Doc Thomas Hackett

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, SEPTEMBER 4, 1875. NO. 10.

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.

Wm. S. Ridgely,
Jr. 43
DENTON, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's counties. d30-1y

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,
mar27-1y. Att'y, Easton, Md.

J. W. LOCKERMAN,
AUCTIONEER,
Federalsburg, Md
RESPECTFULLY announces his readiness to cry sales in any part of Caroline, Talbot or Dorchester counties. Terms, $2.50 per day.
apr10-tf.

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.

V. O. EARECKSON,
LUMBER DEALER,
WEST FALLS AVENUE,
First Yard South of Prat St. Bridge
BALTIMORE, MD.
FLOORING, PARTITION, SHINGLES, FACED SHELVING, LATHS, JOIST & SCANTLING, PAILINGS, FENCING, POPLAR, OAK, &c.
feb22-y.

BLACKSMITHING.
I desire to inform the public that I have rented the Blacksmith shop in the town of Denton on the corner opposite the Hotel stables, and am prepared to
ACCOMMODATE TH PUBLIC
in my line of business. After a long experience, I flatter myself that I will give satisfaction to all who may give me a trial.
Particular Attention Given to Horse Shoeing
By strict attention to business I hope to receive a liberal share of the public's patronage.
may29-tf. WM. O. MACHER.

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.....$2.50 PER DAY.

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

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

To Freighters.
CASE & DRAPER
HAVING associated themselves together for the purpose of conducting the hauling business are ready at all times to accommodate freighters and will use their best endeavors to give entire satisfaction. All grain will hereafter be freighted from Greensborough to Baltimore at 6 cents per bushel. From the Brick Mill Granary 5½ cents per bushel—from Smith's Landing 5 cents.
LIST OF BACK FREIGHTS.

Lumber, per thousand feet,	$1.50
Coal, per ton,	1.50
Bricks, per 1,000 to Denton,	1.50
" " " Greensborough,	2.00
Hogsheads, each	1.00
Coal Oil and Molasses barrels, each,	30
Salt, per sack,	20
Nail Kegs and small boxes,	12½

When the cash is paid 10 per cent from the above will be deducted. All other freights at proportionate rates. All freights thankfully received, and all orders promptly attended to.
T. D. CASE.
JAS. B. DRAPER.
N. B.—All orders for Greensborough should be left with H. E. Jarrell, and all orders for Denton with Thos. Lowe. (ly3-ly.

REMOVAL!
We invite 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.
eliciting a continuace of your kind favors, we remain, Very truly yours,
HARTSBERG & STEIFEL.
feb7-1y.

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

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

J. L. STOLL,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
DENTON, MARYLAND,
(OVER B. F. FIELD & CO'S. STORE,)
IS prepared to cut and make entire suits in the latest style. Scouring and repairing done at short notice.
The latest Paris fashions regularly received. The patronage of the public is solicited.
jly24-3mos.

LOUIS LINDER,
TAILOR,
DENTON, MARYLAND,
(UP STAIRS OVER THE OLD POST OFFICE.)
All kinds of Gentlemen's Clothes Made to Order, Cleaned, Repaired and Pressed in the best Manner, at Short Notice and Reasonable Prices.
mar27-tf.

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.

ESMA LOE,
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 satisactin in each inalance. jfeb21-tf.

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.

FRANK X. SIMMS. HIRAM G. DUDLEY
SIMMS & DUDLEY.
GENERAL
Commission Merchants
57 LIGHT STREET,
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.
apr3-y.

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

CHAS. 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.

J. K. B. EMORY. F. W. NEAVITT.
EMORY & NEAVITT,
GENERAL
Commission Merchants,
No 6 Wood Street,
jan30-1y. BALTIMORE, MD.

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

HIGNUTT,
Attorney-at-Law,
DENTON, MARYLAND.
(OFFICE WITH THOS. H. KEMP, ESQ.)
jly10-tf.

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

A. R. WEEDON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
CENTREVILLE, MARYLAND.

Private School.
THE undersigned will open private school on the 1st Monday in September next.
TERMS—$3 per Quarter of Twelve Weeks.
The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. LUCY B. RICHARDSON.
aug21-tf.

EDUCATIONAL.
THERE being vacant Scholarships for this county in the State Normal School, as also in St. John's College, in which tuition is remitted, those desiring to fill these Scholarships should make application to the School Board at the earliest day.
The Public Schools of the county will open for the Fall Term Monday October 4th.
By order of the Board,
aug21-3w. GEO. F. BEAVEN, Sec'y.

