The Denton Journal

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

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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Rates of Advertising.

TRANSIENT RATES.

Advertisements will be conspicuously inserted on the following terms:

ONE SQUARE, SIX LINES, 3 times, $1.00, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. Longer ones in the same proportion.

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	3 MONTHS	6 MONTHS	12 MONTHS.
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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. T. MELVIN. M. S. MUTCHLER.

MELVIN & MUTCHLER,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

OFFICES: { Denton, Md. Greensboro', Md.

☞ Special attention paid to the collection of claims. jly7-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. feb23-1y.

JOHN COVEY,

AUCTIONEER,

AMERICAN CORNER, MD.,

Respectfully announces his readiness to call sales in any part of Caroline, Talbot, Dorchester and adjoining counties. He charges less than any other auctioneer; and after seventeen years' experience in this line, in Maryland and Delaware, flatters himself he can guarantee satisfaction in every case where he is employed. (may5-y.

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. may5-1y.

GEO. M. RUSSUM,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

DENTON, MD,

—0—

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

EMORY & NEAVITT

GENERAL

Commission Merchant

No 6 Wood Street,

jan30-1y. BALTIMORE MD

Notice to Shippers.

The undersigned hereby gives notice that he is prepared to receive and ship grain and all kinds of produce to Baltimore market. His granary is at Denton Bridge, in charge of M. Chilton, Esq., He is also prepared to take orders for lime, shells and other back freights. The schooner

"MARY ELLEN"

is nearly completed, and will be at the service of the public in a few days. Arrangements have been made to ship by another vessel, with dispatch, in the mean time.

J. DOGN DUKES.

FRANK X. SIMMS. HIRAM G. DUDLE

SIMMS & DUDLEY.

GENERAL

Commission Merchants

57 LIGHT STREET,

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

apr5-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.

THE undersigned begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally that he is still doing all kinds of Blacksmithing, at his shope 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 SEED.

Jan 2 1876-1y. Hillsborough, 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 any plow at a cost of only $5. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

JNO. T. COMEGYS.

jan13-y. Denton, Md.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

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

CIRCUIT COURT.

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

Chief Judge, Hon. John H. 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. Fox, 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. Seed, 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 F. Douglass, Preston; Wm. S. Ridgely, Denton; and Dr. H. C. Gomegys, Greensborough. Rev. Geo. F. Bevan, Secretary, and Examiner.

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

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

TAX COLLECTORS.

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

ALMS-HOUSE.

Trustees, First district, Henry C. Galbreth; Second, Espa Love; Third, J. Ross Miles, Fourth, Matthew Fulton and Fifth, A. N. Davis.

Overseer, Wm. Briggs.

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.

PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.

DENTON GRANGE, No. 42, meets the second and fourth Tuesday of every month, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

Cards.

A. R. WELDON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

CENTREVILLE, MARYLAND.

ROBT. J. LOWE,

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

JAS. E. HIGNUTT,

Attorney-at-Law,

DENTON, MARYLAND.

jly

E. HAMPSON,

FASHIONABLE HATTER,

189 West Baltimore Street,

BALTIMORE, MD.

jun2-y.

DR. W. F. G. TOWER,

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.

Thomas & Bateman,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

EASTON, MD.

OFFICE ON WASHINGTON STREET. [dec2-y

Wm H. Mowbray,

BRICKLAYER AND PLASTERER

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.

feb24-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. [dec23-y

JAS. P. DAWSON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

EASTON, MD.

June30-y.

"CURFEW SHALL NOT RING TO-NIGHT."

England's sun was setting o'er the hills so far away,
Filled the land with misty beauty, at the close of one sad day,
And the last ray kissed the forehead of a man and maiden fair,
He with steps so slow and weary, she with sunny floating air;
He with bowed head sad and thoughtful, she with lips so cold and white,
Struggled to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its walls so tall and gloomy, walls so dark, and damp, and cold,
"I've a lover in that prison doomed this very night to die,
At the ringing of the Curfew, and no earthly help is nigh.
Cromwell will not come till sunset, and her face grew strangely white
As she spoke in husky whispers, "Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton, every word pierced her young heart
Like a thousand gleaming arrows, like a deadly poisoned dart,
"Long, long years I've rung the Curfew, from that gloomy shadowed tower;
Every evening just at sunset it has told the twilight hour,
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,
Now I'm old I will not mar it, girl, the Curfew rings to-night."

