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, MAY 1, 1875. NO. 44.

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

SPRING ARRANGEMENT,

On and after Wednesday, April 7th, 1875

Trains will run as follows:

GOING NORTH.

LEAVE	Passenger No. 1.	Freight No. 2. THURSDAYS ONLY
Easton,	5.30 A. M.	10.50 A. M.
Woodland,	5.45	11.10
Cordova,	5.55	11.28
Hillsboro',	6.10	11.35
Ridgely,	6.20	11.50
Greensboro',	6.40	12.10 P. M.
Goldsboro',	6.53	12.25
Henderson,	7.10	12.40
Marydel,	7.28	12.50
Slaughter's,	7.40	1.05
Kenton,	7.58	1.20
ARRIVE		
Clayton,	8.15	1.35
Wilmington,	10.15	3.50
Philadelphia,	11.45	5.25
Baltimore,	1.15	8.15
New York,	5.10	10.22

GOING SOUTH.

LEAVE	Freight No. 2.	Passenger No. 4. THURSDAYS ONLY
New York,	11.55 P. M.	12.25 P. M.
Baltimore,	7.30 A. M.	3.45
Philadelphia,	8.30	6.15
Wilmington,	10.10	6.40
Clayton,	12.00 M.	8.30
Kenton,	12.20 P. M.	8.45
Slaughter's,	12.35	9.00
Marydel,	12.50	9.15
Henderson,	1.05	9.25
Goldsboro',	1.15	9.35
Greensborough,	1.40	9.50
Ridgely,	1.55	10.05
Hillsborough,	2.10	10.15
Cordova,	2.25	10.30
Woodland,	2.35	10.40
ARRIVE		
Easton,	2.50	10.56

Train No. 2 will have Passenger Car attached, and will be subject to delays incident to freight business.

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.

apr10-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.

feb7-3mos.

BLACKSMITHING.

THE undersigned begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally that he is still doing all kinds of Blacksmithing, at his shop, in Hillsborough, where he is prepared to have machinery repaired in the best style. Now looks 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, 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,

nov24-2m. WM. N. CALVERT & CO.

HORSEY, BRO. & BATTEN,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
Boots, Shoes and Hats,
Have removed to the spacious warerooms
238 West Baltimore St.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

ALL ORDERS WILL RECEIVE PROMPT AND SPECIAL ATTENTION.

OUR GOODS ARE UNIFORM AND PRICES LOW.

an9-y.

A CARD.

DR. E. E. ATKINSON, having removed back to his farm, on the road between Hillsborough and Denton, respectfully tenders his professional services to his friends and the public generally. He may be found at his residence at all times when not professionally engaged [dec5-tf.

Notice.

AS I have bought out the stock of John T. Comegys, Wheelright and Blacksmith, at Goldsborough Station, and have a good stock of material and competent workmen in both branches of the business, I feel assured that I can give entire satisfaction to all who may favor me with their patronage. Repairing done at shortest notice. New work done to order. ROBERT SCHUYLER.

feb13-6mos.

NOTICE FISHERMEN.

GILLING THREAD.

BANNER THOMAS' celebrated Silver Gray Gilling Thread; Jno. S. Lee & Co., Delaware Thread, and other popular brands; Net Rope, hand and machine made, at lowest cash prices.

J. W. CHEEZUM & CO.,
Dec19-tf, Easton, Md.

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. [octl3-1y.

GEO. M. RUSSUM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
DENTON, MD.

Can be found at his office adjoining T. B. 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. [dec18-1y

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.

250 MARYLAND FARMS

IN TRACTS FROM 30 TO 300 ACRES,

Near Railroad and navigable salt water (with a its luxuries), in Talbot county, Md. Climate mild and healthy. Titles good. Send for pamphlet and map showing *location* of tracts. Address

CHAS. E. SHANAHAN,
mar27-1y. Att'y, Easton, 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 collection 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 this 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 considerable immigration is anticipated the coming season to our county and all who place their property at an early date in my hands, as attorney for sale, will have an opportunity afforded to realize upon it.

I desire descriptions as soon as practicable, that are not exagerated, with reasonable terms and fair prices. Upon this basis I propose to operate. I desire my efforts to be mutually beneficial to both seller and buyer. Upon my part I offer the pledge that a most extensive communication will be opened with Northern and Western men and if any of my clients have property they desire to sell they shall be put in the way of purchasers. By a thorough correspondence and intimate association with responsible parties at the North, I am prepared to carry to the very doors of large and desirable sections all information respecting properties in my hands for sale as attorney.

