Denton Journal.

1845. A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,—DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, AGRICULTURE, AND ADVERTISING:—INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS. 1880.

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The Denton Journal.

PUBLISHED EVERY

Saturday Morning

AT DENTON,

CAROLINE COUNTY, MARYLAND,

—BY—

Geo. T. and Jas. F. Melvin, Proprietors.

One Dollar a Year Invariably in Advance.

Advertisements conspicuously inserted on the following rates:

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

☞ Six lines make a square.

STANDARD RATES.

	3 MONTHS	6 MONTHS	12 MONTHS
ONE COLUMN,	$20.00	$35.00	$60.00
HALF "	10.00	18.00	30.00
QUARTER "	6.00	9.00	15.00
PER INCH,	2.00	3.00	5.00

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of all kinds executed with

NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

☞ *Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.*

B. Y. G. I. D.

WE wish to call the attention of our friends and the public generally to our large stock of

NEW GOODS,

All of which have been selected with care and with special regard to the wants of our trade. As to price and quality, we think it unnecessary to

Blow! Blow! Blow!

About our goods. We simply desire you to examine and judge them for yourselves in these particulars. As the result of

A LONG EXPERIENCE

In the mercantile business, we think we can buy and

Sell as Cheap as any other house on the Shore.

Please call and examine our new stock, and give us a trial. We are thankful for past favors.

H. Blackiston & Son,

DENTON, MD.

One Price gives all the same advantage, and

ONE PRICE HOUSE.

SHOES AND HATS.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

Merchants Furnished ANY SIZE Without Extra Charge.

ONE PRICE HOUSE.

makes it as safe to order as to buy in person.

Believing the general ADVANCE in goods to be only TEMPORARY, I am determined to KEEP PRICES DOWN TO OLD FIGURES, if possible. The following are RETAIL PRICES:

Men's Plow Shoes, *good*, from	$1.25 to $2.00
" Dressed English Ties, from	1.25 to 4.00
" " Gaiters, from	1.50 to 6.00
" " Boots, from	2.50 to 7.50
Ladies' Pebble Leather Laced, from	1.25 to 2.00
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" Kid-Foxed, Buttoned, from	1.50 to 3.00
" " Laced, from	1.25 to 2.00

Children's, Misses' and Boy's Fine and Heavy Shoes at corresponding prices.

—LARGE STOCK OF—

STRAW AND FELT HATS

At Unusually Low Prices.

Genuine Mackinaw Hats from $1.50 to $5.00

Geo. T. Cecil 210 W. PRATT St BALTIMORE MD.

Between Charles and Hanover sts. Near Maltby House.

☞ Open at night. ☜

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Sash, Doors, Bricks, etc.

AT LOW PRICES, FROM

SAML. BURNS & CO.,

104 Light St. Wharf,

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Specialties in Stationery

Dodson & Goldsborough.

EASTON, MD.

☞ We invite everybody to call and examine our stock.

New Store.

HARDWARE, AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS FERTILIZERS, SEEDS BUILDING MATERIALS, &C

JAMES & HARPER

GREENSBORO', MD.,

Would respectfully inform the citizens of Caroline county that they have opened a General Hardware Store in the New Building of Dr. I. Hobstein there will be found a Large and Complete Stock of

Hardware, Farming Implements, Seeds, Fertilizers, Builder's and Coach Hardware, Blacksmith's and Wheelwright's Supplies,—Rims Spokes, Hubs, Iron, Steel, Ropes, &c., Carriage, Cart and Wagon Harness, Bridles, Saddles, Halters, Collars, Horse Blankets, Lap Robes, Whips, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Putty and Glassware, Ready-mixed Paints, Brushes &c.

FIELD & GARDEN SEEDS, CULTIVATORS, PLOWS. HARROWS, SCYTHES, FORKS, SNATHS, SPADES, CIDER MILLS & PRESSES, CORN & COB MILLS, CORN SHILLERS, GRAIN FANS, &c

STOVES & CASTINGS IN GREAT VARIETY.

