women are the best dressed as well as the most independent and problem free of all women. To have the right things on one's body and the wrong things off one's mind is certainly to be as happy as it is possible for womankind to be. But as for the necessity for smiling in all situations and under all circumstances that must rest with the individual, who will probably decide that he will look as he feels and smile when he pleases.—Chicago Tribune.

A Curious Sense That Plants Have.

Francis Darwin, speaking before the members of the British association at Glasgow, said that a pine tree grows straight upward because it possesses a gravitation sense. A plant which grows in a curve in order to assume the position best suited to its needs also exhibits a perception of gravitation. Some flower stalks are very curiously guided by the gravitation sense. The common narcissus is an example. At first there is a straight shaft piercing the ground with its compact pointed flower bud. "But as the flower opens the stalk bends close to the top and brings the flower tube into a roughly horizontal position, where it shows off its brightly colored crown to the insects that visit it. The flowers are guided to the right position by the gravitation sense, and they increase or diminish the angular bend in their stalk till the right position is attained."

Hobbies Lead to Madness.

That well nigh every hobby can, if overridden, bear its rider toward insanity is proved by the lamentable number of cases of people who have succumbed to the fatal influence of a too keenly fixed leading idea. Enjoyed in reason, a hobby is the best safeguard imaginable against mental ill health, but when followed up with undue persistence it only too often acts as a short route to the asylum.

Witness, for instance, the case of the brilliant French novelist, Guy de Maupassant. This famous writer toward middle life took up merely as a hobby the study of occult science and spiritualistic phenomena. Gradually the absorbing nature of the weird research fascinated him so deeply that he could not speak, think or dream of aught else. Sleep deserted him, appetite failed him, and finally his actions became so erratic that for the sake of his own safety his friends were compelled to place the unfortunate author under mild restraint. He ended his days shortly afterward within the walls of the sanitarium to which he had been conveyed.

How an Eskimo Secures a Wife.

An Eskimo youth is qualified to marry when he has succeeded in killing a polar bear unaided, for the courageous feat proves him capable of providing for the wants of a family. He starts forth at night to secure a wife, which he does by seizing the first girl he can surprise unawares. She naturally screams and draws the whole village population about her, who by raining sealskin scourges on his shoulders aid the maiden in escaping. He pursues, running the gantlet of kick and buffet, until he again catches his ladylove. And should she once more escape and be retaken a third time by the amorous pursuer the maiden accepts her fate and becomes the young man's wife.

Names For Warships.

Suitable nomenclature for the vessels of a national navy is not always an easy thing to arrive at, but the method adopted by the United States seems to be the most satisfactory. The naming of our fighting vessels after the states of the Union and after the principal cities of the country is much more significant than to christen them with such high sounding titles as Hercules, Ajax, Agamemnon and the like. It typifies in a way the Union itself and localizes interest in our navy more than anything else could do. It is a matter of pride with a state or a city to have a warship named after it, and that is a great thing.

DIVORCE IN TURKEY.

It Doesn't Require Much Reason Nor Elaborate Ceremony.

Divorce, it seems, is very easy in Turkey and does not require a judge and jury to settle matters. All that is necessary is for the injured party to say "I divorce you" three times, and the deed is done. The husband has to make the wife a proper allowance, and all is over. A case occurred recently which is rather amusing. A certain Turkish gentleman is a keen amateur gardener, and his garden contains at all seasons a brilliant show of flowers, to which he devotes most of his time, rather to the disgust of his wife, who is never allowed to cut them.

Not long ago his chrysanthemums were in the height of their glory when a tremendous downpour of rain came on. This threatened to destroy the magnificent blooms. Seeing the danger, the gentleman called all his servants and set to work to carry the pots into the house and arrange them up both sides of the staircase. When they had finished, the lady suddenly appeared and fell into a violent rage, declaring that her husband thought more of his flowers than he did of her and that he insulted her by bringing earth into the house. Nothing would appease her. She said he was defiling her house by bringing dirt in, and she would divorce him. She sent for her sister to come and be a witness of the divorce and, setting to work with her women, bundled all the flowers out again. When the sister arrived, however, matters were settled up, and the divorce did not take place.

On another occasion the same lady sent her small son down to breakfast in a pink shirt and green tie. The father was shocked at this barbarous combination and made a remark to the English governess, who sent the child back to change his tie. But down came the lady of the house in a furious rage, saying she knew how to dress the child, that a pink shirt and a green tie were in the best of taste and she would not remain to be insulted by his giving preference to the opinions of an English girl. Again she threatened to divorce him, but again it fell through, as the husband could not find the $3,000 he would have had to pay her until her wrath had cooled.

Bees Carry Toilet Cases.

The tongue of the hive bee is a most elaborate structure, admirably fitted for helping to pump up nectar. The wax producing organs of the bee are certain glands on the underside of the abdomen, which are surmounted by thin plates, on which the wax is deposited in flakes, like miniature fish scales. It is taken from these plates by a pair of shears or cutters, admirably adapted for the purpose and formed between two joints of the hind legs.

It is passed to the mouth, where it is chewed and rendered plastic by the jaws. The hind legs have many beautiful structures and modifications fitted for gathering pollen and cleansing the bee, while on the front legs there is a regular comb and brush, admirably adapted for cleaning the antennæ, or feelers, which are very delicate and important sense organs.

The Life of a Bird.

Small singing birds live from eight to eighteen years. Ravens have lived for almost a hundred years in captivity and parrots longer than that. Fowls live ten to twenty years—and are then sold as spring chickens to young housekeepers.