I shall issue a special catalogue of all such properties the last of the present month, for distribution among my correspondents at the North. All who wish to sell and have not made other arrangements will do well to communicate with me at once.

If 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. 102 Light Street Wharf, Balt.

Buy and Sell Exclusively on Commission.

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

feb22-y.

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

SYMPATHY.

BY ALICE CARY.

Nay, leave me to my own sad heart—
To memory's more than midnight shade;
I seem to-day to stand apart
From everything that God has made.

I cannot echo back your sighs,
Nor can your smiling overfall
That space so deep and wide that lies
'Twixt friends and lovers—that is all.

Forgive me, if your kind advance
Of sympathy I thus dismiss;
That word has no significance—
No solace, in an hour like this.

The past with its tumultuous storms
Of sin and sorrow, wildly driven,
Has closed about me till my arms
Can reach no way but up toward Heaven.

And only Heaven the power can grant
To steady my weak soul so long
Left turning like a water plant,
Betwixt the waves of right and wrong.

So leave me to myself, I pray,
Nor seek to give me sigh for sigh,
The sunshine cannot warm to-day
The clouds that lower along my sky.

THE DEMON OF THE CUP

I had been reading an oriental tale of the fanciful order. It was a story of the genii and I had been deeply interested in it. It was very comfortably sitting in my room, and on my table was a glass containing the remains of a sherry cobbler I had just imbibed. It never occurred to me that these same sherry cobblers were dangerous companions for a young man, and I was in the habit of taking from three to a dozen of them *per diem*—three when I was going to see Lucy Sheldon, a particular friend of mine, and a dozen on the off days.

I turned the leaves of the magazine, but could find no other story that looked inviting; so I threw it down and sunk back in my rocking-chair. Things began to look rather dim, and my own consciousness very indistinct, when my attention was attracted by a strange commotion in the glass from which I had partly consumed my cobble.

I glanced at it, and presently a long wreath of smoke or vapor rose from the cup, and stretched itself preliminarily as the clouds had preceded the appearance of the genii in the story I had been reading.

The vapor slowly, and apparently with malice aforethought began to assume a tangible shape, finally resolving itself in the form of as ugly a looking a demon as I had ever read about. He was monstrous in size, would probably have been twenty feet high, if the room had been lofty enough.

Who are you? I inquired, displeased with my visitor.

I am the Demon of the Cup, he replied, in a voice which seemed to shake the whole house.

I haven't the pleasure of your acquaintance, I continued.

Yes, you have. You are one of my best friends.

I believe we have never met before.

A dozen times a day.

Then you don't look as ugly as you do now, if you will excuse my boldness.

No, I wear a pleasant face when I make the acquaintance of young gentlemen; but I thought it was about time we should be better acquainted. You don't know me yet. We will have a social time, if you like.

No I thank you; I can't say I am much pleased with your society.

At any rate, I shall introduce you to a few of my friends, he continued, as he waved his wand over the cup.

Instantly another cloud of smoke or vapor proceeded from the cup, which presently assumed the form of a decrepit, ragged filthy old man. Of all that I had ever seen of wretchedness, squalor and misery, the figure before me was the most fitting representative, only the degree of wretchedness seemed a hundred fold intensified.

Who are you? I demanded, as the old man moved towards me.

My name is Poverty.

I should think it might be. What do you want here?

I just dropped in to be introduced to you, for you and I are likely to be friends.

Indeed, old fellow, you are reckoning too fast. I keep only respectable company.

Just now you do; but you will change your habits by-and-by.

Don't be familiar, if you please, I suggested, as the old chap drew a chair to my side, and seated himself.

We are bound to be friends, young man. Did you ever read Emerson's works.

Of course I have.

Well, sir, I am a representative man.

You had better take yourself off, or I shall be under the necessity of kicking you down stairs.

I don't mind that; I am used to it.

Be civil to him, interposed the Demon; he is one of us, and a good fellow in his way. He often brings men to their senses when nothing else will—But you have another friend, and again he waved his wand over the cup.

Again the vapor rose from the glass, and another form, more hideous than either of the others, appeared before me I was alarmed at first by his savage expression and glaring eyes.

Who are you? I inquired, shrinking back from the loathsome monster.

My name is Crime.

Then you have been well named.

I have work for you to do.

I am too much engaged to assist you, I replied.

Come, come, don't be too stiff about it. I suppose you are not quite ready to help me yet, but I can bide my time, for I have a mortgage on you which in due season you must pay up.

