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GEO. T. MELVIN & Z. P. STEELE,

Editors and Proprietors.

TERMS.

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Denton Journal.

A Family Newspaper Devoted to General Intelligence, Agriculture, Advertising, &c.,—Independent on all Subjects.

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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.

DR. W. F. G. YOUNG,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

HILLSBOROUGH, MD.,

Respectfully offers his professional services to the people of the surrounding country.

apr21-tf

P. F. THOMAS. J. F. BATEMAN.

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FOWLING CREEK, MD.,

Is carrying on bricklaying and plastering and is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line in the best manner and as cheap as the cheapest.

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MANSION HOUSE.

I. ALBERTSON, PROP'R,

Rooms First-class.

WITH GOOD SUBSTANTIAL BOARD AT $1.50 PER DAY.

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BALTIMORE, MD.

may12-y.

BOARDING HOUSE

At Queenstown

WHERE transient Boarders and the traveling public can be accommodated at the

SHORTEST NOTICE

AND ON THE

MOST REASONABLE TERMS.

Persons going to Baltimore can leave horses and carriages here until their return and the

BEST ATTENTION

given and charges moderate JOSEPH SHINN.

aug-tf. Queenstown, Md

BLACKSMITHING,

AT LOW PRICES.

John T. Comegys.

I AM STILL engaged in the Blacksmith business at the old stand, but have discontinued Wheelwrighting altogether, and continue the Blacksmith business only.

I still continue at my old prices for Horse Shoeing.

Plain Shoeing $1.00
With Steel Toes 1.25

I have also the sole right of E. T. Burton's Subsoil Pulverizing plow, for the 3rd, 4th and 5th Districts. This attachment can be attached to a plow at a cost of only $5. Satisfaction Guaranteed

JNO. T. COMEGYS.

jan13-y. Denton, Md.

Maryland Steamboat Co

SPRING ARRANGEMENT.

ON and after Saturday, April 7th, 1877, the Steamer

Highland Light,

CAPT. E. T. LEONARD,

will leave pier 3, Light Street, foot of Camden, every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY at o'clock, P. M., for Easton, Double Mills, Oxford, Clara's Point, Wallack's, Cambridge, Chancellor Point, Cabin Creek and Medford's,

Making close connection with Maryland & Delaware Railroad at Easton, and with the Dorchester & Delaware Railroad at Cambridge.

The Tuesday trip will be extended to Denton, making all the regular landings on the River. On the return trip, will leave Denton every Wednesday at 12 o'clock, noon, and every Monday, Wednesday and Friday will leave Medford's at 2, Cambridge 5, and Easton at 9 o'clock P. M., arriving in Baltimore early next morning.

FREIGHTS SOLICITED AT LOW RATES AND CAREFULLY HANDLED.

apr7-tf.

CORN! CORN! CORN!

AND

Spring Crops.

HORNER'S

AMMONIATED

Raw Bone Superphosphate

Contains more AMMONIA and SOLUBLE PHOSPHORIC ACID than any other Brand in the Market, except our Concentrated Superphosphate.

Quick and reliable in its action, and unequaled by any other article offered at same price.

IN FINE DRILLING CONDITION.

Price, $35 per Ton.

Joshua Horner, Jr., & Co.

54 S. Gay Street, Baltimore, Md

STOCK WILL BE

SOLD AT SACRIFICE

IN ORDER TO CLEAR THE GROUND TO MAKE ROOM FOR OUR SPRING PLANTING.

50,000 No. 1 APPLE TREES, Selected kinds adapted to Maryland and Delaware.

50,000 PEACH TREES, Largely of the valuable new and late kinds.

500,000 2-Yr. Conover's Col. Asparagus, 300,000 No. Osage Orange. 1 to 2 years old.

ALSO A LARGE STOCK OF CHERRY, STANDARD AND DWARF PEAR, AND ORNAMENTAL TREES AND SHRUBS, EVERGREENS, ROSES, &C., RASPBERRIES, BLACKBERRIES, AND STRAWBERRIES OF THE BEST MARKET KINDS

The stock we offer is all propagated with care, and is all true to name. Orders by mail will receive prompt and careful attention. Come and examine stock before you buy elsewhere, as you will save money by doing so.

CHOPTANK NURSERIES,

Denton, Caroline County, Md.

PETERS & DOWLING.

apr1-tf.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

The following is a directory of the principal officers of Caroline county.

CIRCUIT COURT.

