DENTON JOURNAL.

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The Butter You Will Eventually Buy

¶ If you want a high-grade butter our Acadia brand will supply the want, and whether you are convinced of its superior quality by this advertisement, or the recommendation of some of your friends who speak from actual knowledge, it is the Butter you will eventually buy.

¶ In thousands of homes in Delaware Acadia Butter has filled its place on the family table for years. There is never a question as to its quality—it is always right. That is what has made it recognized here and elsewhere as the best butter sold over any counter anywhere.

¶ Therefore, we say if you appreciate a fine quality of Butter you will eventually buy Acadia.

Middletown Farms

Middletown, Del.

Pure Dairy Products

Hot Weather Clothing

Thin Coats, 50c to $5.00.
Mohair Coats, $1 to $5.
Serge Coats, $3, $4 and $5.
White Vests, $1 to $5.
Thin Vests, 50c to $1.
Duck Trousers, $1 to $2.50.
Khaki Trousers, $1 to $2.50.
Thin Trousers, $1 to $6.
Auto Dusters, $1.50 to $5.
Boys' Wash Suits, 50c to $5.
Boys' Wash Trousers, 25c to $1.
Thin Underwear, 25c to $3.
Negligee Shirts, 50c to $3.50.
Straw Hats, 50c to $5.
Summer Caps, 25c to $1.50.
Low Shoes, $3.50 to $6.
Tennis Shoes, $1 to $1.25.

Biggest Because Best — MULLIN'S Wilmington — Clothing Hats Shoes

Denton National Bank Savings Department

The Denton National Bank has opened a Savings Department, to be operated in connection with the general banking business of the institution. We will allow

Interest at the Rate of 3 per cent.

per annum on the amount that has been to the credit of the depositor for a full

Interest period of four months

The terms of this Department are similar to those of Savings Banks generally, and the rules and regulations adopted have been approved by the Comptroller of the Currency. *The advantages of a regular Savings Bank are thus afforded to the community, and deposits are respectfully solicited.*

For full particulars inquire at or address the Bank. By order of the Board of Directors.

HARVEY L. COOPER, President.

Age No Bar.

Everybody in Denton is Eligible.

Old people stooped with suffering,
Middle age, courageously fighting,
Youth protesting impatiently;
Children, unable to explain;
All in misery from their kidneys.
Only a little backache first.
Comes when you catch a cold.
Or when you strain the back.
Many complications follow.
Urinary disorders, diabetes, Bright's disease.

Doan's Kidney Pills cure backache.
Cure every form of kidney ills.

Mrs. Mary Redman, Commerce St., Smyrna, Del., says: "My daughter had weak kidneys all her life and three years ago, an attack of typhoid fever left them seriously disordered. She first suffered from a dull feeling in the back and later from acute pains in her sides. Hearing so much of Doan's Kidney Pills, I procured a box and had her try them. The results were better than I had anticipated. My daughter is so much improved since using this remedy that I gladly endorse it."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's, and take no other.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

Public Sale

—OF A—

Valuable Farm

Situate in the

8th Election District, Caroline Co., Md.

WE, the undersigned, heirs-at-law and widow of Caleb Johnson, late of Caroline county, deceased, will offer and expose at public sale to the highest bidder, in front of the Court House door, in the town of Denton, on

Tuesday, July 6, '09

between the hours of 2 and 4 o'clock p. m., the following described real estate:

All that Farm or Tract of Land,

situate, lying and being in the Eighth Election District of Caroline county, State of Maryland, on the east side of the county road leading from Andersontown to Concord, adjoining lands of William A. Johnson, William R. Fountain, George Thawley, W. W. Dukes, the Concord Camp Ground and others, and contains the quantity of

Fifty-one Acres of Land

more or less, about thirty of which are arable and in a good state of cultivation, the balance set in wood and timber. It being the same land and premises of which Caleb T. Johnson, late of Caroline county, deceased, died seized and possessed, and was occupied by him as his home in his lifetime.

The improvements consist of a two-story Dwelling House and necessary out-buildings in good repair. There is also some valuable timber on this tract.

TERMS OF SALE.—The terms of sale are one-third cash, the residue in six months; the deferred payments to bear interest from day of sale and to be secured to the satisfaction of the heirs-at-law; or all cash on the day of sale, at the option of the purchaser. Title papers at expense of the purchaser.