Removed to Media.
Swithun C. Shortlidge 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 53 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.

EDUCATIONAL.
AT a meeting of the Board of County School Commissioners for Caroline county held in Denton, August 17th,
It was ordered, That the Secretary make out for publication a list of the schools whose trustees have failed to organize as provided by law passed January Session 1872, and as amended January Session, 1874, Chapter II, Sec. 3, and Chapter V, Sec. 1. In cases of failure thus to organize, the Board declares the places of such Trustees vacant—Provided that Trustees having previously organized and notice of same having failed to reach the Secretary, be continued upon notification to the Secretary, on or before September 7th. GEO. F. BEAVEN, Secretary.
LIST AS ABOVE ORDERED.

DISTRICT I.	
Marydell, No. 1	Henderson, No. 3
Bee Tree, No. 2	Castle Hall, No. 4
DISTRICT II.	
Moore's No. 1	Bridgetown, No. 6
Greensboro' Nos. 3 & 4	Oakland No. 7
Barnes, No. 5	Ringley, No. 8.
DISTRICT III.	
Thawley, No. 2	Andersontown, No. 12
Long's, No. 3	Oxford, No 13
Saulsbury, No. 5.	Harris Chapel, No. 14
Denton, Nos. 6 & 7	Licinia, No. 15.
Piney Grove, No. 8	Burrsville, No. 16
Chinquapin, No. 9	Potter's Landing, No. 17.
DISTRICT IV.	
Hunting Creek, No. 1	Laurel Grove, No. 7
Poplar Neck, No. 2	Harmony, No. 8
Bethlehem, No. 5	Gravely Branch, No. 9
Union Grove, No. 6	Hog Creek, No. 10.
DISTRICT V.	
Concord, No. 1	Friendship, No. 4
Chestnut, Woods, No. 2	Midway, No. 5.

aug21-2w

Bargains. Bargains.

AT THE
GREAT SHOE STORE
OF
JESSE HUGHES,
EASTON, MARYLAND.
If you want bargains call at the Shoe Store of Jesse Hughes, as he has the largest stock of any Shoe House on the Eastern Shore.
Next door to T. C. Nichols' "Hardware Store," where he has a stock of
BOOTS AND SHOES
suitable for Ladies, Gentlemen, Misses, Boys, Youths and Children. A full line of Branch Goods for the ladies. All to be sold CHEAP FOR THE CASH.
oct24-tf.

A. W. FOUNTAIN,
Carriage Builder,
No 1 North Washington St.,

EASTON, MD.
Has now in Stock and
CONSTANTLY BUILDING
ALL STYLES OF CARRIAGES
That find sale in
THIS MARKET.
Hand-Made Harness
AT
Very Low Prices,
CARRIAGE AND HARNESS
REPAIRING
DONE ON REASONABLE TERMS,
I am thankful for past favors. Call and see me, I am now offering
GREAT INDUCEMENTS.

BLIGHT—BLOOM.

Life hath its barren years;
When blossoms fall untimely down;
When ripened fruitage fails to crown
The summer toil; when Nature's frown
Looks only on our tears.

Life hath its faithless days.
The golden promise of a morn
That seemed for light and gladness born
Meant only noontide wreck and scorn
Hushed harp instead of praise.

Life hath its valleys, too,
Where we must walk with vain regret,
With morning clothed, with rain and wet,
Toward sunlight hopes that soon may set
All quenched in pitying dew.

Life hath its harvest moons,
Its tasseled corn and purple-freighted vine;
Its gathered sheaves of grain, the blessed sign
Of plenteous reaping, bread and rich wine;
Full hearts for harvest tunes.

Life hath its hopes fulfilled;
Its glad fruitions, its blest answered prayer,
Sweeter waiting long, whose holy air
Indrawn to silent souls breathes forth in rare,
Grand speech, by joy distilled.

[*Expressly for the Journal.*]

MID-SUMMER CHILDHOOD.

When I was a little girl, all of my mid-summers were spent at Grand-pa's. Those were such happy days that I wanted mid-summer all the year. What gay times we used to have—Grand-pa, Bruce and I! Sometimes cousin Bertha was there, but she was from the city and could not bare to have her dresses torn or soiled. She said it was very unlady-like to romp with a great dog like Bruce, and let him run away with my sun-bonnet.

