THE DENTON JOURNAL
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
WM. HENRY LECO,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE, OR TWO DOLLARS, if not paid within ONE MONTH of the time of subscribing, or renewal of subscription. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months. A failure to notify a discontinuance is considered a new engagement. These terms will be strictly adhered to.

Denton Journal.

A Family Newspaper Devoted to General Intelligence, Agriculture, Advertising, &c.,—Independent on all Subjects.

VOL. 27. DENTON, MD., SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1875. NO. 28.

ADVERTISEMENTS

WILL be conspicuously inserted on the following terms: ONE SQUARE (SIX LINES, SOLID MEASUREMENT,) will be inserted THREE TIMES FOR ONE DOLLAR, and TWENTY-FIVE CENTS for each subsequent insertion: Longer ones in the same proportion. A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year. Advertisements not marked the number of insertions desired, will be continued until ordered out and charged for accordingly. Proceedings of public meetings, and personal communications are matters chargeable at half the rates of advertising. All advertisements are collectable on first insertion.

Md. & Del. Rail Road.

FALL ARRANGEMENT,

On and after Monday, Oct. 19th, 1874, Trains will run as follows:

GOING NORTH.

LEAVE.	
Easton,	9.00 A. M.
Woodland,	9.15
Cordova,	9.25
Hillsboro',	9.40
Ridgely,	9.50
Greensboro',	10.10
Goldsboro',	10.25
Henderson,	10.40
Marydel,	11.00
Slaughter's,	11.15
Kenton,	11.30
ARRIVE.	
Clayton,	11.45
Wilmington,	3.50 P. M.
Philadelphia,	5.25
Baltimore,	8.15
New York,	10.25

GOING SOUTH.

LEAVE	
New York,	11.55 P. M.
Baltimore,	7.30
Philadelphia,	8.30
Wilmington,	10.10
Clayton,	1.00 P. M.
Kenton,	1.20
Slaughter's,	1.35
Marydel,	1.50
Henderson,	2.05
Goldsboro',	2.15
Greensborough,	2.40
Ridgely,	2.50
Hillsborough,	3.05
Cordova,	3.20
Woodland,	3.35
ARRIVE	
Easton,	3.50

All freights must be at the various stations at least thirty (30) minutes before the starting of the trains, otherwise they will lay over twenty-four hours.
oct17-tf J. L. CALDWELL, Supt.

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S
RESTAURANT
AND
EATING SALOON.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has fitted up the buildings on Washington street, adjoining the Norris House, in complete order, and has opened a first-class
RESTAURANT,
where Oysters, Terrapins, Beef and Pork Steaks, Mutton Chops, Coffee, and everything eatable, may be obtained in their season, at all hours, at short notice, and at reasonable prices.
☞ Private rooms for ladies and parties.
He has also fitted up a
BOWLING ALLEY,
BILLIARD SALOON and
BAGATELLE TABLE,
where the lovers of these sports can obtain recreation, and pass away a dull hour.
His Bar will be supplied with the purest and finest LIQUORS, and his PROVISIONS will always be fresh and of the best quality.
The best of order will at all times be preserved, and every effort be made for the comfort and pleasure of his guests. [Denton, Md.
feb8-tf

REMOVAL!

We inform our friends of the Eastern Shore that we have removed from 168 W. Pratt Street, to the Spacious Warehouse,
216 WEST PRATT STREET,
ONE SQUARE ABOVE,
Between Charles and Hanover,
BALTIMORE.
Having enlarged our facilities, we are now prepared to offer a large stock of
Superior Clothing,
at reasonable prices.
Soliciting a continuance of your kind favors, we remain,
Very truly yours,
HARTSBERG & STEIFEL.
feb7-6mos.