EMILY H. JOHNSON,
Widow,
WINIFRED E. JOHNSON,
THOMAS H. JOHNSON,
MATTIE T. JOHNSON,
EMMETT F. JOHNSON,
EDWARD S. VANDYKE,
DORA M. VANDYKE,
GEORGE W. JOHNSON,
M. EDITH JOHNSON,
Heirs at-law.

Frank P. Covey, Autioneer.

INSURE

YOUR

PROPERTY

IN

HOME COMPANY

We save you from 45 to 50 per cent of your money and give you a broad, straight policy.

We do not attach a three-fourths value clause.

We do not require you to take your own risk by signing a PREMIUM NOTE.

Your money will be INVESTED at home.

We pay our losses within 10 days.

Underwriters rate in Western Maryland is: Dwelling 40 cts., outbuildings 60 cts. on $100. Underwriters rate on Eastern Shore: Dwelling 70 cts., outbuildings $1.25 on $100.

Our Rate:

Dwelling, 40c, outbld'g 60c on $100

Our rate the same as the one they use in Western Maryland.

AGENCIES:

Oscar Clark & Bro., Denton, Md.
Paul Holsinger, . . Ridgely, Md.
Harry Clark, . Queen Anne, Md.
Charles B. Harrison, Preston, Md.
Frank W. Wagner, Federalsburg, Md.

Maryland Fire Ins. Co.
Easton, Md.

Well, he is the man who knows
How to make you new
Overhaul your second-hand

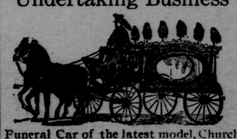
Implements and machinery;
So you are assured in either

Of being able to have good
Tools, implements and machinery
To work with if repaired by
Otto. He is the man.

OTTO SHOPS,
Denton, Md.

We have purchased an entirely new outfit for the

Undertaking Business



Funeral Car of the latest model, Church Trucks, Lowering Device, Embalming Tools, Etc. We use exclusively the Arterial System of Embalming. Full line Coffins, Caskets and Trimmings carried in stock at all times. All calls by day or night promptly answered. Diamond Telephone. J. W. WRIGHT & CO.,
(4-18-1yr) Hobbs, Md.

BALTIMORE'S BEST STORE

Hochschild, Kohn & Co.

Howard and Lexington Streets

We Prepay Freight Charges to All Points Within 200 Miles of Baltimore on All Purchases of Amounting to $5.00 or More.

Babies' and Children's Wear!

You will Always Find Best Values at Baltimore's Best Store.

Dresses of colored chambray and percale, with high or low neck; sizes 2 to 6 years. 50c.

Dresses of percale, chambray and lawn, in guimpe, princess and other styles. 95c, $1.50, $2.50, $3.50 and up to $7.50.

Babies' Dainty White Dresses, in yoke and bishop styles; sizes 6 months to 2 years. 50c.

Babies' Dresses of finer materials. 75c. $1.00, $1.50, $2.00 and up to $6.50.

Ten dainty styles of White Dresses, with high or low neck; sizes 2 to 6 years. $1.00.

Dresses of finer materials, trimmed with lace and embroidery; sizes 2 to 14 years. $1.50, $2.00, $2.50 and up to $10.00.

The charming "Middy Blouse"—made of fine mercerized material, with navy collar and cuffs, trimmed with white tape; sizes 6 years to 38 bust measure. $1.00—regularly $2.00.

Gowns with high or low neck; sizes 2 to 14 years. 50c.

Petticoats of muslin: some trimmed with hemstitched tucks, others with embroidery; sizes 2 to 14 years. 50c.

Drawers of muslin and cambric—many styles; sizes 2 to 14 years. 25c.

Sun Bonnets of percale—pink, blue and white; sizes 1 to 4 years. 25c.

Rompers of pink and blue pin check gingham; trimmed with white pipings; low neck and short sleeves; sizes 1 to 6 years. 50c.

Our Mail Order Department is equipped to give prompt and accurate service.

Samples of Silks, Dress Goods, Wash Fabrics and so on will be cheerfully sent if you will write for them.

Ladies' Home Journal Patterns 10c and 15c. Write for a copy of the Monthly Style Book—it's free.

Hochschild, Kohn & Co.
Howard & Lexington Sts., BALTIMORE

The Talbot Bank of Easton, Md.

Pays 4 per cent. Interest Quarterly on Savings Deposits.

A Commercial Department for Checking Accounts now open and growing rapidly. This Department meets with much favor from all of our patrons.

In our Fire and Burglar-Proof Steel Vault we have Private Safe Deposit Boxes for rent.

