Denton Journal.

1847. A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, AGRICULTURE, ADVERTISING, &c.,—INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS. 1879.

VOL. 31. DENTON, MARYLAND, SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 7, 1879. NO. 44.

WHEELER'S

Transportation Line

NOTICE.

Th Steamer Raleigh

WILL discontinue her trips on and after May 13th, 1879, for the purpose of

PAINTING & Thorough OVERHAULING.

She will be put in the most complete order, and when finished due notice will be given of the resumption of her regular trips on the Choptank Riv.r.

EMORY & NEAVITT
No. 83 South Street,
May-24-tf Baltimore, Md.

Chester River Steamboat COMPANY.

The Steamer B. S. Ford

WILL leave Chestertown every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7 A. M., for Baltimore, stopping at Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck, Grey's Inn Creek, Queenstown and Kent Island.

Returning, leave Baltimore every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 10 A. M., making the above stops.

B. S. FORD,
may-24-tf. President.

The Md. Steamboat Co.

FOR BALTIMORE
VIA
Cambridge, Oxford & Easton

THE NEW AND ELEGANT IRON, COMPARTMENT STEAMER

"ENOCH PRATT,"

CAPT. E. T. LEONARD,

THE STAUNCH AND FAVORITE STEAMER

"HIGHLAND LIGHT:"

CAPT. SAMUEL CROSBY.

Fare from Denton to Baltimore only 50 Cts

THE STEAMER HIGHLAND LIGHT LEAVES

DENTON

Every Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday at 12 o'clock noon, stopping at Potter's, Towers', Kingston, Dover Bridge, and forming with the Steamer Enoch Pratt a daily line (except Sunday) leaving Medford's at 2 P. M., Secretary Creek, Jamaica Point, Chancellor's Point, Cambridge (at 5 P. M.,) Wallach's, Clora's Point, Oxford, Double Mills and Easton, arriving in Baltimore at 4 A. M.

From Baltimore, leave Pier 3 Light Street, at 9 P. M., daily (except Sunday) for all the above landings to Medford's—the Steamer Highland Light leaving on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, extending her trips to Denton.

The Baltimore wharves of the Maryland Steamboat Company are ample, and none better situated for the interest of the fruit grower.

☞ Freights taken at very low rates.

HOWARD B. ENSIGN,
may24-tf. 98 Light Street, Baltimore, Md.

DELAWARE & CHESAPEAKE

RAILWAY.

FALL AND WINTER ARRANGEMENT..

On and after Monday, Sept. 23, 1878,

Trains will run as follows:

GOING NORTH.

LEAVE.	
Easton,	7.30 A. M.
Woodland,	7.45
Cordova,	7.55
Hillsborough,	8.10
Ridgely,	8.25
Greensborough,	8.45
Goldsborough,	9.00
Henderson,	9.15
Marydel,	9.25
Slaughters;	9.40
Kenton,	9.55
ARRIVE.	
Clayton,	10.10
Wilmington,	12.10 P. M.
Philadelphia,	1.45
Baltimore,	3.35
New York,	5.10

GOING SOUTH.

LEAVE.	
New York,	8.25 P. M
Baltimore,	6.50 A. M.
Philadelphia,	8.00
Wilmington,	9.15
Clayton,	11.20
Kenton,	11.35
Slaughter,	11.50
Marydel,	12.05 P. M
Hendeson,	12.15
Goldsborough,	12.30
Greensborough,	12.50
Ridgely,	1.05
Hillsborough,	1.20
Cordova,	1.35
Woodland,	1.45
ARRIVE.	
Easton,	2.00

All freights must be at the various stations least thirty minutes before of trains, otherwise will have to lay over twenty-four hours.

J. L. CALDWELL,
sept28-tf. Superintendent.

CHAS. H. BLACKISTON,

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,

DENTON, MD.

Clocks and Watches repaired at short notice. Clocks, Watches, Jewelry and Plated Ware of all kinds constantly on hand and sold at the lowest prices.