CUCUMBER WOOD PUMPS, Iron & Porcelain Lined, WOOD & WILLOW WARE.

☞ Our stock has been selected with care and will be sold at city prices. ☜

Building Hardware a Specialty.

Estimates given at all times. Goods CHEAP FOR CASH

pt. Geo20-32

DELAWARE & CHFSAPEAKE

RAILWAY

SPRING ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Monday, May. 31, 1880,

Trains will run as follows, Sundays excepted:

GOING NORTH: LEAVE	No. 1, MAIL.	No. 2, MIXED.
Oxford, leave	7 15 A. M	11 15
Trappe,	7 27	...11 31
Easton,	7 45	...11 57
Woodland,	8 02	...12 19 P. M
Cordova,	8 12	...12 31
Hillsborough,	8 28	...12 54
Ridgely,	8 40	... 1 15
Greensborough,	8 57	... 1 43
Goldsborough,	9 12	... 2 08
Henderson,	9 22	... 2 24
Marydell,	9 32	... 2 41
Slaughters,	9 45	... 3 02
Kenton,	10 03	... 3 33
Clayton, arrive	10 18	... 4 00
Wilmington,	12 00	... 6 45
Philadelphia,	1 15 P. M	... 8 25
Baltimore,	3 35	... 9 25
New York, arrive	4 25	... 3 45 A. M

GOING SOUTH:	No. 3,	No. 4.
New York, leave	4 25 A M	... 8 55 A M
Baltimore,	7 05	... 9 45
Philadelphia,	8 00	...11 45
Wilmington,	9 15	.. 1 10 P M
Clayton,	11 05	... 5 00
Kenton,	11 21	... 5 19
Slaughters,	11 39	... 5 44
Marydell,	11 51	... 6 00
Henderson,	12 01 P M	... 6 13
Goldsborough,	12 11	... 6 26
Greensborough,	12 28	.. 6 48
Ridgely,	12 42	... 7 06
Hillsborough,	12 54	... 7 20
Cordova,	1 10	... 7 41
Woodland,	1 20	... 7 53
Easton,	1 36	... 8 15
Trappe,	1 58	... 8 43
Oxford, arrive	2 10	... 9 0

All freights must be at the various stations at least 30 minutes before starting of trains, otherwise they will lay over 24 hours.

Freight trains will have Passenger car attached, which will be subject to delays incident to the Freight Business.

O. S. SANFORD, Sup't.

WHEELER'S

TRANSPORTATION LINE

FOR

Choptank River.

The Steamer Ruggles

Will on and after June 12, 1880, leave pier 5, Light street, for Hillsboro' every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 7 p. m., arriving about 9 a. m

RETURNING, will leave Hillsboro' every MONDAY and THURSDAY at 10 a m, stopping at the usual wharves on river and Tuckahoe creek, arriving in Baltimore about 2 a. m.

FREIGHTS

Received every Saturday and Wednesday at pier 5 Light street until 6 p. m.

☞ All freights must be prepaid to insure prompt delivery.

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EMORY & NEANITT, 83 South Street.

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UNFERMENTED

MALT BITTERS

TRADE MARK

Malt Bitters Company

MALT AND HOPS

BITTERS

THIS INCOMPARABLE NUTRIENT is richer in Bone and Muscle Producing Materials than all other forms of malt or medicine, while free from the objections urged against malt liquors. For difficult digestion, Sick Headache, Consumption, Emaciation, Mental and Physical Exhaustion, Nervousness, Want of Sleep, Ulcerative Weaknesses of Females, Exhaustion of Nursing Mothers, of the Aged, and of Delicate Children, MALT BITTERS are the purest, best, and most economical medicine ever compounded. Sold everywhere. MALT BITTERS CO., Boston, Mass. 6-5-4w.

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BOOT *SHOE*

MAKER,

Hillsborough, Md.

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FINE WORK

for ladies and gentlemen a speciality. I am also prepared to do

Repairing

at short notice and at reasonable prices. All work guranteed to be as represented.

