DENTON JOURNAL.

1885. A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,—DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, AGRICULTURE, AND ADVERTISING:—INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS. 1884

VOL. 39. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 28, 1885. NO. 29.

SEEDS! SEEDS!

Clover Seed, Timothy Seed, Kentucky Blue Grass Seed, Orchard Grass Seed, Millet Seed, Lucerne Seed, &c.

We have on hand a full line of fresh seed which we will sell at lowest city prices.

THE CELEBRATED

WEBSTER WAGON,

after several years test here, is offered to the farmers of this and adjoining counties, every one fully guaranteed. It is made of the best seasoned material and has no superior in the market in any respect. Come in and examine the Patent Truss Rod attachment. Price reduced.

ECONOMIST SULKY AND HAND PLOWS.

HARDWARE, HARNESS, LIME, HAIR, CEMENT, &C.

COME AND SEE US.

SHANNAHAN & WRIGHTSON,
EASTON, MARYLAND.

1826 ESTABLISHED 1826

WINTER.

OUR STOCK IS NOW COMPLETE FOR THE

WINTER SEASON!

We Have a Big Variety of

BOYS' SCHOOL SUITS

O WHICH, AS ALSO TO OUR

GENERAL ASSORTMENT,

We would call attention, as well as to the fact that we offer our Goods at such Prices as will Prove Satisfactory to our Customers.

ALL OF OUR GOODS ARE PROPERLY SHRUNK BEFORE BEING MADE UP,

NOAH WALKER AND CO.,
165-167 W. BALTIMORE STREET
Baltimore, Md.

FULL STOCK. LOW PRICES.

GEO. F. SLOAN & BRO.,

LUMBER,

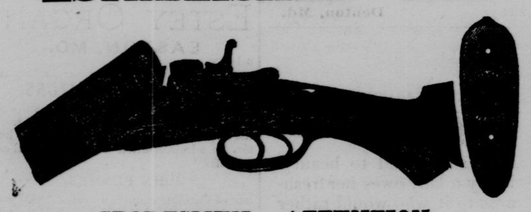
SHINGLES, SASH, DOORS,

BLINDS, etc.,

132 LIGHT STREET WHARF, BALTIMORE, MD.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

ESTABLISHED 1843.



SPORTSMEN, ATTENTION.

Gentlemen in want of a good Breech-Loading or Muzzle-Loading Gun, Rifle, Pistol, Shells, Cartridges, Ammunition wholesale and retail, or anything in the shooting line will do well to call and examine the large assortment just received by ALEX. McCOMAS, 22 S. Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.

GUNS MADE TO ORDER AND REPAIRING DONE IN THE BEST MANNER. GOODS SHIPPED C. O. D. AND GUARANTEED.

Maryl'd Steamboat Co

1885 WINTER SCHEDULE. 1885

Choptank River Route.

COMMENCING WITH

THURSDAY, DEC. 25, 1884,

WEATHER PERMITTING,

THE STEAMER IDA

Will leave Baltimore from Pier 4, Light St., at 9 p. m., every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, for Easton, Double Mills, Oxford, Clora's Point, Travers', Cambridge, Secretary Creek, Jomaica Point, Medford's, Dover Bridge, Towers', Potter's, and Denton.

Returning, will leave Denton every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 12 noon, Cambridge, 5 p. m., Easton, 9 p. m. and Oxford, 10 p. m., arriving in Baltimore early the following mornings.

Freight Taken at Low Rates.

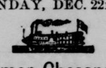
HOWARD B. ENSIGN, Pres't.
Office, 98 Light St., Baltimore.
December 18th, 1884.

Wheeler's Transportation Line.

CHOPTANK RIVER ROUTE.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

After MONDAY, DEC. 22ND, 1884, the



Steamer Chesapeake

Will be withdrawn from Choptank River,

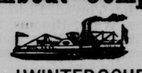
Steamer Minnie Wheeler

Taking her days—leaving Baltimore Tuesdays and Saturdays at 9 o'clock, p. m., for the following landings: Trappe, Chancellor's Pt., Secretary Creek, Clark's, Wright's Medford's, Hog Island, Dover Bridge, Kingston, Ganey's, Potter's Landing, Reese's, Coward's Pt., Covey's and Hillsborough.

Returning, will leave Hillsborough Mondays and Thursdays at 8 o'clock, a. m., Potter's Landing, 11.30 o'clock, Medford's, 3 p. m., Secretary Creek, 5 p. m., Trappe, 7.30 p. m.

