THE DENTON JOURNAL
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
WM. HENRY LEGG,
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, FEBRUARY 6, 1875. NO. 32.

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,	8.00 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. T. H. HUBBARD,

feb8-tf Easton, Md.

REMOVAL!

We inform our friends of the Eastern Shore that we have removed from 188 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 & STEFFEL.

feb1-6mos.

W. S. GOSLIN. THOS. H. GOSLIN

W. S. GOSLIN & SON.

Commission Merchants

FOR THE SALE OF

Grain, Shi 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,

53 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, to all 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.

HOWT. J. JUMP,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

DENTON, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's counties. d30-1y

WM. S. RIDGELY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

DENTON, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot ad Queen Anne's counties. d30-1y

H. H. GOLDSBOROUGH. WM. G. ROBERTS

OLDSBOROUGH & 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.

—0—

Can be found at his office adjoining T. R. Heather, opposite the Court House.

CHAS. H. GIBSON,

Attorney-at-Law.

(OFFICE OPPOSITE THE M. P. CHURCH,)

EASTON, MD.

mar19-1y.

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 collection of claims, Sale of Real Estate, &c.

nov9-1y.

DR. W. H. DOWNES, DENTON, MD

Offers his professional services to the citizens of Denton and vicinity. Can be found at all hours in the rear room of Col. R. C. Carter's office, unless professionally engaged.

☞ Teeth extracted without pain.

Office hours from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M.

Residence on Main street opposite the M. E. Church. [sep5-1y.

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.

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 hack 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 call sales in Caroline and adjoining counties. He flatters himself, if employed, that he can give entire satisfaction. [dec21-y

ESMA LOWE,

AUCTIONEER,

DENTON, MARYLAND.

HAVING taken out license as auctioneer, is prepared to call sales at auction in Caroline county. His long experience will enable him to render satisaction in each inslance. [feb21-tf.

GRAIN AND PRODUCE.

COULD, DUKES & CO.

No. 102 Light Street Wharf, Balt.

Buy and Sell Exclusively on Commission.

Consignments of

Grain, Wool, Fruits, &c., respectfully solicited.

feb22-y.

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.

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 manufecture 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.

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

GRAMMAR IN RHYME.

The annexed effusion has been published from time to time during the past twenty years. But the name of the author should not have been allowed to sink into oblivion. On the contrary, he deserves immortality, and the gratitude of generations yet unborn, for we have never met with so complete a grammar of the English language in so small a space. Old, as well as young, should commit these lines to memory, for by their aid it will be difficult, if not impossible, for them to fall into errors concerning parts of speech:—

I.

Three little words you often see
Are articles, a, an, and the.

II.

A noun's the name of anything,
As school or garden, hoop or swing.

III.

Adjectives show the kind of noun
As great, small, pretty white or brown.

IV.

Instead of nouns the pronouns stands,
Her head, his face, your arm, my hand.

V.

Verbs tell us something to be done,
To read, count, laugh, sing, jump, or run.

VI.

How things are done, the adverbs tell,
As slowly, quickly, ill or well.

VII.

Conjunctions join the words together,
As men and women, wind or weather.

VIII.

The preposition stands before
A noun, as in, or through, the door.

IX.

The interjection shows surprise,
As oh! how pretty—ah! how wise.

The whole are called nine parts of speech
Which reading, writing, speaking, teach

The Heiress' Choice.

A TRUE STORY.

BY S. COBB, JR.

In the early winter of 1852, Nathan Atherling lay dying in a New Jersey city not very far from the Hudson. He had amassed great wealth in the mercantile business, but now, in the prime of his life, he was to leave it all behind him. His wife had been dead several years, and his only near and dear relative was his daughter Ada—the only child that had ever been born to bless him—and a blessing indeed had she been,—the light of his home; the pride and joy of his heart; and the one sweet pure flower that had shed a celestial fragrance over the later years of his life.

The daughter stood by her father's bedside, both her hands clasped in his.

