

The Democratic Advocate.

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WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1903.

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HERING'S DEPARTMENT STORES.

FINAL CLEARING UP SALE OF

Ladies' Coats, Capes and Suits

AT SACRIFICE PRICES.

We are determined that not one shall be carried over to another season. We have marked the prices so low that the goods will be rushed out this week. Not an old garment in the lot.

\$1.98. One lot Ladies' Coats, in black, that sold for \$3.75.	\$5.00. One lot Ladies' Coats, in black and castor, that sold for \$8.50.	\$9.98. One lot Ladies' Coats, in tan, castor and black, that sold up to \$18.
\$3.75. One lot Ladies' Coats and Plush Capes that sold for \$6.50.	\$8.00. One lot Ladies' Coats and Suits that sold for \$13.	\$1.69. One lot Silk Waists, in white only, that sold for \$4.

69 cents.

10 dozen Flannelette Wrappers, good quality; in grey, black and white and colors. Extra wide; nicely trimmed. Have been selling at \$1 and \$1.25.

Kid Glove Bargain.

Black and Grey Mocha Kid Gloves for Ladies, in all sizes, that have been selling at \$1.25; for this sale 79c.

Closing Out Trimmed Hats \$2.98, Were Up to \$10.

Ten Trimmed Hats for women; of felt, velvet and beaver; trimmed with ribbons, wings, etc.; in a number of shapes.

LADIES' SHOES \$1.98.

We have a few more Shoes left of what we advertised last week. You should avail yourself of this opportunity.

\$1.25.

Half dozen Comforts that sold from \$1.75 to \$2.50. Some covered with satin, others in silkoline.

CHARLES E. HERING, Westminister, Md.

The Truth About Lung Troubles

Chapter I. Severe climate. (Thermometer has been known to drop 50 degrees in 50 minutes.) Sun hot, wind cold.
Chapter II. A hard cold. A touch of the grip. Don't seem to get well.
Chapter III. Hacking cough. (Guess it will wear off when warm weather comes.)
Chapter IV. Doctor says left lung is affected.
Everybody knows the last chapter.

Isn't it pitiable? The more so since common cough-cures don't cure a hacking cough. They only temporarily dry it up and upset the stomach. The cause is still there. We believe we can help nine cases out of ten of this kind—that is about our average of relief and cure so far.

We do it with Vinol, which is made from the best remedy for lung troubles the world has ever seen—cod liver oil, but with the vile-smelling grease left out.

The results are gained by improved nourishment. The rich new blood overcomes the swarming germs of disease. There is almost immediate gain. Try it on your guarantee—money back if you want it. Mail Orders Supplied **Free Express Paid**

SHAW DRUG CO.

INSURANCE AGENCY
OF
CHARLES E. GOODWIN,
Successor to Wilson & Goodwin,
26 W. Main Street, second story of Smith & Reinsider's Office Building,
WESTMINSTER, MD.

Represents the following Companies:
Royal Fire Insurance Co. of Liverpool.
Continental Fire Insurance Company of New York.
Norwich Union Fire Insurance Society of England.
Employers Accident Liability Assurance Corporation Limited of London.
No Notes. No Assessments.
Jan 27 v

GEORGE O. BRILHART,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
WESTMINSTER, MD.
Office with Charles E. Fink, Esq., Court street.
oc11

If It Rained Opportunities

Some people would stay indoors. But here are some bargains which you should not miss, and "it's up to you."

BARGAINS IN SHOES.

Ladies' \$2.75 Shoes at \$2.39.	Men's \$3.00 Shoes now \$2.49.
" 2.25 " 1.69.	" 2.75 " 2.20.
" 2.00 " 1.59.	" 2.50 " 1.99.
" 1.50 " 1.25.	" 2.25 " 1.79.
" 1.35 " 1.10.	" 1.50 " 1.20.
" 1.00 " .83.	" 50 Slippers .39.
Misses' 1.50 " 1.19.	Boys' 2.50 Shoes 2.19.
" 1.25 " 1.00.	" 2.25 " 1.99.
Infants' 1.00 " .79.	" 1.50 " 1.25.
" .80 " .69.	" 1.25 " .99.
" .50 " .39.	

HATS AND CAPS.

We have just received from a large hat house in New York city some up to date Hats, and we will be glad to have you call and inspect them. See our line of bargain Hats, which we are closing out at low figures.

UNDERWEAR MUST GO.