☞Freight received Tuesdays, Fridays and Saturdays until 6 p. m.

Chester River Steamboat Company.



FALL and WINTER SCHEDULE.

Until further notice the new iron Steamer

EMMA A. FORD

Will leave hestertown every Monday Wednesday and Friday at 8 o'clock, a. m., for Baltimore, stopping at Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck, Grey's Inn, Queenstown, and Kent Island.

Returning, will leave Pier 7, Light St. Wharf, at 10 a. m., every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday for the above landings.

☞Steamer will leave Queenstown for Baltimore at 10 a. m.

The Steamer

Corsica

Will leave Crumpton every Tuesday and Thursday at 3 p. m. and on Saturday at 1 p. m. for Baltimore, stopping at Spry's, Deep Landing, Round Top, Chestertown, Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck and Centreville via Corsica Creek.

☞Will leave Centreville, (Larrimore's wharf), at 7 o'clock p. m. on Tuesday and at 5 o'clock p. m. on Saturday.

Returning, will leave Baltimore at midnight, making the above landings.

GEO. WARFIELD, President.

DELAWARE AND CHESAPEAKE RAILWAY.

On and after Monday, Feb. 2nd, 1885, (Sundays excepted), trains will run as fowlows:

North. 2 Mail.	14 Pas.		South. 13 Mail.	25 Pas.
A. M.	P. M.		P. M.	P. M.
6 35	2 15	Oxford,	12 08	10 00
6 43	2 23	Trappe,	12 00	9 52
6 59	2 38	Easton,	11 45	9 37
7 09	2 49	Chapel,	11 33	9 24
7 17	2 55	Cordova,	11 27	9 17
7 27	3 05	Queen Anne,	11 18	9 08
7 38	3 16	Ridgely,	11 06	8 58
7 48	3 26	Greensboro,	10 56	8 48
7 57	3 36	Goldsboro,	10 46	8 38
8 04	3 43	Henderson,	10 40	8 32
8 11	3 50	Marydel,	10 34	8 26
8 20	3 58	Slaughters,	10 26	8 18
8 23	4 00	Hartley,	10 24	8 16
8 32	4 09	Kenton,	10 14	8 06
8 41	4 18	Clayton,	10 05	7 57
A. M.	P. M.		A. M.	P. M.

Connect at Clayton with Delaware Division of P. W. & B. R. R.

H. F. KENNEY, General Sup't.
CHAS. E. PUGH, General Manager.
I. N. MILLS, Superintendent.

Look Before You Buy!

Mr. C. H. Blackiston is offering Watches, Jewelry, &c., lower than can be bought elsewhere. For the cash he will furnish the following goods at the prices below:

2 oz. Solid Silver American Hunting Case, Key Winder $9.00.
3 oz. 11.00,
4 oz. 12.00.
Stem Winders at the following:
2 oz. American Silver Hunting Case 11.00.
3 oz. 12.50.
4 oz. 14.00.
Solid Gold Watches as low as 12.00.

All goods warranted for 12 months.

☞Repairing fine watches a specialty.
9 27 tf.

WANTED.—A good man to work on my home farm, with wife to hire as cook. A comfortable dwelling furnished and good wages given. Apply to
1 10 tf WM. S. RIDGELY.

JOSHUA W. BRYANT. URIE TOWNSEND.

BRYANT & TOWNSEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
DENTON, MD.
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DOWNES & MUTCHLER,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
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Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and adjoining counties.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
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JAMES N. TODD,
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All legal business and collections promptly attended to. 6 2 84.

HENRY R. LEWIS,
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Office in Masonic Building, fronting Court House Square. 1-17

HENRY IRWIN & SON,
AUTIONEERS,
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W. M. MASON,
BRICKLAYER & PLASTERER,
DENTON, MD.,
Is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line of business at short notice and in a first-class manner.
1-6-yr.

BRICK HOTEL,
DENTON, MD.
JOHN H. VAN GESEL,
Proprietor.