29-79 WALTER BOOKER.

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OUR MISSION—To publish a good Local Paper, suitable for all.

OUR FIELD—Isunbounded by party ties.

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Send for sample copies.

THE FREE PRESS,

5-22 tf. Greensboro', Md.

THE WORLD AS I FIND IT

They say the world's a weary place,
Where tears are never dried,
Where plesures pass like breath on glass
And only woes abide.
It may be so—I cannot know—
Yet this I dare to say,
My lot has had more glad than sad,
And so it has to-day.

They say that love's a cruel jest;
They tell of women's wiles—
That poison dips in pouting lips,
And death in dimpled smiles
It may be so—I cannot know—
Yet sure of this I am,
One heart is found above the ground
Whose love is not a sham.

They say that life's a bitter curse—
That hearts are made to ache,
That jest and song are gravely wrong,
And health a vast mistake.
It may be so—I cannot know—
But let them take their fill;
I like my life, and love my wife,
And mean to do so still.

—*Good Words.*

MY LAMBS.

"I loved them so
That when the Elder Shepherd of the fold
Came, covered with the storm and pale and cold,
And begged for one of my sweet lambs to hold
I bade him go.

He claimed the pet,
A little fondling thing, that to my breast
Clung always either, in quiet or unrest—
I thought of all my lambs I loved him best
And yet—and yet.

I laid him down
In those white shrouded arms, with bitter tears
For some voice told me that, in after years
He should know naught of passion, grief or fears,
As I had known,

Ay! it is well:
Well with my lamb and with his earthly guide;
There, pleasant rivers wanders he beside
Or strikes sweet harps upon its silver tide
Ay it is well.

Through the dreary day
He often comes from glorious light to me;
I cannot feel his touch, his face see,
Yet my soul whispers, he does come to me,
Heaven is not far away."

LOVE AND SORROW.

A pretty little thing was Venie Vane.

A sweet, childish face, with dark eyes, classic features, and a wealth of golden hair, with just enough curl to give her that light, airy appearance which we sometimes ascribe to angels of the fair sex.

"Not a bit suited to fill a woman's position in life."

So said her mother, who fondly hoped to keep her many a year at her own hearthside.

But Venie's time came, and sooner than could have been expected of one of her peculiar temperament.

A noble fellow was Paul Doremus—so everybody said—except one thing; and that was only champagne.

He never took anything so common as brandy and whiskey; champagne, and then only at the club.

And, if Venie said so, why he would never touch another drop. And Venie did say so.

And so one evening Paul put his hand on the large gilded covered Bible, and repeated after Venie's sweet childish voice, a solemn oath—never again to touch or taste a drop of intoxicating liquors.

"Now, Paul, I am yours; all yours, dearest."

And Paul's arm stole lovingly around the slight, girlish form, while he pressed many loving kisses upon the rosy lips.

And so the long winter passed pleasantly and happily with the young lovers, and just as the May blossoms were coming forth a brilliant wedding was given, and Mr. Vane, though grieved to part with his only treasure, placed with pride her hand in that of Paul Doremus.

Paul was not rich, but he was a good business man.

Though only in his twenty-fifth year, he held the position of cashier in one of the largest banking houses in the city.

A month had been granted Paul for his wedding tour, and, on the evening of their return, Mr. Vane and his wife met them and escorted them to their own house, which the father had purchased during their absence, as a wedding gift to his daughter.

And so the summer slipped away with them, almost before it seemed to have reached its zenith.

But now came the autumn, and with it the long evenings, and sometimes Paul tired and said:

"I'll go just this once, Venie, darling. I met to-day Harry Delmo, and he made me promise to come round to the club to-night. You see, darling, they laugh at me, and say I'm tied to a womau's apron string; and you know a fellow don't like to be made fun of by his old companions."

