THE DENTON JOURNAL
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
WM. HENRY LECC,
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, APRIL 3, 1875. NO. 40

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.

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.

THOS. H. KEMP. JAS. W. WADDELL

KEMP & WADDELL,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.

WILL pactice Law in the Courts of Caroline and all other counties on the Eastern Shore, and give especial attention to settlement of estates and collection of claims.
KEMP & WADDELL.

I am living upon my farm three miles from town and will be home on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays of each week, ready to transact all business desired by my friends. I will be at my office in Denton on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays of each week, and any business left with Mr. Waddell will receive my prompt attention.
T. H. KEMP.
jan31-y.

BLACKSMITHING.

THE undersigned begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally that he is still doing all kinds of Blacksmithing, at his shops in Hillsborough, with neatness and dispatch. All kinds of machinery repaired in the best style. New locks put on old guns, and guns repaired generally. All work done at usual prices and guaranteed to give satisfaction.

PLAIN HORSE SHOEING $1.25
STEEL TOE " 1.50

On all work except Horse-shoeing from 5 to 15 per cent. will be allowed for the cash.
SAMUEL SNEED.
Jan 2 1875-1y. Hillsborough, Md.

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, the time has come to return to old prices. Respectfully soliciting the patronage of the general public, we assure them all consignments will receive our best attention. All sales be immediately reported, and net can be expected proceeds promptly remitted. We refer to any one we may name as a trial to prove that we mean what we say. Yours truly,
WM. CALVERT & CO.
Refer to Editor Journal.

WM. T. BATTEN,
COMMISSION MERCHANT AND DEALERS IN
SOUTHERN AND WESTERN PRODUCE,
No. 1 South Howard St.,
238 West Baltimore St.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
ALL ORDERS WILL RECEIVE PROMPT AND SPECIAL ATTENTION.
OUR GOODS ARE UNIFORM AND PRICES LOW.
an9-y.

Wanted.

I desire to buy a farm of 300 or 400 acres. Price not to exceed $5,000 or $6,000. Will pay half cash, and the rest in city property. Any one wishing to correspond in regard to the matter will address
JAS. MAGNER,
dec26-tf. 1204 S. 16th St., Phila.

ROBT. 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 and Queen Anne's counties. d30-1y

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.

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

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.

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. [de21-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 satisfaction in each instance. feb21-tf.

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. 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.
nov9-1y.

Maryland Homestead
AND
SETTLERS AGENCY.
FOR INFORMATION APPLY TO
WM. S. RIDGELY,
Denton, Caroline Co., Md.
REAL ESTATE OWNERS who wish to sell the coming season will do well to communicate with the subscriber at his office in Denton on Tuesdays and Saturdays. In consequence of arrangements with influential parties at the North connected with our emigration is anticipated the coming season. Property in this county and all who place their property for sale, will have an early date in my hands, as attention will be paid upon it.
I desire descriptions, with reasonable terms and prices, as soon as practicable, that they may be in the hands of purchasers at the North. The basis I propose to operate on is, that prices are not exagerated, and that the business may be mutually beneficial to those who may employ me to act as seller and buyer. Upon my part I offer the services of my office as a most extensive communication, that they shall be placed with Northern and Western manthorough correspondents, who have property they desire to dispose of, and who are in the way of purchasing, prepared to carry to correspondence and intimate desirable sections all inquiries parties at the North may make about properties in my hands for sale, or at the very doors of the office, with full information respecting the same. A special catalogue of all such properties for sale as above, will be present month, for distribution among my correspondents at the North. All who have called and have not made other arrangements are requested to communicate with me at once.
You have the right kind of property and the right kind of prices I can render you service.
WM. S. RIDGELY, ATT'Y.,
feb6-tf. Denton, Md.

GRAIN AND PRODUCE.

GOULD, DUKES & CO.
No. 11 Light Street Wharf, Balt.
Buy and Sell Exclusively on Commission.
Consignments of
Grain, Wool, Fruits, &c., respectfully solicited.
feb22 y.

Renoved to Media.

Swithin C. Sortlidge Boarding School for young men and boys is now open at Media, Pa., 13 miles from Philadelphia, is one of the finest school buildings in the State, heated in all stories, and lighted with gas, building 100 by 50 feet, porch all around 55 lodging rooms, large school room with five class rooms, ample bath and water-closet accommodations, 10 trains daily from Philadelphia. Thorough instruction, home care, good table guaranteed.—Special attention to backward pupils. S. C. SHORTLIDGE, (Harvard A. M.) Media, Penna. [jan30-1y.