The wild goose lives upward of a hundred years, and swans are said to have attained the age of 300. The long life of birds has been interpreted as compensation for their feeble fertility and for the great mortality of their young.

Obviously, as Weisman observes, such birds must reach a great age, or they would long ago have been exterminated.

How Some Coins Were Named.

The origin of the names of coins in present use is curious. In many cases they imply a standard of weight that lost its significance long ago. This is the case with the English standard, the pound. The word shilling is of German derivation, like penny, which comes from the German pfennig. The word crown comes from the image placed on the coin. The name franc was given by King John, who first coined these pieces in 1360. They bore the motto "Le Roi Frank" (King of the Franks) and were of two kinds, one representing the king on horseback, the other on foot.

Bronze Very Ancient.

Bronze, spoken of in the Bible as brass, is of very ancient origin. We have little or no notion how the ancients got copper, but in all probability large quantities were formerly found in the metallic state, just as we find it now in the neighborhood of Lake Superior in America and Baikal lake in Siberia. This would only have required melting to yield a tolerably pure metal. If, however, they smelted copper from its various ores, it is difficult to realize how they could overcome such a complicated process, and we can only admit that in this respect, as in so many others, the ancient people of Europe were very much cleverer than we moderns are apt to believe.

OCEAN DERELICTS.

The Fanny E. Wolston Roamed Ten Thousand Miles.

Perhaps it is the natural instinct to personify every craft that floats; perhaps it is because they were once the domiciles of living beings that makes human interest in derelicts universal. They are the embodiment of pathos, the menace of tragedy. From the slavery of man they have gone forth to the freedom of the sea, which means, after all, that they are stumbling blindly on to that destruction which ultimately awaits all things which are without the law. Some of them last but a day; others float for years. The average number afloat is usually about twenty, but in 1873 an average of thirty-five a month was reported. Most derelicts are made off the coast of the United States in the gulf stream, and they are prone to follow in the wake of the liners. Often they follow the ocean river around its great circle, and many of them get into the Sargasso sea.

The most notable derelict was the Fanny E. Wolston, a three masted schooner, lumber laden, which was abandoned Oct. 15, 1891, and was last seen in 1894. She drifted at least 10,000 miles, following the great circle in a zigzag way. In this she differed from the W. L. White, a schooner which was abandoned off Delaware during the blizzard of 1888. The White was a fast traveler and started immediately for Europe. At times she attained a speed of thirty-five miles a day. She floated first to the Grand banks and hid in the fogs that hang over that region. She stayed doggedly in the mist, floating around and around in a comparatively small circle, looming up suddenly under the bow of liners, sending cold terror to the hearts of fishermen, colliding now and then with other vessels and making a general nuisance of herself. After several months of this fun she suddenly left one day and continued her journey to Europe, grounding at last on one of the New Hebrides after a cruise of ten months and a drift of 6,800 miles.

Then there was the Fred B. Taylor, a schooner cut in half off our coast by the steamship Trave. The people on the Trave waited to see the two parts sink; but, strangely enough, they remained afloat. They became separate derelicts, and each went on a voyage of its own. The stern stood high out of the water, and the wind blew it north, but the bow, sinking low, was carried south by the cold shore current which runs from Labrador south to Hatteras between the coast and the gulf stream. The bow was destroyed off North Carolina. The stern grounded on Wells beach.—Theodore Waters in Ainslee's.

The Fatal Age of Fifty-six.

Among men and women of genius there seems to be a strange fatality connected with the age of fifty-six.

Some of the most renowned characters of the world have died on reaching that limit, including Dante, Hugh Capet, king of France; Henry VIII., Henry IV. of Germany, Paganini, Alexander Pope, Marcus Aurelius, Frederick I. of Prussia, Maria Louisa, empress of France; Saladin, the great sultan of Egypt; Robert Stephenson, Scipio Africanus, Roman general; Helvetius, the philosopher; Henry II., the first of the Plantagenets; the elder Pliny, Julius Cæsar, Charles Kingsley, Juan Prim, Spanish general and statesman; Henry Knox, American Revolutionary general; Van Tromp, Dutch admiral; Abraham Lincoln, Marryat, the novelist; George Whitefield, founder of Calvinistic Methodism; Robert Dudley, earl of Leicester, favorite of Queen Elizabeth; Johann Gasper Spurzheim, German physician and phrenologist, and Frederick II. of Germany.—St. James Budget.

The Angels Came Too Readily.

A Georgia darky went out to an old field to "seek and pray."

It was dusk, and he knelt down and put up a long petition that the angels would come and minister unto him.

Presently he heard a flapping of wings behind him, and in a second he was making race horse time on the home road, where he jumped into bed and covered his head.

Suddenly there was a loud knocking at the door, and his startled wife cried:

"John, git up dar, fer de Lawd sake! De angels you been seekin' is come fer you!"

"Le'm stay dar," was the trembling answer. "Tell 'em thoo' de keyhole dat I ain't got no wing ter fly wid, en I too heavy ter tote!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Don't Talk Your Aches and Pains.

As soon as possible dismiss from the mind every suggestion that has to do with illness. If you have had an operation and it is over, let it glide into the shadowy background of memory. Do not dwell upon it. Do not talk about it. Cultivate thought about others, about the great round world, about its heroes and its martyrs, its battles and its victories, its happy homes and loving hearts, but utterly turn from the night side of suffering, except as you may relieve it, and dwell in the blessed sunshine. There is no sweeter thing on earth than to be one of God's light bringers and to make those about you stronger because you are uncomplaining.—Ladies' Home Journal.