Gentlemen's Collars, Cuffs Scarfs, Neck-Ties, &c., for sale cheap.

Also a large stock of fresh

CONFECTIONERIES, FRUITS, ETC

which I have added to my stock, and will sell cheap
12-21-tf C. H. B.

JOHN BAGGS,

—WITH—

Marshall & Fallin,

GROCERS AND GENERAL

Commission Merchants,

No. 4 Bowell's Wharf, Baltimore Md.,

NEAR PRATT ST.

This is an old and reliable house, with large experience in the grain and general produce trade.—Reliability and punctuality beyond question. Justice to all is their motto. Now, my good friends, send us your grain and produce—anything that is marketable—and come personaly and see us. By so doing you will very materially assist your old friend,
1-6§ JOHN BAGGS,

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 where he is employed. [ma

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

WM. R. MARTIN
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
EASTON, MD.
Will practice in Talbot, Caroline and Queen Anne Counties. [nov3-y.

GEO. M. RUSSUM,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.
Can be found at his office adjoining J. H. Vangesel opposite the Court House.

ROBT. J. JUMP,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.
Will practise in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's counties. d30-19

WM. S. RIDGELY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
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.,
Will practice in Caroline and the adjoining counties. ☞ Loans on first mortgages negotiated mar23-tf.

CHAS. H. GIBSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
(OFFICE OPPOSITE THE M. P. CHURCH.)
EASTON, MD.
mar19-1y.

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.

B. H. HARRINGTON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EASTON, MD.

W. SCOTT ROBERTS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
CENTREVILLE, MD.
Special attention given to the collection of claims 11-30, '78.

OSWALD TILGHMAN
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EASTON, MD.
Office nearly opposite the M. P. Church.
july7-y

JAMES E. HIGNUTT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.
july12-y.

J. & B. P. KEATING,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
CENTREVILLE, MD.
june16-y.

JAS. P. DAWSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EASTON, MD.
June30-y.

CHAS. W. EMMERICH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
jan30-tf. DENTON, MD.

CHAS. E. SHANNAHAN,
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.

PHILIP W. DOWNES. M. S. MUTCHLER.

DOWNES & MUTCHLER,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and adjoining counties.
Promut attention given to the collection of claims

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

Thomas & Bateman,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
EASTON, MD.
OFFICE ON WASHINGTON STREET. [dec2-y

S. H. MELSON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
FOWLING CREEK P. O.,
feb2-y. CAROLINE CO., MD.

DENTISTRY

DR. T. J. SMITHERS,
EASTON, MD
Office over Elliott & Rathell's Shoe Store. Entrance on Dover Street. (jun2 1y

J. W. LOCKERMAN,
AUCTIONEER,
CONCORD, CAROLINE CO., MD.
may4-78-tf.

ESMA LOWE.
AUCTIONEER,
DENTON, MD.
HAVING taken out license as auctioneer, is prepared to call sales at auction in Caroline county. His long experience will enable him to render satisaction in each instance. [feb21-tf.

WM. H. MOWBRAY,
BRICKLAYER & PLASTERER,
FOWLING CREEK, MD.
Is carrying on bricklaying and plastering and prepared to do all kinds of work in his line in the best manner and as cheap as the cheapest.
befy4t.

Poetry.

THE BOY'S ADDRESS TO SPRING

Stay gentle spring, and never change
Why do you hurry on so fast?
I love the sweet perfume you give,
I love to see the tender grass;
I love the birds, the trees, the flowers,
They all seem happy in their way;
It makes my heart feel glad to see
You, look so young and gay.

Stay, gentle spring, don't hurry so,
The air is cool, the day is long;
The busy bee is mongst the flower'
The birds now sing their sweetest song.
From morn till night, he sits and sings,
Oh, who could tire of those pure strains?
Untouched by art, untaught from youth,
And yet produced with little pains.