From the "Baltimorean."]

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

BY FLOTILDA.

"She's only a farmer's daughter,"
A stylish lady said,
With a scornful glance of her handsome eye,
And a toss of her haughty head.

Her hands that sparkle with many a ring
Are as fair as the lily in hue;
They play the piano with wonderful grace
'Tis all the work they do.

Should you hear her talk of the 'lower class,'
Of the 'ignorance of propriety,'
Of 'her family,' and of 'country girls,'
And her horror of 'mixed society.'

You'd suppose that among her ancestors
She boasted a duke or an earl—
Her father was once a carpenter,
And her mother a factory girl.

They call her brilliant and beautiful,
Nor do I her charms deny;
But the farmer's daughter she scorns in her pride
Is fairer by far to my eye.

Mirth and innocent happiness
Out of her blue eyes shine;
Her hair is untortured by crimp or by curls,
And she wears it by right divine.

Though her fingers can't skillfully touch the keys,
They can wash the dishes as well;
And her voice singing blithely at work or at play,
Charms all with its musical spell.

No mother toils in the kitchen for her
While she on the sofa lolls,
Novel in hand, or dressed in her best,
Receiving her morning calls.

But a share in the heat and burdens of life
She willingly, cheerfully takes,
And a dutiful love, in her nappy home,
A pleasure of labor makes.

And I think you will own, 'spite the verdict of those
Who live in fashion's gay whirl,
That 'only a farmer's daughter' means
Only a sensible girl.

ONE MORE DRESS.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

"To think of my wearing the same dress to church, Sunday after Sunday!" exclaimed Mrs. Bradley, a young married lady, to Mrs. Green, her mother.

"Why not, Sarah?"

"Folks will think it is the only one I have which is fit to wear to meeting."

"It is, isn't it?"

"I know it, but I don't care about all the world knowing it."

"You would not make all the world believe that which is not true, would you?"

"I don't care; I mean to have a new silk immediately."

"But Sarah, your husband cannot afford it."

"Yes he can; at least we can curtail our expenses in something else."

"What?"

"Well I don't know; we can make our provision bill less."

"Mrs. Green shook her head.

"I don't think there is any need of our having beefsteak and mutton chops every morning for breakfast. We never had such things at home, you know, I would not give a straw for so much meat."

"But James depends upon it."

"I know it; yet for the sake of making me appear a little better on Sunday he would willingly dispense with it."

"Would you be willing to ask him the question?" asked Mrs. Green.

"Yes, why not?"

"You would ask him to go without his breakfast in order that you may have a silk dress?"

"Without his breakfast, mother! I never thought of such a thing," said Mrs. Bradley with a disturbed look.

"But you know it amounts to the same thing to him. He was brought up in the country where he had meat at breakfast, and he does not think he could make a meal without it."

"We will not say anything more about it then," replied the young wife, who I beg the reader to believe, would not willingly have deprived her husband of any real comfort. "How do you suppose Mrs. Farmer gets so many dresses?"

"I don't know."

"She seems to come out with a new one almost every Sunday. She must have at least half a dozen silks."

"I hope her husband can afford them," replied Mrs. Green, shaking her head significantly.

"He is not any better off than James. They have the same salary, and in the same concern."

"A thousand dollors in these hard times will not go a great way with a man who has a family to support, especially if his wife has a great many silk dresses."

"But James saves two or three hundred of his salary every year."

"Every young man ought to save something."

"Do you suppose John Farmer does?'

"I think not, at the rate his wife dresses."

"But it is too hard to wear the same dress every Sunday. If I had one more I could get along very well."

"You would want another still."

"No, I shouldn't mother."

"There is no end to it when you undertake to follow all these vanities. When I was a girl, I had only one dress to wear to meeting, and that was calico."

"The times have changed."

"Changed for the worse. I am sure no such vanity as flaunting out in a new dress every Sunday ever entered a girl's head, especially girls whose fathers were not independently rich."

"Nobody thinks of wearing the same dress all the time. Only one more—"

"One is enough Sarah. If you let such silly notions get into your head, you will never know when to stop.—You could easily spend all your husband's salary in dress, and then not keep up with the demands of the times"

"I am sure James can afford me a new silk. It will not cost much."

"Do not think of it, child. Be prudent, careful and contented, and when James is rich, you may be different."