A COMPLETE LIVERY STABLE IS attached to the Hotel. Single or double teams furnished on very reasonable terms when desired.
9 13 84 tf

GET A

{WORCESTER}

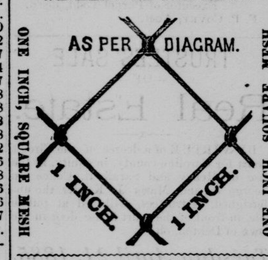
WORCESTER'S DICTIONARY has been publicly recommended as the standard authority by the leading newspapers in England and America and is preferred by the most eminent scoolars, authors and educators, among whom may be mentioned: London Athenæum, N. Y. Tribune, Herald, World, Observer, Freeman's Journal, Evening Post, Independent; Boston Advertiser, Journal; Philadelphia North American, Evening Bulletin, Times; St. Louis Republican, James A. Garfield, Benjamin Harris Brewster, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Wm. C. Bryant, Louis Agassiz, Horace Mann, Charles Sumner, Henry W. Longfellow, Alexander H. Stephens, James G. Blaine, George Bancroft, Wendell Phillips, &c. It is used in preference to any other in all the departments of the government at Washington.

The Universal and Critical Dictionary containing 1,072 pages, $6; Unabridged, 2,136 pages, $12, Sold on instalments by

BAIRD & MITCHELL,
415 MARKET STREET,
WILMINGTON, DEL.
☞AGENTS WANTED.☜
jany10 tf

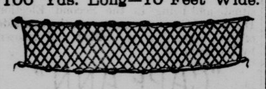
NETTING, FOR SEINES and POUNDS

WE MEASURE THE MESH.



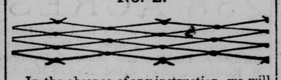
Parties ordering Netting or Seines will give length and depth required when on lines. We allow one-third for rigging, that is if the Seine is to be 100 yards long and 10 feet deep when on lines, as per diagram No. 1.

100 Yds. Long—10 Feet Wide.



We would make the webbing 150 yards long, 15 feet deep when stretched the same as a rope, that is the mesh stretched as per diagram

No. 2.



In the absence of any instruction, we will make as above. In ordering give full description of what you want; leave nothing to be guessed at.

Parties unknown to us ordering goods, will be required to remit us one-third the value before we ship them, the balance to be paid on delivery.

☞Send for Price List.

BALTIMORE TWINE AND NET CO

Wm. J. Hooper & Son,
No. 6 S. CALVERT ST.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Mention this paper. [nov8 '84 1y

A Glove.

Ah, yesterday I found a glove
Grown shabby, full of tiny rips,
But dear to me because my love
Once through it thrust her finger tips.

A glove one would not care to see
Upon his arm along the street;
Yet here I own there is for me
No relic in the world more sweet.

A faint, far scent of lavender
Steals from it, as the clover smelt
When through the fields I walked with her
And plucked the blossoms for her belt.

Faith! but I loved the little hand
That used to wear this time-stained thing,
Its slightest gesture of command
Would set my glad heart fluttering.

Or if it touched my finger, so,
Or smoothed my hair—why should I speak
Of those old days? It makes, you know,
The tears brim over on my cheek.

Poor, stained, worn-out, long-wristed glove!
I think it almost understands
That reverently and with love
I hold it in my trembling hands.

And that it is so dear to me,
With its old fragrance, far and faint,
Because my mother wore it, she—
On earth my love, in heaven my saint.

—James Berry Bennel.

The Young Surgeon's Story.

A FRAGMENT.

Again I beheld her—two years of dissipation, of madness had passed, and once more I saw her whom I had so basely deserted.

It was at the opera—she sat in a box near me, and though the paleness of her cheek gave her an unearthly appearance, I saw that she was lovely as ever.

All eyes were upon her—all but mine; for one glance had called up so many painful recollections that I dared not risk a second. I felt myself a guilty wretch.

"Poor Emily!" I murmured, as tears of bitter remorse filled my eyes. I was interrupted by H——, who, touching my elbow, whispered:

"Look in that box on the right. Is it not extraordinary to see a young girl with such white hair?"

I turned impatiently from him; but so many remarks of the same kind were whispered by those near me that the words seemed to hiss in my ears.

"I'll bet a dozen of champagne," said one of my neighbors, "that she has been frightened. Fear has been known to turn the hair gray in a single night."

"You are mistaken," said another. "No sudden shock could have changed it so completely. I am a surgeon and know something about these things. It is more likely the result of some secret sorrow."

"Perhaps she is a widow," said a third, "and has fretted for the loss of her husband."

If the look with which I regarded the last speaker could have killed him, there would have been one puppy the less in the world.

"Your conjecture does not seem to be a very probable one," said the surgeon; "she looks too young for a widow. I should say she was not more than seventeen or eighteen."

"Just eighteen!" exclaimed I, involuntarily.

"Do you know the young lady, sir?" he asked, turning to me. I was silent, and he continued. "If the study of physiognomy is to be depended on, an unrequited passion is the cause of the calamity."