The humming bird now hunts the flower,
Anon he'll rest his tiny wing;
Before he finds another bower,
Where to some flower, he'll lightly cling,
Oh, who could fail to admire his coat,
Replendent in a suit of green;
And while he sits upon the bush,
His look is calm and so severe.

The merry milk-maid trips along,
The butter's pure as virgin gold;
There is a happiness in her song,
That none but lovers can unfold,
Go little bird and build your nest,
And as you do, I know you'l sing
Who could watch you in your work,
And then not wish it always spring.

Marydel, Md. By J. G. M.

That Horrid Dress.

Against the tyranny of age and fortune,
"I could stand upright;
But the sad weight of such ingratitude
Will crush me into earth."

"There is no use in trying to make over that dress, mother," said Jenny Gordon, "for I won't put on the horrid thing. I'm just sick and tired of it, and I feel every time I put it on that everyone knows me by that dress, and I don't see why I can't have a new thing once in a while, just as well as the other girls!"

"Why, dear daughter," replied Mrs, Gordon, in her quiet, lady-like way, "you know that your father is glad to do all that he possibly can for you, and is making sacrifices all the time for us all, and working almost day and night to try to meet all his obligations, and get through these terribly hard times without failing in business. Instead of grumbling because you cannot spend as much as you used to, I think it would be much better every way, and certainly much happier for you, if you would cheerfully do what you can to make it easier for your father, and be thankful that you have still so many comforts, and are only missing a few luxuries, while so many of our friends have had to give up their homes, and hardly know how they will be supported."

"Well, perhaps I ought," said Jennie, "but I don't think one or two new dresses would break father, or make much difference with him anyway, and I won't put on that horrid dress again, and you needn't spend any time fixing it up for me. If I can't have something decent, and look as well as the other girls, I'll stay at home and mope, and make you all uncomfortable, and I guess father will be glad enough to give me some new dresses, and I don't believe he is half as poor as he talks."

"O, my daughter, don't talk in that heartless way," said Mrs. Gordon. "You know I should not have given up one servant, and your father would not have sold the horses, and let the coachman go, and we should not have economized in many ways as we have been doing, had it not been necessary. I am sorry you make yourself so unhappy about the matter, for it shows a weak character. If we are only pleasant and cheerful when we have everything we like, and have nothing to vex or trouble us, I do not think we deserve much credit; for who would not be happy at such times? But if we can still be happy and cheerful when troubles come; if we can look them in the face and say. 'I'll just take this as from my heavenly Father, and make the very best of it, and help others to bear the burdens they are carrying, instead of adding a heavier weight,' then we surely give evidence of having true characters, and our cheerfulness will be worth far more to us, and to those we love than it ever was before! I do wish you would try to think as I do about these things, and not fret and worry so constantly!"

But the mother's kind words seemed to make no impression upon her daughter, and she only replied:—"When I am as old as you are, I suppose I won't care how I look, but I think young folks ought to have a good time; and you can't feel happy and cheerful when all your friends are going out in new dresses, and you have to keep wearing the same old things," and then she flaunted out of the room muttering something disagreeable in an undertone, and slamming the door after her.

Mrs. Gordon, with tears in her eyes, and with a heavy heart, took up the dress which they had been discussing, and went to her room. She felt so bad that a daughter of hers, and the oldest of her four children, should show so unamiable a disposition and be so unreasonable and unsympathizing, that she could no longer force back the tears; and locking her door, she sat and cried over this new sorrow which was so hard to meet.

But after a time she said to herself, "I will go down and see my dressmaker, and get some hints from her about remodeling the dress, and I'll make it for Jenny when she does not see me, and hope she will be pleased with it." She was soon in the street car, with the dress in a package on her way to their old cressmaker. Mrs. Gordon mentioned to her that they were not having much work done this winter, and told her that she came to get her ideas as to how she could best renovate the handsome silks she had made for Jenny two years previous, so that it would be suitable to wear to concerts or to small evening companies.