Wright's Health Underwear, worth \$1 per garment, now 79c. Glastonbury Underwear, worth \$1.25, now \$1 per garment. Men's 50c Underwear, 37c. Men's 39c Underwear, 33c. Boys' Glove Fitting Underwear, 19c.

STATIONERY.

25 good Envelopes for 2c; 5 quires Note Paper for 10c; 8 rolls of Toilet Paper, 25c; lot of 25c Box Paper, 11c per box; 3c Pencil Tablets, now 4c each; 2 Penny Tablets for 1c. See our 25c Umbrellas, 89c Dress Suit Cases and 39c Telescopes.

Yours for bargains,
THOS. E. HASLEY,
46 W. Main st., Westminister, Md.
Next door to Shaw Drug Co., corner Main and John sts. 567 1m

SELL WHEAT

—TO—

Roberts, Roop & Co.

**HIGHEST PRICE.
HONEST WEIGHT.
FREE STORAGE.**

WESTMINSTER, MD.

CLAUDE TILDEN SMITH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
will give strict attention to all business entrusted to his care.
Office—Albany Building, Court street,
dec30 11

ROBERTS & GROUSE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY.
Office next to Shaw Drug Co.,
jan 27

GROWING OLD.

By William Todd Helms.

A little more gray in the lessening hair,
Each day as the years go by;
A little more stooping in the form,
A little more dim in the eye,
A little more faltering of the step
As we tread life's pathway o'er,
And a little nearer every day
To the ones who have gone before.

A little more halting of the gait,
And a dullness of the ear,
A growing weariness of the frame
With each swift passing year,
A fading of hopes, and ambitions, too,
A faltering in life's quest,
And a little nearer every day
To a sweet and peaceful rest.

A little more loneliness in life
As the dear ones pass away;
A bigger claim on the heavenly land
With every passing day,
A little further from toil and care,
A little less way to roam,
A drawing near to a peaceful voyage
And a happy welcome home.

Select Story.

A TRAGEDY IN A TUNNEL

From the Teller.

The night express was making its customary pause at Grantham station while the engines were changed for the next long run, 100 miles to York.

It was not a crowded train, as I easily perceived when I alighted with the rest to stretch my legs. Most of the passengers had turned out, too, and we lounged about, staring at each other without keen interest until time was up, and the sharp cry of "Take your seats," "Now for the North," sent us back to our carriages.

I had a compartment to myself, and I regained it without paying particular attention to those nearest me, save in the vague, unconscious fashion that would hardly serve for later recognition. One man I noticed in the next carriage—he and I alone were traveling "first," at any rate, in that part of the train—but do not think I should have known him again but for his straggling cap with the lappets tied under his chin and his loose ulster with a cape—distinct facts in his appearance, although they made little impression on me at the time.

Then another matter claimed my notice. There were sudden cries, "Now, sir, now! If you're going on, look sharp, sir, please." I saw a man, a laggard, hurrying down the platform, puffing breathlessly in evident distress, as though the pace was too great for him.

He made straight for where I sat, but stopped one compartment short of mine, and as the train was already moving they brushed him in neck and crop; the signal was given, "Right," the whistle sounded, the engine driver blew a response, and we steamed ahead full speed.

I felt rather concerned about this neighbor and late arrival. His white face, his staring eyeballs and hanging tongue told of great physical exhaustion, and I fancied that I heard a groan as he tumbled into his carriage. Evidently he had run it very close—had come upon the platform at the very last moment, and had all but missed his train. He had only just joined it, of that I felt sure, for I had not observed him on our departure from King's Cross nor here at Grantham. Why had he been so anxious to save his passage and such peril to himself? For he was ill—I made sure he was ill—so sure that I threw down my window and, leaning out, shouted to the next compartment, asking if anything was wrong.

No answer came, or it was lost in the rattle and motion of the express. Once again I called, having no certainty that I could be heard, but certain at last I heard no reply. Why should I worry further? The next compartment was not empty, that I knew. If the newcomer was really ill and wanted help he could get it from his traveling companion, the man in the loose ulster and cap tied under his chin, whom I believed to be in the carriage with him. So I dismissed the matter from my mind and sank back among the cushions of my seat to rest and be satisfied.

I must have dozed off, but only for a minute or two as I thought, and I seemed to be still asleep and dreaming when again I heard a groan in the next carriage. It was a perfectly vivid and distinct impression, as half waking dreams so often are. I could not at the moment say whether what followed was reality or a figment also of my drowsy brain. What I heard I have said was a groan fraught with keen anguish; what I saw was quite clear, but still more extraordinary and unaccountable.

