Denton Journal.

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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:

TRANSIENT RATES.

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
ONE INCH,	2.00	3.00	5 00

JOB PRINTING

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 friend and the public generally to our large stock o

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
" " " Buttoned, from	1.75 to 3.00
" 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. ☜

BUY YOUR

LUMBER

SHINGLES, LATHES,

Sash, Doors, Bricks, etc.

AT LOW PRICES, FROM

SAML. BURNS & CO.,

104 Light St. Wharf,

BALTIMORE.

B. R. HILLMAN & CO.,

STRICTLY "ONE PRICE"

Clothiers

166 West Baitimore Street,

BALTIMORE, MD.

☞ **STILL AHEAD!** ☜

The new store at Denton Bridge

I have just returned from the city with a full and select Stock of Spring and Summer Goods, which I am selling cheaper than can be bought elsewhere.

☞ CALICO from 8 to 10 cts., LAWN, 10, 11 and 12 cts. ☜

Come all, examine my stock, and be convinced that this is the place to buy bargains. My

STOCK OF GROCERIES

Is better than ever before, while the price remains the same. ☞ Patent Flour for sale at $7 per brl.

ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE

taken in exchange for goods, at market price. Thanking the public for liberal past patronage, and soliciting more in the future, I am the public's obedient servant,

CHAS. F. WILLIS.

NEW FIRM

Bakery and Confectionery!

The undersigned having purchased the stock and fixtures of the

DENTON BAKERY,

Are prepared to furnish the very best and

Freshest Bread, Cakes, Pies and Confectioneries;

ICE CREAM, IN ANY QUANTITY, IN SEASON.

Mr. OUSELEY has had large experience in all branches of the business in some of the principal cities in the country, and feels himself fully qualified to make anything in his line.

Ornamenting and Icing Cakes a specialty.

We shall always keep on hand a fresh line of

RAISINS, ORANGES, LEMONS, &c.

We hope, by strict attention to business, to merit your patronage.

Respectfully, OUSELEY & WILLIAMS, Denton, Md.

FRESH AND NEW

JUST FROM THE LOOMS!

—OF—

PHILADELPHIA & NEW YORK.

NEWEST DESIGNS, LATEST PATTERNS.

Ingrain, Three-Ply and

BRUSSELS CARPETS!

Goods for this season purchased direct from the

MANUFACTURERS!

Inducements to Offer which

DEFY COMPETITION

☞ **Housekeeper should see our stock before purchasing.** ☜

AT OUR "EMPORIUM"

We have facilities for this line of goods which no other house can boast.

Carpets Always in Stock,

And always a pleasure to show them.

THOMPSON & KERSEY,

EASTON, MD.

ONCE MORE TO THE FRONT!

THE FIRMLY-ESTABLISHED AND WELL-KNOWN

CLOTHING-HOUSE

—OF—

A. C. YATES & CO.

NEWLY STOCKED AND HANDSOMELY EQUIPPED

1880 FOR THE SEASONS OF **1880**

Our Productions are CLOTHING ONLY,
Materials and Trimmings bought for CASH,
Entire Stock Manufactured for CASH,
Sold at the Lowest CASH PRICES,
And Lower than any other House in the Trade.

Fall Styles, Large Supply,

NOW READY AT THE

LEDGER { CHESTNUT & SIXTH STS. } BUILDING,

A. C. YATES & CO.,

THE LEADING & POPULAR CLOTHIERS OF PHILADELPHIA

A NEW ENTERPRISE!

THE undersigned, having opened in the town of Harrington, Delaware, a general

FURNITURE AND HOUSE FURNISHING STORE,

would respectfully calls the attention of the JOURNAL readers to his stock. We sell Furniture of every kind and description:—

Bedding, Cheap and Fine Looking Glasses. Pictures and Frames in Endless Variety. All Kinds of Fancy Parlor Walnut Work

We will not give a long list of our goods here, but invite you to call at our New Store and see the goods and learn prices.

UNDERTAKING.

Arrangements for this department of our business are complete. We keep on hand

COFFINS AND CASKETS,

of every description and all kinds of Undertakers' Furnishing goods such as

Shrouds, Robes, Pillows, Linings Crepe, Gloves, Handles, Plates, Screws

and in fact everything belonging to a well regulated and first class undertaking establishment. Bodies kept well without ice.