"Yess," said Miss Crafts, "you can make that over beautifully, and it will be almost as handsome as anything new you could get. Half the ladies are doing their own sewing this winter, and remaking old dresses; and, indeed, everyone seems more quiet in their dresses than they were a few years since."

Then she told Mrs. Gordon just how she could make the dress, and gave her some patterns to help her. She had received many hundreds of dollars from Mrs. Gordon during years gone by when money was plenty, and we heard nothing of hard times, and now was very glad to oblige her. As she handed her the paterns she said: "If Mr. Baker's family had only tried to help him these last two years by economizing to some extent, I do not think he would have failed. Have you seen him lately, and how sad and haggard he looks? Why, Mrs. Baker and those three girls never seemed to care at all how hard it was for their father to get money; they were bound to spend just as much as when his income was so much larger. Of course he had as much property as ever, but it brought him in almost nothing compared to what it did a few years since, and he had to fail. I made three or four elegant dresses for each of the girls this winter which, with my bill, must have cost several thousand dollars, and then they gave that beautiful evening party and the lunch parties, just before their father went into bankruptcy; and everybody thinks less of them for it."

Mrs. Gordon did not stop to hear more, but was soon at her home again; and finding that Jenny had gone out sleighing with one of her young lady friends, she immediately went to work to rip up the dress, press it, and get it in good shape for re-cutting. For many days when Jenny was out of the house, or in the evening entertaining some friends, or attending a concert, Mrs. Gordon sewed on the dress, until it was finished and looked, as the dressmaker said, almost new. Then one afternoon she called Jennie into her room, showed it to her, and asked her to put it on and see how it looked. Jenny was surprised at the beauty and tastefulness of the garment, but was too proud to say so, and after putting it on, remarked coldly and ungraciously: "Well, it looks better than I thought it would, but everyone will know it's an old thing, anyhow, and I shall never take a minutes comfort in it, but I suppose I'll have to wear it, if there's no hope of my getting a new one."

Just then a caller was announced, and without a word of thankfulness to her mother for the trouble and time she had spent, or a kiss of gratitude and appreciation, she arranged her collar and cuffs and went into the parlor to receive her friend and former schoolmate, a sweet, lovely girl, the daughter of a clergyman. After some general conversation, the friend remarked: "Jenny, excuse me, but I must tell you how remarkably sweet you look in that lovely dress. I have not seen you wear anything so becoming for a long time, and those trimmings are something so new and tasteful. May I ask who made it for you?"

"Why, do you think it is handsome?" Jennie replied. "Mother cut it and made it, and I've been just mad about it. I told her I'd never wear the horrid thing, and she needn't make it for me, for it was one I had two years ago, and I did not know she had touched it until after lunch to day, and she called me into her room and showed it to me just as it is. and I haven't thanked her yet for it, and don't intend to either, for I do want two dresses this winter."

"You naughty, ungrateful girl," said her friend, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself to talk in that way. I know I am not half as good as I ought to be to my mother, but I do thank her when she helps me to make over my dresses, and does so much for me. I visited one of my friends in Philadelphia last winter, who used to treat her mother so unkindly it just made my heart ache, and not long after my visit her mother died."

Jennie could scarcely reply to what her friend said. But after her friend had gone she went to her room and sat down to think over her conduct.

During the call Mrs. Gordon had remained in her room, occupied with sad thoughts. "Why is it," she said to herself, "that so many mothers find so little comfort in their daughters? When we have loved them and cared for them all their lives, and have looked forward to the time that they would be real comforts and companions for us before they leave us for their own homes, why is it that we are so often disappointed in them?"

While such thoughts were still passing through her mind, and the big tears rolling down her cheeks, her door suddenly opened, and Jenny, sobbing aloud, came quickly in, dropped into her mother's lap and throwing her arms about her neck with the fondness of a loving child, and sobbing through the tears which trickled down her palid cheeks! "Jenny, dear, what is the matter?" said Mrs. Gordon. Jenny said:

"Mother, I have been an ugly, bad tempered girl, and I've made you very sad, I know; but if you'll forgive me, mother, I'll try to make you happy all the rest of my life! You've always been sweet and lovely to me, and I know that I have been wicked and ungrateful to you," and then she sobbed again and neither of them could speak, as their hearts melted together.