Regular Terms begin the first Mondays in April and October, and Insermediate Terms the second Monday of January and the fourth Monday of June.

Chief Judge, Hon. John M. Robinson, Centreville; Associate Judges, Hon. J. A. Wickes, Chestertown and Hon. F. Stump, Ferryville.

Clerk of the Circuit Court—John W. Temple; Deputy Clerks, L. H. Gadd and C. Cook.

State's Attorney—Geo. M. Russum.

Sheriff—Reynolds Y. Collins.

Crier to the Court, James Hignutt. Bailiffs, Hy. Irwin, Wm, L. Davis and Thos. P. Davis

ORPHANS' COURT.

The days fixed by law for the meeting of this Court are the second Tuesday in December, and the second Tuesday in every second month thereafter, and oftener, as the business of the Court requires. Judges, Wm. A. Ford, Denton, Robert Jarrell, Greensborough, and Dr. H. F. Willis, Preston.

Register of Wills—Jas. B. Steele; Deputy, J. Gale Steele.

County Commissioners—J. M. Whitby, Greensborough, A. J. Greenley, Greensborough, and Elijah Towers, Potter's Landing; T. F. Johnson, Clerk.

Clerk to Board of Control and Review—J. Boon Dukes.

County School Commissioners—Col. James E. Douglass, Preston; Wm. S. Ridgely, Denton; and Dr. H. C. Comegys, Greensborough. Rev. Geo. F. Beaven, Secretary, and Examiner.

Magistrates—Richard Jones, Henderson; J. P. Fierce, Greensborough; Perry G. Stevens, Hillsboro'; Thos. A. Smith, Denton; Jas. E. Johnson, Concord: Wm. H. Bullock, Smithville; M. P. Hutchinson, Fowling Creek; W. W. Williamson, Preston, and W. H. Watkins, Federalsburg.

Constables—Wm. M. Price, Henderson; John C. Brown, Greensborough; Tilghman Roe, Denton; Wm. C. Willoughby, Fowling Creek, and Wm. T. Slaughter, Federalsburg.

TAX COLLECTERS.

First district, W. W. Rickards; Second, Luther Whitby; Third, R. J. W. Garey; Fourth, E. M. Towers; Fifth, Elijah Hignutt.

ALMS-HOUSE.

Trustees, First district, Henry C. Culbreth; Second, Esma Lowe: Third, J. Boon Dukes, Fourth, Matthew Patton and Fifth, A. N. Davis.

Overseer, Wm. Driggis.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

M. E. CHURCH.

PREACHING Sabbath morning at 10, A. M., and 7 P. M.

Sabbath School 2 P. M.

Prayer-meeting Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock.

P. E. CHURCH.

CHRIST CHURCH. Morning Prayer and Sermon at 10:30 o'clock.

Evening Prayer and Lecture at 7 o'clock.

ROM. CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Services the fourth Sabbath in every month, at 10:30, A. M.

FRIENDS' MEETING.

Every First Day at 10 o'clock, A. M.

LODGES, GRANGES, &C.

MASONIC LODGE.

TEMPLE LODGE, No. 128, A. F. & A. M., J. W. Kerr, Master, holds its communications on the second and fourth Tuesday in every month at 7 o'clock. P. M.

DENTON, MD.

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

GEO. T. MELVIN,

Attorney-at-Law,

DENTON, MD,

oct7-y.

JAS. E. HIGNUTT,

Attorney-at-Law,

DENTON, MARYLAND.

jly tf

Maj. Wm. E. Stewart,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

CORNER OF DOVER AND HARRISON STREETS,

EASTON, MD.,

Will practice in the Courts of Talbot, Caroline and adjoining counties. jul22-y.

CHAS. H. GIBSON,

Attorney-at-Law.

(OFFICE OPPOSITE THE M. P. CHURCH.)

EASTON, MD.

mar19-1y.

GEO. M. RUSSUM,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

DENTON, MD.

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

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.

$5 TO $20 per day at home. Samples worth $1 free. STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine

PARTED.

BY S. A. B.

Thinking of thee in the gloaming,
When our past in sweet dreams comes to me,
My spirit, in search of thine roaming,
Knoweth rest is found only with thee.

Thinking of thee at the midnight,
When our lot seems so hard to be borne,
I am sad with an infinite longing,
And pray for the life of the morn.

Thinking of thee at the daybreak,
Ere I join in the turmoil of life,
I promise to prove myself worthy
The love of my beautiful wife,

—True Flag.

