Dr Thos. Macklitt

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. 28. DENTON, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1875. NO. 1.

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.

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.

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,

apl9-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, Hillsborough, Md.

Jan 2 1875-1y.

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 continuace of your kind favors, we remain,

Very truly yours, HARTSBERG & STEIFEL.

feb7-6mos.

MALTBY HOUSE,

BALTIMORE, MD.

CAPACITY.....350 GUESTS.

HAS just received a series of costly and elegant improvements, embracing every department of the Hotel, having been remodeled, enlarged and newly furnished throughout, thereby supplying a want long felt by the traveling public—a "FIRST CLASS HOTEL" at very moderate prices.

There is attached to the Hotel the most elegant and extensive RESTAURANT in the City, thereby enabling persons to engage rooms and live on the European Plan, if so desired.

Located on Pratt Street, near the Baltimore & Ohio depot, steamboat landings and business centre of the city.

TERMS.....$1.50 PER DAY.

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,

WM. N. CALVERT & CO.

nov21-2m.

NEW GOODS!

NEW STYLES!

THE Ladies of Denton and vicinity are respectfully invited to call and examine my stock of

NEW GOODS,

which I am selling cheap for cash. My Stock of Goods consist of

BONNETS, HATS, RIBBONS, RUCHES, NECK TIES, FLOWERS, LADIES AND CHILDRENS GLOVES AND HOSIERY, &c., &c.,

AND A FINE ASSORTMENT OF

Notions and Fancy Articles.

I am also prepared to do

DRESS MAKING,

in the best Style and at short notice.

Thankful for past favors I ask a continuance of the same, at the old stand under the Union office.

JULIA PARK, Denton, Md.

may1-tf.

BURNS & SLOAN

LUMBER DEALERS,

OFFICE:

132 LIGHT STREET WHARF,

BALTIMORE,

YARDS: 104 and 122 Light Street Wharf. 132 S. Charles Street. Corner York and Johnson Streets.

BUILDING LUMBER

SHINGLES,

FENCING,

DOORS,

SASH,

BRICKS,

OAK, ASH, WALNUT,

AT LOWEST RATES IN LOTS TO SUIT

july12-y

TAKE NOTICE.

THE tax-payers in the 5th Election District of Caroline county, who have not settled their taxes for the year 1874, had better settle the same by the 1st day of April next, or they will be closed in the shortest manner by the way of distress.

ELIJAH HIGNUTT, Collector.

mar13-tf.

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

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.

J. H. COULBOURN.

sep25-y.

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 satisfaction in each instance. jfeb21-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 all 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, Att'y, Easton, Md.

mar27-1y.

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.

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.

J. T. COMEGYS

Wheelwright & Blacksmith,

GOLDSBORO', CAROLINE CO., MD.

PERSONS supposing I have sold out and discontinued business are very much mistaken. I can always be found at my old stand ready and willing to wait on all customers. New work done to order. [apr10-y.

J. K. B. EMORY. F. W. NEAVITT.

EMORY & NEAVITT,

GENERAL

Commission Merchants,

No 6 Wood Street,

jan30-1y. BALTIMORE, MD.

W. S. GOSLIN. THOS. H. GOSLIN

W. S. GOSLIN & SON.

Commission Merchants

FOR THE SALE OF

Grain, Ship Timber

Eastern Shore Lumber, Staves, &c.

—ALSO—

AGENT FOR THE SALE OF

James Webbs' Very Superior Ashes.

PRICE 12½ CENTS PER BUSHEL.

Delivered on board Vessels.

No. 51 *South Street,* (*Up Stairs,*) Baltimore, Md.

june 21-y

[PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.]

"OUTWARD BOUND ECHOES."

FROM "THE TENNESSEE."

Heave round the capstan! Spread the sails to catch
the Western breeze,
And speed the great ship on her course to the oriental seas;
Past Gibralter's frowning heights, and Egypt's torrid sands,
To isles of everlasting green, that skirt the heathen lands:
Where the joss-fires flash out feebly, and the haughty despot's breast,
Burns with undying hate toward the nations of the West,
But little care Columbia's tars for crafty heathen's wiles—
The dark-eyed maiden of Japan will welcome us with smiles.

We are the playthings of the storm, the sport of every blast,
But many a tempest dark and fierce we've weathered in the past,
Swift is the keel beneath our feet, and staunch the oaken frames
To resist the storm king's bitter wrath or guard the nation's fame;
A finer toy for Neptune's whims never skimmed the restless sea
For strength and beauty is combined in the peerless Tennessee;
And the great guns peeping from her sides have music all their own
To rebuke the long tailed heathen should he dare provoke their tone.