After a moment she continued: "This dress is just lovely, mother, and I do thank you for making it, but I'll help you when we make over the next one;" and then with a plesant smile overspreading her face, like sunshine after April showers, she said; "And mother, if I ever treat you as I have done, just say, 'Jenny, remember that horrid dress,' and I think I'll be good and kind at once."

MINNIE LOMBARD'S CURE.

THE GIRL WHO SAYS SHE RECOVERED SIGHT THROUGH PRAYER.

On the morning of Jan. 29, 1879 Miss Minnie Lombard of Wilmington, Del., the daughter of pious parents, and herself then one of the converts at a Methodist revival meeting, professed to have been suddenly restored to sight after a total blindness of two year. She believed, as did her parents, that her recovery was immediately due to prayer. The case was doubtloss, spoken of in every newspaper in the United States, although the discussion concerning it has since been confined mainly to the religious newspapers, and it is said that there are few persons in Wilmington who have not received letters of inquiry regarding the girl.

Richard and Rhoda Lombard, with their children, Minnie and Stella, live in a modest twostory brick house at 711 Jefferson street, in the heart of the city of Wilmington.

Mr. and Mrs. Lombard are New Bedford, Mass., people, in 1862 moved from there to Vineland, in South Jersey. Their life to Vineland was uneventful, in time they moved to New Bergen. behind Jersey City, where Mr. Lombard followed his occupation as a carpenter in the car works which were then in operation there. Here Minnie Lombard attained the age of fourteen, and was baptized in the Westside Avenue Church, at which church the family worshiped. Two years later Minnie was stricken typhus fever and for many weeks she hovered on the edge of death. She ate little or nothing. Severe hemorrhages of the nose added to her pain and weaknes, and her physical condition was such, according to her mother's story that she actually fainted while in bed under the mere exertion of keeping awake and alive. She was taken to Maine for her health. At the end of the summer she returned to West Bergen and in the spring of 1876 the family moved to Wilmington. Then it was that her sight began to fail. After a month in Wills't Hospital in Philadelphia she become totally blind. She was blind for two years.

The girl's ear become so sensitive that she knew who approached the house or entered it, or walked up the aisle in church, before their steps or voices heard by others.

Minnie composed sketches and stories, some of which were published in the Methodist in this city. These are written in a firm hand, the characters in straight and regular lines.

After a year's illness Minnie was, Mrs. Lombard says, attacked with an almost fatal affection of the brain, and her friends hoped that if she recovered her health she might incidentally regain her sight. She arose from her bed, however, as blind as ever.—Throughout her afflictions, however, she was cheerful until the spring of 1878. Then her girlish liking for the trees, and birds and flowers, and her abandonment of all hope of ever seeing them again, made her melancholy, and she became as her mother expresses it, "rebellious." She announced herself no longer a Christian, and her pious mother grew alarmed. She sought the advice of her pastor, and prayers were offered in his church for the girl's conversion.

During December of 1878 and January of 1879 revival meetings were held in St. Paul's Church, at which the girl's parents were worshippers and Minnie went forward with other "penitents" to the altar. The members of the church prayed for her long and earnestly. It was Mrs. Lombard's impression that these prayers and others that followed were toward the end that her daughter's sight might be restored and she believed that the pastor also prayed for the girl's recovery; but the Rev. Dr. Cauldwell says that this was not the fact.