HAPPY AT LAST.

"I do wish, Marguerite, you'd listen to common sense," said Mrs. Dale.

Mrs. Dale was sitting at a table opposite to a rose-twined window, whence a lovely summer landscape stretched itself away—green meadows, braided with the silver band of a tiny river, and clusters of woods seeming to lean against the sky.

She was a widow who had not yet lost all the fair rounded outlines of her girlish beauty, or the luxuriant auburn braids of her yet unsilvered hair.

And Marguerite, her lovely daughter, sat on the other side of the table, the slanting sunlight touching her her golden tresses, and her dazzling complexion seemed purer and more like a newly blossomed sweet pea than ever, by contrast with her light dress.

"Well, mamma," Marguerite Dale spoke almost recklessly, "what would you have me do?"

"Mr. Alcotte has proposed to you?"

"Yes."

Marguerite's hand involuntarily closed over the open letter lying in lap, while she turned her face suddenly away, as if the glow of the noon sunlight hurt her eyes.

"And you actually intend to refuse him?" persisted Mrs. Dale.

Marguerite shuddered slightly.

Then rising, she crossed to her mother's side, and placing her hand on the back of her chair, looked down into the upturned face.

"Mamma, would you have me marry a man whom I do not love?"

"My dear, my dear," reasoned the mother, "this idea of love is purely vissionary. True happiness is founded solely on esteem."

"Mamma, that's nonsense!"

"Marguerite!"

"Well, mamma, it is. And I am not going to barter away the gold of my heart for any such dry leaves of theory. I love one man only—and that is Geoffrey Rossmore. And I will never marry anyone else."

"But, Marguerite, dear"—Mrs. Dale was half frightened by the vehemence of her daughter's manner—"Geoffrey Rossmore is dead."

"How do I know that he is dead? The ship was lost—but there have been many instances in which one or two, or even half a dozen persons have survived a worse shipwreck than that. And I know—oh, mamma, I feel it in my soul that he is not dead. My heart would not beat now were there not an answering throb to it somewhere in this wide world."

"Then where is he? How do you account for this long and unbroken silence on his part?" demanded Mrs. Dale.

"I don't account for it, mamma—I only trust."

"Marguerite," pleaded her mother, "he has forgotten you, even if he is still alive. Give him up. Prove your womanly pride and spirit."

But Marguerite resolutely shook her head.

"My daughter," went on Mrs. Dale, "Mr. Alcotte is your uncle's friend. One reason of my coming to your uncle's house this summer was to afford you this golden opportunity. Here it lies at your feet—wealth, ease, a luxuriant home for your mother, as well as yourself"—

"Mamma, I would rather go out working by the day," interrupted Marguerite.

"Work, then, ungrateful girl!" burst out Mrs. Dale, angrily. "For I certainly shall no longer remain a pensioner on Colonel Dale's bounty, since you have contemptuously spurned his best friend from you. Sew—scrub—teach—whatever suits you best. Something it is necessary for you to do, and that quickly."

Marguerite retired, pale and silent, and went to her uncle's room.

Colonel Dale was bending absorbedly over some letters—he looked up with a start as Marguerite entered.

"Well, Peggy," he said, caressingly, for his pretty niece was rather a favorite with him, "have you come to tell me you will be Fernande Alcotte's wife?"

"No, uncle," answered Marguerite, firmly,

"Why not?" demanded the old man.

"I do not love him."

"Well," said Colonel Dale, intently watching her, "and why don't you love him? Are you still thinking of that ne'er-do-well, Geoffrey Rossmore, who was shipwrecked six months ago?"

"Yes, uncle," despairingly cried out Marguerite, "I am still thinking of him. I am his affianced wife, and will be faithful to him as long as I live."

"Then you are a fool," slowly uttered Colonel Dale, a savage frown knitting his brows.

"Uncle," went on Marguerite, unheeding his last remark, "will you help me to get a situation?"

"No," thundered the irate man, "I won't!"

That was the end, of course, of their easy going life at Dalewood Place.

Mrs. Dale and Marguerite went into cheap lodgings.

Mrs. Dale spent her time, like Niobe, "all tears."

Marguerite toiled from place to place in search of any work which might keep starvation from their door.

And in the midst of all this Mr. Alcotte renewed his offer.

Mrs. Dale brightened visibly.

"Oh, Marguerite, you never will refuse him a second time?"