W. S. GOSLIN. THOS. M. GOSLIN
W. S. GOSLIN & SON.
Commission Merchants
FOR THE SALE OF
Grain, Ship Timber
Eastern Shore Lumber, Staves, &c.
—ALSO—
AGENT FOR THE SALE OF
James Webbs' Very Superior Ashes.
PRICE 12½ CENTS PER BUSHEL.
Delivered on board Vessels.
No. 51 South Street, (Up Stairs,)
Baltimore, Md.
june 21-y

ESTABLISHED 1816.
CHAS. SIMON & SONS,
62 NORTH HOWARD ST., BALTIMORE, MD.,
Dealers in
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,
would call special attention to their splendid stock of Dress Goods, Linen Goods, Embroideries, Laces and Hosiery; the best assortment of Mourning Goods in the city.
SAMPLES SENT FREE!
All orders amounting to $20.00 or over, will be sent free of freight charges by Express, but parties whose orders are not accompanied by the money, and having their goods sent C. O. D., must pay for return of the money. [jan24-1y.

F. W. NEAVITT
Commission Merchant
FOR THE SALE OF
GRAIN AND COUNTRY PRODUCE,
No. 96 Light Street,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Refers by Permission to
Col. Geo. Davis, Smyrna, Del.
Capt. B. S. Ford, Baltimore City.
Mr. Geo. Biddle, Cecilton, Cecil Co., Md.
Mr. Geo. W. Taylor, Centreville, Md.
Capt. John H. Evans, Queen Ann's Co., Md.
Mr. John W. Temple, Caroline Co., Md.

ISAAC BAER & CO.
DEALER IN
Wool, Hides, Sheep-Skins, Metals, Furs, Feathers, and Beeswax,
No 11 Camden Street,
BETWEEN CHARLES & LIGHT STREETS,
BALTIMORE, MD!
nov21-6mos.

WM. S. RIDGELY.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's counties. d30-1y

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H. H. GOLDSBOROUGH. WM. G. ROBERTS
GOLDSBOROUGH & ROBERTS
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
EASTON, MD
☞ Will practice in Talbot, Queen Anne's, Caroline and Dorchester Counties. [oct19-1y.

GEO. M. RUSSUM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
DENTON, MD.
Can be found at his office adjoining T. E. Heather, opposite the Court House.

THOS. H. KEMP. JAS. W. WADDELL
KEMP & WADDELL,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.
WILL practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot, Queen Anne's and other adjacent counties. [apr25-tf.

CHAS. E. SHANAHAN,
Attorney-at-Law.
OFFICE ON DOVER STREET,
EASTON, MD.
☞ Will practice in the Courts of Talbot, Caroline and adjoining counties. Especial attention to ollection of claims, Sale of Real Estate, &c.
nov2-1y.

STAGE ROUTE.
HAVING purchased the mail route from Denton to Ridgely, I am now prepared to accommodate the travelling public on the most reasonable terms. My back is large and comfortable and in thorough repair, and my horses are always FIRST CLASS. I hope by strict attention to business to merit a liberal share of public patronage.
sep26-y. J. H. COULBOURN.

HENRY IRWIN,
AUCTIONEER,
DENTON, MD.
Offers his services to the public to cry sales in Caroline and adjoining counties. He flatters himself, if employed, that he can give entire satisfaction. [dec21-y

500 FARMS FOR SALE!
IN CAROLINE, QUEEN ANNE'S AND TALBOT COUNTIES, MD.
From $10 to $50 per Acre.
Address MANCHA & BRO.
feb21-y. Ridgely, Md.

CHAS. H. GIBSON,
Attorney-at-Law.
(OFFICE OPPOSITE THE M. P. CHURCH.)
EASTON, MD.
mar19-1y.

GRAIN AND PRODUCE.
GOULD, DUKES & CO.
No. 102 Light Street Wharf, Balt.
Buy and Sell Exclusively on Commission.
Consignments of
Grain, Wool, Fruits, &c., respectfully solicited.
feb22-y.