☞ **A HANDSOME HEARSE AND TEAM.** ☜

Having had an experience of several years with a practical undertaker I flatter myself that I can give satisfaction to all who may kneed my services. We also carry on

The CARRIAGE Business

and keep on hand all kinds of Carriages, First class work a specialty. The celebrated Carriage of Wm. R. Cahoon & Son of Dover, Del., famed for their beauty of finish, style and durability, and other makes If you need of the goods herein mentioned come and see me.

6-26-1y. **W. G. HARDESTY,** HARRINGTON, DEL.

TELLING FORTUNES.

BY ALICE CAREY.

I'll tell you two fortunes, my little lad,
For you to accept or refuse—
The one of them good, the other one bad.
Now hear them, and say which you choose.

I see, by my gift, within reach of your hand,
A fortune right fair to behold,
A house and a hundred good acres of land,
With harvest fields yellow as gold.

I see a great orchard, the boughs hanging down
With apples of russet and red;
I see droves of cattle, some white and some brown;
But all of them sleek and well fed.

I see doves and swallows about the barn-doors,
See the fanning-mill whirling so fast.
See men that are thrashing the wheat on the floors,
And now the bright picture is past.

And I see rising dismally up in the place
Of the beautiful house and the land,
A man with a fire-red nose on his face,
And a little brown jug in his hand.

Oh! if you beheld him, my lad, you would wish
That he were less wretched to see;
For his boot-toes, they gape like the mouth of a fish,
And his trousers are out at the knee.

In walking he staggers now this way, now that,
And his eyes they stand out like a bug's;
And he wears an old coat and a battered-in hat,
And I think that the fault is the jug's.

Now, which will you choose—to be thrifty and snug,
And to be right side up with your dish;
Or go with your eyes like the eyes of a bug,
And your shoes like the mouth of a fish?

THE AWAKENING.

She had come back from the country;
He had returned to the town,
She, with a sorrowful longing,
He, with a spirit bowed down.

Out where the maple leaves whisper,
And the songs of the birds fill the day
With the tremulous music of summer,
They met in the old-fashioned way.

She with a wardrobe of splendor;
He, with a couple of suits,
And they mingled their love words as fragrant
As the breath of the flowers and fruits.

He must be wealthy; she felt it,
She must be wealthy, he knew,
And each looked with love on the other,
And so the swift summertime flew.

She had come back from the country;
He had returned to the town,
She, with a sorrowful longing
He, with a spirit bowed down.

For a canvasser fair he found her,
A book agent, timid and meek;
A newspaper poet she found him
On about seven dollars a week.

Bottines de Paris.

In spite of Kate Beauchamp's prognostications, the wedding went off very well. Worth was largely represented by the most fascinating toilets, and Aldershot sent down a large contingent of Plungers to support their brother officer through the painful ordeal. Herbert St. John was a defaulter in spite of the bride's personal invitation; but Kate declared, with a scornful toss of her head, that old friends often develop into the greatest bores; so his absence did not matter in the least.

The honeymoon passed off more successfully than might have been expected, for Captain Johnson was too wide-awake to bury himself in a retired corner with any woman. When they met friends, as they frequently did, instead of flying from them, they behaved like sensible people who were happy in the choice they had made and wished to show the world that such was the case.

On their return to England, Captain Johnson took a comfortable set of apartments in German street, in order that Ella might have a brief enjoyment of the London season before retiring to Aldershot. Whilst staying at the Beeches he busied himself in beautifying the rooms in town to the best of his ability, and, as he would call in no one's aid, the process took a long time. And so it came to pass that his wife was furiously anxious to see the rooms long before they were ready; and at last she exacted a promise that he would take her to them without fail on the morning of the tenth. But, when the tenth came, and he told her quietly that they would put off the little expedition till the next week, she began to pout in real earnest.

"Tell me your reason and I will be satisfied"

But the more she begged and entreated the more silent and obstinate he became.

"When I tell you that I have a reason, it ought to be enough," he said quite lottily.

Then he went into the hall to get his hat, thinking to himself, "If I tell her it is because those blessed curtains haven't come, she will say it doesn't matter, and insist upon going; and then she would never like the rooms again if she saw them first without them."