Mrs. Bradley was satisfied after considerable more demonstration on the part of her mother, that she could get along without the new silk. But it was hard to give up the idea of competing with Mrs. Farmer, for husband was no better off than hers

CHAPTER II.

James Bradley and John Farmer were clerks in a large house in the city, and both resided in a neat little cottage in the suburbs. Their fortune had been thus far very much the same, and perhaps they might have continued the same through life, but for the different character of their wives.

Mrs. Bradley had been brought up to live within her means. A careful mother, who realized the responsibility of her position, and rigidly indicated the principles of a sound economy, had trained her up to habits of prudence and thrift. And all the practical qualities she had brought with her into her domestic relations, when she embarked in a new sphere of life.

Mrs. Farmer, on the other hand, though her parents were no better off in the world, had brought her up to be a lady—to wear fine dresses and play the piano.

Her knowledge and ex[illegible] household duties were very [illegible] superficial, and her husband's [illegible] and dollars a year would hardly support them.

They were obliged, in order to dress her as her habits and wishes required, to "scimp" in many of the real comforts of life. The provision bill was kept at the lowest possible figure.

Mrs. Farmer thought beefsteaks were unhealthy in the morning and John found it necessary to be of her opinion. Six dollars a season for ice would buy a new bonnet; hence ice was the cause of a great many complaints that prevailed in summer.

The comforts of living were sacrificed to the luxuries of dress. Beefsteak at twenty-five cents a pound was unhealthy; but new bonnets ten dollars apiece were necessaries of life.—Mutton chops at fifteen cents a pound caused the dyspepsia, but silk dresses at a dollar and a half a yard were not only healthy, but indispensable.

All the salary was spent—as intended to be spent—and the only question was whether it should be on the body or in the body. The cost of extravagance was there, and all the thrift and economy which Mrs. Farmer knew was to save money for new dresses.

She and Mrs. Bradley were on intimate terms with each other, and as may be readily supposed, the subject of dress was frequently discussed.

A few days after the conversation of of of Mrs. Bradley with her mother, her neighbor was making a call. Mrs. Farmer could talk of nothing but dress. It was the study of her life—what she most hoped for in the future. As usual, the conversation immediately degenerated into dress—it was all Mrs. Farmer knew.

How do you like my raw silk?" asked she after several adroit passes in order to introduce this matter.

"It is very pretty, indeed. You come out in a new dress almost every Sunday, Ellen," replied Mrs. Bradley.

"I wish I could."

"I wonder how many nice dresses you have in your wardrobe?"

"I have only one that is fit to wear," replied Mrs. Farmer.

"Only one?"

"That is fit to wear anywhere."

"You have at least three silks."

"All old-fashioned—made last fall—and all out of date. I tried to make John give me a barege, but he wouldn't.'

"I am sure if I had your dresses, I should think I were a Princess."

"Pshaw! It my husband don't give me another next week, I shan't go to church but once a month.

"If I had your dresses, Ellen, I should not think of another for a year."

"Pooh!"

"My mother thinks I dress well enough."

"Why you have worn the same dress to meeting every Sunday for a year."

"And probably shall wear it every Sunday for the next year."

"I wouldn't if I were you."

"I can't afford a new dress every month. I was speaking the other day about having one more dress, but mother said so much against it, that I gave up the idea."

"Tied to your mother's apron-strings yet!" sneered Mrs. Farmer.

"I am too thankful to get my mother's advice to reject it."

"But get the raw silk, do! It will become you so well; and then we shall have a little respite from that everlasting fawn color."

"No, I have made up my mind not to have it."

"Put the money into your stomachs instead, and get the dyspepsia into the bargain," said Mrs. Farmer, as she took her leave.

CHAPTER III.

"The 'long run' tells the story; so let us step forward a few years, and look into the counting room of our clerks.

James and John are still there, and occupying the same relations. Their salaries have been gradually raised, and for three years have been the recipients of a handsome sum of fourteen hundred a year.

"The 1st of January is at hand.—Harris & Co. are about to dissolve, and the senior, who has made a princely fortune—and is a queer old fellow at that—is about to form a new co-partnership.

"Boys," says old Mr. Harris, "you have been with me a long time; I suppose you want to get ahead, and become merchants?"

"The 'boys' acknowledged the 'corn' and John Farmer winked significantly at his associates.

