Denton Journal.

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The Denton Journal.

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—BY—
GEO. T. AND JAS. F. MELVIN.

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OUR LINE OF STOVES
Is unusually full and will not fail to please.

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We are the headquarters on harness, carrying the largest stock of any house on the shore.

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Together with all the old standard varieties so long sold in this market.

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Repairs of Engines and Threshers a Specialty.
DAVID C. AVERY & CO.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE undersigned having bought the Hardware and Agricultural store of T. B. SAULSBURY, in Denton, offers to the citizens Caroline and adjoining counties a well selected stock of General

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At prices that defy competition. My stock consists, in part, of wheels, Spokes, Rims, Hubs, Double-Trees, Single-Trees, Carriage Poles and Circles, Shafts and Cross-Bars, &c. Also a

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Ranges, Stove Fixtures, Cooking Utensils, Stove Pipe and Elbows, Stove Mats, and a general assortment of Tinware. Also, Horse Shoes, Horse Shoe Nails, Cut Nails, &c.

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consisting of Locks, Hinges, Screws, Window Pulleys, Finishing Nails, Door Stops, Window Fastenings, and in fact everything needed in the Building Line.

THE AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT

consists in everything needed on the farm, among which I will name: Plows, both common and chilled, Harrows, the best that can be bought. My Assortment of Reapers, Mowers, Self Binders, Steam Engines, Threshers, Grain and Fertilizer Drills, Horse Rakes &c, are the best on the market and warranted to give satisfaction. I also have for sale best Grain Fans, Corn Shellers, Farm Wagons, Corn and Cob Mills, Straw Cutters, Churns, &c., that can be bought in the county. I also have the best assortment of Spades, Shovels, Grub Hoes, Weed Hoes, Forks, Spuds, Bush Axes, &c., that has ever been offered in this market. I have the best

CUCUMBER PUMPS

That have ever been offered here. They have Vulcanized Rubber Bucket instead of a common leather one, and have only to be seen to be appreciated.

I you want good goods and cheap goods at low prices, come and see me and I will furnish you anything in the Hardware or Implement line as cheap as can be bought on the Shore. Also, I have for sale the

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MARYDEL, MD.,
100,000 Bushels Wheat,
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HIGHEST CASH PRICE.
Money advanced on Grain.
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Largest Stock & Lowest Prices
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My Dime Packages contain 20 Sheets Good Paper and 20 Envelopes to match
MUSIC TEACHERS & AMATETRS
supplied with the most Popular Sheet Music of the day at Fifty Per Cent discount
FROM PUBLISHERS PRICES,
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G. W. MINNICK & SON, Easton Md.
Opposite the Bank.

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The Denton Enterprise!

HE WILL SUPPLY YOU WITH Bibles, Testaments, Hymn Books, Motto Frames, Pictures and Frames.

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Reasonable Prices.

He charges the same old prices horse shoeing—$1.00 for plain $1.25 for steel toes—and guarantees satisfaction in all cases. Give him a trial.
12-4-80-tf.

STEVENS & HAYWARD,

DRUGGISTS & APOTHECARIES.
EASTON, MD.

THE citizens of Caroline county when in Easton, are respectfully invited to visit our store.
STEVENS & HAYWARD,
11-14-1y Easton, Md.

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THE GREAT
BURLINGTON ROUTE.

No other line runs Three Through Passenger Trains Daily between Chicago, Des Moines, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Lincoln, St Joseph, Atchison, Topeka and Kansas City. Direct connections for all points in Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Arizona, Idaho, Oregon and California.

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Try it, and you will find traveling a luxury instead of a discomfort.

Through Tickets via this Celebrated Line for sale at all offices in the United States and Canada.

All information about Rates of Fare, Sleeping Car Accommodations, Time Tables, &c., will be cheerfully given by applying to

J. Q. A. BEAN, Gen'l Eastern Agent,
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I am now prepared to do boot and shoe work in the very best styles.