The train had slowed down and was almost at a standstill. We were in a tunnel; the lamps in the carriages threw a strong light upon the brick walls and reflected all that was going on in the compartment next mine (none of the others near any occupant).

But in this the adjoining compartment two figures stood out plainly—men's figures, and one held the other closely in his arms. More than this I could not make out. I saw it clearly, although but a brief space only, a few seconds of time, for the train moved on rapidly with increasing speed, and we ran out of the tunnel. The reflected scene of course disappeared at once as completely as though wiped off a slate.

There was trouble next door, of what nature it was impossible to guess, but I felt that it must be ascertained forthwith. If it was a case of serious illness then the one man would surely ring the alarm bell and seek assistance for the other; if it was foul play he would make no sign, and it then became my bounden duty to interfere without delay.

These thoughts flashed quickly through my mind, and it seemed an age while I waited to resolve my doubts. Probably no

more than a few seconds elapsed before I put my hand to the signal and stopped the train. I was first to get out, and hardly waiting the stoppage I clambered along the footboard and stood upon it, looking into the carriage.

No one was to be seen within.
"Quick, quick!" I cried to the guard when he came up. "In here. Something has happened. There is a man sick; I fear he has fainted. He wasn't alone, but I cannot see the other man."

Now the carriage door was opened and disclosed a body lying recumbent, inert, in a strangely stiff, haphazard fashion on the floor. The guard stooped down, waving his lantern over the white, drawn face and moving the body gently on one side.

"All up with him, I expect. Run, somebody, along the train and see if there's a doctor aboard. And you, sir, what do you know of this?"

I described what I had heard or thought I had heard and seen, including the glimpse reflected in the tunnel.
"You must have been dreaming or you're inventing," was the guard's rather abrupt comment. "Couldn't have seen anything like that—'tain't possible. And how comes it you know such a lot about it? You tell us, too, there was another man in the carriage—what's become of him? A fine story!"

"Would I have given the alarm if I was implicated in any way?" I answered hotly. "Don't be a fool, guard."

The guard would have answered me rudely, no doubt, but at that moment a doctor appeared upon the scene.

"The man is dead—beyond all question dead," he said at the very first glance.

"And the cause of death?" I asked eagerly, while the guard frowned at me as though I were making myself too busy.

"Are there any marks of foul play?"
"None visible," replied the doctor, after a brief examination. "I should say it was heart, but I cannot be certain till I have looked further."

"Which you can do somewhere else and better than here," interposed the guard.
"We've lost too much time already. I must push on to York and report there. This is too big a job for me."

"You had better go back to Grantham," I protested. "It's quite close—not half a dozen miles."

"I don't want you to teach me my duty, and I'm not going. I've got first of all to keep time. Why should I go back?"

"To identify the dead man—he got in at Grantham—and to give information as to the man who got out."

"Oh, bosh!" cried the guard. "There was no man—no one but yourself, and you've got to come along with me, and that's—be pointed to the corpse—on to York."

"I certainly shall not go on with the train. I shall go back to Grantham alone. There is no time to be lost. The other man—"

I thought the guard would have struck me. He was obviously ready to lay violent hands on me, and he repeated that he meant to take me on to York, if necessary by force.

"You've no authority. You're not a police officer, and I am, or as good, for I am a government official. Here is my card. Let there be an end of this. I think you are wrong in going on, but at any rate I shall walk back to Grantham by the line. Be so good as to look after my things in the next compartment," and with that I alighted and left the guard rather cross-fallen.

Within a few minutes, walking rapidly, I re-entered the tunnel which had been the scene of the strange incident, and in less than half an hour I reached the station. It was dimly lighted, for the next express train, the 12.06 "up," was nearly due, and there were several officials upon the platform.

I went up to one, an inspector, and briefly told him what had happened.

"Dear dear! Of course, I remember. That was Mr. Erasmus Bateman. He belongs here—a rich man, greatly respected; has the big stores in High street. He was in a hurry to catch that train, for he was going down tonight for the timber auction at Hull tomorrow. He buys a lot for his furniture factory—that is, he did, I suppose I ought to say. Poor Mr. Bateman! He was heavy, overfat for his age, and he ought not to have run so fast."

"Would he be likely to have run so fast with money on him?" I asked.