And Paul pressed a loving kiss upon the sweet lips and said:

"Don't sit for me, darling, but I'll be home early. *Au revoir.*"

Poor Venie dropped her head upon the table before her, and burst into a flood of passionate tears.

Paul had said the same thing half-a-dozen times at least "I'd go just this once," and the last time Venie had thought she detected the fumes of wine in his breath on his return, and had had bedewed his pillow with tears long after he had fallen to sleep.

And to-night, somehow, she felt that something terrible was about to happen and she continued to weep until the fountains were dry, and then fell into a feverish and disturbed sleep, often murmuring:

"Paul, Paul, now don't go."

And so the hours sped on, and Paul came not, neither did Venie waken.

Twelve—one—two pealed forth from the towers upon the still night, and yet he came not.

But as three o'clock rang out the poor wife was aroused from her unrefreshing slumbers by something pulling heavily at her feet, and with something between a sob and a stifled shriek, she jumped from her chair.

"Paul, Paul!" she cried. "Oh! I've been dreaming," she murmured, rubbing her eyes. "I wonder what time it is."

And taking a step forward to look at the little French clock which adorned the mantlepiece, she stumbled over the prostrate form of her husband.

Surely she had been dreaming; she had dreamed of seeing Paul lying drunk in the street with his clothes in tatters, and his face and hands besmeared with dirt.

It was hard enough to dream such horrid things, but here was a reality—a terrible reality.

"Paul, Paul!" she cried, clinging to his neck and sobbing, trying to rouse him from the drunken lethargy into which he had fallen.

Her efforts to awaken him all proved futile, and so poor Venie could do nothing but weep over him.

"Paul, Paul, my own Paul, you didn't mean it, I know!" she murmured; and thus the early dawn appeared, and found her still at his side.

The fire in the grate had died out long hours before; but she took no heed of the biting cold, nor of the time.

But now the lethargy was wearing off, and he turned uneasily in his sleep, and muttered:

"I tell you, Joe Sanders it's mine—my money, and I'll blow your brains out if you don't give it up! You didn't win it fairly."

Oh, horror of horrors! what did she hear? Had her idolized husband coupled gambling with drinking?

The sun was up ere Paul awoke to a realizing sense of his humiliating situation.

He knew that he had been intoxicated, also that he had played for money, and lost—and lost what didn't belong to him.

It was not the first time that Paul Doremus had played, nor the first time he had lost, though not so heavily.

He had before taken small sums from the bank and lost, and on this particular night his friends urged him to take a much larger sum, telling him he would be sure to retrieve his losses, and it was with this faith that he went forth making a vow to himself that he would touch not a drop of wine, and should he win just enough to set himself right with the bank he would stop and never again so much as lay the weight of his finger on the dice.

But when he had entirely shaken off his lethargy he remembered all; he knew that he had staked large sums, and at first won, and then lost.

He knew that a meeting of the directors of the bank was to take place on that morning, when all of his embezzelments would be discovered.

And now his only hope was to prostrate himself at their feet and sue for pardon.

He found himself utterly unable to rise, and when a little past noon he was partially roused for an instant by a violent ringing of the door bell, he sprang to his feet, exclaiming:

"Venie, Venie, darling, they've come! the officers!"

Surely they had come, and Paul Doremus, who had been courted and flattered among the best classes of society, was taken forth from his pleasant and once happy home, and cast into a felon's cell.

The news spread, and Mr. Vane and his wife, who up to the moment of his arrest knew not a word of their daughter's trouble, now hastened to her side.

We will not go into the details of the trial; but let it suffice when we say that Paul Doremus was found guilty of the charge preferred against him, and sentenced to hard labor for a term of ten years.

Venie, like a true wife, clung to her unfortunate husband, and occupied a seat at his side during the weary days of the trial.

Mr. Vane bore his unhappy daughter unconscious from the court-room.

And who can say that it was not a mercy that weeks, and even months passed ere Venie Doremus fully realized her awful position, and that when she awoke one morning, as she thought from a long and terrible sleep, her eyes fell upon a beautiful little golden head resting upon her breast?