FINE WORK

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

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at short notice and at reasonable prices. All work guaranteed to be as represented.
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A LINE OF NARROW WAIST PANTS FORMERLY $3 AND $5
NOW GOING AT $1.50 AND $2 50
A LINE OF BEAUTIFUL MIXED CASSIMERE SUITS FORMERLY $9 $10 $12 $15
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MENS' WHITE VESTS 75c. $1.00 $1.50.
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Boys' and Childrens' Suits in Elegant Variety at 25 per cent. Reduction. Childrens' Pants 65 cents and Upwards.

We want to move our stock more rapidly. We want your trade, and if low prices and quality is a consideration we mean to have it.

We must clear out this years' manufacture. We have marked our whole stock to such low figures that it will sell on sight. Don't neglect to call. It will pay you.

C. N. OEHM & SON,
POPULAR AND LARGEST CLOTHIERS,
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IMPORTANT TO FARMERS!!
Diamond Bone Phosphate, Peach Tree Guano
STILL AHEAD.

THE undersigned, at their Phosphate Works at Marydel, Caroline county, Md., are now prepared with greatly increased facilities for manufacturing their DIAMOND BONE PHOSPHATE in large quantities, and can fill all orders at very short notice. We claim that this goods is made from the best material, hence we guarantee it strictly pure. Its basis is Animal Bone, made thoroughly soluble, and for all crops has always given entire satisfaction. It has been tested side by side with all the leading standard fertilizers in the country, and to day stands second to none in the market. We use no dirt or other worthless matter and assure the farmers that we are offering for sale a better article of FERTILIZER for this Spring's crops than has ever been offered to the public for the same money. It is carefully prepared for the DRILL, is fine and dry, and passes through the orifices with uniform regularity.

We are also manufacturing a PEACH TREE GUANO. This goods combines the elements that Peach Trees require, and is one of most concentrated fertilizer manufactured—uniting the stimulating properties of Peruvian Guano and the fertilizing qualities of Bones. This goods has been approved and endorsed and is extensively used by the largest Peach Growers in the country as a superior quality of Peach Tree Guano. After an experience of several years our DIAMOND BONE PHOSPHATE has been approved and endorsed and is extensively used by the largest farmers in the country as a superior wheat and corn manure.

Prices and Terms sent on Application.
GEORGE & DAILY,
MARYDEL, CAROLINE CO., MD.

To Sportsmen and the Public.

I have just received from the Importers and Manufacturers direct, a large stock of

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I have the Finest Assortment of FISHING TACKLE ever offered to the public, WHICH I AM OFFERING LOWER THAN EVER BEFORE.
Rods, Reels, Lines, Baskets, Patent Bait Flies, Bait Boxes, Oil Silk; also, the "Gem, Bait Pail."
Job Lots to Dealers at Manufacturers' Prices.

W. P. PATTERSON, 168 W. Pratt St.,
BALTIMORE.
7-2-6m.

MANY YEARS AGO.

CHARLES A. DANA.

By the lake beyond the meadow,
Where the lillies blow,
As the young moon dipped and drifted
Her reflected bow,
Lived and died a dream of beauty
Many years ago.

Something made the milk white blossoms
Even whiter grow:
Something gave the dying sunset
An intenser glow,
And enriched the cup of pleasure
Filled to overflow.

Hope was frail and passion fleeting;
It is often so;
Visions born of golden sunsets
With the sunsets go;
To have loved is to have suffered
Martyrdom below.

By the lake beyond the meadow,
Where the lillies blow,
Oh! the glory there that perished
None shall ever know,
Where a human heart was broken,
Many years ago.

WANTED.--A GOVERNESS.

"It is provoking," Mrs. Gayland said, "I have a letter here asking me to provide a suitable governess for two young ladies of 14 and 16—"

"Provoking!" said Miss Whitman, "when you are wishing so much for a situation for Agnes!"

"Hear me out. The situation is charming; my correspondent writes that the house is all that the heart could desire, the pupils amiable, the house under control of a housekeeper, and the father a widower, who is now on the continent. And a condition most imperative is that the governess must be middle-aged."

"And Agnes is 20."

"So, you see, she will not do."

"Suppose I go?" cried Miss Whitman.

"You?" cried Mrs Gayland.

"Yes. I am 35, and look 45."

"But what will become of me?"

"Give my place to Miss Keyse, and advance the other teachers, giving the last place to Agnes."