How do you like my friends? asked the Demon.

I don't like them.

No?

The old fellow is an inconvenient companion, and I don't like the moral of the other chap. His notions of mine and thine are too definite to suit my ideas.

Indeed! you seemed so much inclined to make their acquaintances, that I supposed you were anxious to number them among your friends.

I?

Certainly; they belong in the cup—But there is one more you must know.

As he spoke, that smoke infernal curled up and resolved into the form of a woman. She was pale, haggard, and almost a skeleton. She was clothed in rags, and was a perfect picture of wretchedness and despair. There was nothing really hideous in her aspect beyond the marks of poverty and want which she bore. She turned and fixed a glance of reproach upon me, a glance which thrilled me to the soul. I pitied the poor wretch, and turned away

I looked again. Those features were familiar to me. I was shocked and horrified, as I recognized Lucy S[illegible] in the dreadful figure before me.

Lucy! I exclaimed, wi[illegible] threw herself on her kn[illegible]

Pity me! Pity our poor ch[illegible] are perishing with the cold. [illegible]gry. I am freezing, but I car[illegible] for myself. Pity them, save them.

My God, Lucy!

Drink no more, Robert. You have reduced me to the most abject misery. Drink no more, as you pity, if you do not love me.

Oh, Lucy! Does she too belong in the cup? I asked, appealing to the Demon.

She does; but for the present we keep her down in the mint and sugar. She will be one of us by-and-by, he replied, with a grin.

Robert! Robert! groaned Lucy, promise me you will drink no more!

As God is my judge, I will not, I cried, springing from my chair.

But there I stood in my chamber alone, and there on the table stood the glass from my dreaming fancy had conjured up the Demon of the Cup and his friends.

I reflected for a time, and then threw the balance of the sherry cobbler into the grate. If the cup was the abode of such a wretched crew, (my readers all know that it is) I determined not to meddle with it again, and I have not.

A NASHVILLE youth asked his sweetness to go to some entertainment with him last week, but she declined on the ground that her shoes were out of repair, whereupon the young man offered to have them mended if she would send them around the next day. A lady friend overheard the conversation, secured a well worn pair of brogans belonging to her colored cook, and had them conveyed to the enamored young man early the next morning. The latter was astounded, as he had been under the impression that his Dulcinea was the possessor of the neatest foot in Nashville, but bravely concealing his fellings of disappointment, he took them to the nearest shoemaker and left them with the request that they be mended at once. After the shoes had been repaired the young man escorted them to the home of the dear one of his heart, expecting to be overwhelmed with thanks. On the contrary, half an hour of glib taking on his part was required in order to convince the young lady that he had no intention of insulting her.

IN this country a man's a man," no matter when, where, or how born. It does not matter who his parents were it he be a man of brains, character and culture, such as comports with his vocations in life, wether he follow the plow, be a "greasy mechanic," a lawyer a member of Congress, a judge, or what not. He is, and should be, respected for what he is, not for what his father is and was,—not for ancestral descent, nor for patrician or plebian blood.

Love on the Yellowstone.

One of Gallatin's fair daughters, while returning from Wonderland, stopped with her companion at a Yellowstone ranch. They had been there scarcely an hour when one of the proprietors gained the ear of our heroine, and informed her that hard by was one of the finest and best raspberry patches he ever saw or heard of. "Why they could just scoop them up," &c. He urged upon her the necessity of the berries being plucked immediately, as they were dead ripe, millions of them. She was delighted at the prospect of going for the berries, but when she ascertained that our hero was bent on accompanying her her ardor became dampened. However, they started, and now follows a conversation in which a rude mountaineer wooed a former city belle, whom two hours before he had never seen, showing the absurdity of the old faint heart and fair lady business.

"Say, do you see them fences?"

"Oh, yes; they are nice fences."

"Well, them fences is our'n."

"Whose?"

"My pard's and mine—half is mine an' half is his'n, an' those fields is our'n, too, and the house, an' stock, an' chickens, an' the mortgage, and all on the ranch is our'n—half is mine and half is his'n."

"Ah, indeed!"

"Yes, and you don't know how much we got in the bank besides, and if I was to get a wife you bet I'd get more than half. And I s'pose you don't know that I am the best hunter and guide in the Rocky Mountains? Well, I am, and what is more, I've enough quartz to buy out all the postoffices in Montana and pay for running them besides. Why, I have a fortune just in one mile alone.—The boys tell me it's a brass mine, but if it ain't brass it's gold, sure, and if it ain't that it's good quartz, anyhow, and don't—don't you think I ought to get married?"