Was it her baby?

Yes, she remembered all now.

It was her own little innocent darling—her's and Paul's.

But, oh! Paul! Where was he? Did he know that God had sent them this little gem from heaven?

The Winter and Spring had passed, and the Summer had begun to wane—and Venie's baby was now six month's old, and a more beautiful little fairy it would be difficult to find than little Venie Vane Doremus.

One morning in September, Venie wended her way to the bank, where, from a mere boy, Paul had filled a responsible position, and asked in a trembling voice to see the manager.

With trembling steps she was ushered into the presence of this really good man.

For Edward Colby, though a stern and rather hard man to deal with, was generally conceded, by those who knew him best, to be very generous and noble hearted.

He remembered Paul Doremus' young and lovely wife, for he had seen her first in her bridal robes, and then again at the prisoner's side, and extended his hand to her as she entered.

"Excuse me, sir," she said faintly. "Excuse me for bringing my troubles to you, who have already suffered so much from—from—"

"Be seated," said Colby' motioning her to a seat, while a sterner, though somewhat troubled look swept over his countenance.

And to this man Venie told her dream.

It was that Paul had come to her, and said that the Government would grant his pardon, providing she could get a letter recommending it from the bank manager, stating his belief in his entire reformation.

And when Venie left the bank het tears were dried, and she carried in her hand a large envelope, which she guarded zealously.

Venie now felt that she had Paul again with her.

* * * * * * * *

Venie, with her baby in her arms, whom, of course, Paul had never seen, and the Government document in her hand, was ushered into her husband's presence.

Paul, in his convict's dress, sat upon his couch, with his wife and baby clasped in his arms, while Venie held in her hand the open document which was to give her back her idolized husband.

And, with the blinding tears falling upon the golden curls of his innocent child, Paul Doremus took the most solemn oath that man ever took, never again to touch on drop of any kind of ardent spirits.

Ten years have passed and Paul has kept his oath, and is now a prosperous and wealthy man.

It was a hard lesson to learn, and a sad time had Paul Doremus in learning; but he learned it and learned it well.

Capital and Labor.

There is at present a lively conflict between labor and capital. The former feels it is enslaved and is endeavoring to emancipate itself. The balance of trade is in our favor as against foreign nations, especially the manufacturing nations, shows a reduction in wages to an approximation with the European standard. It is true that to our natural products and superior machinery this balance is nearly due, as well as to our system of tariff protection. We believe that in this matter of tariff protection the laborer has much to complain of. He has been egregriously swindled by it and remorselessly robbed. The great argument used by its advocates was that a high tariff would reward the American toiler, because it would protect him against competition with the cheap labor of Europe, and give him a share in the profits of his industry and elevate and dignify him. We see now how hollow was the pretense. Why, instead of this tacit agreement being carried out, the face of the toiler is ground. his stomach is empty, his body badly clothed, his children in squalor, and "dignity" gone to the devil. On the other hand the manufacturer has become a baron, running great factories, presiding over a national bank, owning gas and railroad stock, and rolling in wealth generally, and as arrogant and unmindful of the poor as those who become suddenly rich always are. We believe in protection as we do in machinery, but the operative has been robbed out of his just benefits in both. Not only has the laborer been cheated, but also the farmer and general consumer. The manufacturing lords having got their high tariff to preclude foreign competition, lowered wages and kept up prices, formed combinations and rings to monopolize business, thus destroying a healthy home competition. The farmer groans from this cause the same as the laborer, and the result is that his land is mortgaged beyond hope of redemption to the money loaner, the implement maker and the storekeeper. It is only the latter that helps him, and he, too, suffers with the farmer and laborer. Every day the capital and the labor-buyers become more arrogant and heartless. The selfishness of our social system has become such that a strong political organization to wage-workers known as the Socialistic Labor harty has been formed in Chicago to combat it and establish in the place of the selfish system a paternal or co-operative one. We will not attempt to tell you what they hope to realize.