"Mamma," said Marguerite, "I have not changed my mind in any respect. I would rather starve than sell myself for gold!"

"Very well," said Mrs. Dale, setting her teeth together. "I have endured the consequences of your caprices long enough. I will go back to Dalewood. Your uncle offers me a home."

"Good," said Uncle Dale, when the mother arrived at Dalewood. "There's nothing like extreme measures. She can't hold out long now. We shall have her back here eating 'humble pie' in less than a month."

But there was more resource and resolution in Marguerite's character than either her mother or her uncle gave her credit for.

One morning she was asked by a gentleman if she would accept a situation.

"Give me something to do," said she, despairingly; "I dont care what it is."

"Will you go abroad as companion to a crazy lady?" dubiousby inquired the other. "Good salary," but troublesome place. The lady's mother goes with her, too, but"—

"Yes," said Marguerite, "I will go."

Mrs. Gerard knew nothing about traveling—Miss Gerard was possessed with a general idea that a regiment of soldiers was following her to shoot her down—and between them both our little heroine had but a sorry time of it.

But she persevered, smiling and resolute, as if her heart was not growing faint within her.

It was the day appointed for the sailing of the vessel, and three ladies had come on board—Mrs. Gerard nervous and flurried, Miss Gerard perpetually watching an opportunity to escape the vigilance of her guardians, and Marguerite worn and wearied with the cares of packing.

"Here's a mistake," cried out Mrs. Gerard. "I thought we had engaged No. 14."

"So we did," said Marguerite.

"And here's the officer says No. 14 was taken a month ago, and there's some mistake, and we shall have to go in a dark, stuffy little hole under the wheel. Oh, dear! oh dear!"

"I am sorry, ma'am," said the officer, "but it is the only stateroom left. Perhaps, however, the gentleman who has engaged No. 24 might be willing to give it up to the ladies if"—

"Dear Marguerite, do ask him," said Miss Gerard, bursting into feeble tears.

Marguerite hesitated.

It was not a pleasant mission, but there seemed no alternative.

Conducted by the stewardess, she knocked at the door of No. 14, one of the best cabins on board.

"If you please, sir," said the voluble woman, "here's three ladies as supposed they were to have 14, and there's only 9 left, as there's no ventilation and only two single berths, and if you wouldn't mind changing"—

The state-room door opened.

A tall figure darkened its expanse, and Marguerite dropped her traveling shawl with a low cry.

"Geoffrey! oh, Geoffrey!"

"Marguerite, is it possible that this is you?"

"Yes," said Marguerite, recalling herself instantly. "I am going to Italy."

His face blanched.

A hard, strained look came into all the features.

"On your wedding tour, I suppose?" said he. "I have heard of Mr. Alcotte's devotion."

"No," answered Marguerite, quietly; "as companion to two ladies. I am earning my own living now, Geoffrey. Uncle has turned me out doors, and even mamma has left me."

"Why?"

The word escaped like a fluttering bird from between his closed lips.

"Because I have refused to marry Mr. Alcotte. Because I was true to the man who, it seems, has forgotten me.

"Never, Marguerite!" he cried. "My treasure—my love, listen, and you yourself will confess that I am guiltless of blame."

And then, still standing in the stateroom door, Geoffrey Rossmore told her of his shipwreck and of the long fever that ensued and his slow homeward progress.

He had written more than once, it seemed, but his letters, intrusted to careless messengers, had never reached their destination.

"And when I reached England," he concluded, "I heard that Fernande Alcotte was your accepted lover. What could I do but shrink from beholding you, and resolve that my inopportune presence should never mar your prospects?"

"Oh, Geoffrey!"

"Ah, dearest, you have never suffered the pangs of jealousy. And when, at last, the bequest of a distant cousin placed me above want, I decided to leave this country forever. And thus it happens that I engaged a passage in this vessel."

"But, Geoffrey"—with a smile and blush—"you—you will not go now?"

"Not if you will stay in England with me," said Mr. Rossmore.

Mrs. and Miss Gerard went to Italy without a maid, and had No. 14 all to themselves.

Colonel Dale and his sister-in-law have concluded that it is useless to enter the lists against love; and Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Rossmore are happy at last.

Calling a Boy in the Morning.