"Most assuredly I do. A young man possessing your wealth and good looks should not hesitate a moment about entering into matrimony. I am surprised to [illegible] have enough grain over there to last two years, and so you see I can stand off the grasshoppers one year anyhow. And you needn't be afraid of Injuns up here; they don't come this high up—and say, don't you want to marry me? There now."

"Oh, sir, this is so unexpected, you know, and besides, I—I should deem it my duty to inform you that I am engaged to be married to a gentleman from the States. I regret that your affections are not bestowed on some young lady who is heart free. Please do not refer to the subject again."

"Well, I wouldn't have done so now, only I heard as how you didn't talk pretty to a nice got up Bozeman chap and told him you didn't want to marry him nohow, and I supposed after that I stood show of catching you myself. And—and (raising his voice) there's the raspberry patch over there, and come to think of it—I don't think they are as thick now as they used to be.

Knife and Fork Flirtations.

To drop your knife means, "I am badly bored."

To eat with your knife means, "I am posted."

To drop your fork means, "I am desperately in love."

To wipe your knife on the table cloth means, "All right."

To stir your coffee with a fork means, "How sweet you are."

To eat your soup with a fork means, "You are very beautiful."

To whet your knife on your fork means, "You see I am sharp."

To cut your mouth with a knife means, "I am very impatient."

To pick your teeth with a fork means, "I am the pick of the lot."

To wipe your nose on a napkin means "I am making a fool of myself."

To drum on your plate with your knife and fork means, "I am almost crazy."

To scratch your head with a fork means, "I itch for an acquaintance with you."

To dip your knife into the butter means, "I am not very particular, you see."

To let your knife slip and splatter the gravy out of your plate means, "I am exceedingly happy to be here."

To draw the knife half way down your throat means, "I am enjoying myself very well I thank you."

ONE can not fail to admire the fine sense of property of the proprietor of the Wisconsin——, who in a recent number said, "Owing to the death of the editor there won't be any leader on Tuesday, but look out for an old ripper on Wednesday.

Fat Folks.

I like fat folks! There's something jolly right in the fact of one's being a great big porpoise. And you never see a fat man or woman but what was good-natured, unless disappointed in love.—I often wish I stood in Baker's shoes. He weighs two hundred and eighty, and when seen coming down the street he resembles a sloop under full sail. When he enters a street car, everybody shoves along at once; and if it's crowded two or three men will get up at once to offer him a seat.

He is of importance wherever he goes. If he sits on an inquest, he influences the jury; and if he predicts the weather, people put faith in him. It there's a crowd around a horse, Baker elbows his way right in where I couldn't get. And they are always sure to make him treasurer at Sunday school excursions, send him invitations to deliver Fourth of July orations, and he is the man always selected to present the fire company with new hats and a speech.

And there's Mrs. Scott, who weighs [illegible] Rock[illegible] hot day everybody asks for her comfort, and when it is a cold day, everybody congratulates her on being fat. She was made the president of a benevolent society; the treasurer of an art association, and the "head man" in a monument enterprise, just because she was fat and "could fill the chair" better than any learned woman. If she went aboard the ferry-boat they placed her in the centre of the cabin, in the best armchair aboard, so that she could not careen the craft over; but if forty lean women hung over the railing to starboard nothing was ever said or cared about it. She had the biggest tent at campmeeting, the best place to see the Fourth of July fireworks, and the grocers were always sending her early strawberries and the first vegetables.

I fell in love with a fat girl once. I loved madly, because I was loving two hundred and seven pounds of a girl.—She was amiable, tender hearted, good natured and true, and I think she loved me. We were to be married in the fall; [illegible] board just as we were about to leave the wharf on a steamboat excursion. Three or four sailors plunged after her, and they got a gang plank under her, a cable around her waist, and towed her to the wharf. They then rigged a derrick, and lifted her out by sections. But they were so long about it that she took a severe cold and the result was—death.—There were mouths after that I never could pass a load of hay without thinking of my lost Amanda and shedding tears. And even to this day I never see a rhinoceros without her dear visage rising up before me.