He put his head in at the library door, and said with a patronizing air—

"I'll tell you what we'll do, my dear. Come up by the 2.15, with Benson—I'll meet you at Victoria—and then we'll have some fun together—go to the park, the academy, or wherever you like best."

"I don't know that I should care much about it," she began, with affected dignity, and then added in a hurry, lest he should take her at her word, "Perhaps I may, if my head is better. If you are not in the station, shall I come on to the club?"

"No, don't do that; I shall be free by that time; so I sha'n't fail you."

He was gone, and without the usual embrace, afraid of offering it lest he should be repulsed. And she had kept her eyes on her work whilst he was in the room, and, when too late, woman like, ran after him; then came back vexed and angry, because he had failed to hear her soft "Harry, Harry!" when he was half way to the station.

Mrs. Rivers, refined, good-looking, and forty-five, had for the last twenty years cherised the delusion that her health was failing; and, when he went for one of his frequent expeditions to the Nile, the wilds of Caucasia, or the wilderness of Siberia, she always bade him a pathetic farewell.

"I can never hope to see your face again; but, when I am gone, think, oh, think of our child!"

He did think of the child, but when he came back, the mother was still there.

On this occasion she exerted herself so far as to drive with her "child" to the station, and, after entreating Ella to take the butler or footman as additional body-guard, and exhorting Benson to take care of her mistress, she went back to her novels and vinaigrettes at the Beeches, with the comfortable sense that she had done her duty.

Meanwhile the young wife went up to town in an uncomfortable state of mind, not knowing whether she ought to be cross or not; but when she got to Victoria, in her pretty costume of gray silk and cashmere, with the daintiest of high-heeled absurdities on her tiny feet, and Jouvin's best on her slender hands, she had the sweetest of smiles on her rose-bud mouth as she looked up and down the platform for the man who was not there.

"Of course he could not come inside the gates," she said to herself, and then called to Benson, walked sedately to the end of the platform gave up her ticket, and found herself in the midst of a jostling crowd.

Some Eastern potentate had come to England, and all London was flocking to see him. And so it came to pass that Victoria Station was filled with an excited mob, that Benson got separated from her mistress, and that Ella speedily found herself alone in a London mob. A gentlemanly man, attracted by her pretty puzzled face, came to her assistance, extricated her from the crush, placed her in a cab, and then asked what address he should give the give driver.

What could she say? Harry had told her never to come to club, and Hyde Park Gardens was too far off. The lodgings were the only place she could think of.

"No. 110, Jermyn Street, she said with decision, because she felt so doubtful.

The order was given, the stranger bowed, the cab drove off, and her fate was sealed. If she had given any other address in London the consequences would not have have been so fatal.

In a few minutes she was standing on the steps of No. 110, Jermyn Street. The door was opened by a red-haired servant girl, with sleeves tucked up above her elbows, a checked apron, and a dirty face.

"I am Mrs. Johnson," said Ella timidly. "I have come here to wait for my husband. Will you show me to our rooms?"

The girl stared, muttered something unintelligible, and led the way to a back room of the first landing. As Ella stood hesitatingly on the threshold, a lady with bold black eyes and many gorgeous trinkets, came forward to greet her. Only half a dozen words passed between them, and then the young wife turned and fled. Like a frightened deer she ran down stairs, opened the door with trembling hands that scarcely could move the bolt, and shot out upon the door-step panting for breath.

The cab was waiting—for she had forgotten to pay the fare.

"Here's a queer start!" muttered the driver, as he pretended to busy himself with the harness, after one look at her startled face, and then he came forward and helped her into the cab with both arms, as if she had been a baby which was his usual way of showing that he had a heart for beauty in distress.

"No. 40, Hyde Park Gardens," she said, in a hoarse voice strangely unlike her own. "I must go to Kate. She will come with me and help me," she murmured to the shabby blue velvet on the back seat. "So that was the reason! Oh, Harry, Harry, I must never see you again!"

Up St. Jame's Street, down Piccadilly, and so through Park Lane to Hyde Park Gardens, through crowds of busy toilers and eager pleasure-seekers, with the wild thought throbbing in her troubled brain—"Never see him again—never again!