"Why, yes; likely enough. He was his own buyer, and he always bought for cash."

Here was a motive for foul play. I saw the disappearance of this second passenger explained. Bateman had died suddenly almost in the other man's arms.

If evilly disposed it would be but the matter of a moment for the latter to get possession of purse and pocket-book and all valuables—everything in fact—and make off, leaving the carriage at once, even at the risk of his life.

It was a pretty, a plausible theory enough, and I put it before the inspector with the whole of the facts.

"I'm inclined to agree with you, sir, always supposing there was any such man," he replied. "Your tunnel story is a big mouthful to swallow."

"There he goes," I whispered, pointing at the inspector's arm and clucking to the tails of a check ulster disappearing in the locking office. "He must not see me; he might recognize me as having been in the north express. But go—sharp's the word. Find out where he's booking to and take a ticket for me to the same place. Here are a couple of sovereigns. You'll find me in the waiting room."

He came to me there, bringing a ticket for King's Cross, the other man's destination.

"Traveling up, no doubt, by the 12.06 midnight express, due in London at 2.40. Mark you now, inspector, I want you to telegraph to Scotland Yard and ask them to have a detective on the arrival platform to watch for our gentleman in check ulster and flap cape and stop him."

"Mention my name; tell the office to look out for me, and we'll arrange further together."

An electric bell sounded in the signal box and the inspector cried: "Here she comes! You wait, sir, till the last, I'll mark the ulster down to his carriage and I'll put you the next door. You must be on the lookout at Peterborough and Finsbury Park. He might get off at one of those stations."

"No fear," I said, as I got into the carriage with a parting injunction to the inspector that he had better telegraph also to York, giving the deceased's name, and inform his relations in Grantham.

My man in the ulster did not move on the way to town. I was continually on the lookout, alert and wakeful, watching in every tunnel we passed through for some corroboration of my former experience. In the flying train probably at this time of night every one but myself was sound asleep. The lights were certainly reflected onto the brick walls, but no action or incident. Nevertheless, I was now quite convinced that I had made no mistake as to what I had seen.

I was close behind the check ulster directly its wearer alighted. So was my friend Mountstuart, the detective, to whom, as he ranged alongside, I whispered:

"Take him straight to the nearest station. I will charge him there with robbery from the person. Mind he does not sling (throw away) any stuff."

Except for my caution I believe he would have got rid of a fat, bulky pocket-book, but Mountstuart caught him in the act and took it from his hand. He began to bluster, shouting "What does this mean? How dare you interfere with me? Who are you?"

"You will hear soon enough," said Mountstuart, quietly. "In with you. We are going to Portland road."

I never saw a man so dumbfounded.

He was a dark-eyed, lantern-jawed, cadaverous looking, and he was shivering, no doubt with the sudden shock of his unexpected arrest. He gave his name at the station as Gregory Carstairs, a commercial traveler, and it came out that he had had business dealings with Mr. Bateman.

The temptation had been irresistible when he held the dead man in his arms to search and despoil him. He thought it was quite safe, no one could know of his presence in the carriage, and the sudden death would be attributed to natural causes.

His possession of the stolen property was enough to secure his conviction for theft, the only charge pressed, for death had really been from heart failure. My evidence as to what I had seen was heard in court, and heard with mixed feeling in which incredulity predominated. The judge and some others were sufficiently interested, however, to put my statement to the test by actual experiment on the Underground Railway, and the fact of the telltale reflection was triumphantly proved.

The next time I met the guard of that night express he was very cross-fallen and admitted that he had made an ass of himself.

Thoughts for the Thoughtful.

We miscreate our own evils.
Be sure they sleep not whom God needs.
Nothing good is ever lost or wholly forgotten.

To make habitually a new estimate, that is elevation.
A great heart is as quick to find another out as the world is slow.

To accept the inevitable quietly and gracefully is the mark of wisdom.
Be sure that God's ear dooms to waste the strength he deigns impart.

Abide in your purpose as in laws which it were impious to transgress.
Everything in nature goes by law and not luck, and what we sow we reap.

The life of every man is a sort of warfare, a long one and full of divers chances.
The heart is our only measure of infinitude. The mind tires of greatness; the heart never.

The laws of friendship are austere and eternal, of one web with the laws of nature and of morals.
All the great deeds of which we have record have been done by earnest beliefs and earnest enthusiasms, even though mistaken ones.

Outward things are not in my power; to will is in my power. Where shall I seek the good and where the evil? Within me is all that is my own.