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow,
And within her heart's deep centre, Bessie made a solemn vow.
She had listened while the judges read, without a tear, or sigh,
"At the ringing of the Curfew Basil Underwood must die,"
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright,
One low murmur scarcely spoken, "Curfew shall not ring to-night."

She with light step bounded forward, sprang within the old church door,
Left the old man coming slowly, paths he'd trod so oft before;
Not one moment paused the maiden, but with cheek and brow as low,
Staggered up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and fro,
Then she climbed the slimy ladder, dark, without one ray of light,
Upward still, her pale lips saying, "Curfew shall not ring to-night."

She has reached the topmost ladder, o'er her hangs the great dark bell,
And the awful gloom beneath her, like the pathway down to hell.
See, the ponderous bell is swaying: 'tis the hour of Curfew now,
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath and paled her brow.
Shall she let it ring? No, never, her eyes flash with a sudden light,
As she springs and grasps it firmly, "Curfew shall not ring to-night."

Out she swung, far out, the city seemed a tiny speck below,
There 'twixt heaven and earth suspended as the bell swung to and fro,
And the half-deaf sexton ringing, (years he had not heard the bell,)
And he thought the twilight Curfew rang young Basil's funeral knell,
Still the maiden clinging firmly, cheek and brow so cold and white,
Stilled her frightened heart's wild beating, "Curfew shall not ring to-night."

It was o'er, the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped once more,
Firmly on the damp old ladder, where for hundred years before
Human foot had not been planted, and what she this night had done,
Should be told long years after, as the rays of setting sun
Light the sky with mellow beauty, aged rice with heads of white,
Tell the children why the Curfew did not ring that one sad night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell, Bessie saw him and her, brow
Lately white with sickening horror, glowed with sudden beauty now,
At his feet she told her story, showed her hands all all bruised and torn,
And her sweet young face so haggard, with a look so sad and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eyes with misty light,
"Go, your lover lives" cried Cromwell, "Curfew shall not ring to-night."

Little Matters.

There are countless small circumstances connected with good behavior and fitting observance of the finer decencies of life that seem too trivial to mention, and yet which we see so frequently disregarded that it is only right to direct some attention to them.

It is really the small things even more than the large ones that mark gentle breeding or the lack of it, just as trifles are said to make the sum of life, and a person may have all the greater points of polite behavior at the fingers' ends, and yet betray ilateaching and common association by these very little things.

You will see an individual at the table, elegantly dressed, and behaving with such quiet propriety that, if you find occasion to think of her at all, you think of her as of course a lady, suddenly upset your whole opinion, and stamp herself with vulgarity by rising from the table and going away still munching on something in her mouth—strict decency requiring her to finish her meal altogether and entirely before rising from the table; or another who, having committed no other solecism through the whole affair of dinner ruins herself by using her goblet as a finger-glass, none being provided, thus reproaching her hostess for negligence or ignorance, and misusing an article of the table furniture.

A perfect ease of manner is one of the distinguished marks of a thorough lady the world over, together with a perfect repose. This ease of manner never allows the manifestation of any nervousness, any flurry, and never hurries in any unseemly fashion. In the very highest circles in Great Britain it is made a point to cultivate a placid immobility of countenance, and a reserve in conversation that allows a few words to go a great way. This is the repose

"Which stamps the cast of Vere de Vere,"

considered more essential in England than it is almost anywhere else in the world, such immobility having the appearance in other countries, it is feared, of mere stupidity, since in France, Spain, and America certainly a vivacity, interfering with such complete repose, but not at all incompatible with perfect ease, is expected.