Miss Beauchamp was not at home; she was gone to see a sick friend in the country. She might possibly be back by five.

"Five!" she echoed drearily, as she followed the butler into Kate's boudoir.

There she remained an hour and a half, waiting for the friend who was to save her from despair; and the gay French clock ticked incessantly, the flies buzzed cheerfully over the flowers in the balcony, the vehicles passed in a ceaseless stream, whilst Ella sat still in the velvet chair, with a heart as heavy as lead. They brought her a cup of tea at halfpast five, with a message from Miss Beauchamp's maid to the effect that she thought her mistress would not return till the next morning. This blow was almost too much for her. She wrung her hands, and groaned in utter bitterness of spirit. What business had Kate to be dawdling away the evening with some casual acquaintances—she would not believe that it was a sick friend—when she, Ella Rivers of a few weeks back, the adopted sister, the more than friend, was in such urgent need of her help, support, and sympathy? She put on her gloves, which she had taken off, adjusted her dainty veil, rang the bell, ordered a cab, and drove off before the astonished eyes of the butler and footman to No. 12, Wellington Terrace, Notting Hill. Sir Edward Beauchamp was at the house, so there was no one to put in a word of remonstrance; but Hoskyns, after scratching his head doubtfully, wrote down the direction, so as to be ready to answer all inquiries, should harm come of this strange proceeding.

Alas for the dreary labyrinth of little streets through which Ella was driven in her search for Mrs. Fenton, her old nurse's present abiding place. And when the house was found, Mrs. Fenton was not there. The knocker walked the echoes of the neighborhood; but all in vain. No one came to the door or lifted the corner of the blind. Finding that she might knock till her hair grew white without any hope of a result, she turned away and crept back into the cab, the only refuge she had in the whole wide world.

Sick with the horror of loneliness, with fear of the future, she drove to Whiteley's and purchased a long cloak and a thick veil. As she put them on over her pretty dress and bonnet, she smiled faintly at making herself such a dowdy. It seemed like a troubled dream—the large bewildering shop, with the sea of strange faces all around and she a small unit in the midst of it all unknown and uncared for, with a lump of lead for a heart and a great big sorrow covering all the joy of her life. Then chairs, counters, dresses, and ribbons all seemed to wave up and down in an intoxicated medley, and she felt herself falling, falling into immeasurable darkness.

When she opened her eyes, she found a kindly shopwoman bending over her with a glass of wine, with mantles, jackets and cloaks all round her. There, in the quiet retirement of the cloak and mantle department, she waited until it was time to start for the 8.20 train from Victoria.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A NARRATIVE OF FACTS(?).

Many years ago, owning to a combination of circumstances that I will not stop to explain, I found myself driver, proprietor and sole manager of a one-horse peddler's wagon. My stock in trade consisted in pearl and agate buttons, hair pins, spool cotton, matches, sewing silk, screw drivers, cigars, etc., in short, as complete a notion stock as I could muster. It was selected with a view to selling to the country stores and tailors.