We have also, in addition to our Steel Vault, the **Only Underground Safety Vault in this locality,** for the storage at a moderate charge of boxes or trunks containing valuables, such as family pla or other articles. This is a great convenience to anyone wishing to store such things, when at home they might not be safe.

Call and examine our vaults that you may be convinced of their security. Polite and obliging officials will wait on you.

Use

Felton, Sibley & Co.'s

Paste Paint

Two Gallons Make : Five

For sale by

Smith & Walls,

Denton, Md.

TO THE FARMERS

—OF—

Caroline and Adjoining Counties.

I have the agency for the celebrated ADRIANCE FARMING IMPLEMENTS:

Adraince Binders, Adriance Mowers, Adriance Rakes.
Worchester-Kemp Manure Spreaders.

Spring Drags, Spike Drags, Sulky Cultivators, Land Rollers, Walking Plows, Walking Cultivators, Gang Plows, : : : :

Carriages and Buggies, Dearborns, One-horse Wagons, Two-horse Farm Wagons,

And other vehicles and Machinery of tested usefulness and durability and well known to our farmers who have used them. The farmers of this and neighboring counties are asked to write to me or call, and in every instance I will guarantee satisfaction, and that I can save them some money in the purchase of the things which every farmer must have.

J. B. COLGAIN,
DENTON, MARYLALD.

OFFICE A, SMITH BLOCK

The Lawyer Used It For More Than His Legal Business.

By LUCY POOLE.

[Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.]

It had always been reported around town that C. R. Taylor was a wealthy man. When he appeared at the general meeting place, Linkham's grocery, all the men would shift their wads and straighten their hats out of deference as he seated himself on the best cracker barrel by the stove and planted his feet on the warmest spot.

But the swift, horrible accident had silenced the jovial Croesus, and his estate had been revealed to the public's horrified gaze as absolutely worthless.

Mrs. Taylor had been prostrated completely. Janet had struggled as she could, but after all the funeral expenses had been paid her little store of banknotes had dwindled away to a pathetic few.

"Now, Burt," she explained eagerly to her masculine friend, lawyer and devoted lover, "it is a case of sheer necessity, you see. We will only have $10 a month from the farm, and that won't even pay mother's doctor bills."

"Janet," began the young man, his voice husky with the emotion he tried to suppress—"Janet, I'm in good business now, and your father had given me his consent, so why won't you let me help you in this time of trouble? You know I"—

"Yes, I know, Burt," answered the girl gently, "but it is impossible. Now, my plan is this: At college I took all the four prizes for the best essays and had good success with the college weekly and annual."

Burt could hardly hide a smile. This young slip of womanhood talking of $30 a month paid for her literary work! Poor child, she did not realize that college weeklies and city daily papers differ strikingly in their demands.

But one simply could not argue with Janet. Her radiant beauty was her strongest weapon, and Burt left her in high spirits.

"Burt, I shall depend on you for the addresses of all the best papers and magazines in the city," she called to

"NEVER LET ANYTHING SEPARATE YOU AND BURT"

him as he strode down the walk. "And don't forget to read every line I publish," came indistinctly to his ears as he turned the corner to the station.

Burton Harold was tied to his office day and night for the next three weeks, scarcely having time to snatch a bit to eat or an hour's rest. Yet the dainty, dark beauty of Janet's charming face floated tantalizingly before the dusty lawbooks or the tiresome documents.

He had not heard a word from her since he had mailed the addresses, and he wondered whether he could have been mistaken and Janet's work was actually making good. On the Saturday of a third week he locked the door of Office A, Smith block, and took the train down to the village to gladden his mother's heart by sight of himself and his eyes by a sight of Janet.

He found the girl pale and quiet, with very little to say. It was not until the end of the call that he had the courage to ask about her literary work. At his first word the unnatural calm gave way and she cried like a child.

"It's no use, Burt," she sobbed. "I've tried and tried, but everything comes back with a polite 'Of no use,' and I know it is just because they don't read my work."

Burt was sorely tempted. Had he followed his own inclination he would have gathered the girl into his strong arms and bidden the senseless editors go wherever they pleased. But this was out of the question. "I'll tell you, Janet," he said soothingly—"give me your work and I'll take it back with me tomorrow and see what I can do."

And so the matter rested, and Burton returned to his office with a roll of classical raptures, such as "The Lushy Marsh Where the Cows Stood Knee Deep In Cowslips" and other totally unsalable works of his ambitious sweetheart.