Perhaps a great part of this requisite ease might be more easily attained if it were understood that a lady in society is in reality to appear unconscious of the existence of her body and her dress, and to allow others to be so.—She is not to fuss and fidget and go through any of those movements that signify discomfort, and make others in a measure uncomfortable too. Having chosen her position, she is to keep it a reasonable while, except as exigencies of conversation or any other compelling circumstances require her to change it; she is not to wiggle about in it, nor throw her arms here and there, but she is to appear to forget herself in the current event or the conversation of the occasion. She is not to twiddle her fingers either, nor agitate her feet, cross her knees, play with her jewels or her curls; she is not to rock herself, and she is to keep her hands away from her head and face.—The last is usually, unless early taught the hardest thing of all to do; not that one may not rest one's head upon one's hand, and often be very graceful in the action; but there are those who are in the constant habit of trifling, for instance, with the lobe of the ear or with the ear-ring, with the under lip, with the chin; of smoothing the cheek or of pulling down the skin there—doubtless unconsciously; of biting the lips, of chewing an invisible cud, of altering the arrangement of the hair, and even of scratching the head, and who never fail to present an underbred appearance in any of these antics. To the on looker these practices are hardly better than the vulgarieties of those people who forget to complete their toilet in private, and pick their ears, rub their noses, and polish their nails in public.

These are all little things, it is to be acknowledged; yet nevertheless, a breach in observance of a single one of them is ruinous to any pretention to good breeding. One will observe them each and all, and yet preserve a large freedom and ease of manner—that freedom which makes every one around feel comfortable, and that ease which speaks of long use and acquintance with the best.

To much humility, strange as it may sound, is something that interferes sadly with truly good manners. One can not go about in a "meaching," apologetic fashion, as if one were not really worthy to breathe same air as those about one, and preserve an atom of dignity. Proper self-respect is at the root of all ease and grace; not, of course, the least defiant, haughty assertion, but a modest confidence, a sense of one's presumable equality to all social intents and purposes, instead of a confession of one's demerit. We may all be great sinners, and very ignorant, and low-born but we do not go into society to say so. It is to be presumed, regarding ourselves, that we are the best earthly authority in the matter; and if we do not respect ourselves, who will? Meeting, as it is understood, as equals, society, oddly enough, allows us the recognition that one atom of God's universe is of the same value as another. There is no common ground on which the confessed superior and inferior are to meet; in the drawing room there is no superior or inferior, in that place there is always democracy, and whatever may be accorded to age or genius, the rest of the company are assembled aways; it is to be remembered on the same level.

Another mark of good breeding is generally to be found in the voice.—Sometimes the voice, as a matter of inheritance, proclaims even the good breeding of one's ancestors; its management in a gentle and proper way indeed, is something that, if not taught in childhood, is frequently not acquired at all. Of course those whom Nature has not endowed with a sweet voice for speaking are not answerable for her deficiency; but even a voice that is unmusical can be so handled, kept at such a pitch, and accustomed to such intonations, that its cultivation is almost equal to music and it is more by the intonation, the inflections, and the pitch—that is to say, by the cultivation—that one recognizes a lady in voice than by natural sweetness. If a gentle voice is an excellent thing in a woman, a distinct enunciation is equally so; and a lady will not be heard hurrying and tripping on her sentences, or clipping and abreviating her syllables; if what she has to say is worth hearing, she is entitled to ample time for saying it, and the clear pronunciation of her words, drawling, however, be it said, it is only another and proper mark of her self respect.

Again, yet another and peculiar, although quite different, part of good breeding is the art of keeping one's private affairs to one's self. Those strangers who, thrown into our society for half an hour, enlighten us concerning all the family life; all the husband's peculiarities, call the husbands by their Christian names, let us know an outline of the general course of events with them, do not win any of our admiration; and subject themselves to more or less of our ridicule. We are not to assume that our business is so interesting to any as it is to ourselves; we are to force it on no one; the least sense of dignity possible must make us feel our own affairs sacred enough for silence, although too sacred, at any rate for their slightest clew to be given the ear of any chance unworthy stranger.

Common sense, after all, strictly applied, is the best director in the matter of these little things that have so much to do with perfect manners we all desire. Common sense tells us whether or not to give a book to a person with the title toward him, so that it can easily be read; whether to pass a spoon so that that the bowl or handle shall be next to the extended hand; whether to glance at the superscription of a letter passing through our hands; whether to look in at the open door of a stranger's room as we go by; whether to consult use, convenience and grace in every act. If we take the common sense into our counsels, we shall be pretty sure not to go astray.—*Harper's Bazaar.*

The Man of Business and the Business Man.