So, comrades from the good ship's deck we'll banish care away,
And meet foreboding with a smile, be our fortune's what they may;
Ever prone to act a manly part in weather foul or clear—
Ever ready to defend the flag, should clouds of war appear;
For years of tedious cruising along the Eastern main
Must pass ere to Columbia's shores our prow is turned again,
And many a bright eye glistens in the homes we leave astern,
And many a fond and loyal heart pleads for our safe return.

Oh! loved ones whom the fates ordain that we must bid adieu,
In midnight watches on the deep our hearts drift back to you!
Though the world may roll between us throughout the absent years,
Fond memory spans the oceans and recalls your parting tears;
May Heaven smile on every heart, that saddens as we go,
And keep the fires of Liberty, aflame in every dell—
O land of Glory! Freedom's home, Columbia! fare thee well.

G. R. W.

U. S. Flagship Tennessee, N. Y., June 15th, 1875.

SENT BY EXPRESS;

OR, WHAT FRANK EVANS MISSED.

Marian Harlan was alone in the world—her mother just buried.

She was a beautiful, brown-haired girl, with soft, shy eyes of velvet gray, and rosy lips compressed to a firmness far beyond her years. For after all she was scarcely seventeen, and so deacon Gray was telling her, as he sat by the fire spreading his huge hands over the tardy blaze, and asked:

"But what are you goin' to do to earn your bread and butter, child?"

"I don't know—I haven't thought. Mamma had an uncle in New York, who—"

"Yes, yes—I've heerd tell about *him*—he was mad 'cause your mother didn't marry just exactly to suit him, wasn't it?"

Marian was silent. Deacon Gray waited a few minutes, hoping she would admit him into her secret meditations; but she did not, and the deacon went away home, to tell his wife that "that Harlan gal was the very queerest creetur he ever had come across."

In the meanwhile Marian was busy packing her few scanty things into a little carpet-bag, by the weird, flickering light of the dying wood fire."

"I will go to New York," she said to herself, setting her small, pearly teeth firmly together. "My mother's uncle *shall* hear my cause pleaded thro' my own lips. Oh, I wish my heart would not throb so wildly! I am no longer meek Minnie Harlan—I am an orphan, all alone in the world, who must fight life's battles with her own single hands."

Lower Broadway, at seven o'clock in the evening! What a Babel of crashing wheels, hurrying humanity, and conglomerate noises it was! Minnie Harlan sat in the corner of an express office, under the flare of gaslight, surrounded by boxes, and wondered whether people ever went crazed in this perpetual din and tumult. Her dress was very plain—gray poplin, with a shabby old-fashioned, little straw bonnet tied with black ribbons, and a blue veil, while her only article of baggage, the carpet bag, lay in her lap. She had sat there two hours, and was very, very tired.

"Poor little thing!" thought the dark-haired young clerk nearest her, who inhabited a sort of wire cage under a circlet of gaslights. And then he took up his pen and plunged into a perfect Atlantic ocean of accounts.

"Mr. Evans."

"Sir."

The dark-haired clerk emerged from his cage with his pen behind his ear, in obedience to the beckoning finger of his superior,

"I have noticed that you woman sitting here for some time. Is she here?"

"Expressed on, sir, from Millington, Iowa—arrived this afternoon."

As though poor Minnie Harlan were a box or a paper parcel.

"Who for?"

"Consigned to Walter Harrington, Esq."

"And why hasn't she been called for?"

"I sent up to Mr. Harrington's address to notify him some time ago; I expect an answer every moment."

"Very odd," said the gray-haired gentleman, taking up his newspaper.

"Yes, sir, rather."

Some three-quarters of an hour afterward, Frank Evan's came to the pale girl's side with indescribable pity in his hazel eyes.

"Miss Harlan, we have sent to Mr. Harrington's residence—"

"Minnie looked up with a feverish red upon her cheek, and her hands clasped tightly on the middle of the faded carpet bag.

"And we regret to inform you that he sailed for Europe at 12 o'clock this day."

A sudden blur came over Minnie's eyes—she trembled like a leaf. In all her calculations she had made no allowance for an exigency like this.

"Can we do anything further for you?" questioned the young clerk, politely.

"Nothing—no one can do anything *now!*"

Frank Evans had been turning away, but something in the piteous tones of her voice appealed to every manly instinct within him.