CHEAP
BOOTS & SHOES.
THE undersigned would call the attention of the public to his supply of
BOOTS & SHOES,
both of his own and city make, which he is now offering in the store house lately occupied by Thos. Cooper, adjoining the Post Office in the town of Denton. His stock comprises a supply for both gentlemen and ladies wear, which he will sell
CHEAP FOR CASH.
Of his own manufacture he can say with confidence none can be found superior to it. His workmen are experienced and skilled.
Repairing done promptly and satisfactorily. The patronage of an impartial public is respectfully solicited.
jan3-1y. WM. T. SHEWBROOKS.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN!
Farmers and Grangers.
WM. N. CALVERT & CO.,
Flour, Grain, Lumber and General
Commission Merchants,
89 SOUTH STREET,
BALTIMORE, Md.
☞ C. B. Jones, Salesman, formerly of the firm of Brown, Jones & Co., and Chaplin & Jones.
Our charges are one cent per bushel on grain, as the time has come to return to old prices. Respectfully soliciting the patronage of the general public, we assure you all consignments will receive faithful attention. All sales be immediately reported, and the proceeds promptly remitted.
Give us a trial to prove that your interest can be served by us, Yours truly,
nov21-2m. WM. N. CALVERT & CO.

For Sale.
100,000 OSAGE ORANGE—first class—price to suit the times. Apply to J. BOON DUKES,
nov7-3w. Near Denton.

CALL BEFORE PURCHASING ELSEWHERE at B. F. FIELD & CO'S Cheap Store.

THE NEW YEAR.

Hark to the bells, the sweet-voiced bells,
Which float across the solemn night!
Hear what an anthem of delight
With every passing moment swells,
As far and near, with voices clear,
They welcome in the glad New Year.

He comes, his limbs with garland bound,
And round him, like a halo, now
The dawn of childhood, and his brow
With sacred mistletoe is crowned,
And in his eyes Hope's dawning light
Shines like a star upon the night.

He comes with soft and noiseless tread,
The young, the glad, the sweet new year;
With gentle step he draweth near
To where the Old Year lieth dead,
And taken from out his lifeless hands
The glass which holds Time's shifting sands.

Disturb him not, the gray Old Year,
But fold his hands across his breast;
So let him lie and take his rest.
Tread lightly now, touch not his bier,
No need is there for him to weep,
Close his pale eyes and let him sleep.

Alas! his hands with blood are red,
The mark of Cain is on his brow,
Peace! come away, forgive him now.
The sad Old Year, since he is dead,
Let him sleep on—he cannot hear
The bells that sound so sweet and clear.

But now, the Year, with louder swells
We hail thy advent—louder swells
The rapturous anthem of the bells,
With songs of joy we welcome thee,
With hearts which glow with hope and cheer
We greet thy coming, glad new year!

RUTH'S CHRISTMAS.

Ruth Hill was the niece of Farmer Hill—as wild and pretty a housekeeper, the neighbors said, as an old man would carp to have, whose own sons and daughters were married and gone, and whose wife was in heaven. She was good at churning, baking, or weaving, however; her cheeses were the pride of the county. Her bread had passed into a proverb. Many of the young men of the township had paid court to her, only to find it time wasted if they dared put the question.

"Maybe she's waiting for him of the Qidge Farm," was the favorite sarcasm launched at Ruth. Now the owner of the Ridge Farm was as mythical a personage to the residents of Greenside as the Grand Lama of Thibet or the man in the moon. It was indeed a well authenticated fact that a farm of that name existed; that its owner carried off the county prizes; but nobody among Ruth's acquaintances remembered having seen him. Nobody in those parts had had the happiness to meet him in highway or market-town; but when a son of Greenside was to be especially commended to the good graces of any of its daughters, he was declared "as good a catch as him of the Rrdge Farm," or if a neighbor raised an ambitious crop of grain or grapes, or a yoke of steers remarkable in any respect, he was reputed to have beaten the Farm Ridge hollow. As this hero was understood to be a bachelor, the girls joked about him. Every stranger driving by was him of the Ridge Farm; when their scissors stuck in the floor, he was coming to call; and every letter among the tea grounds in their cups was written by him. To be mistress of the Ridge Farm was almost equivalent, in their regard, to being Queen of England.

"I'm tired of this eternal titter about the Ridge Farm and its owner," said Ruth, on one occasion. "I suppose he's made of clay like other folks."

"Like his farm, too," put in her uncle Isaac.