"Ada," said the dying man, "when I am gone you will be left the mistress of great wealth, and I need not tell you of the many trials and temptations you may be called upon to endure, nor of the manifold snares which designing people may set in your path. I have tried to educate you well and truly, and I know you have been a diligent student in all things appertaining to the laws of life. But you must allow me to speak one word more of parental counsel. In three years you will have reached your majority, and will then become sole guardian of your property. I hope you may live long to enjoy it; but that enjoyment must depend much upon the character of the partner to whom you shall give your hand and your hoart. Oh, my child, be wise—be circumspect. Marry no poor man simply because he is handsome and geod-hearted; and choose no scion of wealth simply because of his wealth.—Let your choice be governed by sterling merit; and to that end do you cultivate self-respect without pride, and a virtue of life and judgment without ostentation. God help you, sweet one, in that important ordeal. Remember—the last prayer of my soul shall be to that end."

* * * * * *

No maiden could be more generally courted by the marriageable young gentlemen of her acquaintance than was the beautiful orphan heiress, Ada Atherling. At the age of eighteen, by provision of her father's will, she came into full possession of very nearly a million of dollars. A girl with more of haughty pride might have kept all poor admirers at a distance; but so mild and so kind was she—so respectful to all whom she considered worthy to be held as friends—so deferential to modest merit—and so utterly oblivious of all qualities of rank and fashion when linked with selfishness and snobbishness, that young men of humble station ere long learned that she could be kind and respectful to them, and that she could smile upon them as sweetly as upon those more favored of fortune.

At length, when Ada had reached the age of twenty, there were two men who had come nearer to her heart than had any others. One was Philip Nettleton, and the other was Amos Robbins. Both were book-keepers in heavy New York houses, and both had prospect of soon being admitted into actual business partnership. Both were honorable, sober, kind-hearted men, and both were called handsome. Philip Nettleton was the more intellectual of the two; the more studious, meditative and reserved. Amos Robbins was the more polished, sparkling, witty, and freely social.

Both of these young men loved Ada Atherling, and though she had never, by word or sign, given either of them to understand that she could return that love, yet she had shown, in many ways, that their position in life did not in the least limit her respect and esteem; but, on the contrary, she treated them with far more consideration than she did those who came floating about her upon the golden sea of fortune.

The sad and darksome weeks of autumn of 1857 were passing. Financial ruin swept up and down the business highways of that great city. On Tuesday, October 13th—the day that saw twenty banks in New York suspend—when ten thousand people had been thrown out of employment in the New Jersey city—the house with which Robbins was connected failed; and the next day the house where Nettleton had all his hopes of business anchored went by the board. They had been among the best houses in New York, and had held out to the last, but the besom had swept their credit away, and the ruin was absolute.

So Philip Nettleton and Amos Robbins were without employment and without money; for, in anticipation of entering into partial proprietorship in their respective establishments they had allowed their surplus of salary to remain in the hands of their employers, and in neither case had a dollar been saved. The man, who, on the morning of the first day of that eventful month of October, might have retired from business with a fortune, now found himself the owner of not one solitary dollar.

Philip Nettleton was sore distressed. He was an orphan, and a sick sister had been depending upon him for support for over a year. That sister now lay prostrate, and she must have succor and comfort. He sought all up and down the business part of New York, where he was acquainted, for employment as clerk or salesman; but there was no opening. Then he sought in the New Jersey city where he lived; but without success. Weary and sick at heart he was on his way homeward, when he met the butcher of whom he had that morning bought some meat, and to whom he had told the story of his great need.

"Well, Philip, what luck to-day?"

The young man shook his head sadly.

"Nothing turned up, eh?"

"Nothing." And Philip would have passed on, but the frank, well-meaning old butcher detained him.

"Look'e, Philip, I don't want to insult ye, nor hurt your feelings; but if ye ain't above putting on a clean white frock, and driving out my market wagon, and delivering goods to my customers, I can give you a job, and pay ye as much as they'd pay ye these times to sell silks and satins. My man Furbush is down sick, and can't be out for a month or two. What say?"

Philip Nettleton gazed up into Mr. Dwinal's honest face, and then looked down upon the pavement.

"I know it's rather a come down for a young man who's been expecting to be a New York merchant; but it's better than nothing, my boy; and, what's more, I know it'll be good for your health. My soul, it'll make your cheeks red and plump."