The further history of the case, as related by Mrs. Lombard, is questioned by no one. Mrs. Lombard had in her mind no other hope than that her daughter's vision might be restored. She felt influenced by a strange and wholly new sensation, as though what Methodists term the "Presence" was upon her. Her husband felt the same controlling power. This was on the 28th of January last. She went to her room and prayed, and her husband joined her in the devotion. The daughter also prayed, but apart from her parents. There was prayer by the church people, also, that night's for Minnie's spiritual improvement. A sound night sleep followed, and, in the morning, the duties of the household were resumed. Minnie suffered from an unusually severe headache that morning, and rested on the lounge in the sitting room. Presently she slept. Before noon her mother, who was employed at some dutv in the front room, heard Minnie say. "Why, how light it is!"

"What do you mean?" Mrs. Lombard asked.

"It's so light!" Minnie repeated.

The mother hastened to the room in which Minnie lay. "Can you see?" she asked excitedly: "can you see?"

"Yes, I can see you!" Minnie replied calmly; "you've got on your black merino dress." particularizing the garment her mother wore. And then the daughter rambled on in childish delight over the recovery of her sight.—'How strange everything looks, mother; did I work that motto over there—and that one? Did I? Why, I've never seen this room before! I have always supposed it looked like our old sitting room in Jersey City"

[It may be here said that the girl lived in the Wilmington house previous to the utter loss of her sight. Her mother says, however, that her sight was so indistict at that time that she could not have familiarized herself with the aspect of the house.]

The mother was speechless, and doubted her senses, Minnie walked from the lounge and stood in front of the mirror.

"I want to see myself in the glass. Oh, how shocking" she exclaimed. "What a looking creature I am without my hair."

"Yes, mother," she replied to Mrs. Lombard who again asked whether she really could see. "I've got my sight, Glory to God, for he has restored it."

Then both mother and daughter laughed and cried immoderately by turns. But afterward, Mrs. Lombard says, a peacefulness fell upon the house and for three or four days no one in it felt like talking aloud. In that time it was perceived that Minnie's spiritual as well as physical sight had been restored. She had regained perfect health. She walked to Pastor Cauldwell's, and he returned with her and they all fell upon their knees in thanksgiving.

The Lombards have borne a good name wherever they have lived. The Rev. Mr. Pittinger of the First Methodist Church in Vineland was pastor when Mrs. Lombard was yet in Vineland. His recollection does not differ from that of others in Vineland. He fancies that the seemingly miraculous cure of the blind girl may be explained with the fight of medical experience.

The Rev. Dr. Cauldwell, pastor of St. Paul's M. E. Church, in Wilmington, says: "Mrs. Lombard is a very truthful woman, and she and her husband are among the best people I have in St. Paul's Church. Mrs. Lombard grieved over her daughter's rebllious spirit, and I know that the night Mrs. Lombard was most disturbed she read a text from Isaiah, which seemed designed especially for her guidance and comfort. She sought the Lord in prayer, and next morning Minnie saw"

Almost Anything.

Years ago into a wholesale grocery store in Boston, walked a tall muscular looking man; evidently a fresh comer from some backwoods town in Maine or New Hampshire. Accosting the first person he met, who happened to be the merchant himself, he asked:

"You don't want to hire a man in your store do you?"

"Well" said the merchant, I don't know; what can you do?"

"Do?" said the man: "I rather guess I can turn my hand to almost anything What do you want done?"

"Well, if I was to hire a man, it would be one that could lift well, a strong, wiry fellow, one, for instance, that could shoulder a sack of coffee like that yonder, and carry it across the store and never lay it down."

"There now, capt'n, said the countryman, "that's just me. I can lift anything I hitch to; you can't suit me better. What will you give a man that can suit you?"

"I'll tell you," said the merchant; "If you will shoulder that sack of coffee and carry it across the store twice and never lay it down, I will hire you for a year at $100 per month."

"Done," said the stranger and by this time every clerk in the store had gathered around and was waiting to join in the laugh against the man, who walking up to the sack threw it across his shoulder with perfect ease, as it was not extremely heavy, and walking with it twice across the store, went quietly to a large hook which was fastened to the wall, and hanging it up, turned to the merchant and said:

"There, now, it may hang there till doomsday; I shall never lay it down. What shall I go about mister. Just give me plenty to do and $100 per month and it's all right.