"Shall I send to any other of your friends?"

"I have no friends."

"Perhaps I can have your things sent to some quiet family hotel?"

Minnie opened her little leather purse and showed him two ten-cent pieces, with a smile that was almost a tear.

"This is all the money I have in the world, sir."

"So young, so beautiful, and so desolate!" Frank Evans had been a New Yorker all his life, but he had never met with an exactly parallel case to this. He bit the end of his pen in dire perplexity."

"But what are you going to do?"

"I don't know, sir. Isn't there a work-house, or some place I could go to, until I could find something to do?"

"Hardly." Frank Evans could scarcely help smiling at poor Minnie's simplicity.

"They are putting out the lights and preparing to close the office," said Minnie, starting nervously to her feet. "I must go—somewhere."

"Miss Harlan," said Frank, quietly, "my home is a very poor one—I am only a five hundred dollar clerk—but I am sure my mother will receive you under her roof for a day or two, if you can trust me."

"Trust you?" Minnie looked at him through velvet eyes obscured in tears. "Oh, sir, I should be so thankful!"

* * * * * * *

"How late you are, Frank! Here—give me your overcoat—it's all powdered with snow, and—"

But Frank interrupted his bustling, cherry-cheeked little mother, as she stood on tip-toe to take off his outer wrappings.

"Hush, mother; there is a young lady down stairs."

"A young lady, Frank?"

"Yes, mother; expressed on from Iowa to old Harrington, the rich merchant. He sailed for Europe this morning, and she is left entirely alone.—Mother, she looks like poor Blanche, and I knew you would not refuse her a corner here until she could find something to do."

Mrs. Evans went to the door and called cheerfully out:

"Come up stairs, my dear—you're as welcome as the flowers in May!—Frank you did quite right; you always do."

The days and weeks passed on, and still Minnie Harlan remained an inmate of Mrs. Evans' humble dwelling.

"It seems just as though she had taken our dead Blanche's place," said the cozy little widow; "and she is so useful about the house. I don't know how I ever managed without her. Now, Minnie, you are not in earnest about leaving us to-morrow?"

"I must, dear Mrs. Evans. Only think—I have been here two months to-morrow, and the situation of governess is very advantageous."

"Very well. I shall tell Frank how obstinate you are."

"Dearest Mrs. Evans, please don't. Please keep my secret."

"What secret is it that is to be so religiously kept?" asked Mr. Frank Evans, coy walking into the midst of the discussion, with his dark hair tossed about by the wind, and his hazel brown eyes sparkling archly.

"Secret!" repeated Mrs. Evans, energetically wiping her dim spectacle glasses. "Why, Marian is determined to leave us to-morrow."

"Minnie!"

"I must, Frank. I have no right further to trespass on your kindness."

"No right, eh? Minnie, do you know that the old house has been a different house since you came into it? Do you suppose we want to loose our little sunbeam?"

Minnie smiled sadly, but her hand felt very cold and passive in Frank's warm grasp.

"You'll stay, Minnie?"

"No."

She shook her head determinedly.

"Then you must be *made* to stay," said Frank. "I've missed something of great value lately, and I hereby arrest you on suspician of the theft!"

"Missed something?"

Minnie rose turning red and white.

"Oh, Frank, you can never suspect me!"

"But I do suspect you. In fact, I am sure that the article is in your possession."

"The article!"

"My heart, Miss Minnie! Now look here—I know I am very young and very poor, but I love you, Minnie Harlan, and I will be a good and true husband to you. Stay and be my little wife!"

So Minnie Harlan, instead of going out as a governess, according to the programme, married the dark-haired young clerk in Ellison's express office, New York.

They were very quietly married, early in the morning, and Frank took Minnie home to his mother, and then went calmly about his business in the wire cage, under the circle of gaslights.

"Evans!"

"Yes, sir."

Frank, with his pen behind his ear, as of yore, quietly obeyed and the behests of the gray-haired official.

"Do you remember the young woman who was expressed on from Millington, Iowa, two months since?"

"Yes, sir— I remember her."

A tall, silver haired gentlemen here interposed with eager quickness:

"Where is she? I am her uncle, Walter Harrington. I have just returned from Paris, when the news of her arrival reached me. I want her, she is the only living relative left me."

"Ah! but, sir," said Frank, you can't have her."

"Can't have her? What do you mean? Has anything happened?"

"Yes, sir, something has happened. Miss Harlan was married to me this morning."