A little while longer—a struggle, and a gulp—and Philip said:

"Mr. Dwinal, I will come to-morrow morning, and commence to drive your cart. Thank God, I have found employment at length!" And to himself he said, silently in his heart,—"Poor Nellie shall not suffer while I have strength and opportunity to labor.

What a wonderment there was when people saw Philip Nettleton, the highly educated and the orthodox, clad in a butcher's frock, driving Mr. Dwinal's cart, and delivering parcels of meat and vegetables through the town.

It did not happen on the first day, nor yet on the second, but on the third day he had to deliver a parcel at the house where Ada Atherling lived; and as he passed through the gateway, with a heavy laden basket upon either arm, he saw the woman whom he had learned to love looking upon him from one of the parlor windows. He did not bow his head in shame, but he gave a recognition, and passed on. When he was once more upon his seat, and had taken up the reins—knowing that the gaze of the maiden was still fixed upon him—he said to himself:

"Farewell, Ada. You can never stoop to this. But I have never had a right to hope—so what have I lost?—what, save the privilege of your sometime companionship, which might only have lured me more deeply into the pit of disappointment and sorrow!"

On the evening of that same day Amos Robbins sat in the little counting-room of the store of a friend. Two ladies stood very near to the partition thereof, the upper part of which was of glazed sash, and open; and this was what they hard spoken by two men in the little box of an office. The first spoke in continuation of remarks already made:

"Mr. Dwinal himself told me how it was. You know Nettleton has a sick sister entirely dependent upon him, and when he came out from beneath the wreck of Brown & Boswell's house he had not a five dollar bill. He searched day after day for employment—"

"As I did," broke in the silvery voice of Amos Robbins.

"Yes," rejoiced the other; "but unlike you, he was determined to do any work he could find, so that it was honest; and when Dwinal offered him the butcher's frock, with ten dollars a week he took it."

"Egad! it must have come tough," said Robbins.

"Evidently not so tough to him as idleness and debt," suggested the first speaker.

"I can't say that I am found of idleness," pursued Robbins; "but, good Lord! to come down to driving a butcher's cart! I wonder if Miss Atherling has set eyes upon him in that uniform. If she has, she must have been somewhat taken down. Nettleton has been quite intimate with the golden lady, and I have thought he had really entertained hopes of making an impression. But—ye gods!—what an impression the butcher-boy must make, eh? By the Mass! I consider myself in that quarter enhanced an hundred-fold by Phil. Nettleton's falling down from her social circle."

The two ladies left the store. One of them was Ada Atherling.

A few days after this cards were issued for a select party at Miss Atherling's. Philip Nettleton received one, on the margin of which was written:

"Shrink not. He who has the moral courage to do a brother's duty at the risk of social position need not fear that he can thereby be lowered in the esteem of ADA ATHERLING."

Philip Nettleton pressed that missive to his lips, and it was wet with tears. It was not much; but the simple words, from such a source, gave him more hope than he had ever dreamed of.

The evening came, and people wondered as much to see Philip Nettleton there as they had wondered when they saw him on the butcher's cart. Amos Robbins wondered if Miss Atherling would deign to notice him; and when, not long afterwards he saw the lovely heiress take Philip's arm and walk out into the conservatory, he remarked to a friend:

"Zounds! She don't know that he drives a butcher's cart!"

"Miss Atherling," said Philip, when they were alone, "I had, in my mind, relinquished all hope of returning to this Elysium."

"Had you thought, Mr. Nettleton, that Ada Atherling's esteem was of so treacherous a character?"

How earnest she looked as she said this; and what a light supernal there was in her large violet eyes; and that trembling of the hand which rested upon his arm. Some spirits have a power of interpenetration that can read thoughts not spoken—they catch them by electric transmission. Philip Nettleton, at that moment, believed that Ada Atherling loved him. And still under the electric influence he took the hand that rested upon his arm, and gazed down into her face.

"Miss Atherling—Ada—I must speak one word, even though it be the sign that separates us forever. You speak of esteem. How far—O, how far, towards the sum of all earthly happiness would your esteem suffer me to aspire?"