We love characters in proportion as they are impulsive and spontaneous. The less a man thinks or knows about his virtues, the better we like him.

Where there are confusions, and griefs, and fears and unattained pursuits, and avoidance in vain, and envy and rivalry, can the way to happiness lie there?

It is not things, but opinions about things, that trouble mankind. When, therefore, we are worried or troubled or grieved, never let us blame any other than ourselves, that is to say, our opinions.

What a curious path fate often times seems to make for mortal feet, leading them exactly whither they have resolved not to go, and shutting up against them those ways which seemed so clear and plain.

The making of a man's way comes only from that quickening of resolve which we call ambition. It is the spur that makes man struggle with destiny; it is Heaven's own incentive to make purpose great and achievement greater.

Don't make any one feel self-conscious in your presence; it indicates that you are excessively self-conscious yourself. Be unconscious of yourself, and that will make people unconscious of themselves when with you. Don't expect too much from other people.

The most solid comfort one can build back upon is the thought that the business of one's life—the work at home after the holiday is done—is to help in some small, nibbling way to reduce the sum of ignorance, degradation and misery on the face of the beautiful earth.

There is a proverb which sometimes seems amazingly true, that "Heaven takes care of fools and drunkards." Can it be for their own sakes, or is it out of pity for those belonging to them, to whom they serve as a sort of permanent discipline, the horse hair shirt and mighty scourge which are supposed to contribute to the manufacture of saints? And it is one of the most mysterious lessons of life that such is often the case; that out of the wickedness of one-half of the world is evolved the noble self-devotedness of the other half. Why this should be we know not, and sometimes in our ignorance it makes us very angry; but so it is, and we cannot help seeing it.

The highest use of a friend is his friendship, and, in some respects, a friendly book is the very best of friends. Speech is silver, silence is golden. A book is a silvery friend; it will give you either silver speech or golden silence, as you prefer.

You sit by your fire-light dreaming, with your friend in your hand. "Come, come," you say to him at last, "you are silent, and I am weary; talk to me, amuse me!" And he answers not your petulance with reproach, but looks with kindly face into your eyes and talks. At last you are weary of him. "You talk too much," you say, and turn from him. He stops as he began, relapses into silence, and breathes no complaint of your unreasonable mood.

A book is never jealous, never suspicious. It asks no attentions. It never pouts or sulks because you prefer another book. It never reproaches you with, "I thought you had quite forgotten me."

Household Hints.
Cold tea without soap is good to remove stains from varnished wood.
One of the newest colonial papers is in yellow in divisions which give a panned effect that lends a dignified air to a room.
A mingling of clove and lemon flavors in the afternoon tea is delightful. Drop a whole clove into each cup just before serving.
A heavy broom should always be selected in preference to a light one for thorough sweeping as the weight aids in the process.
A scant teaspoonful of granulated sugar put in the water in which green corn is to be boiled will add considerably to its flavor.
Dip jelly tumblers in boiling water and fill them while still scalding hot. This prevents the glasses from cracking and aids the jellying process.
Oxalic acid will remove ink stains from books. It should first be diluted and then applied with a soft brush and then blotting paper used on the spot.
All sorts of cooking utensils are to be had in nickel, and the saucapan of various sizes. Nickelware, however, costs a little more than some other varieties.
Every few days the coffee pot should be thoroughly cleaned by rubbing salt on the inside. This will remove the coffee and egg that adhere to the pot. This should be well rinsed after the salt is used.
Oil marks on wall paper may be removed by applying paste made of pipe clay and cold water. Leave it on all night and brush it off in the morning. It is possible that a second application may be necessary.
An old-fashioned housekeeper suggests that a household may be rid of mice if their holes are treated with a bellows which has been generously filled with a mixture of red pepper and finely powdered lime. After this the entrance to each hole should be painted with liquid tar.

Thoughts On Life.
Our surest prospect in life is death.
Man's riches are to be estimated rather by the fewness of his wants, than the greatness of his possessions.
When you fret and fume at the petty ills of life, remember that the wheels which go round without creaking last the longest.
Friendship improves happiness and abates misery, by the doubling of our joy and dividing of our grief.
No great characters are found in this world without suffering and self-denial.
We attract hearts by the qualities we display; we retain them by the qualities we possess.
Kind words are the brightest flowers of earth's existence; they make a very paradise of the humblest home that the world can show.
He that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself; for every man will need to be forgiven.
The thought of a possible helpless old age gives all of us moments of anxiety.
The world's marching orders are: "On to the grave," but watch your track and dodge the stumps.
The last day lies hid; therefore watch every day.