He took up another story and read through one long outburst over "a full blown apple orchard, where the busy bee doth ply his trade." "Awful, awful!" he said to himself. "But what can you expect from a college girl? Why, I can't even doctor these lists of adjectives up. They are only fit for the wastebasket."

The next day brought a brief letter to Janet:

Dear Janney—Inclosed will find a check for $10. I sold your "Apple Orchard In Full Bloom." Address your work now to Office A, Smith block. It's an agency for short stories, and they will take anything you will send them. Don't know what magazines they use, but their work goes all over the country. Congratulations on your great luck. As ever,

BURT.

The next time Burton visited his mother in the village it was several months after the above letter.

Janet was radiant, glowing and, above all, tender. She confided to him that she received from $5 to $10 for every article and often $25 for a story and that she made as high as $40 a month. Burt only smiled and listened.

Everything was rose colored now and burned to a deeper hue when Janet whispered at the gate, "You can ask me anything you please now, Burt, dear." And he rode back to the city, his cheek tingling under the rosy seal she had set there as a safeguard against all danger.

It was near spring when Mrs. Harold was suddenly taken ill. In her condition she needed loving care, so Janet went down to stay with the gentle old lady, who, she thought, would not live to see the little wedding planned for June.

Burton came home on Saturday, and the feeble old lady watched the couple with tear dimmed eyes and many softly breathed prayers. Toward night her breathing grew more and more labored, and the end was not far away.

"Janet, dear," she whispered painfully—"Janet, promise me now, dear, that you will never let anything separate you and Burt."

The girl kissed her wonderingly and promised softly.

"Doctor," went on the trembling, tired voice, "how much longer have I here with my children?"

"I cannot tell, my dear madam," answered the ancient doctor, with tears in his eyes. "Perhaps a few hours."

"Burton, my darling boy," went on the loving tones, "lean over me, my son. You and Janet must be married now. I cannot go peacefully until I know my boy has a comforter. Here comes Dr. McCloud, and he will marry you now if"— And the voice trailed off into silence.

Without waiting to consult Janet, Burton stepped to her side, and in a few moments the service was over and the dying woman had placed her trembling hands on their bowed heads and passed peacefully to the land where sorrow is never known.

A month or so after his mother's death Burton decided to move his wife to the city, where he could be at home every night. So Janet went to the little home to pack up the dead mother's boxes. It was a sad task, and Janet's eyes overflowed many a time, for she had loved the dear old lady as a daughter.

In going through the ancient desk she found a large package marked in the delicate old fashioned hand, "For my son Burton, to be opened after his marriage with Janet." Janet fingered it curiously, but slipped it into her bag unopened. When in their cozy library that night she brought it to her husband, saying:

"Burt, dear, do open this. I am so curious."

A queer smile passed over her husband's face as he broke the string and out rolled all the well remembered manuscripts of Janet's, "The Apple Orchard In Full Bloom" and others.

"Burton!" she cried in surprise. "Why, Burton, how on earth did your mother ever get these?"

"My dear little wife," he answered, holding her closely in his arms, "my office is Office A, Smith block, and mother and I were the short story company that published all your work."

Went Around the Spot.

Before Bismarck reconstructed the map of Europe and made a united Germany a dozen little principalities used to annoy travelers by stopping them at their frontiers until they had satisfied the custom house demands. A Yankee once had his carriage stopped at the frontier of a petty prince's country. The Herr Ober (controleur at the custom house) came forward and, much to his indignation, was received in a nonchalant way. The Yankee was ungentlemanly enough not to get out of his carriage or even to take off his hat. The Herr Ober sharply demanded the key of the tourist's trunks, which his subordinate began handling roughly.

"Here! Hands off!" shouted the Yankee. "I didn't come from the United States of America to be controlled by you. Put those trunks back. I'll not go through you at all. I'll turn back. I'm in no hurry and don't care for losing a day. You're no country! You're only a spot. I'll go around you!" And he did.—London King.

More In the Family.

Catherine's maternal grandmother died suddenly, and she found it hard from the three-year-old point of view to understand the new order of things.

A few days after the funeral she was sent to visit an old family friend that her mother might enjoy a day of uninterrupted quiet. Very seriously she related how they had put her grandma in a deep black hole and nobody could see her any more.

Her hostess was profuse in her expressions of sympathy and tried to impress the little one that she, too, would miss her grandmother very much.

"Oh, don't let it worry you," she exclaimed; "I've got another one."—New York Times.