"Mr. Nettleton—"

There was a moment's hesitation, and then the noble girl proceeded, after the manner of speech of her companion.

"Mr. Nettleton—Philip—before Heaven I would not dare to limit the aspirations of a true and noble soul."

We need not repeat the impassioned words of the lover, nor the frank and heartfelt responses of the maiden; only we will tell that in the end Ada's head was resting upon Philip's shoulder, and that she murmured, in unbroken accents:

"O, my father, if you can look down upon your child in this hour, I know you will bless the choice she has made!"

A Yankee Courtship.

Well, you see, arter the "poker" scrape, me and Sal got along middlin' well for some time, till I made up my mind to fetch things to a hed, for I loved her harder and harder every day, and I had an idea that she had a sorter sneakin' kindness for me, but how to dew the thing up right pestered me orful. I got some luv books and red how fellers got down on their marrows and talked like parrots, and the gals they would go inter a sort of trance, and then how they would gently fall into the feller's arms, but some how that way didn't suit my notion. I asked marm how dad courted her, but she said it had been so long that she'd forgot all about it. (Unkle Joe allers says that marm done all the courtin'.) At last I made up my mind to go it blind, for the thing was fairly consumin' my innerds. So I goes over to her daddy's, and when I got there I sot like a fool, thinkin' how I should begin. Sal she sed sumthin' was a troublin' me, and sez she—

"Ain't you sick, Peter?"

"Yes—no," sez I; "that is, I ain't exactly well. I thought I'd come over to-night," sez I. That's a mighty putty beginnin', anyhow, thinks I, so I tried again. "Sal," sez I, and about this time I felt mighty fainty and oneasy about the squizerinctum.

"What!" sez Sal.

"Sal," sez I agin'.

"What!" sez she.

"I'll get to it arter awhile at this lick," thinks I.

"Peter," sez she, "there's sumthin' a troublin' you powerful, I no. Its mity wrong for you tew keep it from a body, for a inned sorror is a consumin' fire."

She sed this, she did, the dear, sly creeter. She noed what was the matter all the time, mity well, and was just a tryin' to fish it out, but I was gone so far I didn't see the pint. At last I kinder sorter gulped down the lump as was raisin' in my throat, and sez I—"Sal, does you luv everybody?"

"Well," says she, "thar's dad and marm, and (countin' her fingers all the time with her eyes sorter shut, like a feller shootin off a gun,) and thar's old Pide, (that were an old cow of hern,) I can't think of ennybody else jist now," sez she.

Now this wur orful for a feller ded in luv, so arter a while I tries another shute. Sez I—"Sal, I'm powerful lonesum, and I sometimes think if I only had a putty wife to love and to talk to, and to move and have my bein' with, I should be a tremendous feller." With that she began and named over all the gals within five miles of thar, and never wunst came a nigh namin' of herself, and sed I orter get one of them. That sorter got my dander up, and so I hitched my cheer close up to hern, and shet my eyes, and trembulously sed—"Sal, you are the very gal I've been hankerin' after a long time. I luv you all over, from the sole of your hed to the foot of your crown, an' I don't care who knows it; and if you say so, we'll be jined in the holy bons of matrimony, epluribus unum, world without end," sez I, and I felt like I'd throwed up an allygatur, I felt so relieved. With that she fetched a sorter scream, and arter awhile she sez, sez she—"Peter!"

"What is't, Sally?" sez I.

"Yes!" sez she, a hidin' oy her putty face behind her hands. You may depend upon it I felt orful good.

"Glory! glory!" sez I. "I must hollar, Sal, or I'll bust wide open.—Hooray for Hooray. I kin jump over a ten rale fence, I can do everything that any could, would or orter do."—With that I sorter sloshed myself down by her, and clinched the bargain with a kiss—and such a kiss—talk about yer sugar—talk about yer merlasses—talk about yer blackberry jam—you could not have got me to come nigh 'em, they would all have tasted sour arter that. Ef Sal's daddy hadn't hollered out its time for all onest folks to be in bed, I believe I'd staid there all night. Yer orter seed me when I got home. I pulled dad outer bed and hugged him—I pulled marm outer bed and hugged her—I pulled ant Jane outer bed and hugged her—I pulled the nigger servant outer bed and hugged her. I roared, I hollered, I danced and cut up more capers than you ever heard tell ov, till dad thot I was crazy, and got a rope to tie me with. "Dad," sez I, "I'm gwine to go for to get married."