On a chilly October evening drove into the thriving town of N——, and reined up in front of the —— House just as the sun disappeared from view. I did not stop to admire the beautiful sunset, for I was hungry. Just then beefsteak and fried potatoes had more charms for me than golden clouds. I always was a practical man. After seeing that my horse was well cared for, and having provided for the wants of the inner man, I sallied forth to see if I could lay out some work for the succeeding day. Shortly after leaving the hotel my ear caught the click of a sewing machine. I soon discovered that the sound came from the third story of a building close at hand. I was not long in going up the narrow flight of stairs, and directly found myself in a small tailor's shop. The room had two front windows; before one stood a tailor's bench, and before the other stood a sewing machine. A table with two large drawers, a narrow upright show-case with sliding doors, a small stove, two chairs, one spittoon, a little three-legged stool and a pressing board constituted the furniture of the room. Three or four fashion plates, a portrait of Daniel Webster, a picture of Bunker Hill Monument and a clock adorned the walls. A tin waiter, holding an earthen pitcher and a china mug, rested on the a roll of cloth and a pair of shears lay on the table. The goose was on the stove. Three men were in the room when I entered. The tailor was seated at his machine, and I saluted him, telling who I was and what I had for sale. I praised my wares, and exhorted him to buy and try. He raised his glasses from his eyes, leaned back in his chair, removed the contents of his mouth to the spittoon, and said: "Young man, how long have peddled?" "Not long, sir," I replied. "I feel an interest in young peddle myself," he added. "What did you sell, sir?" I asked. "I sold," said he, "The Spread Eagle, Universal, Electric Washing and Shaving Soap." I told him I had never heard of it, and asked if it was good. "Good! *good!*" said he, "never saw soap like it! The man who used it could shave with a dull razor; a lady could do her washing without boiling or rubbing; it cleansed clothes or wounds, and renovated a damaged reputation; it saved my a life. I shall never forget how grateful poor Mrs. Blank was when she gave me this diamond ring. I will tell you about it: It was the darkest night I ever saw; the rain fell, the wind howled, the waves rolled, the boat rocked and pitched so that one could not stand. With hand clasping the rail I stood gazing into the darkness, and mused. So absorbed was I by my reverie that I scarcely heeded the voices by my side. Hark! What means that sudden splash—that awful shriek? It rings in my ear still. I turned—the dim light from the saloon windows revealed an elegantly-dressed lady with a face as white as the snow. Her agitation was intense. Said I, 'my dear madam—what is the trouble, what I do for you?'" "He's lost!" she cried. "Save him!" "What? Who? How?" I exclaimed. "My husband has fallen overboard!" "Ah!" said I, "is that all? I will save him! My Spread Eagle, Universal, Electric Washing and Shaving Soap will not inquire the most delicate fabric. Any lady can do the washing for a large family with the utmost ease and comfort, and—" Don't trifle with me," she said, "he's lost! he's lost!" "Pardon me," I said. "Don't give yourself any anxiety on my account, or your husband's—I will restore him! I rushed to the cabin and opened my portmanteau. I took seven cakes of my Spread Eagle, Universal, Electric Washing and Shaving Soap, rushed to the deck, and cast them into the seething waters. Almost instantly the sea became white with glistening suds, and directly the waves *washed* the husband aboard the steamer!" I suppose I looked incredulous, for the tailor added, "It's true—true as preaching!"

"Yes," said one of the men, laying down his pipe, "I believe it. It reminds me a little experience I had some years ago while selling Jacob's Original Patent Compound Impression Paper. I was traveling in *Eastern Maryland*, blessing the people by selling this valuable article. It would take an impression of a plant of flower, that was so natural that it looked better than the original. One afternoon, while walking leisurely along the road, I noticed a lady in an adjoining field, walking now rapidly, now slowly, with her eyes steadfastly on the ground. I watched her, and being excited by her strange conduct, I said to her, "my dear lady, have you lost something? Can I assist you?" "Oh, sir," she said, in a piteous voice, "no one can help me." I replied, "tell me your grief, fair maiden, and I will help you." "Sir," she said, "my only sister lies at the point of death—the doctor has given her up, and she must die.—Last night she dreamed if she could drink some tea made from the leaves of the *Rara Botanica* she would recover. I have looked in vain for the plant all day." "I have it," said I, and opened my portfolio of samples, and turned over the leaves. "There it is!" she exclaimed, and seizing the sheet which was covered with impressions of this and other beautiful plants and flowers, she ran for home like a frightened deer (as she was), She threw the sheet into a teakettle of boiling water, gave her sister the decoction, and watched the result with intense anxiety. Soon the sick girl fell into a gentle sleep, and did not awake for forty-eight hours. She was soon well. From the effects of this illness her hair all came out, and in its place grew each kind of flower and plant represented on the impression paper. Since that time she has supported herself by selling bouquets she had raised on her head!" All this time the third man had sat quietly in the corner. As the last speaker finished he slowly raised himself like a jointed fish pole, till he seemed all legs and arms. Said he, (with a nasal twang, "Wa'al, boys, them is remarkable happenstances, but I know they are true if you say so. I never peddled, but I've traveled some. Iv'e fit Indians, and Mexicans, and all kinds of varmints, and was never sacred but once. When we were camped on the Wilmoth River I went out one morning to wash without taking my rifle. I was just starting for camp when I saw a big grizzly come for me with his mouth wide open. I knew twa's no use to run. I backed myself agin a tree, and waited for him. Just as he was going to grab me I put my arm full length downhis throat, caught him by the tail, and turned him inside out, and he began running the otherway! I went towards the camp, double, quick!"