"I don't care for him nor his farm either," averred Ruth,

"Wait till you're asked, Ruth."

"I'd show him there was one woman in the world he couldn't have for the asking; he'd ask in vain, I promise you."

Perhaps, as rumors of the Ridge Farm travelled to Greenside, so Ruth's scoffing may have reached the ears of its master, since a dog that brings a bone will carry one.

One winter Uncle Isaac was overreached by rheumatism, and though he fondly trusted that spring would bring him round, yet spring came and found him still beneath the counterpane; but as the planting must be done, and the farm hands needed a head man, he advertised in the *County Plowman* for a capable man to oversee the farm of Isaac Hill. And to illustrate the advantages of advertising, a somewhat tall and thickset man of twenty-five arrived, one Elkanah Reed, with honest brown eyes, and a severely outlined mouth, which a smile broke into tender lines and curves. He carried ample recommendations in his pocket, one of which bore the name of Guy Grosvenor the master of the famous Ridge Farm.

"And how long have you worked at the Ridge?" asked Uncle Isaac.

"From a boy, sir, off and on," was the answer.

Ruth stood with one arrested hand on her spinning-wheel, listening—a pretty picture enough, with her saucy bright eyes, the apple-blossom color flitting across her cheek, and her lips half pouted with a smile. She had been too often told of her charms not to believe in them, and perhaps she was the least bit surprised that Elkanah Reed never looked at her after the first salutation.

"And why did you leave the Ridge Farm?" she asked, presently, not caring at all, but bent upon compelling his regard.

"Why, miss? Because I wished to earn more, by your leave."

"So he of the Ridge is a hard master eh? Is he a bachelor still? Will he never marry, think you?"

"Perhaps—if he were to see you miss."

Ruth flung back her curls and made her wheel buzz. This was the recognition she had craved, but somehow it half displeased her; she was uncertain but this Elkanah Reed was laughing at her.

"I would sweep the streets first," she answered scornfully. Then she turned her liquid glance full upon him, and her [illegible] graciously said, "I have met you somewhere, if I mistake not; it was at the fair last autumn?"

"Very likely," he answered, indifferently; "I was there;" and he addressed himself to her uncle.

"They have told him I am a flirt, and he means to take care of himself, the cravon," she thought; "but when did I ever have to beg for notice, that I need mind if a farm hand turns his eyes away from me? He'll be looking this way hard enough before long, I'll warrant." But for once in her life Ruth was mistaken. Elkanah Read was pleasant and civil to her, just as he was to Kitty Daft, the half-cracked woman from the poor-house, who came to the farm for her titbits of doughnuts and cider, and brought dried herbs that were quite as likely to be deadly-nightshade or poison-ivy as anything. He seemed another order of men from that with which Ruth had had to deal hitherto, and her presence appeared to affect him no more than if he were made of flint instead of flesh, and she were the ugliest girl in the township. He relieved her, to be sure, of a dozen burdens; when Uncle Isaac had an ill-turn, he watched and sent Ruth to bed; he repaired her spinning-wheel, and praised her cooking; but whether he took the heavy milking pails out of her hands, whether he turned the churn-dasher in her stead, or held her skein of yarn in place of the broken reel, he did it with such a nonchalance that it was more aggravation than pleasure, just as he would have done it for any woman, plain or pretty, married or single, with no more visible emotion than if she had been a clay figure instead of a breathing beauty accustomed to homage. He never said pretty things to her. He came in and out, and sat at the same table and beside the same hearth, and went to the same merry-makings, and knelt beside her at evening prayers in Uncle Isaac's keeping-room, for six months and better without making answers to the coquetry in her eyes, without taking recognition of her charms. Naturally flesh and blood like Ruth's could not long endure such treatment; she must either hate or love him.

One morning they were cutting off a dead limb from a button-wood tree near the house, and just as it was about to fall Ruth came sauntering across the yard, her curls blowing back from her rosy face, and carrying a handful of burdock leaves for Uncle Isaac's rheumatism. In half a minute more her chances wouldn't have been worth a fig had not Elkanah Reed dropped the axe he was grinding, and snatched her away in two strong arms at the risk of his own head.