"But—"

"I will not hear objections. I want a change, and when those young ladies cease to require a governess, if you want me, I will return to you."

"I thought you were happy here, Ella," Mrs. Gayland said reproachfully.

"I am; I have always been. But I want to see a glimpse of life elsewhere. I can never forget all your kindness to me; and yet I want a change. Write and recommend me for this situation."

"If I must, I must. But promise me to return here if you are not happy at Mr. Elkenton's."

"I promise."

* * * * * *

"I wonder what she will look like," Nelly Elkenton said to her sister Lily.

"We shall know very soon," said Lily, gently, "for the carriage is turning the bend in the road."

"I hope she won't be cross," Nelly said, half pouting. "Here she is."

It was only natural the girls should scrutinize the lady who alighted from the vehicle, which had been to meet the train. She was tall, with a full commanding figure, a noble face, full of intellect and refinement, and with brown eyes so full of tenderness, a smile so winning that her pupils advanced to meet her with hearts already eager to give her a loving welcome.

"We are Lily and Ella Elkenton," Nelly said, with courtesy. "This is Lily and I am Ella—but everybody calls me Nelly."

Miss Whitman replied pleasantly, kissing her pupils, and seemingly deeply moved by their cordial welcome. The old housekeeper, Mrs. Short, was in the hall, and a cry arose to her lips as she came forward. But Miss Whitman greeted her as a stranger, and she drew back muttering, "Well, well if that ain't a curious thing. I never saw two people so near alike!"

Walter Elkenton remained abroad, and Ella was mistress of his splendid home, instructress of his daughters, who gave her almost worshiping love.

It was marvellous to see how she seemed to grow younger in her new home. Her great beauty was of the type that does not fade early, and in the pure air her color brightened, her eyes grew softly luminous, and she had even a happy light in them, more beautiful than their old serenity.

For many years they had lurked under the peaceful expression of the traces of sorrow overcome of a life battle where the victory was won by fierce struggle; but all sadness left the noble face at Moss Hill, as Mr. Elkenton calls his place, and the peace brightened to happiness.

Three years after the June day when the sisters watched for the arrival of their governess, the happy trio were assembled after tea, chatting in the twilight. In October, Ella was to lose one of her pupils. Lily was to go to her aunt to enter society, and Nellie would remain still two years at Moss Hill.

"Tell us a story," Nelly said, sitting on the porch step, leaning back against a pillar; "a love story, please, Miss Ella."

"A love story! Let me think! Once upon a time——"

Lily laughed musically.

"It ought to be a fairy story if it opens so," Nelly said.

"No; it is a love story," said Ella, but she did not smile. "Once upon a time there was a very rich man who owned a magnificent castle. He had married late in life and lost his wife, whom he idolized, soon after their marriage by an accident. She was thrown from her horse and killed before his eyes.

"For years he shut himself up in his splendid home, seeing no one, living the life of a hermit. But his sister died and left him the care of a boy of 13, while almost at the same time the sister of the wife he loved so dearly, even in memory, also died, leaving a little girl of ten, utterly friendless. The two children went to their new home on the same day, and as their kind friend and relative did nothing with half a heart he threw off in a great measure his reserve and melancholy, to make their home pleasant to them."

"What were their names?" asked Nelly.

"You may christen them."

"Well, papa has the prettiest name in the world—Walter! Lily you may name the girl. I call the boy Walter."

"I will name the girl after you," said Lily. "So they are Walter and Ella!"

Had the light been stronger the girls might have noticed a sudden pallor on the face of their governess, but her voice was steady as she continued. Not one of the three had seen a tall figure cross the lawn at some distance from them, and enter the house by the low French windows at the back of the drawing room. Neither did they see him cross the room and seat himself behind the lace curtains in the darkness so near the group, he could have touched any of the trio by stretching his arm.

"Walter and Ella then, since you so name them," said Miss Whitman, "lived a life of complete happiness in their luxurious home. Their uncle loved them, they loved each other, and their only sorrow was the separation of school life, as they passed from home instructions to the seminary.