On the Fly.

Probably the windiest place in North America is the short stretch in Washington from the F street car line to the entrance to the senate wing of the capitol. On a good blustery winter's day it is possible at almost any time to see two or three people chasing their hats across the street. The old timers have learned that it doesn't pay to chase your own hat. Somebody else will be sure to run after it and bring it to you.

One day Representative Murdock of Kansas rebuked a friend for starting to chase his own hat.

"Never do it," he said. "Somebody will bring it to you."

"Well, you ought to know," replied the other man. "Kansas is the windiest place on the map."

"Yes," replied Murdock, "it's so windy out there that when a man's hat blows off he never thinks of following it. He just sticks his hand up in the air and catches another."

HER REBEL HEART.

An Incident That Brought It Into Loving Submission.

By ALEXANDRA DAGMAR.

[Copyrighted, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.]

Oh, I spoke once, and I grieved thee sore!
I remember all that I said!
—Jean Ingelow.

"Oh, it's you!" commented Reeda ungraciously.

She looked up from the basin of soapsuds on the dining room table. She was washing her great-grandmother's bellcek—a task which she was averse to intrusting to hands less careful than her own. Inwardly she was meditating the reprimand she would bestow upon Janet for permitting this particular visitor to enter unannounced.

"You don't appear overwhelmingly glad to see me!" returned Aubrey Bowden.

She sent him a swift glance—one of obvious annoyance. He was standing in the doorway. Tall, athletic, in his leather coat, corduroy knickerbockers and high rubber boots, she was forced to admit that he made a gallant figure.

But she dropped her eyes and went on with her task.

Not so Aubrey Bowden. He kept his gaze fastened upon her—a gaze at once whimsical and adoring. Certainly she looked extremely pretty, her blue morning gown enveloped in a blue apron, her sleeves rolled up over the bewitching dimples in the elbows, a flicker of angry color showing through the fairness of her cheek.

Bowden made a fresh conversational plunge.

"I'm going down to the Kankakee marshes shooting," he said. "There are a lot of the fellows going—my cousin, Andrew, and some more. Reeda," quizzically, as she still evinced no sign of interest, "aren't you going to wish me good sport? I came six blocks out of my way to tell you about it."

She found it hard to resist him when his voice had that husky note in it—

"GOODBY, DEAR," HE SAID BROKENLY.

half teasing, half loving. But she hardened her heart and replied coldly:

"Only this, Aubrey Bowden—that I don't wish to know for the future where you go or what you do. After the outrageous way you acted Tuesday evening, going away and leaving me alone for half an hour at the theater while you flirted with that odious Bella Wier, I've decided that I do not wish you to call here any more!"

The pale rose in her cheek had deepened to carnation.

"Oh, I say, Reeda!" He laughed protestingly and took a step forward. "You don't mean that, you know! I was not gone more than ten minutes. I used to go to school with Bella Wier. And I hadn't see her for more than a year."

"You may see her as often as you desire after this!" said Reeda significantly.

There was no smile in the young fellow's handsome eyes now.

"Reeda," he said quietly, "look at me!"

He was beside her. She felt herself forced to obey that grave command. She lifted to his face her gray, black fringed eyes, filled with a sullenness foreign to them.

"Say you don't mean to break with me for such a trifle," he pleaded. "Why, I love you, Reeda. You know that."

"I have nothing to recousider." She never knew afterward how she managed to enunciate the cruel words. "I want you to go away and never come to see me again."

For one breathless moment they stood looking into each other's eyes. And there was that in his face that dumbly reproached her. Before she could bring herself to make retraction he was striding to the door.

"Goodby, dear," he said brokenly. "I—I hope"—

The sentence trailed off into silence, and he was gone.

The girl stood staring at the closed door. It looked like the door of fate itself—shut fast in her face. She saw it through a gush of belated, futile tears.

The day wore on—a dull, wretched, aimless day. She could settle to nothing. Every object brought some memory connected with the man she had sent out of her life.

When she dressed for the evening she found herself selecting the gown he best liked and realized with a wretched pang that he would no more murmur praise of it—or of her. She hated the pretty rosy silk, with its ecru silken laces and coquettish little black velvet bows.

So forlorn she felt, so lonely, so bereft, it was with slight surprise that, picking up the evening paper, she scanned a tragic headline. But as the full significance of what that ghastly line of type indicated became plain to her she gave a cry—a faint, weak, desperate cry—and her mother, rushing to her, found her, face downward, on the floor, the paper clutched tightly in her hand.