That night, when Ruth lighted Elkanah's candle, she detained it a moment, and began to say, "You were very good this morning—to—to do as you did. I—I—"

"Oh, that's nothing," he interrupted, brusquely. "Do you think I'd stand by and see a woman knocked down?"

"But you might have been hurt yourself. I don't—know how to—reward you," she stammered, dropping her eyes before his. It was the first time she had ever hesitated in her speech toward man.

"You will reward me—if reward is necessary for doing one's duty—by forgetting all about it," he said. And Ruth felt as if it had been less cruel had he allowed the button-wood bough to crush her instead.

"If you are going over to the quilting at Jackson's," said Uncle Isaac next day, "you had better let Elkanah drive you."

"I prefer to walk, thank you," said Ruth.

"They've found bears' tracks in the woods between here and Jackson's" said Elkanah. "You can go round by the highway if you like walking. It's a mile further, but you avoid the woods."

Ruth made no response, but Elkanah was busy in the yard when he passed out, with a saucy bow and smile, and he saw that she perversely chose the short-cut through the woods. She went along through the foot-path with her head down, not much caring for the bears or believing in their neighborhood, but delaying here and there to pick the tempting raspberries that overhung the way, or to gather the wild geranium flowers for a boquet. She had forgotten all about danger, in fact, when a rustling in the underbrush startled her out of her thoughts, and she had only time to look over her shoulder in season to see Bruin spring across the path and plunge into the woods again, before there was a sharp click and a flash, and it seemed to Ruth as if the trees were all dancing together and the earth was shaking under her, and then she had fallen like one dead [illegible] ferns, shot through the foot by a gunner on the track of the bear, whose fowling piece had caught in the undergrowth and discharged itself.

When Ruth got about after this it was very plain she would never skip down the well again for the lost bucket, nor catch the colts in the pasture, nor mow a long summer's afternoon, nor dance at quilting or wedding, "nor be much of a match for *any* young farmer now," as the neighbors said, for she walked with the crutch Elkanah Reed had fashioned for her, and would probably never lay it aside.

The Hill farm had yielded largely under Elkanah Reed's management, but he was to leave at Christmas. It was he who had assisted Ruth at pickling, preserving and canning, and had become almost as necessary to her indoor as he was to her wants before she could put hand to her crutch, but he never let fall a tender word or look, nor permitted himself to be betrayed into turning a compliment to please her, nor trifled away the spare minutes in any [illegible] sense which is half love-making, so dear to young folks. When they were obliged to drive to market together, he jumped out to pull every painted leaf or blanched fern that she praised; but she had seen him stop his horse and climb a tree to reach some particular bough of glory for old Kitty Daft to hang over her mantel, and Ruth laid no flattering unction to her soul on account of these things.

So the maples blushed in the woods, and turned to fluttering gold pieces, the sumach and woodbines reddened, and oak and beech put on holiday attire; the shapes of the trees were growing every day more defined against the pensive autumn sky; there was a hush in the air, only broken, not marred, by the bursting and pattering of nuts, by the ripple of the falling leaf, and the mournful melody of the crickets; and one grew to have a sense of insecurity in all its beauty, as if a breath would break the spell, bedim the gold, and sadden the scarlet leaf. At All Hallowe'en the young men and girls assembled in the kitchen at the Hill Farm to work their charms, while they dived for the lucky apple, and searched the melted lead for the implements of their future sweethearts' craft, and roasted chestnuts.

"Did any one name my chestnut?" asked Ruth, as it began to burn brightly.

"I named it," said Elkanah.

"You? And who, pray?"

"I named it the master of Ridge Farm," he replied. "See! the two flames have become one—that signifies marriage."

"Then I'll quench it," said Ruth, throwing water upon the blaze. "The master of Ridge Farm, indeed, to marry a crutch? It is not seemly of you to be laughing at me, Elkanah Reed."

"Am I laughing at you? You had a plow in the lead for your share: they should go together."

"There are other farmers in the land, thank Heaven."