The man of business and the business man both have business to do; but the business man is the one who does it. The business man thinks, moves, acts, and makes himself felt in the world. If a thought comes into his head, it is one of breadth and compass, it does not center on self and its narrow world. It reaches away and embraces others. It has a wide range, and does not stop till it touches and affects for good the interests of all.

Nor are the thoughts of such men immobile. They become acting, living realities in the wide and busy world. The authors of them make of these business thoughts actualities, give them "local habitation and a name," and steamboats are built and ocean is navigated, and distant climes are brought together; an electric telegraph springs into being as by enchantment, and lightning becomes garrulous and voluble, thought out-travels the winged winds; and in a twinkling that bands and shackles of trade are loosened.

Such are the workings produced by the business man. He awakens the drowsy and helpless multitudes, puts life and thought, energy and action, into them, and makes the world leap rejoicingly along the path of ages. Where its step before was but a single year, now it strides by scores and fifties,

"Men of thought, men of action,
Clear the way."

And they do clear the way—their thoughts become tangible, moving, demolishing forces, that break down and crush all opposing barriers, opening a pathway of progress, into which the more sluggish and timid portion of humanity may securely travel.

But the man of business is emphatically what the name indicates. His business is always on his hands. He does not do it. He does not know how to go to work in the right way. He weighs self-made doubts and supposed contingencies, and before he moves, the business man gets up and runs away from him, and wins the race.

The man of business won't go ahead he only eddies around and around—he does not progress—his path is a circle. He does not find himself at night many miles on his journey's way, but like the hour hand of a clock, just where he started. He is not clear and decided in what he does, but often stands hesitating and puzzled. He ventures and falls back; has a stout heart in fancy, but none in fact.

The Language of Animals.

That animals have a language of their own, to one another, there can be no doubt. I know a great deal of their language myself. I know by the voice of the raven when he has discovered one of his flock dead—I know his prelude to the storm, and to fine weather. The moor fowls call one another from hill to hill. I learned to imitate their language so closely that I could have brought scores of them within range of my shot in the morning. The black cock has a call, too, which brings all his mates around him, but the females have no call. They are a sex of subordinate things, like the wives of a nabob. They dare not incubate upon the same hill with their haughty lord. But the partridge and all mountain birds have a language to each other, and though rather circumscribed, it is perfectly understood, and as Wordsworth says, "not to be unknown." Even the stupid and silly barn-door hen, when the falcon appears, can, by a single alarm note, make all her chickens hide in a moment. Every hen tells you when she has laid her eggs; and lest it should not be well enough heard or understood, the cock exerts the whole power of his lungs in divulging the important secret. The black-faced ewe, on the approach of a fox or dog, utters a low whistle through her nostrils, which alarms her comrades, and immediately puts them upon the lookout. Not one of them will take another bite until they discover whence the danger is approaching. If the dog be with a man sundry of them utter a bleat, which I well know, but cannot describe, and commence feeding again. If the dog is by himself, they are more afraid of him than any other animal, and then it is heard the whistle repeated through the whole glen.

But the acuteness of the sheep's ear surpasses all things in nature that I know of. A ewe will distinguish her own lamb's bleat among a thousand, much louder than the singing of psalms at a Cameronian sacrament in the field, where thousands are congregated—and that is no joke either. Besides, the distinguishment of voice is perfectly reciprocal between the ewe and the lamb, who amid the deafening sounds, run to meet one another. There are few things that have ever amused me more than a sheep shearing, and the sport continues the whole day. We put the flock into the field, send out the lambs to a hill, and then send out the ewes to them as they are shorn. The moment that a lamb hears its dam's voice it rushes from the crowd to meet her; but, instead of finding the rough, well clad mamma, which it left an hour or two ago, meets a poor, naked, shivering, and most deplorable looking creature. It wheels about, and uttering a loud, tremulous bleat of perfect despair, flies from the frightful vision. The mother's voice arrests its flight; it returns, flies and returns again, generally ten or a dozen times before the reconcilement is fairly made.

Temptation.