That reminds me, that nothing ever caused me so much unhappiness as my Grand-pa's as my sunbonnet. It had such a trick of losing itself in the most unaccountable way, and usually of places, just when I wanted to go to the fields or meadows with Grand-pa. Aunt Margie would never let me go out of the house without a sun-bonnet very little smaller than myself. Once when Grand-pa and Bruce were going to the hay field, and every sunbonnet about the house had hid itself, I was half wild for fear she would make me stay home; but dear, kind Grand-pa came to my rescue with one of his big straw hats, that he tied under my chin with his kerchief. I must have made a queer little figure that day, trudging along beside Grand-pa with Bruce, who would get infront of us once in a while to look at my new bonnet. Gypsies were not fashionable then, and he did not know what to make of mine. I was very quiet that day, preferring to sit under the walnut trees, watching the mowers to playing with Bruce. I was thinking how good it was in Grand-pa to make me a bonnet out of his hat, but somehow, his goodness touched me so that I could not tell him what I was thinking. In my gratitude I made a great many resolutions, as I sat there, to take better care of my bonnet; as I had done before; for Grand-ma had such a plaintive way of saying, "There that child's lost her bonnet," it used to go to my heart, and make me very sorry for being so careless. In all of those mid-summer days, I never thought my Grand-pa unkind, but once. Then he came into the house with my poor bonnet wet and muddy, on the end of his stick, and told before a half-dozen of Aunt Margie's city friends, how Bruce had rescued it from being drowned in the pond I can never forget how one young lady shricked and hid her head, as if my unfortunate bonnet Medusa like, would transform her into a stone. If I had ever heard of Medusa, I would have wished it could, for she was always telling me that "children were horrid little wretches." Now I had made a narrow escape that morning, from being condemned to the house and that young lady, for all day. Thinking of that, Grand-pa had charged me, as we came in from the field, to go in the house and put away my bonnet. I had meant to obey him; but seeing the ducks swimming in a pond near the house, I took Bruce and went to watch them, where alas! my bonnet was forgotten. Smarting under a sense of the injury done me, and suffering from a consciousness of having been disobedient, I refused Bruce's evident sympathy, and went off alone to shed the first bitter tears I had ever known at Reiply.

No little girl ever had such happy mid-summers as mine, or such a Grand-pa. He never thought me in the way, or one bit troublesome. Once, when the children of a neighbor gave a party, I refused to go unless Grand-pa took me, although cousin Bertha said "a little girl's grand-father never took her to parties." Grand-pa took me however, and played at "blind-man's-buff" and "puss wants a corner," until I forgot my dread of so many strangers, and shouted and laughed with the merriest. Cousin Bertha was there, her pretty dancing, her city dress and lovely face making her the envy and admiration of the others.

Cousin Bertha was Aunt Margie's favorite and the pet of all the visitors; but the servants kept the best of every thing for me. Bruce would never follow cousin Bertha, unless I went along, yet her coax as she might, then too, I was so sure of my empire over Grand-pa's heart that I never cared. Bertha was called by all the pet names that could be thought of, while to visitors I was simply—"that child," and to my Grand-ma "Nell." Grand-pa called me "Puck", and I liked it a great deal better than any other name I ever heard. I dare say that I must have looked very elf-like with my torn dress, disordered hair and sun-browned face but I was happy, and neither knew nor cared whether I looked well or ill.

The last mid-summer spent at Reiply was the happiest of all. Cousin Bertha was there the whole summer, and we grew to be firm friends. She forgot to be careful about her dresses, and used to run and frolick as much as Bruce or I. When we parted, it was with a promise to spend all of our mid-summers at Reiply, which we voted the best and dearest place in the world.

We have never seen each other since. The next summer Bertha went to Nahant with her mother. Sickness kept me home later than usual, and when I did go there was a vacant chair, and Bruce and I had lost our dear, *dear* friend and companion. By mutual consent we shunned our favorite haunts, and after a few days they sent me away, because Grand-ma said, it was not good for me to be at Reiply.

Those happy, *happy* days are fresh; in my memory still. Last mid-summer I went to the old place again. I found it less changed than I am; but if did not carry my happy child heart with me, I brought away the conviction that nowhere is there to be found such real, restful enjoyment, as at mid-summer in the meadows and orchards of Reiply, where

"Crowds of bees are giddy with clover,
Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our feet,
Crowds of larks at their matins hang over,
Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet."