A Very Striking Coincidence.

WHAT A MAN SAW THREE OR FOUR DAYS BEFORE HIS DEATH—STRANGE REVELATIONS AND SIGNS.

[From the Rondout Courier.]

The *Courier* some time ago published an article headed "Strange happenings in life," which attracted considerable attention in town. It is now proposed to supplement that article by another of a similar character, although the present piece will confine itself to but one case. We may also state for the further benefit of any one still inclined to persist in skeptical doubts that the subject of this sketch was the uncle of a well-known citizen of this city. Indeed it is from the lips of this surviving nephew that we heard the startling incident related. He said that it had for many years been talked over in the family as a wonderfully mysterious thing, and out of the usual run and course of affairs. The subject of this sketch lived in a country adjoining Ulster. He resided on his father's farm with his parents, as he was only twenty-two or twenty-three years of age and still unmarried. Of course in the course of business on the farm it was frequently necessary for the son to be out riding after dark, and so the family had arranged to leave a candle for him on the kitchen table in one particular spot, so that he might never have to stumble around the house, but always know where to find a candle and be able to strike a light at a moment's notice. Now, on the particular night to which reference is to be made they had forgotten to put the candle in the usual place, and so the young man, after groping for the same for some time, gave it up, and, not wanting to arouse the family thought that for once he could go to bed in the dark. So he went up-stairs to his usual sleeping apartment. This was in the upper portion of the house, as it was then summer time, and he preferred to take this wide and old-fashioned chamber for a bed-room. Groping his way across the room to his bed, he began to open the clothes preparatory to getting in himself for a night's rest. Just as he was doing this he noticed that somebody was in the bed. He could plainly see the figure of a man lying there. As there was no light he could not, of course, see who the man was, but he very naturally came to the conclusion that some one well acquainted with the family had arrived and he had been put by them in his bed to sleep for the night. This was nothing unnatural, and he adopted that view of the matter at once. Now our friend, the nephew, says his uncle was always a man of strong nerve, courageous to the last degree, and the last person in the world to let his imagination run away with his common sense. Accordingly, he nonchalantly undressed himself and prepared to retire for the night. Stepping to the side of the bed again, he saw that the figure of the man was still there, and now he noticed a peculiarity about his appearance that was not seen by him before, he saw plainly that his head was void of hair. The whole top of the head was perfectly smooth and bald. The uncle got in the bed, when lo and behold the strange figure rolled off the bed and rolled the whole length of the old fashioned chamber toward the chimney, which was in the eastern portion of the room, the bed being placed at the other extremity of the large, old-fashioned sleeping apartment. The figure then vanished from sight. The man at first thought to call up the family, but finally decided not to do so. Very soon after he fell asleep. He slept soundly till the morning, not being, as before stated, a man of nervous temperament. At the breakfast table he recited to the other members of the family the occurence of the night. All the family thought it very strange, but did not treasure up the occurence till it was brought vividly to their remembrance in a few days. The young man, about three days afterward, upon finishing a hard day's work at the plough, at evening, unhitched his horses from the plough and prepared to take them home to the barn, which was almost a quarter of a mile away from where he had been working. It was his custom to ride the horses to the barn sideways, but on this one occasion he varied his usual habit and rode one of the horses straddle. During the ride from the field to the barn the horses took fright at something and ran away. The man was thrown off the horse and rolled upon the ground, his head striking against a stone, crushing in his skull.

The doctor who was called in to attend him decided that the only hope of affording him any aid was by tresspassing, and in order to do this effectually the hair had to be shaved off, and his head was made perfectly bald like the head of the figure he had seen only a few nights before. The operation, however, was not successful, and the man died, surviving only till the next day. The family have always regarded the vision and the subsequent death as a very strange coincidence.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.—Garfield will have, counting New York, Indiana and Connecticut among the Republican states, 222 electoral votes.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

"Fishing, sonny?"

"Yes, sir."

"What have you caught?"

"When I get two more with the one I'm after now, I'll have three."

This is a story with a moral.—*N. Y. Star.*

A slow match—A couple that marries after twenty years' courtship.

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