The clerks broke into a laugh, and the merchant, discomfitted yet satisfied kept his agreement; and to day, the green countryman is the senior partner in the firm, and worth a million dollars.

Prescription for Fits.

For a Fit of Passion.—Walk out in the open air. You may speak your mind to the winds without hurting any one, or proclaiming yourself to be a simpleton. "Be not hasty in thy spirit to be angry, for anger resteth in the bosom of fools."

For a Fit of Idleness.—Count the tickings of a clock. Do this for one hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat the next and work like a man. "Slothfulness casteth into a deep sleep, and an idle soul shall suffer hunger."

For a Fit of Extravagence and folly. Go to the workhouse, or speak with the ragged and wretched inmates of jail, and you will be convinced.

"Who makes his bed of briar and thorn,
Must be content to lie forlorn."

"Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not?"

For a Fit of Ambition—Go to the churchyard and read the gravestones. They will tell you the end of man at his best estate. "For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away.' "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."

For a Fit of Repining—Look about for the halt and the blind, and visit the bedridden, the afflicted, and the deranged; and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your light afflictions. "Wherefore doth a living man complain?"

For a Fit of Envy.—Go and see how many are afflicted with rheumatism, gout and dropsy; how many walk abroad on crutches or stay at home wrapped up in flanel, and how many are subject to epilepsy and appoplexy. "A sound heart is the life of the flesh. Envy is the rottenness of the bones."

Adulteration of Coffee With Date Seed.

Coffee drinkers will read with interest some observations made by the principal of the Inland Revenue Laboratory, in his annual report just printed, relative to an ingeonius method of adulterating that article which has lately been discovered. Owing to the ease with which roasted vegetable matter can be prepared so as to look like coffee, substitutes for, or adulteration of it, are frequent.

The substance most recently detected as an adulterant is date stones, which, after being roasted and ground form such an imitation of coffee as would, when mixed with the genuine article, readily deceive the consumer. The early detection and suppression of this mode of adulteration were effected by the inland revenue authorities at Somerset House, in consequence of information sent by a supervison at Liverpool that many tons of date stones, a refuse from the manufatcure of spirits at one of the distilleries there and which had up to that time been considered useless, were being bought by a foreign gentleman and shipped to Manchester, and believed to be intended as an adulteration of coffee.

The inquiry made led to the discovery that a manufactory had been started in Manchester for the preparation of "Melilotine coffee," a compound in about equal proportions of coffee, chicory and date stones. A seizure has since been made there of about seven tons of "Melilotine coffee" and of the preared date stones. The manufactory had barely got into working order and very little of the "Melilotine coffee" had been sent into consumption.
—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

A Horrible Death.

Not long ago a young man named Robert Albert Johnson, nineteen years of age, met with a shocking death at Sheffield, England. Along with two other men he made an attempt in the early morning to enter the pawnbroker's shop of Mr. J. K. Fieldsend, Sheffield Park. Three attempts to break in were unsuccessful, and the deceased then decided to effect an entrance by the chimney, and open the door to let in his comrades. The chimney pot was removed, and the young man descended about twenty feet. Then he came to a part where the chimney divides into two narrow sections, one of which goes to a kitchen connected with Mr. Fieldsend's house, and the other to a bake house adjoining. The divergence was so sudden that the young man was unable to get down, and on trying to return he found that the chimney was too narrow to permit of the ascent. This was about three o'clock, and in this position he remained for about seven hours. At half past six a fire was lighted in the kitchen about six feet beneath him, and shortly afterward the bakehouse fire was in full operation. The smoke almost suffocated him, while the heat from the two fires almost roasted his lower extremities. He was unable to cry for help, and was only discovered about ten o'clock by his groans being accidentally heard in a room adjoining the chimney. A portion of the chimney wall was pulled down, and he was, with difficulty, extricated, but just as he got out he died. His mouth was full of soot, and his body, which was identified shortly afterward, terribly swollen.