The National party at Chicago is in favor of eight hours labor a full day's work. The great surplus of labor in the market and the vast productiveness of machinery calls for this re-settlement in favor of shorter hours in every branch of practical employment.

It is a pleasent sight to see a potato-bug and an army-worm wink at each other on their way to their respective fields of labor.

A Son's Position and Duties.

What a blessing are good children! How tenderly soothing a daughter's love! And is there anything more touchingly noble than the loving care of a son for his mother?

We have seen the little boy, the tall youth, and the man in full vigor of life, watchful over mother's comfort and happiness, and we could but exclaim "How beautiful and just! For, in this changeable life, will manhood ever find a friend more unchangeable than a mother?

But too many, in these days of many excitements, or indifferently perform the loving attentions, which, to a mother's heart, make full amends for any suffering or sacriffce on her part. "No matter, it is only mother," is too often the feeling when compliance with wishes of some needful attention is required.

Much is said of the home duties of daughters, and their great influence in making home happy or otherwise. And this is all true; but no less is it true that the home influence of sons is all-potent for good for evil in the family circle.

The happiness of the mother and sister is, to a great extent, in the keeping of the son and brother, as surely as in that of the husband and father, while all are yet within the same home.

And especially is this so when the strong and loving care of the husband and father is taken away by death.

Often, then, the little boy seems to feel his responsibility, and almost steps into the dignity of manhood in his new care of his mother and sisters. When we see one like this, cheerfully performing duties and bearing the burdens for those dear ones who lean unconciously upon his young arm, we can confidently predict for him a good and noble manhood.—*Mothers' Journal.*

Planning for Vacation.

A good many people lose a vacation altogether, or miss half its possible benefits, by neglecting to do a little planning in advance. If it is a question of money they forget the little savings that would enable them to take a rest when the time for it comes; if a question of work or duty that involves other people, they postpone the needful prearrangement until it is too late. The matter of where one shall go for summer rest is of less importance than that one should go somewhere: and it is just as well to have it settled in advance, as to wait until the coveted place is taken by another, and one must put up with "Hobson's choice" in everything. There will be chance enough for the happening of the unexpected, which is often the most pleasurable part of summer excursions and experiences, after you have made tolerably sure of the expected. If half the time spent in borrowing trouble, which doesn't need a lightning-rod put up to attract it, were devoted to planning for pleasure, we should all accomplish quite as much, and have a good time. Plan out your vacation, and even if you can't execute it, you will have had the pleasure which comes from anticipation. It is commonly people who think they can't afford a summer resting spell, who can the least, afford to do without. It is poor consolation for a premature break-down from overwork, to reflect that you were "only doing your duty," and "couldn't find a stopping-place." It is better to find one than to have it thrust upon you.—*Golden Rule.*

How a Town got a Queer Name.

What's in a name? A good deal, we are told. And how came Tombstone, Arizona, to have such a name? It was not borrowed nor stolen from any other place on the globe, nor even suggested by novel or gazetteer. The story goes—and it is true—that two young men (brothers) when about to start from Tucson on a prospecting tour into the Dragoon mountains, Sonora or somewhere else, were advised to give up the undertaking; for, if they persisted, they would find neither mines nor fortunes, but "tombstones" instead. The boys bravely bade good-by to their friends, though emphatically warned that they would never come back alive. The prospectors went off, and, following that "blind trail" already referred to, came to this plain and made their camp. On looking about they saw a ledge of ore cropping out several feet, all marked and rich with the precious metal. "We have found our tombstones!" they exclaimed; and no other name would do to designate the camp. The town has adopted the name—which, if not poetic nor classical, is certainly original. A valuable tombstone, too, it must be confessed—for these Schieffelin brothers recently sold their half interest in the mine and mill for one million dollars to parties in Boston and Philadelphia. Now that so many mines are located in this Tombstone district, this first discovery is known at present as "The Tough Nut."

When a strange dog shows his teeth and holds his tail perfectly still do not walk any farther. Wait for the wagon.