That cousin Bertha thinks so too, I know, by a letter written last Summer from Newport. "So you are going to Reiply"—she wrote—"wont you sometimes go to the little room we used to have together, and think kindly of your wayward and most unworthy cousin Bertha." Her girlhood has not belied the promise of her childhood. I learn from others and from the fair picture before me, that she is very beautiful yet, and although she is called worldly and heartless, she still fondly cherishes the memory of the happy mid-summers of her innocent childhood.

Sunny Faces.

HOW SWEET in infancy, how lovely in youth, how saintly in age! There are few noble natures whose very presence carries sunshine with them wherever they go; a sunshine which means pity for the poor, sympathy for the suffering, help for the unfortunate, and benignity for all. How such a face enlivens every other face it meets, and carries into every company vivacity, joy and gladness. But the scowl and frown begotten in a selfish heart, and manifested in daily, almost hourly fretfulness, complaining, fault-finding, angry criticism, spiteful comments on the motives and actions of others, how they thin the cheek, shrivel the face, sour and sadden the countenance! No joy in the heart, no nobility in the soul, no generosity in the nature; the whole character as cold as an iceburg, as hard as an Alpine rock, as arid as the wastes of Sahara! Reader which of these countenances are you cultivating? If you find yourself losing all confidence in human nature, you are nearing an old age of vinegar, of wormwood, and of gall; and not a mourner will follow your solitary bier, and not one tear-drop shall ever fall on your forgotten grave.

AT the depot, the other day, after shaking hands, one colored man inquired of an other:

"Didn't you marry de Widow Jones about de fust of Januwary?"

"Dat's me, I did," was answered, "but I've dun left her."

"Why! how's dat?"

"Well, de fus week she called me 'honey,' de next week she sulked around an called me 'ole Richard,' de third week she cum for me wid a flat iron and broke two ribs, and I'm gwine to keep right away from dar!"

TRUE STORY OF BLUE BEARD.

BY THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR."

A long time before the invention of hair dye, when a man had to wear his hair the color nature made it, whether he would or not, there was a man had made himself enormously rich as a Congressional lobbyist, or something of the sort. I don't know precisely where he lived, but I think it was mostly in the imagination.

He run a great castle on the European plan, kept horses and run them, and in fact run about everything in his neighborhood, including running with girls, for at the time of which we write he was a gay widower. He had immense wealth, but was hideously ugly, and had an enormous blue beard, frightful to comtemplate, which gave him the cognomen of Blue-Beard, by which he was known to the country that had laid off its round about and was going round in its shirt sleeves.

Blue Beard wearied of living in solitary magnificance in his lordly palace and finding that he was growing bluer and bluer every day he determined to marry. Having been married some six times—taking half a dozen raw as one might say—he was naturally miserable when deprived of the gentle influence of the sex for any length of time. One of his neighbors was a widow lady, and had two beautiful and accomplished daughters. They could play the piano, harp, seven-up beautifully.

To this lady Blue Beard applied for the hand and general anatomy of one of her daughters, having her to decide which one she would give him. Although his wealth pleaded loudly in his favor (as it does yet, although this was a good many years ago,) yet that dreadful beard was against him, and neither of the young ladies desired to have it against her. Blue wasn't fashionable for beards; if it had been it might have been different. One of them wept bitterly because it would necessarily be several hundred years before hair dye would be discovered, so he could have his blue whiskers colored to a neat red.

Another circumstance rendered them shy of him. He was having a wedding every once in a while at his castle, but no funerals; wedding cake had been ordered from the confectioner's several times, but no undertakers had a job there yet. No matter how many times a man is left a widower if he correspondingly patronizes some respectable owner of a hearse, but repeated wedlocks without funeral obseiques is certainly a suspicious circumstance.

Blue Beard cunningly invited the family and their friends to the castle, where as he jocosely expressed it, they might, see "Blue Beard the lion in his den," and the time passed so delightfully that the youngest began to think blue wasn't a bad color for whiskers, after all. She looked with contempt upon a red-whiskered beau of hers, whom she used to think splendid, and asked why he didn't rub indigo into 'em. To make the story short, she consented to become Mrs. Blue Beard when asked, and the wedding was duly celebrated.

At the expiration of the honeymoon Blue Beard pretended to his wife that business of importance carried him away to a distant city. He said he was a delegate to the Anti-Tobbaco Chewers' Convention. He would be absent several weeks, and in the meantime she could invite company and enjoy herself as much as possible. He gave her a bunch of keys, enabling her at any time to gain access to his wine cellar, store room, ten-pin alley corn house, etc. But one little key opened a door in the basement that she must not approach save at her peril. Printing a kiss on her lips in large type he departed.