"Married!" balled dad.

"Married!" squaked marm.

"Married!" squeaked ant Jane.

"Yes, married!" sez I. "Married all over; jined in wedlock, hooked on for worser or for better, for life or for death, to Sal I am that very thing; me Peter Sporum, Esquire." With that I up and telled them all about it from Alpher to Omeger. They were all mity pleased and mity willin', and I went to bed as proud as a young rooster with his first spurs.

O Jehosifat! didn't I feel tremendous good, and kept getting that way all nite. I didn't sleep a wink, but kept rollin' about and thinkin' till my cup of happiness was full, pressed down and a runnin' over.

DON'T SCOLD.—For the sake of your children don't do it. It is a great misfortune to have children reared in the presence and under the influence of a scold. The effect of the everlasting complaining and fault-finding of such persons is to make the young who hear it unamiable, malicious, callous-hearted and they often learn to take pleasure in doing the very things for which they receive such tongue-lashings. As they are always getting the blame of wrong-doing, whether they do it or not, they think they might as well do wrong as right. They lose all ambition to strive for the favorable opinion of the fault-finder, since they see they always strive in vain. Thus a scold is not only a nuisance, but a destroyer of the morals of children. If these unloved, dreaded people could only see themselves as others see them, they would flee to the mountains in very shame.

THE BIBLE.—How long do you think it took to write the Bible? Fifteen hundred years. From Moses, who wrote Genesis, to St. John, who wrote Revelation, it was that long time.

How many people helped to write it? More than thirty. There were Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Paul and Peter. There were Moses, Ezra, David Daniel and Samuel. Some were shepherds, some farmers, some fisherman, some tent-makers, some kings, some judges, some princes; some were learned and some were unlearned; and yet they all agree in what they write.—There is not so much as a word of disagreement in the whole book. How could that be? Because God did the thinking of the Bible. The thoughts in the Bible are all God's thoughts.

KISSES.—Somebody having mentioned to the editor of *The Buffalo Sunday Courier* that there were eight basial diversities of kisses spoken of in the Bible (the kiss of salutation, Samuel xx., 14; valediction, Ruth i., 14; reconciliation, H Samuel xiv., 33; subjection, Psalms ii., 12; approbation, Proverbs vii., 4; adoration, I Kings xix., 13; treachery, Matthew xxvi., 49; affection, Genesis xxix., 11,) he remarked that there is another kind of kiss which young ladies receive on the sofa in the front parlor after the light is turned low, which the scriptures don't mention—nor the ladies.

A YOUNG FELLOW in San Francisco suddenly snatched a kiss from a lady friend, and excused his conduct by saying that it was a sort of temporary insanity that now and then came upon him. When he arose to take his leave the pitying damsel said to him: "If you ever feel any more such fits coming on you had better come right here, where your infirmity is known, and we will take care of you."

"STRANGER will you try a hand with us at poker?" "Thank you, gentlemen, but there are seventeen reasons why I cannot accommodate you now." "Seventeen reasons for not playing cards?—Pray, what are they?" "Why, the first is I haven't any money."—"Stop! that's enough; never mind the other sixteen."

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN occasionally stumbled upon the truth. He said: "The eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us. If all but myself were blind, I should neither want a fine house nor fine furniture."

SAID a Missouri preacher: "There's a powerful sight of giggl'ng back thar in the corner, and it's got to be stopped, or the Lord will delegate me to open the door and throw some one out!" It was stopped.

AN old lady from one of the rural districts astonished a clerk in one of the stores, a few days ago, by inquiring if he had any "yaller developments sich as they did up letters in."

To see a girl as she really is, you must drop in on her unexpectedly. As some one has remarked, the way to find a girl out, is to call when she isn't in.

IF a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, it is no less true that a thorn in the bush is worth two in the hand.

AN individual at Bangor declares that it is working between hours that is killing him.

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