"But," continued the patriarchal merchant, "to get ahead in business requires certain qualities of mind and body. One must be industrious, economical, and wide awake, as well as shrewd. Driving fast horses, eating champagne suppers, and sucking mint juleps, do not furnish the necessary schooling for a merchant. I won't preach, however. In one word; the first of January is close upon us. Those of you who can put two thousand dollars in the concern, shall draw a sixth of the profits! That's all.

The old fellow turned on his heel, picked up his hat and left the counting room.

James Bradley was the only one of the number—four in all—who could "face the music."

The other three had perfected themselves in the art of fast driving, drinking sherry cobblers and eating good dinners; which Mr. Harris had hinted was not a necessary qualification for one of his parents.

John Farmer's surplus had been spent in giving his wife "one more new dress." Beefsteaks and mutton chops, and ice were as unhealthy and dyspepsia in their tendency as ever; and yet Mrs. Farmer, from the costliness of her apparel might be mistaken for the lady of a nabob.

* * * * * * * *

Five years more. Old Mr. Harris is dead, and though the firm is still Harris & Co., James Bradley is the senior partner. He has already made a competence, and does a very large business.

John Farmer left the concern three years ago. It was supposed because he could not endure the thought of being a clerk under his former companion.

He left Boston and went to New York, but his unthrifty habits followed him. His wife wore the greater part of his salary on her back; and disheartened by his ill success, he had increased the number of sherry cobblers in his per diem allowance to such an extent, that he had been discharged from his place.

Not being able to get another situation in New York, he reached Boston in straightened circumstances. He was equally unfortunate there.

The toddy blossoms on his nose were against him; his coat was rusty, and his breath smelt like a fog from a three cent grog shop. His last dollar was spent, and his wife was paying a "visit" to a friend who had repeatedly urged her to spend a week with her, and whom she would have been sorry to disappoint.

He was reduced to the last extremity. His old friend and associate, James Bradley, was now in affluence and able to assist him. Mortifying as was the thought, there was scarcely any other alternate but to apply to him for a situation.

James was shocked when he recognized him. Sherry cobblers, a thriftless wife, "one more dress," and the want of encouragement had done their work.

"Is there a vacancy in your counting room, Mr. Bradley?" asked John Farmer, in an humble tone.

"There is not, John, but I will create a place for you," replied the liberal merchant, as he realized the situation of his former associate.

"Thank you," replied John, a tear starting to his eye at this unexpected kindness—the first he had experienced anywhere, not excepting his own house, for many and many a weary month.

James took him home to dine with him, and John had an opportunity to contrast his own circumstances with those of his thrifty friend. He was sad at heart—in short he was a ruined man.

He did very well for a few months in the counting-room of his friend, but his old habits soon attained the mastery over him again, and he died suddenly of a disease produced by dissipation.

"One more dress," said Mrs. Green—the good old lady who was now a cherished member of her daughter's family—"is the representative of the whole system of evil. One more dress, as the type of a great bundle of bad habits, was the ruin of John Farmer. Don't you know it Sarah?"

"I do, mother, and I cannot be too thankful to you for your wholesome advice. I am sure that without it I should have procured 'one more dress;' then wanted another, and another, until I had spoiled all my husband's expectations. Poor Ellen Farmer, she is binding shoes for her daily bread now?"

How to Make Oil-Lamps Safe.

The following communication to the *Tribune* ought to be fully published everywhere:

"There are a great many accidents happening every day from use of kerosene. I will tell you a method by which they can be to a great extent prevented and I hope you will publish it for the benefit of poor people, who are obliged to buy cheap oils. If the body of the lamp is filled with cotton, such as jewelers use to lay their articles in, after it is stuffed lightly, it will still receive one half the quantity of oil which it would hold if the cotton were not put in. If any accident happens the oil cannot spill or overflow about, but is as it were "sopped up" in the cotton, which burns like a faggot, but all in one place.

"The other night, as the gas was execrable as it generally is, I lighted a large glass kerosene lamp, which had a glass globe about 5 inches in diameter, holding over a pint of oil. This I filled with cotton, and found I could pour in nearly a pint of oil before it became too wet. As I opened a window, a cold gust of air came in, and striking against the hot surface of the glass—at least I supposed so—the globe suddenly cracked and fell apart and a mass of flame about as big as your head jumped out upon the floor and flamed out about a yard. I immediately covered it with the slop bucket as an extinguisher, and, with the help of the water-pitcher and some wet towels, had it out in five minutes with no damage done. If the lamp had not had cotton in it, I should not be writing to you now, unless you can receive communications from the other world."