Though Ruth would not confess it, even to herself, the year had been full of disappointment to her, and now as the wind whistled through the leafless boughs of November, and the Indian summer was vanishing like a beautiful wraith, and the time drew near for Elkanah to depart, she was oppressed with a foreboding of trouble and grief, which was realized one morning when Uncle Isaac fell asleep in his arm chair, with the November sunshine on his face.—"Hush, don't wake him," she said to Elkanah, when he came in to dinner; "he rested poorly last night."

"But he's gone to his eternal rest today, Ruth," said Elkanah, touching the dead man's hand. There was a hushed stir in the farm house next day, friends and relatives coming post-haste, needles and neighbors busy over yards of bombazine. But when Uncle Isaac left the Hill Farm, forever, Ruth awoke to the fact that she had no longer any home. The will in which Isaac Hill was to have provided for her had been put aside unfinished; the farm was to be sold and the proceeds to be divided among the heirs; and the only one among them who offered her shelter was the cousin she had refused to marry years before, and whose wife did not naturally second the invitation. Alone, homeless, and crippled, Ruth found herself as Christmas drew near, when comfort and friends and good-cheer seem the only natural things, and misfortune, a spot on the holiday sun, a cloud in its sky. The place was to be sold the following week, and there was a great packing up and pulling down, and the familiar rooms she had known so long were as naked and forlorn as the outside world, and every one was moving homeward for the holidays.—But where should she go, and what should she do? A person on a crutch! asked Elkanah, as if he had heard her thoughts.

"You know almost as well as I do?" she answered, sadly.

"Aye, perhaps I know better," he said, raking together the coals upon the hearth. All the household goods, packed and labeled, stood ready to depart in the wainscoted kitchen, while Ruth sat on the old settee, with her hands idly folded over each other.

"It is Christmas to-morrow," she said, bitterly. "Last year we had a dance in the kitchen here, and I could balance with the best."

"Do you recall the day I came here—the early spring day?" asked Elkanah, sitting down beside her on the settee, and taking her hand in his broad palm. The thing was so strange on his part that Ruth drew it away quickly and turned her head aside.

"Aye, I remember well enough." If this man was going to take pity upon her, she would show him that even a cripple had some pride, some spirit; and [illegible] something in the touch of his warm hand that was pleasant. She was almost sorry she had drawn her hand away, but could not give it back.

"And do you mind what answer I made when you asked why I left Ridge Farm?" not heeding her rebuff, but leaning nearer and winding a vagabond curl about an audacious brown finger.

"Yes," she said, twisting the curl into the net that confined her hair today—"yes, you said you left Ridge Farm because you wished to earn more, or words to that effect, not worth remembering;" for she was angry with herself because she remembered them so faithfully.

"And can you guess what it was I wished to earn? Can you? Come, here's a conundrum. Look me in the face, Ruth, while I tell you the answer.—How long was it Jacob served for Rachel? I came to earn your love, Ruth. Put your hand in mine, child, if I have not failed, and let us be thankful together." And truth to tell, the truant hand crept shyly back and nestled into his.

"And now you see, sir," laughed Ruth, on Christmas morning, as they left Greenside together, with the bells pealing across the frosty air, and drove towards Elkanah's home, where he had sent word for a parson to meet him—"now, you see, I shall never marry the master of Ridge Farm, and make all girls envious. Who knows"—with a touch of her old mischief—"but I might have done better for myself and my crutch?"

"Who knows, indeed?" answered Elkanah; and when after half a day's journey, he drew up before a farm-house and called for a man to take his horse, and said "Welcome home, Ruth!" bending to kiss her mouth, Ruth exclaimed:

"What, here? Why I passed by here six years ago with Uncle Isaac, coming home from Aunt Esther's funeral, and he said it was the Ridge Farm."

"It is the Ridge Farm," he assured her, "and I am its master, Ruth. They told me you'd jilt even an angel in disguise, but I can swear that you treat a man better. When I saw you at the fair last year I made bold to fall in love with you. Forgive me the part I played, dear; the end sanctifies the means in this case at least. Come, sweetheart, Parson Welfare is waiting for us."