At these words I could no longer restrain my feelings. "Be silent, for Heaven's sake!" I exclaimed, grasping his hand convulsively. "I am the greatest villain on the face of the earth!"

He looked at me in astonishment; but just then the curtain again rose, and the clang of music drowned all other sounds. While everybody's attention was drawn to the performance, I took courage to look once more at Emily. How beautiful she was, as she sat with her gaze fixed on the stage. So young, and already grief had decked her brow with the silvery badge of age! Could it be? Was it Emily, once the adored of my soul? Was it she whom I saw? Her golden hair changed to white by grief for my inconstancy!

The play was over—mechanically I rose to go. As I reached the door one of my friends hurried to meet me.

"How long have you been returned?" said he. "Did you know that Emily was in town? I saw her just now. Good Heavens! how it has changed her!"

"It has, indeed!" said I, with a groan; "dreadfully, awfully changed her!"

"Of course you know the cause?"

"Too well! too well! I am the cause!"

"You? What? Did you persuade her to do it?"

"To do what?"

"Why, don't you know that fancying her hair had a red tinge, she was persuaded to use the new hair dye, which has turned it white? Still, as her husband does not mind it, why—"

"Her husband?"

"Yes, that handsome yonng fellow there, leading her out of the box."

Feeling as if my own hair might be turning white that minute, I rushed away.

Some of the prettiest cuffs are made by cutting the sleeves an inch and a-half too long, then ripping the inside seam, turning the extra length backwards, and facing it with velvet.

Mrs. Surratt and Secretary Stanton.

Colonel William P. Wood, who was chief of Federal detectives during the late war, writes as follows to the Washington Gazette:

Some time after the execution of Mrs. Surratt President Johnson sent for me and requested me to give my version of Mrs. Surratt's connection with the assassination of President Lincoln. I did so, and I believe he was thoroughly convinced of the incence of Mrs. Surratt. He assured me that he sincerely regretted that he had not given that lady the benefit of executive clemency, and strongly expressed his detestation of what he termed the "infamous conduct of Stanton" in keeping these facts from him. I asserted my unchangeable friendship for Mr. Stanton under all circumstances, and while I regretted the course adopted by the secretary of war toward Mrs. Surratt, I would never hesitate to perform any act of kindness for him. President Johnson commended me for my devotion to my friends, and the subject of the assassination was never afterward discussed between him and myself. The great war secretary of the Union was no longer in power. He was a plain citizen of our Republic, broken in health and tottering between life and death.

The Republican leaders had, after much pleading, induced President Grant to name Mr. Stanton for a Judge of the Supreme Court. The Senate promptly confirmed the nomination, but Grant, for some reason best known to himself, did not put his signature to the commission, or if he did sign the commission he did not forward it to Mr. Stanton. It was at this time the latter sent for me, and I called at his residence on K street. When ushered into his presence I was startled at his woebegone and wretched appearance. He inquired if I knew the reason why that man (meaning President Grant) withheld his commission. I told him. Then we drifted in our talk to the executions herein referred to, and he rebuked me for not making greater effort to save the woman that was hanged. He said he would have trusted his life in my keeping; that I would have saved him the torments of hell had I been more persistent in my efforts. I reminded him of my call on President Johnson to plead for mercy for Mrs. Surratt, and that I was met by L. C. Baker at the entrance of the President's house, and Baker produced an order over his (Stanton's) signature which set forth that I should not be permitted to enter the building or communicate with the President.

"Too true," he responded, "and the Surratt woman haunts me so that my nights are sleepless and my days miserable, and Grant aids my enemies by refusing to sign my commission, which would afford me temporary relief and perhaps prolong my life. He will not do it, and, Wood, this is at last the end." Placing his hands to his head he continued: "I cannot endure the pressure; I am dying, dying surely, dying now!"

A few parting words were exchanged between us, and the following day the death of Edwin M. Stanton was publicly announced. He never received his commission of judge of the Supreme Court though he had been confirmed by the Senate of the United States.

The Farmer's Home.

There is something decidedly incongruous in a house devoid of life and color, interiorly and exteriorly, set down in the midst of a lovely landscape, where earth and sky combine to give a charm to existence. It is often a matter of wonder that people are content to pass their days in such such surroundings without apparently ever giving a thought to drawing iuto their homes and their lives something of the beauty that envelops them like the atmosphere. So many country homes are built without regard to architectural beauty or adaptiveness to use and circumstances. Too often they are regarded as mere places for staying in over night, a necessary shelter at meal times and in bad weather. They are hastily put together, without any special design or plan in view other than to enclose so many rooms to live in and sleep in, with as little regard for actual comfort, convenience, tastefulness, and harmony of arrangement as there would be in building a stable for the cattle. The idea is to put up a house in so much time for so much money, and for the rest there will be time to think of it when the crops are in and harvested and marketed and the fine cattle bought and the new barn built.