HARDSHIPS.—A great many men, whatever may have been their experience in life, are accustomed to complain of the usage they have received in the world. They fill the ears of those who have the misfortune to be their friends with lamentations respecting their own troubles. But there is no man who is not born into a world of trouble; and no man has ever attained to anything like the full stature of manhood who has not been ground, as it were, to powder, by the hardships which he has encountered in life. This is a world by which men are made, not by velvet, but by stone and iron handling. Therefore do not grumble; but conquer your troubles.

NEVER LEAVE CHILDREN ALONE.—Here is another awful warning to parents who leave children alone where there is a fire:

"A child three years old, of Mr. Jno. Bristow, of Portland, was left alone in a room with its baby brother and while the two children were playing together, the smallest one in some way managed to get hold of a poker in the grate, nearly red hot, and thrust it in the elder one's eye. The child was badly burned and will lose the sight of one eye.

WHEN a girl crops her front hair, and pulls it down over her forehead like a Mexican mustang, and then ties a piece of red velvet around her neck, who can wonder at the number of pale-faced young men that throw away their ambition, and pass sleepless nights in trying to raise down on their upper lips?

Wouldn't Marry a Mechanic.

A young man commenced visiting a young woman, and appeared to be well pleased. One evening he called when it was quite late which led the young lady to inquire where he had been.

"I had to work to-night."

"What, do you work for a living?" she inquired in astonishment.

"Certainly," replied the young man. "I am a mechanic."

"I dislike the name of a mechanic," and she turned up her pretty nose.

This was the last time the young man visited the young lady. He is now a wealthy man, and has one of the best women in the country for a wife.

The young lady who disliked the name of a mechanic is now the wife of a miserable fool—a regular vagrant about grog-shops—and the soft verdant, silly, miserable girl is obliged to take in washing, in order to support herself and children.

You who dislike the name of a mechanic, eh? You whose brothers are but well-dressed loafers. We pity any girl who is so verdant, so soft: as to mechanic—one of God's noblemen—the most dignified and honorable personage of heaven's creatures.

Beware, young ladies, how you treat young men who work for a living, for you may one day be menial to one of them.

Far better to discharge the well-fed pauper with all his rings, jewelry, brazenness and pomposity, and to take to your affection the callous handed industrious mechanic.

Thousands have bitterly repented their folly who have turned their backs on honesty. A few years have taught them a severe lesson.

Be a Man.

What a noble thing it is to be a man. The world is full of counterfeits. It is a grand thing to stand upright in defense of truth and principle. When persecution comes, some hide their faces until the storm passes by, others can be bought for a mess of pottage. From such, turn away. Stand by a friend. Show thyself a man. Do not run away when danger threatens to overwhelm him or you.

Think for yourself. Read books and read men's faces. Remember the eye is the window of the soul. Use your eye and hold your tongue, when men court favors.

Select some calling to make it honorable. When you have espoused a cause maintain it at all hazard. Make up your mind to succeed by all means and good will; brush the difficulties away one at a time.

If opposition comes, meet it manfully. If success crowns your efforts, bear it quietly. Hasten not into a quarrel, but when you are compelled to accept an alternative, stand up and show yourself a full grown man. Do your own thinking, keep your own secrets, worship no man for his wealth or illustrious lineage. Fine feathers do not always make fine birds.

Do not live for yourself alone. The world needs reformers as much to-day as ever. If you have a new idea endeavor to develop it into words and deeds. Be sober; be honest. be true. Policy men are dangerous. They will sell you for money, or paper money. Dare trust them. Wear but one face, and let that be an honest one.

WHAT NEXT?—In the hearing of an Irish case for an assault and battery, a counsel, while cross-examining one of the witnesses asked him what they had at the first place they stopped at.

"Four glasses of ale," was the answer.

"What next?"

"Two glasses of whiskey."

"What next?"

"One glass of brandy."

"What next?"

"A fight."

A MINNESOTA Judge, in pronouncing the death sentence, tenderly observed: "If guilty you richly deserve the fate that awaits you; if innocent, it will be a gratification for you to feel that you were hanged without such a crime on your conscience; in either case you will be delivered from a world of care."

THE druggists in Worcester are having a good time selling whiskey. A drug store in Worcester is said to be as good as a gold mine since the advent of local option.—*Shoreman.*

A YOUNG man charged with being lazy was asked if he took it from his father. "I think not," was the reply. "Father's got all the laziness he ever had."

The latest Irish fashion is a home-rule hat. It has no crown.

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