From the time that Mother Eve disregarded the injunction against a certain tree in Eden's orchard and partook of the pipin, thereby introducing various things into the world never dreamed of, curiosity has been an absorbing passion with the fair sex, and we need hardly inform the intelligent reader that her husband was no sooner out of sight than Mrs. Blue Beard had unlocked the door of the forbidden room.

But what a spectacle met her affrighted gaze! There suspended from hooks like many gowns in a clothes press, were the bodies of the murdered Mrs. Blue Beards whose funerals had been indefinetly postponed, while the floor was clotted with their blood. She would have swooned, but the phrase was then unknown at that early period. In her agitation she droped the key on the floor staining it with blood, which she was afterward unable to wash out with the help of a patent wringer.

Blue Beard returned unexpectedly, as everybody might have expected, and the stain of blood on the key told the story of his wife's disobedience, for "blood," you know "will tell."

'Must I,' he cried wringing his hands in anguish, "must I again be a widower, and so soon?—after one short month of wedded bliss"—drawing his scimitar and feeling its edge—"must this latest and dearest be torn from my arms, and I left alone—alone!"

"Not if can help it," remarked Mrs. B. to herself.

Said Blue Beard:

"I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft brown eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me——"

"I don't want to die!" put in Mrs. B.

"Prepare!" yelled B. B. enraged at the interruption.

"Since I must die," quoth she, "grant me one little boon."

"What is that?" said he, suspending his upraised scimitar in mid-air.

"Half an hour's time in which to write a farewell letter to the press."

Blue Beard loved to annoy editors any-how, so he granted the request, although he was not an original Grant man. Going to her room, she told her sister Anna to ascend to the top of the tower to see if her brothers (supposing Blue Beard was away, they were coming to smoke his cigars and drink up his whisky) were yet in sight. She reported that she saw a cloud of dust, but it was only a flock of sheep on their way to the country fair.

"Time's up!" shouted Blue Beard from below.

"One moment more to add a postscript, Anna, O Anna! do you see anybody coming now?"

"I see two horsemen mounted on a dray—they look this way—they see me wave my handkerchief—it is—by heavens! tis my bre-hothers!"

The next minute they rushed in and blew old Blue Beard's brains out with double-barrelled bowie knives.

The widow B. inherited her husband's property, together with the remains of her predecessors, with which she was enable to set up a museum of anatomy, finnaly marrying a side showman.

Origin of the Rooster in Politics.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* explains the origin of the "rooster" in politics. It says: It was not so late a period as 1840; the year of the "log cabin," "hard cider" and "coon skin" campaign, which resulted in the election of General Harrison, that he first made his appearance. Indiana then had her State elections in August. The editor of the Indianapolis *Sentinel* was J. W. Chapman. In those days locomotion was slow, and it required days and even weeks to get the returns from the back counties. It so happened that in some particular county in Indiana, the Democrats made a gain over previous elections.

An enthusiastic Democrat wrote to a friend in Indianapolis the news, and not knowing Mr Chapman, the editor of the *Sentinel*, personally, requested his friend to communicate the facts to Chapman, adding these significant words, "tell Chapman to crow."—Catching the inspiration from his second-hand correspondent, Chapman did "crow" in his paper, and as the business of "crowing" is usually done by the chanticleer, he brought out one of those fine large birds at the head of his columns.

This was the first rooster ever placed in a Democratic paper to rejoice over a Democratic victory. As the general results of that election were against us, it was a matter of derision for the Whig papers, when any Whig victory was obtained, to add these words: "Tell Chapman to crow." This assisted to fix the matter in the popular mind, and to nationalize the emblem. No better one could have been adopted. The rooster is probably the most brave and gallant of the birds. He is never conquered as long as he has life.

MASTER AND SLAVE.—On the Vicksburg and Meridian Railroad the other day a Louisiana planter encountered a colored man whose face had a familiar look. The negro had his attention attracted likewise, and it was soon ascertained that he was once owned by the planter.

"Yes, you once owned me," he remarked, "and I was no better dan a horse. Now I holds an office, and is as good as anybody."

"Do you want to do me a favor, George?" inquired the ex-master.

"I 'spects so, sah."

"Well, in case you ever tell any one that you hold an office, don't let on that I owned you, for with this one exception, all my niggers turned out to be respectable people."

The ex-slave didn't do any more boasting.

SOMETHING that will soon be leaving us—the leaves.

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