And so Guy Elkanah took Buth Ellen for his wedded wife, and it was Christmas morning at the Ridge Farm.

How quickly one generation of men follows another to the grave. We come like the ocean waves to the shore, and scarcely strike strand before we roll back into the forgetfulness whence we came.

The Hat of the Period.

One of the most interesting and amusing, if not instructive occupations, is to spend a few minutes in reflection upon the modern head-gear of woman. Take a walk on any of our streets and mark the effect. You meet a remarkably modest and apparently timid lady today and you notice that her hat has a meek and shrinking indentation in the crown. It looks as if it wanted to shun the wicked world and hang itself up in a nunnery. To-morrow, you meet the same lady, and what a change! She appears as daring as Joan of Arc and as independent as the president of a woman's congress. And her whole appearance is thus altered by pinning up in front of that hat. Next day she appears like a brigand. The brim is flattened out and her eyes gleam furiously from underneath, as if watching an opportunity to order you to stand and deliver. You see her again, and the brim is turned up behind, while it is very flat in front, giving her the appearance of a female Solon Shingle tryof apple sass." When next you meet her she is sailing jauntily down the side-walk, trim and saucy as a pirate craft, with the brim turned up at the side and ornamented with a murderous looking dagger or tomahawk. In this guise she is almost irresistible. Again, and it is pitched on the extreme back of her head, reminding you of Toodles in his cup, when he is assuring the sailor man that when his father heard of the sailor man's death, "he went broken-hearted to his grave and *died there!*" With all these advantages it is no wonder that the reigning hat is popular. It is comfortable to the head—so they say—and is an ornament or disguise as required. It is demure, jaunty, meek, saucy, bold, sly, obstinate, conciliating, tender—whatever you please—everything by turns and nothing long. It is the hat of the period. Cunning and deceitful, but above all things desperately wicked.

The Advantages of a Beard.

Gentlemen who pride themselves on their luxuriant beards, will take comfort in knowing that the mustache is a natural respirator, defending the lungs against the inhalation of cold and dust. It is a protection of the face and throat against cold, and is equally in warm climates a safeguard for those parts against excessive heat. The mustache of blacksmiths show by their color, the dust which they stop as a natural inspirator, and which, if inhaled, would be injurious. The mustache is beneficial to those who follow the trades of millers, bakers, masons, to workers in metal, etc. Full beards are said to be a defense against bronchitis and sore throats. It is asserted that the sappers and miners of the French army, who are noted for the size and beauty of their beards, enjoy a special immunity from affections of this nature. The growth of hair has been recommended to persons liable to take cold easily.

HOW TOM MARSHALL CAME TO BE A DRUNKARD.—How came you to be a drunkard? asked a friend of Tom Marshall, in a conversation with him. "Well, I will tell you all about that. I graduated in law at Lexington, with the celebrated divine, Robert J. Breckinridge, and our friends thought we were the intellectual wonders of the age, and they advised us, by way of taking a high position at once, to attack Henry Clay, then in the prime of his fame and power, upon the first opportunity which presented itself. That opportunity soon came. We were both employed in a case in opposition to him. Bob made a speech, and I made a speech, and our friends congratulated us upon our tremendous speeches, and we were basking in the sunshine of coming prosperity, when the old lion arose, and with one sweep of his paw he drove Bob to the Bible and me to the bottle, where we have been ever since."

A NEGRO'S PRYYER FOR HIS TEACHER.—O Lord, bress de teacher who came so far to 'struct us in de way to heaven. Rock her in de cradle of love! Backen de work of power in her heart, dat she may have souls for her hire, and many stars in her crown in de great gettin' up mornin' when de general roll is called. And when all de battles is over, may she fall all quivered with victory, be buried wid the honors of war, and rise to wear de long white robe in glory, and walk de shinin' streets in silver slippers, down by de golden sunrise, close to de great white throne; and dere may she strike glad hands wid all her dear scholars, and praise you, O, Lord, for ever and ever, for Jesus' sake. Amen.—*Wesleyan Juvenile Offering.*

To put a horse on his metal, shoe him.

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