FORGOTTEN.—Generation after generation have felt as we feel, and their fellows were as active in life ae ours are now. They passed as a vapor, while nature wore the same aspect of beauty, as when her Creator commanded her to be. And so, likewise, shall it be when we are gone. The heaven, will be as bright over our graves as they are now around our path; the world will have the same funeral winding on its way, and the attractions for offspring that she once had for ourselves, and that she has now for her children. A little while, and all this will have happened. The throbbing heart will be stilled, and we shall be at rest. Our prayers will be said, and the grave-clods will be thrown in, and our friends will all return. and we shall be left behind to darkness and to the worms.—And it may be for some short time we shall be spoken of, but the things of life will creep in, and our names will soon be forgotten. Days will continue to move on, and laughter will be heard in the very chamber in which he died; and the eyes will glisten again with joy; and even our children will cease to think of us, and will not remember to lisp our name.

HOW THEY LOVE FISH.—A young gentleman in this city in whom we have the most perfect confidence, gives the following conversation, which he overheard between two colored citizens the other evening as he was returning from prayer meeting:

"Sam, does you know Jonah?

"Jonah? what Jonah?"

"Why, Jonah what swallowed de whale—don't you know him?"

"Why, was he from Firginny?"

"Of course he was from Firginny."

"Well, de Firginians always was hell for fish."

"WHERE'S the molasses, Bill?" said a red-headed woman sharply to her son. "None in the city, mother. Every grocery has a large board outside, with letters chalked on it, 'N. O. Molasses,'"

What is War.

Napolen said that war was "the business of barbarians."

Sir Harry Smith said that the profession of a soldier was "a damnable profession."

Sir Charles Napier said that "to overcome all feelings of religion is generally the means of making a warrior."

Lord Bacon says, "I am of opinion that unless you could bray Christianity in a mortar, and mould it into a paste, there is no possibility of holy war:"

John Locke says, "All the entertainments an talk of history is of nothing almost but fighting and killing and the honor and renown which are bestowed on conquerors—who for the most part are mere butchers of mankind—mislead growing youth, who by these means come to think slaughter the most laudable business of mankind and the most heroic of virtues."

Lord Clarendon says, "We cannot make a more lively representa- [illegible] than by the view of a king[illegible] war."

Burke says that, "war suspends all the rules of moral obligation."

Brougham says, "I abominate war as unchristian. I hold it the greatest of human crimes. I deem it to include all others—violence, blood, rapine, fraud, everything that can deform the character, after, the nature, and debase the name of man."

Jeremy Taylor says, "If men be subjects of Christ's law they can never go to war with each other. As contrary as cruelty is to mercy, tyranny to charity, so is war and bloodshed to the meekness and gentleness of the Christian religion."

John Newton says, "The military line seems but a poor buisness, and I question whether it is becoming our profession, for a believer, especially a minister, to place his son deliberately in the school of slaughter, to be trained up in the art and practice of hurrying sinners in an unprepared state to eternity. [illegible] against war and the profession of arms."

Ralph Waldo Emerson says, "War is on its last legs and a universal peace is as sure as the prevalence of civilization over barbarism, of liberal government over feudal forms. The question for us is only soon."

Sidney Smith says, "The greatest curse that can be entailed on mankind is a state war. All the attrocious crimes commited in years of peace, all that is spent in peace by the secret corruptions, or by the thoughtless extravagance of nations, are mere trifles compared with the gigantic evils which stalk over this world in a state of war. God is forgotten in war; every principle of Christianity is trampled upon."

"POMPEY, can you tell me in what building people are most likely to catch cold?"

"Why; no. Me stranger in de town and can't tell dat."

"Well, I'll tell you. It is the bank."

"How is dat?"

"Because there are so many drafts in it."

"Dat is good, but can you tell me what make dare so many drafts in it?"

"No."

"Because so many goes dare to raise de wind."

WHEN old Sam Crowder, down in Pike was running for Justice of the Peace, his wife, in anticipation of honors in store for her, said:

"My dear, when you get to be Justice of the Peace, what will I be?"

"You," said Sam, "why, you'll be the same old fool you always was."

WE read in the Bible, in the 13th chapter of 1st Samuel and 19th verse, that "There was no Smith found throughout all the land of Israel." Of course not. All the Smiths were living in this country at that time, and they have wonderfully increased and multiplied since then.

'I HATE,' said a French priest, 'to confess an Irishman, for there are four questions I always have to ask before I can get at the sins: 'Are you *married* or single? Yes, sir.' 'Are you married or *single*? 'No, sir.' 'Are you married or single? 'Yes, sir.' *Are*, you a married man.' 'No, sir.'

AN Illinois candidate denounces the Administration for "taking the tax off on pianers wot we don't use; and keepin' it on whiskey, wot we do."

WHY is a promissory note like a rosebud. Because its matured by falling dew.

A strong-minded woman will always be speaker of the house.

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