Walter Harrington stared.

"Take me to her," he said, hoarsely; "I can't be parted from my only living relative for a mere whim."

"I wonder if he calls the marriage service and wedding ring mere whims?" thought honest Frank; but he obeyed in silence.

"Minnie," said the old man, in faltering accents, "you will come to me and be the daughter of my old age? I am rich, Minnie, and you are all I have in the world."

But Minnie stole her hand through her husband's arm.

"Dearest uncle, *he* was kind to me when I was most desolate and alone. I cannot leave my husband, Uncle Walter—I love him!"

"Then you must both of you come and be my children," said the old man, doggedly; "and you must come now, for the great house is as lonely as a tomb."

Frank Evans is an express clerk no longer, and pretty Minnie moves in velvet and diamonds; but they are quite as happy as they were in the old days, and that is saying enough. Uncle Walter Harrington grows older and feebler every day, and his two children are the sunshine of his declining life.

A CEARTAIN conceited old doctor, when called to children, always prescribed for one and the same remedy—worms. Being summoned one day to the bedside of a little boy, he gravely sat down, and, having felt the patients pulse, looked up over his spectacles and said to the mother in a solemn tone, "Worms, madam!" To which the mother responded: "I tell ye, doctoa, the boy hain't got a worm. He stumble over a stick of wood and broke his leg, and I want it set quick." "Worms, madam, I assure you—worms in the wood!"

A KANSAS paper says:—"A mule kicked an insurance agent in this place on the cheek the other day. The agents cheek was uninjured, but the mule's hoof was broken."

Handwriting of Great Men.

Horace Greeley's manuscript was very illegible. A wag once observed that the sentence, "Virtue is its own reward," written by Mr. Greeley, was rendered by the compositor into "Washing with soap is wholly absurd." Hon. Thad. Stevens, the "Old Commoner," wrote an illegible hand. His signature was little more than the scrawled initials, with a short zigzag line following each of them. We once had occasion to write to him, and received a letter in reply which we found it impossible to read, though professing to be apt at deciphering manuscripts. Two weeks afterward we handed Mr. Stevens the letter. He could not read it himself until we gave him a clew by reminding him of the matter we had made inquiry about.

A president of one of our popular railroads once wrote to an old farmer, requesting him to remove some shedding along the line. The old farmer could not make it out, and beleiving it to be a free pass, used it as such for a year, none of the conductors presuming to dispute the construction he had put upon the scrawl. Many ludicrous, and many serious blunders have resulted from the want of legibility in writing. In proof of the former, we might instance the cargo of monkeys, in which case "two," badly written, was taken for "one hundred" in numerals; and in proof of the latter, we might instance the civil war that ensued in the time of Louis XIV. from a misconstrued letter. A despatch intended for the fiery Prince Conde, was carried by a courier from the court to Angerville, instead of Augerville. The conciliatory missive, by the ill writing of the letter "n," failed to come to hand at the proper time and place, and the prince continued those movements that were followed by a civil war. Those who write for the press should try to make their writing clear and legible. Proper names, technical terms, quotations from foreign languages, etc., should be written with especial plainness. Printers' eyes are not microscopic, and the supposition that they are walking encyclopædias, and proverbially clever will not always save an author from the disgrace of his own blunders.

The mercanticle class, in general, write gractfully and legibly. As clerks, they do so by constraint. Lawyers' writing is bold, large, and wildely lined. Literary men—those of painful, unsearching research—write close, cramped, and inelegant hands. In many old and valuable manuscripts uniformity is preserved throughout—the same character of letter, the same shade of ink, the same size and slope, are all preserved, from the begining to the end of the large volume. Nothing, scarcely, can exceed their beauty. Capitals and particular words are emblazoned by being written in letters of gold, or inks of brilliant and beautiful colors, strongly contrasting with the deep black of the body of the writing. Many of them are the work of monks, who had great perseverance, uniformity of temper, and sobriety of mind.—*Anonymous.*

KINKS.—A kink is a spontaneous twist in a thread, and a constitutional whimsicality in a man. A thread-kink has all the effect of a knot in a thread, interefering with the work of the seamstress. A man-kink so twistifies him, and knots him up, that the pastor can't use him, the church can't manage him, and society don't know what to do with him. A thread-kink is a great annoyance when it eccurs too often. A man-kink, a whim, a crochet, annoys a pastor, wearies and disgusts a church, and interferes with her work. A kinky church member never agrees with his brother members, always has a word of advice for his pastor, is always trying to carry a point, is happy only when he can gratify a notion, give his "views," or force a disagreeable alternative upon his "dear brethern,' and all for the "glory of God.' Brethern, pray to be delivered from kinks.—*Baptist Union.*