Women admire strength without seeking to imitate it; men, gentleness, without bestowing it in return.

Those who give not till they die, show that they would not then if they could keep it any longer.

The most exasperated man is he whose collar-button comes off and leaves his collar at half-mast.

HUMOROUS.

Is a young lady speaker at a woman's rights meeting a wind-lass?

The man who was lost in slumber found his way on a night-mare.

Why is necessity like a great many lawyers? Because it knows no law.

The boy who was kept after school for bad orthography said he was speel-bound.

"I expend a good deal of panes at my work," as the glasier said to the window-sash.

"You look plenty good enough to eat," said he, looking over her shoulder into the mirrow.—"Food for reflection," she repled, without a smile.

A young gentleman advertised for a wife, through the papers, and received answers from eighteen husbands, saying that he could have theirs.

An editor who thinks he knows a good deal about farming says, in speaking about strawberries, that the best way to raise them is with a spoon.

Tailor to stout customer—"Have the kindness to put your finger on the tape, sir—just here; I'll be round in a minute!"

A St Louis rich man drew up a will which was so pathetically worded that it moved all his relatives to tears. It left all his property to an orphan asylum.

"Dad, if its so injurious to smoke, why don't chimney get sick and die?"

For this season of the year the advice of an exchange is good, "to rise with the sun and not to sit up too late with the daughter."

In play and for pleasure you cannot speak too much with children; nor in punishing or teaching them, too little.

You can always tell a clerk in a dry goods store from a millionaire proprietor by the good clothes the clerk wears.

How many are there like Atlanta in the fable, who lost the race by stop to pick the golden apple.

As the firefly only shines when on the wing, so it is with the human mind—when at rest it darkens.

No matter of speaking is so offensive as giving praise and closing it with an exception.

They that laugh at everying, and they that fret at everything, are alike fools.

Truth is the foundation of all knowlege, and the cement of all societies.

One should seek for others the happiness one desires for one's self.

A punctual man can always find leisure, and a negligent one never.

No man ever looked on the dark side of life without finding it.

Those who never retract love themselves better than the truth.

Long Life.

We are accustomed to consider three score years and ten the length of human life, but the late Prof. Farady adopted the theory that the natural age of man is 100 years. The duration of life he believed to be measured by the time of growth. In the camel the union takes place at eight, in the horse at five, in the lion at four, in the dog at two, in the rabbit at one. The natural termination is five removes from these several points. Man being twenty years in growing, lives five times twenty years—that is 100; the camel is eight years in growing, and lives forty years; and so with other animals. The person who does not die of sickness lives everywhere from 80 to 100 years. The Profession divides life into equal halves—growth and decline—and these into infancy, youth, virility and age. Infancy extends to the twentieth year, youth to the fiftieth, because it is in this period the tissues become firm, virility from fifty to seventy-five, during which the organism remains complete, and at seventy-five old age commences to last a longer or shorter time, as the diminution of reserved forces is hastened or retarted.

Words of Wisdom.

Ability and necessity will dwell near each other.

There is nothing so imprudent as excessive imprudence.

Men may be ungrateful, but the human race is not so.

By over-sugaring of all good qualities you may turn them to acidities.

Success in most things depends on knowing how long it takes to succeed.

No man can end with being superior who will not begin with being inferior.

Blushing is a suffusion—least seen in those who have the most occasion for it.

Knowledge without justice becomes craft; courage without reason becomes rashness.

If mortals could discover the science of conquering themselves we should have perfection.

Cheerfulness or joyousness is the heaven under which everything not poisonous thrives.

Early in the present century Mr. Sampson Levy was a prominent member of the Philadelphia bar. A client called on him one day and and stated his case with considerable prolixity, concluding with the question:

"Now, Mr. Levy, what do you think I had better do?"

"If I were you," was his reply, "I would go home and put a ten-dollar note in my pocket-book and go to some lawyer of my acquaintance and ask his advice about the matter."

The client's pocket-book immediately appeared.

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