Friendship.

What is it? Do smiles, words of cheer and kind actions constitute it? Are those who never upraid, but meet all our deeds with words of praise, who flatter us on every possible occasion, to be consider our true friends? Their attention say be pleasant to our vanity and conceit, and keep up in the best humor without ourselves, and we may think their company very desirable, yet they will not do to put faith in for their amiable behavior is often the cloak for self interest; The person who will tell us our faults—kindly, of course—who will try to teach us, who will show by acts rather than words that he kindly regards us, is more worthy of trust than one who, agrees with all our sentiments, right or wrong, and who is equally ready to coincide with some one else, and if the subject should happen to be our shortcomings. Give me the friend who has the same love for me always, who is ready to "speak up" for me in the midst of enemies, and repeat what he considers my virtues as an offset to the failings they may rehearse, and who may hold fast to his faith in my truth and goodness in spite of defamation.—Such friends may be scarce, but when found are priceless treasures.—*National Baptist.*

Been to See Mr. Tilden.

From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Mr. Tilden is not wrecked physically nor losing his mental powers. Those who are opposed to him politically must not make the mistake of basing their hopes upon the illusion that he is a physical wreck, and on that account harmless.

Mr. Tilden looked better, fresher, and younger three days ago, when the writer conversed with him, than at any time of the year 1876. He spoke pithily, concisely, clearly, and indicated by every word the possession of the same brain and intellect that made him so formidable three years ago. He has just made a clean million and a half out of his elevated railroad investment. So that, physically, mentally, and financially, Mr. Samuel J. Tilden is stronger to-day than three-years ago.

We say this in the interest of truth and for the benefit of those journals which are anxious to know the exact physical condition of Mr. Tilden. But whatever be the condition of Mr. Tilden, we do not think he should ever again be nominated for the place which he failed to take when the American people placed it into the palm of his hands by the largest vote ever cast for any candidate.

STRAYED.—An exchange contains the following notice:

"Broke into the pocket of the editor of this paper, some time during the week, a ten-cent piece. Who it belongs to or where it came from is a mystery to us, and we earnestly, request the owner to come and take it away; we have been without money so long that its use is entirely forgotten. Upon one side there is a beautiful young lady with a handkerchief to her eyes—weeping to think she has no mate, and a night cap on a pole as a sign of distress.

At a wedding recently when the official priest put to the lady the question, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" she dropped the prettiest courtesy, and with a modesty that lent her beauty additional grace, replied, "If you please."

In the middle of fly-time, when both hands are engaged, we have sometimes thought, as a persistent fly foudled our nose, that it was a great mistake when our primeval ancestor discarded his caudal appendage.

A wag who thought to have a joke at the expense of an Irish provision said: Can you supply me with a yard of pork?" "Pat," said the dealer to his assistant, "give this gentleman three pigs' feet."

Mr. Heep said to a drunken fellow, "If I were in your place, I would go out to the woods and hang myself." The answer was, "If yooz in my plaish, you couldn't get there."

A much great hurra is now made over the man who walks a thousand miles in a thousand hours than over him who walks uprightly thro' three score and ten.

"Jane," said he, "I think if you lifted your feet away from the fire, we might have some heat in the room." And they hadn't been married two years either.

A German inventor proposes to make boots that will never wear out. But what good is a boot if you can't wear it out? Slippers are preferable for indoors.

"Everybody," says an exchange, "likes radishes in Japan." It's a mistake. We don't for one. We like ours here.

An amount of blood equal to the whole quantity in the body passes through the heart once every minute.

Brown says that a married man sometimes finds himself to be an April fool soon after the Wedding March.

Love can endure anything except meanness, but meanness kills love and cripples even natural affection.

Never hurry a hen in the springtime. She might lay a scrambled egg.

The scales of justice are for the weight of the transgressor.

It is more noble to make yourself great than to be born so.

The new-born babe is the creature of cuck-emstances.

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