We have had a great deal to say to our young friends about temptation, because in youth a person's susceptibilities are greater than at any other time of life. There is much to be said besides telling a person what he should avoid, or admonishing him to shun this or that. The best way to avoid a thing is to cultivate something antagonistic to it; in fact, if one does not do this, his chances of successfully carrying out his resolves are only one half what they might be. If a person can acquire a relish for good, wholesome, improving society, he will be in less danger than if he simply shunned bad company, and the same may be said of a good many other things. Among the greatest protective agencies is a taste for reading. One seldom sees a person of such tastes in the ranks of the fast young men who are getting in their crop of wild oats. There is nothing much cheaper than such a taste; indeed, it is wonderful how cheap are all kinds of culture compared with the different sorts of dissipation. A young man who has his business to study and whose livelihood and hope of advancement in the world depends altogether on his own exertions, will have brief time to devote to other things, but such time may be well filled up, and by cultivating a taste for that which is improving and elevating, in whatever department it may be, any inclination in an opposite direction is effectually destro

GOD gives food to e
does not bring to it
manner he gives
but by means of

No man sh
cause.

Put Life into Your Work.

A young man's interest and duty both dictate that he should make himself indispensable to his employers. He should be so industrious, prompt and careful that the accident of his temporary absence should be noticed by his being missed. A young man should make his employer his friend, by doing faithfully and minutely all that is entrusted to him. It is a great mistake to be over-nice or fastidious about work. Pitch in readily and your willingness will be appreciated, while the "high-toned" young man who quibbles about what he is and what it is not his place to do, will get the cold shoulder. There is a story that George Washington once helped roll a log that one of his corporals would not handle, and the Greatest Emperor of Russia worked as a shipwright in England—*to learn the business.* That's just what you want to do. Be energetic, look and act with alacrity, take an interest in your employer's success, work as though the business was your own, and let your employer know that he can place absolute reliance in your word and on your act. Be mindful; have your mind on your business; because it is that which is going to help you, not those outside attractions which some of the "boys" are thinking about. Take a pleasure in work; do not go about it in a listless, formal manner but with alacrity and cheerfulness, and remember that while working thus for others, you are laying the foundation of your own success in life.

What an Ex-confederate Thinks About Mr. and Mrs. Hayes.

After the boat started Mr. Hayes came and stood in the cabin door, as if he expected to be recognized and shaken hands with. He seemed to be pretty thoroughly broken into this business of hand shaking. Nobody at first came near him, so I thought I'd break the ice. I did so; introduced myself; told him I was a Southerner and found him very affable and good-natured. Hayes is a good, well meaning man. His nose isn't quite so well proportioned as it ought to be, and there's a reddish hue at the end. But the hue is constitutional, I think, or may be its sunburn.

I found Mrs. Hayes quite alone on the promenade deck, so I introduced myself to her. She's smarter than Hayes. She's a more refined woman than I had expected to find, and a handsome woman, too. She doesn't look so old as the picture makes her out; her hair is as black as jet, and her teeth white and regular. While I was conversing with her Mr. Hayes came along, remarking, "Well, I thought I'd lost my wife." I call her the best of the two. She's got character, lots of it, and it's bound to be felt. I found her up this morning on the boat bright and early, also alone. It was a pleasure to me to be of some little service to her in pointing out the localities on the Sound and East river as we came along, of which she was entirely ignorant. The young Hayeses were on board, and it was quite evident from their conversation that they never saw salt water before.—*Boston Herald.*

AN AWKWARD MISTAKE.—At a dinner party there were two sisters present, one a widow who had just emerged from her weeds, the other not long married, and whose husband had lately gone out to India for a short term. A young barrister present was detailed to take the widow down to dinner. Unfortunately he was under the impression that his partner was the married lady whose husband had just arrived in India. The conversation between them began with the lady remarking how extremely hot it was.

"Yes, it is very hot," returned the young barrister; "but not so hot as the place to which your husband has gone."

The look with which the widow answered this "happy thought" will haunt that young barrister to the day of his death.

NOT many years ago an energetic divine, whose qualities and begging pertinacity (for the church) are too well known in Arkansas to require comment, started out with a subscription paper to obtain sufficient money to "roof a church." He met
at last, and as he
were