The Connecticut editor who wrote the following evidently knew what he was talking about:

"Calling a boy up in the morning can hardly be classed under the head of 'pastimes,' especially if the boy was fond of exercise the day before. And it is a little singular that the next hardest thing to getting a boy out of bed is getting him into it. There is rarely a mother who is a success at rousing a boy. All mothers know this; so do their boys. And yet the mother seems to go at it in the right way. She opens the stair-door and insinuatingly observes, 'Johnny.' There is no response. Then there is a short, sharp 'John,' followed a moment later by a long and emphatic 'John Henry.' A grunt from the upper regions signifies that an impression has been made; and the mother is encouraged to add, 'You'd better be getting down here to your breakfast, young man, before I come up there, and give you something you'll feel. This so startles the young man that he immediately goes to sleep again. And the operation has to be gone through several times. A father knows nothing about the trouble. He merely opens his mouth as a soda bottle ejects its cork, and the 'John Henry' that cleaves the air of that stairway goes into that boy like electricity, pierces the deep recesses of his nature. And he pops out of that bed and into his clothes, and down the stairs, with a promptness that is commendable. It is rarely a boy allows himself to disregard the paternal summons. About once a year is believed about as often as is consistent with the rules of health. He may save his father a great many steps by his thoughtfulness."

NIAGARA FALLS.—The amount of water passing over Niagara Falls has been estimated at 100,000,000 tons per hour and its perpendicular descent may be taken at 150 feet without considering the rapids, which represent a further fall of 150 feet. The force represented by the principal fall amounts to 16, 800,000 horse power, an amount which if it had to be produced by steam would necessitate an expenditure of not less than 166,000,000 tons of coal per annum, taking the consumption of coal at four pounds per horse power per hour. In other words all the coal raised throughout the world would hardly suffice to produce the amount of power that annually runs to waste in this wonderful fall.

A tie vote—when both parties vote yes, and the preacher ties the knot.

How Far will a Greenback go?

Mr. Brown kept boarders. Around his table sat Mr. Brown, Mrs. Andrews, the village milliner; Mr. Black, the baker; Mr. Jordan, the carpenter; and Mr. Hadley, a flour, feed and lumber merchant.

Mr. Brown took out of his pocket-book a ten dollar note, and handed it to Mrs. Brown saying.

"Here, my dear, are ten dolars toward the twenty I promised you the other day."

Mrs. Brown handed it to Mrs. Andrews, the milliner, saying:

"That pays for my new bonnet."

Mrs. Andrews said to Mr. Jordan, as she handed him the the note:

"That will pay for the work on my counter."

Mr. Jordan handed it to Mr. Hadley, the flour, feed, and lumber merchat, requesting his lumber bill.

Mr. Hadley gave the note back to Mr. Brown, saying:

"That pays ten dollars on my board."

Mr. Brown passed it to his wife, with the remark that that paid her twenty dollars he had promised. She, in turn, paid it to Mr. Black, to settle her bread and pastry account, who handed it to Mr. Hadley, wishing credit for that amount on his flour bill; he again returned it to Mr. Brown, with the remark that it settled for that month's board. Whereupon Mr. Brown put it back into his pocket-book, exclaiming that he "never thought that a ten dollar bill would go so far."

Thus a ten dollar greenback was made to pay ninety dollars indebtedness inside of five minutes. Who says greenbacks are worthless?

Did n't Catch Him.

There is nothing more depressing or mortifying to a young man than to be jilred by a girl. His agony seems unendurable when she not only throws him overboard but also ships his rival. His case may become desperate if, after she has named the happy day, and he has bought the ring, secured fitting wedding raiment and engaged the parson, she gives him the slip and marries another fellow. Some men think of firearms or cold poisons under such circumstances, but not so with a St. Louis young gentleman named Hickland. Miss Jennings had consented to marry him. The day was fixed, was near at hand, the viands cooked, the wedding dress complete, and minister notified. But the very day before the expected wedding Miss Jennings went out at evening, married a Mr. Cather, and by midnight the couple were speeding away on their bridal journey. Did Mr. Hickland despond and grow desperate? He told the parson to be on hand just the same, forthwith proceeded to the house of his affianced, asked in marriage the hand of Miss Haywood, there residing, was accepted, told the people to keep the viands hot, fetched the parson, and, while Mr. and Mrs. Cather were hasting away, a merry company witnessed the wedding of Mr. Hickland and Haywood. The supper was the most elegant which had been lately served in all that region, and love claps his hands in joy over the two wedded pairs instead of one. Mr. Hickland is a philosopher. May he and his bride live long and be happy.