To bring her back to consciousness was the first thing to do—to find out what had shocked her, the second. And the paragraph in the paper, telling of the accidental discharge of a gun among a party of hunters bound for the Kankakee marshes revealed the latter. For the name of the man fatally wounded was given as that of Aubrey Bowden!

The physician, bending over the girl as the fits of unconsciousness succeeded one another, shook his head gravely. "I am very much afraid"—he began.

A queer, glad cry from Reeda startled them. She was sitting straight up, her arms extended. The man at the threshold sprang forward and caught her in his arms.

"It was Andrew—poor Andrew!" he explained. "The reporter got the names mixed. I've a flesh wound from the explosion, nothing more. I hurried here. I feared you might learn of the accident. And, Reeda, darling, did you care, then, so much?"

The terrible tension over, she gave way, sobbing convulsively. The doctor beckoned to her mother. They left the room.

"There is nothing more for me to do, thank God," the old man said.

Reeda put her arms around her lover's neck and clasped her hands tightly and held him as though she would never let him go.

"Forgive me!" she entreated. "I was sorry while I was speaking—I was sorry when you went. All day long I knew that if you never came back I should want to die. Then when I saw the paper I thought that I was being punished and that indeed you never would come back. Dearest, forgive me!"

"When a man loves as I love you," he said, "he has never anything to forgive. He can only keep on loving—always."

A Faithful Dog.

Many hundred years ago there lived at Athens a dog whose faithfulness has caused him to be mentioned in history, and in the Grecian city his story is often repeated.

The dog guarded one of the heathen temples at Athens. One night a thief stole into this building and carried off some of the most valuable treasures. The dog vainly barked his loudest to frighten the thief and to rouse the keepers as the man went off with the jewels. But the faithful dog did not mean to lose sight of the rascal, and all through the night he followed him.

By daybreak the poor animal had become very weary, but still he kept the robber in sight. The latter tried to feed him, but as he made friends with the passersby he took it from them instead. Whenever the thief stopped to rest the dog remained near him, and soon a report went through the country of the animal's strange behavior.

The keepers of the temple, hearing the story, went in search of the dog, and they found him still at the heels of the thief at a town called Cronyon. The robber was arrested, taken back to Athens and there punished. The judges were so pleased with the dog's sagacity and faithfulness that they ordered him to be fed every day for the rest of his life at the public expense.

Animals That Weep.

"He cried like a calf" is a remark sometimes heard. It is no disgrace for a calf to cry, and he sheds tears in quantities when his emotions justify them. It is even easier for him to cry than for many other animals, because his lachrymal apparatus is perfect and very productive.

A scientific writer in Nature says that the ruminants are the animals which weep most readily. Hunters have long known that a deer at bay cries profusely. The tears will roll down the nose of a bear when he feels that his last hour is approaching. The big, tender eyes of the giraffe fill with tears as he looks at the hunter who has wounded him.

Dogs weep very easily. The dog has tears both in his eyes and voice when his beloved master goes away and leaves him tied up at home. Some varieties of monkeys seem to be particularly addicted to crying, and not a few aquatic mammals also find it easy to weep when the occasion requires it. Seals in particular are often seen to cry.

Elephants weep profusely when wounded or when they see that escape from their enemies is impossible. The animals here mentioned are the chief ones that are known to weep, but there is no doubt that many others also display similar emotion.

Evolution.

Johnny was spelling his way through a marriage notice in the morning paper.

"At high noon," he read, "the clergyman took his stand beneath the floral bell, and to the music of the wedding march the contradicting parties moved down the"—

"Not 'contradicting,' Johnny," interrupted his elder sister—"contracting."

"Well," stoutly contended Johnny, "they'll be contradicting parties after awhile."—Youth's Companion.

Climbs Up the Trunk.

The native elephant driver never has to bother with a step ladder in mounting his beast after he has trained him for a little time, for the easiest way to get up is to ascend by way of the trunk. Standing in front of the elephant, the driver grasps him by the ears, this being a signal that he wishes to mount, and the obedient monster promptly arches his trunk so that the master can easily step upon it and go right on up to the top of the elephant's head.

To Live Long.

Virchow, the German scientist, said the way to live long is to "be born with a good constitution, take care of it when you are young, always have something to do and be resigned if you find you cannot accomplish all you wish." It is easier to live long with a poor constitution than to violate the other conditions and reach old age.