It is not an uncommon thing to hear some penurious soul say that anything is good enough for the family. Proceeding on this principle, all the best things—the finest apples, the freshest eggs, the choicest butter, the tenderest meat—are sent away to market, while the family must be content with "nubbin" fruit, salt pork and skim milk. In such homes music, books, flowers, pictures, soft carpets, easy chairs and innocent recreations are superfluities, and the ends of existence are satisfied if the mortgage is paid, so many bushels of corn and oats put in the granary and so many tubs of butter in the cellar. It is work, work, indoors and out, the weary year around, with nothing but rheumatism and chilblains in winter, and occasional sewing bees and donations, to relieve the monotony of existence. Such homes are homes in name only. They are more like prison walls for young and ardent spirits who have tasted the delights and freedom of a larger and truer life. Their chill and barrenness repel those who have natural cravings for what is bright and beautiful. They are left without regret, and remembered without longing. No fond memories and pleasant associations cluster around them to call back the wanderer and the wayward, and no tender recollections are awakened at the sight of their bare leaden walls. They symbolize, if anything, a dry, hard, exacting life, narrow, repressive, unlovely—an existence bounded by breakfasts and dinners, and twelve hours solid slumber.

If people would only come to understand that the home, in its truest and best sense, is the real centre of our earthly life, the rallying point of all its highest and holiest affections, the true object of its loftiest ambitions, the goal of its noblest and worthiest aims, they would cease to give it a place inferior to anything that the world has or can offer. They would then act, as they should, upon the principle that nothing consistent with means and circumstances is too good for the home, nothing too beautiful for its adornment, nothing too costly for its use and convenience.

Jay-Eye-See's Owner.

"J. I. Case," said a Racine man, as he sat in Broker Schwartz's office, "has a little grandson now who has altogether supplanted the famous Jay-Eye-See in the gruff millionaire's big heart.

"When the millionaire's youngest daughter lost her heart it went into the possession of a young fellow who had no money, and who had simply a moderate place in the office of the Racine Plough Works. 'Oh, yes, take her if you want. You don't get anything with her, though, not a penny; mind that,' was the answer which the suitor got when he asked the old man's consent. There was only a modest wedding, and then the couple moved into a little cottage rented by the husband. 'Give 'em a house? No, let 'em hustle,' was the way the old man met a plea from the girl's mother. 'Didn't we have to hustle, eh? Are they any better'n us?'

"The old man went along and spent thousands on his famous gelding. The young couple moved along in a humdrum way like scores of other modest couples in Racine. The young man 'hustled;' got around every day; paid his debts promptly, and saved a little money. Then there came a little youngster—a boy. Rough old Case got around to see it; got around oftener after that. He used to dance the boy on his knee.

"'Whatcher goin' to call him?' he blurted out one day.

"'We thought we'd name him after his grandpa,' said the pretty, young mother.

"'See here, young fellow,' said the rough man of money, who started life as a blacksmith, 'here is $100,000 for you. I'll start you in business.'

"So now the old man dances his grandson on his knees, the young man hustles on his own account, the young mother looks prettier than ever, and Jay-Eye-See is unthought of."

The Battle of Shiloh.

Gen. U. S. Grant and other distinguished soldiers have been publishing accounts of the battle of Shiloh in recent numbers of the Century. The irrepressible Robert J. Burdette, writing in the Brooklyn Eagle, says:

After carefully reading all published narrations of the battle of Shiloh, up to date, I am firmly convinced:

That there were never more than a sergeant and ten men of the Confederate army actively engaged at one time—

That Grant was surprised at all points—

That he was killed early in the first day's fight—

That the Federal forces outnumbered the stars in the heavens about ten to one—

That Grant's army was routed and driven clear across the Tennessee River into the mountains—

That it never came back and is there yet—

That the valor of a teamster in Buell's army who did not get there until some time the next week saved the day for Grant. I make this statement on the authority of the teamster himself, who ought to know—

That a drummer-boy did all Grant's fighting for him. I am credibly informed of this fact by a son of the drummer-boy, who had it directly from his father.