AN old woman sat on a bench in the Grand Trunk depot recently' wiping her eyes with her handkerchief, when a portly man, full of sympathy, said to another: "Tis sad to see the falling tear. It always makes my heart ache to see an aged person in trouble.' Walking up to her he kindly asked: 'My good woman, why these tears—why do you weep?' She took down the handkerchief, looked up in surprise, and bluntly answered: 'I've got the wust cold in my head I've had for forty-six years.'—*Detroit Free Press.*

KANSAS TEACHER—"Where does all our grain product go to?" Boy—"It goes into the hopper," "Hopper!—What hopper?" "Grasshopper!" triumphantly shouted the lad.

Defying Public Opinion.

A New York daily journal has the following concerning the immaculate Henry Ward Beecher:

Mr. Beecher has announced through his newspaper that he shall continue his public ministry whatever the verdict of the jury in the present trial may be. The fact that he has continued to preach with this terrible accusation resting upon him has seemed to thousands an affront to the pulpit, and to show a strange insensibility to the proprieties and requirements of the sacred profession. The ability to preach and exhort under the circumstances in which he has been surrounded for months, whether innocent or guilty of the crime laid to his charge, shows remarkable power of will and something more than eccentricity of mind. It is the deliberate opinion of hundreds of clergymen and religious men that he has made a grave mistake. But if, when this trial ends, the public are satisfied that Mr. Beecher is guilty, and guilty, too, not of an accidental slip merely, but of a long course of criminal conduct, he mistakes the temper of this community if he imagines it will permit him to befoul the Christian pulpit with his unclean presence and pour out his paroxysmal profanations there. If he is guilty of the crime laid to his charge, he is also guilty of wholesale lying, perjury, treachery and hypocrisy; and if it is believed that he is guilty he had better never have been born than insult the moral instincts of the community by defiling the altar of God with his polluted touch. The substance of human nature does not change much in the course of centuries. The old Romans buried alive the vestal virgin detected in impurity. These are things which not even a Beecher can do with impunity, and if this Beecher is believed to be guilty and still persists in preaching, he will be likely to find the point where public forbearance ceases, and what lies beyond it.

A LITTLE TOO SHORT.—They were married in the morning, and immediately stepped aboard the cars for a bridal tour to San Francisco. They attracted considerable attention on the way by their honeymoon ways, and created a good deal of quiet fun among the goodly number of ladies and gentlemen who were passengers. In due time the cars entered a tunnel, and all for a few moments were enveloped in darkness. All too soon the cars emerged into the broad glare of the noonday sun, and our loving bride and groom were discovered locked in each other's arms and exchanging kisses at a rate seldom seen in public. The passengers took in the situation in about a second, and a shout went up that nearly threw the train from the track, and brought the conductor to the scene on the double-quick. "Pass it around," yelled a big man who was on his way West to get his wife. "Go back to the tunnel," said another man to the conductor; and as the newly-made husband settled back in his seat he was heard to say, "Sarah, I thought tunnels were longer. Darn a railroad company, anyhow."

IF I was possessed of the most valuable things in the world, and was about to will them away, the following would be my distribution:

I would give the world truth and friendship which are very scarce.

I would give an additional portion of honesty and truth to lawyers, merchants, traders.

I would give physicians skill and learning.

I would give printers their pay.

To gossiping women short tongues.

To young women good sense, modesty, large waists and natural teeth.

To young sprouts and dandies, common sense, little cash and hard labor.

To the old maids smooth faces, good temper, and good husbands.

To old bachelors love for virtue, children and wives.

To boys becoming modesty and a disposition to profit by experience of older persons.

THE ORIGIN OF "BEE."—The term "Bee" now so generally applied to spelling classes, has for a century or or more been used in connection with quiltings, corn huskings, apple butter boilings, and other pleasant gatherings of country people, where the buzy industry reminded one of the activity of a beehive. When the quilt was completed, or the corn all husked, the youngsters generally amuse themselves with dancing, playing games &c., and amongst other pleasant amusements spelling classes were introduced. To these old fashioned country customs, we think may be traced the origin of the term "bee," in its application to othographic contest.

©Maryland State Archives, mdsa_sc2939_scm3041-0278