Just What She Needed.
"What's this thing?" asked a man who was inspecting a music capotium.
"That?" Oh, that's used on violins.
"Gimme one!" exclaimed the visitor.
"S'pose it would work on my wife?"

Fate of the Flies.

An exchange quotes a distinguished entomologist as saying that a single female fly will lay 120 eggs during her life of from ten to fifteen days and that of these ninety or a hundred will produce other flies. During a summer twelve or thirteen generations of these flies will be produced, so that millions in one season may be the descendants of a single fly.

"Millions" is a feeble word to express the number that would be produced under this estimate. Putting the first generation at 100 and allowing that half of them are females, the second generation would number 5000, with 2,500 females. The third generation would number 250,000, the fourth 1,250,000 and the fifth 62,500,000. Continuing the calculation on the same system to the twelfth generation, we should get a grand total of 4,882,812,500,000,000,000, or, expressed in words, four quintillions, eight hundred and eighty-two quadrillions, eight hundred and twelve trillions, five hundred billions, a number quite inconceivable. Estimating the population of the earth at a billion and a half, this would give 3,255,208,333 1/3 flies to every man, woman and child on earth, all the descendants of one fly in a single summer.

It is true in this calculation we have taken the higher number of flies to begin with—100 instead of 90—but in return we have left off the thirteenth generation (as unlucky), which would have given us a total fifty times greater, so the calculation may be taken as a fair one.

It must be that the estimate of flies or of generations is too liberal. A great many of the eggs must perish, and the number of flies that are hatched must be overestimated. We could not cope with the flies at the rate of increase here given.

The question is pertinent. What becomes of all the flies?

Some Lessons of 1902.
Some valuable lessons have been learned as a result of the peculiar climatic conditions which mark the growing season of 1902, the wet summer, as it is now known, when between four and five feet of rainfall had to be cared for in the great Mississippi valley. One is that twice the average rainfall as it came in last season will insure twice the average crop of grass and hay, and with this has developed the fact that such excessive growth of grass is greatly inferior in nutritive value compared with the product of the average year. Another thing we note is that in such a year of surplus rainfall a vast amount of plant food stored up during preceding dry years is made available for plant growth, evidenced by the almost abnormal growth of foliage and new wood on all trees and shrubs. We further note that excessive moisture is in a large measure fatal to parasitic life. We cannot recall a year when all forms of parasites, even to flies, we held in such complete subjection. The season saved many a man the need of a hydrographic survey of his farm, and he has been enabled to determine just what portions of it needed either surface or under drainage. Some lessons of value have also been learned regarding the cultivation and harvesting of crops, and hereafter the effort to harvest and save the crop will be at least as much of a consideration with him as the growing of it.

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine. Learn how to tell a story. A well-told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sick room. Learn to keep your own trouble to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows. Learn to stop croaking. If you cannot see any good in the world, keep the bad to yourself. Learn to hide your pains and aches under a pleasant smile. No one cares to hear whether you have the earache, headache or rheumatism. Don't cry. Tears do not do place in real life. Learn to meet your friends with a smile. A good-humored man or woman is always welcome, but the dyspeptic or hypocondriac is not wanted anywhere, and is a nuisance as well.

Romance of a Lockout.
During the distress among the Copenhagen workmen on account of a lockout in 1887 the public was appealed to for contributions.

An old couple in Jutland, having no money, sent in their wedding rings as their humble contribution for the relief of the starving people. The organization kept the rings as a memento of this kind act.

Recently the old couple celebrated their golden wedding under very distressing circumstances. They were actually starving. This came to the knowledge of the Copenhagen workmen. A collection was organized, and in a few days the couple received £80 in cash and two new wedding rings, with a grateful acknowledgment of their kindness during the time of trouble.

Spain's Migratory Sheep.
In Spain there are some 10,000,000 of migratory sheep which every year travel 200 miles from the plains to the "desolate mountains," where the shepherds feed them till the snow descends. These sheep are known as transhumants, and their march, resting places and behavior are regulated by ancient and special laws dating from the fourteenth century. At certain times no one is allowed to travel on the same route as the sheep, which have a right to graze on all open and common land on the way and for which a road ninety yards wide must be left on all enclosed property. The shepherds lead their flocks and the sheep follow, and the