The widow McLaughlin's husband, a corporal who commanded the Federal right, finally led the movement that drove Beauregard from the field. I have a letter from the widow—who, by the way, desires that her pension be increased—to prove this:

That the fighting was done on the first day—

Except that which followed on the second day—

That both sides were vastly outnumbered—

That each side lost the most men—

That it was only a reconnaissance in force—

That it was merely a skirmish—

That everybody in America was there—

That nobody was there—

That there was no battle of Shiloh—

That there are a powerful sight more men writing about it than were in the fight—

That the fiercest charge was made by the sutler.

A Nation of Egg-Eaters.

"There are at least 50,000,000 eggs consumed daily in the United States," said a wholesale dealer in New York to a reporter. "That is over 4,000,000 dozen, and at an average price will amount to at least $80,000. Think of the outlay and business activity required to handle this enormous quantity. The American people are egg-eaters. As a general thing the supply is equal to the demand, but about three years ago late after January we ran ashore on domestic eggs. What was the result? Europe began to ship us pickled eggs by the millions. Shiploads came over. Prices went down, and the European pickled eggs at fourteen cents a dozen became immensely popular. This almost ruined our home egg market. During the months of April and May the eggs are pickled by means of a solution of lime water. They are kept until November and December and the come in to lower the market. Fresh eggs, though, are worth thirty cents a dozen."

"Where do the eggs in the United States principally come from?"

"From Jersey, Delaware, Virginia, North and South Carolina and Maryland. The Western States of course furnish large quantities, but not so much as the States mentioned. Nineteen million two hundred thousand eggs were shipped from Europe to this country since the 1st of April to September. They come from Belgium, Copenhagan, Hamburg, and the greatest egg mart in the world, Antwerp. But all these European eggs are pickled, and although not half so good as the fresh, yet they have the effect of lowering prices. All of the peasantry in Germany. Belgium and Holland raise large quantities of fowl. But in the United States a few farmers only pay attention to the industry."

"What is the reason that the farmers in the United States do not raise more fowl?"

"Simple enough. They have been in the habit of making large profits from stock and grain and other products, and thought egg-raising too slow. They see their mistake now, and in less than ten years eggs will be exported instead of imported."

"How will the increase come about?"

"If this new experiment of hatching eggs by means of heaters proved successful, then bacon and beef as life-sustaining foods will perhaps be supplanted. Thus far the results on a limited scale have proven successful, and the old hen, instead of wasting days over a dozen or so of eggs, can be putting in her time laying fresh eggs. Thus a double saving will be made. Every farmer with enterprise will have an egg farm or hatchery, just as the rich have hothouses now, and send millions of eggs to market. New York, perhaps, will be the greatest egg centre in the world, and ships will be chartered by the wholesale to do the export business."

A Girl Metamorphosed Into a Boy.

A subject, apparently a young girl of 15, appeared for clinical operation at Jefferson Medical College a short time ago. The patient wore short dresses, looked like a young school miss, and had the manners of a girl. The trouble with the patient was an inability to retain secretions of the kidneys. Dr. W. H. Pancoast made an examination, an discovered two exceedingly interesting facts: First, that his subject was not, as the parents had always supposed, a girl, but a boy, and that he had been born minus a bladder. Dr. Pancoast explained all this to the class before which the operation was performed, and then proceeded to supply an artificial bladder, a surgical feat first accomplished by Dr. Pancoast's father many years ago, and now not an uncommon operation. The parents of the supposed girl, now transformed into a handsome boy, at first refused to credit the facts related by the doctor, and would not keep the subject in boy's attire, dressed in which the Professor had returned him to them. A further operation was made at the request of the parents. This was done last week, and so fully developed other organs that doubt was no longer possible. Now, in addition to this metamorphosis, the lad has been given a boy's name in exchange for the female one with which he was christened. Professor Pancoast has recently also had another case of somewhat the same nature, although not quite so interesting, the subject being a boy of four years, who had always been supposed to be a girl. The operation in each case was about the same, and both patients have recovered.—Philadelphia Record.

Styles for Spring.

The stiff high military collar is on almost all dresses, and is usually of velvet.

Coat sleeves still prevail, and are cut to conform more closely to the arm at the top than they were last season.

The changeable surahs, combined with velvet-figured surah, are the fashionable siks for spring and summer.

Tufted wools, surges, canvas cloths and mohairs are general terms for the various wool stuffs used for spring dresses.

Pointed waists, both in front and back, rival regular basques on imported dresses, especially those of silk, lace or Sicilienne.

The spring cuffs are exceedingly simple, and nothing detracts more from style than a bunchy trimming about the wrists.

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