The Law of Horse Hire,

The *Rural Sun* has the following: "It has been decided that when a horse or carriage is let out for hire for the purpose of performing a particular journey, the party letting warrants the carriage fit and competent for such a journey. If the hirer treats the horse or carriage as any prudent man would do, he is not answerable for any damage that either may receive, but he must use the horse for the purpose which he hired him. For instance, a horse hired for saddle must not be used in harness. If the hirer violates this express condition of the contract he is liable for all damages that occur If the horse is stolen through the hirer's negligence, such as leaving the stable door open all night, he must answer for it; but if he is robbed of it by highwayman, when traveling the usual road at usual hours, he can not be held for damages. As these questions are frequently in dispute these decisions may be interesting.

"WHAT is the annual corn crop of Kentucky?" asked a foreign tourist of a Kentuckian. "I can't exactly say," replied the Kentuckian; "but I know it's enough to make all the whiskey we want, besides what is wasted for bread.

THREE things that never agree—two cats over one mouse, two wives in one house, or two lovers after one maiden.

Married Life.

Good counsel from a wife and mother: "I try to make myself and all around me agreeable. It will not do to leave a man to himself till he comes to you, to take no pains to attract him or to appear before him with a long face. It is not so difficult as you think, dear child, to behave to a husband so that he shall remain forever in some measure a lover. I am an old woman, but you can still do as you like; a word from you at the right time will not fail of its effect; what need have you to play the suffering virtue? The tear of a loving girl, says an old book, is like a dew-drop on a rose; but that on the cheek of a wife is a drop of poison to her husband. Try to appear cheerful and contented, and your husband will be so; and when you make him happy, you will become so, not in appearance, but in reality. The skill required is not so great. Nothing flatters a man so much as the happiness of his wife; he is always proud of himself as the source of it. As soon as you are cheerful you will be lively and alert, and every moment will afford you to let fall an agreeable word. Your education, which gives you an immense advantage, will greatly assist you; and your sensibility will become the noblest gift that nature has bestowed on you, when it shows itself in affectionate assiduity, stamps on every action a soft, kind and tender character, instead of wasting itself in secret ripenings."

Be Kind to the Aged.

Age, when whitened for the tomb, is a worthy object of reverence. The passions have ceased. The old linger with the young; and, oh, how careful should the young be to reward them with tender affection and warmest love to diminish the chill of ebbing life! The Spartans looked on reverential respect for old age as a beautiful trait of character. Always be kind to those who are in the autumn of life, for you know not what suffering they may have endured, nor how much of it may still be their portion. Do they seem unreasonable to find fault or murmur? Allow not your anger to kindle against them. Rebuke them not, for doubtless many have been the crosses and trials of early years, and perhaps their dispositions, while in the spring time of life, were less flexible than your own. Do they require aid? Then render it cheerfully. Forget not that the time may come when you may desire the same assistance from others that you render to them. Do all that is needful for the old, and do it with alacrity, and think not hard if much is required at your hands, lest when age sets its seal upon your brow, and fills your limbs with trembling, others may wait unwillingly and feel relieved when the coffin has covered you till the resurrection.

THE SNEEZE.—As a rule, a sneeze is the warning nature gives that some part of the body is exposed to a cooler temperature that the other parts, and that the sneezer is about to "catch cold." Next to the warning, what is the use of the sneeze? It throws open the pores of the whole body and induces a gentle perspiration; in a word, it throws off the cold. A child rarely sneezes more than twice—perspiration is readily induced in youth; an old man on the contrary, sneezes half a dozen to a dozen times, with a loudly explosive "catchogue." It is harder to set him perspiring. When one is sitting by an open window, and finds himself sneezing, nature tells him he is taking cold. He should get up instantly, walk about, and take a full tumbler of cold water to keep up the gentle perspiration that the sneeze set in motion. If he does this he will not be telling an hour after that he has a "cold in his head," or chest or lungs.

"HAS that jury agreed?" asked the judge of a sheriff, whom he met on the stairs with a bucket in his hand.

"Yes," replied Patrick, "they have agreed to send out for a half a gallon."

"THEY must have a very feeble constitution in Congress," said Mrs. Partington, "if they haven't power enough among 'em to count a few votes. Why Isaac would do it in five minutes by simple admonition."

Worried mothers may be interested in learning that the shingle cure is the best remedy for boys whose tooth begins to ache about fifteen minutes before schooltime.

To save quarrelling with the life insurance company, a Chicago woman stopped her husband's funeral procession before the office, and sent word to the president to satisfy himself.

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