"It was after their final return home that their uncle told them of his wish that they should marry and inherit his fortune and home together. Ella asked for no greater happiness than to become Walter's wife, and for a time believed that he loved her; but as she grew older, became convinced that she did not hold Walter's heart as he held hers. She was jealous of the daughter of an old friend, who came often to visit them.

"As we are confiding our names to those near at hand, we will call her after you Lily. She was very beautiful—not as tall as Ella was, not quite so fond of music and books, but a fairy-like blonde, winsome and tender—the very woman to win a man's heart and hold it in silken bonds stronger than iron. Walter loved her."

"And Ella loved him," sighed Lily, "Oh dear!"

"Before the uncle knew of any cross to his plans he died. But in his will left his property to his nephew and ward only upon condition of their marriage. If either refused the marriage, the money went to a public charity, the house to be sold and the proceeds added to the sum. But if either died, the other inherited all. It was a cruel will, for every day it became more evident to Ella that her heart was given to one who found the gift a heavy burden. The soul of chivalry, Walter tried to conceal his aversion to the woman he must marry, unless they both became beggars. She loved him so well that his grief became hers, and she tried to imagine some way to free him. Only her death could release him, so she resolved to die."

"Oh!" gasped Nelly.

"She wrote a letter bidding him farewell, and left the house There was a small boat in which she often rowed upon the river alone. This was found, turned upside down, and her hat floating near it. Walter advertised for the body, for any news of her, but none came, and after a year the law gave him sole control of his uncle's property. It ought to be his, for Ella was not related to the old man, although she called him uncle and loved him tenderly."

"Did he marry Lily?"

"Oh, yes, they were married."

"But poor Ella!" sighed Lily.

"She did not die." said Miss Whitman "She shrank from the crime of suicide. So, while they were hunting for her body, she was in a large town, earning a comfortable living. She conquered her love years ago, and her life is a tranquil, happy and useful one."

The sisters went to their own apartment, while the governess went into the drawing-room to get a book she had left there. As she lighted the gas, a tall figure rose from a seat near the window and came forward. He spoke one word only.

"Ella!"

And she staggered back, and would have fallen if his strong arm had not caught her.

"Ella," he said again, "I heard your story, hidden here, to see my children unseen, before they knew of my return home. Oh, you were wrong, I always loved you, but your own doubts made you so cold that I thought you would marry me only in obedience to my uncle's will,"

"You did not love Lily," she said.

"I love you—you only. But when I believed you died, her sweet consolation won that was left of my sore heart."

There was rapturous greeting for "papa" the next morning, but the delight of the girls was increased when he said to them very gravely. "I will finish the story your governess began last evening. Walter's wife died, but he found Ella, and loved her. She is here, and you must give her a place in your hearts, as my wife, and your mother."

BICYCLE EXERCISE.

MR. SPOOPENDYKE PURCHASES A MACHINE AND MAKES A MILE A MINUTE.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, hurrying up to his wife's room, "if you'll come down in the yard I've got a pleasant surprise for you."

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, "what have you got, a horse?"

"Guess again," grinned Mr. Spoopendyke. "It's something like horse."

"I know! It's a new parlor carpet. That's what it is!"

"No, it isn't, either. I said it's something like a horse; that is, it goes when you make it. Guess again."

"Is it paint for the kitchen wall?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, innocently.

"No, it ain't," and it ain't a hogshead of stove blacking, nor it ain't a set of dining room furniture, nor it ain't seven gross of stationary washtubs. Now guess again."

"Then it must be some lace curtains for the sitting room windows. Isn't that just splendid?" and Mrs. Spoopendyke patted her husband on both cheeks and danced up and down with delight.

"It's a bicycle, that's what it is!" growled Mr. Spoopendyke. "I bought it for exercise, and I'm going to ride it. Come down and see me."

"Well, ain't I glad," ejaculated Mrs. Spoopendyke. "You ought to have more exercise, and if there's exercise in anything it's in a bicycle. Do let's see it!"

Mr. Spoopendyke conducted his wife to the yard and descanted at length on the merits of the machine.

"In a few weeks I'll be able to make a mile a minute," he said, as he steadied the apparatus against the clothes post and prepared to mount. "Now you watch me go to the end of this path."

He got a foot into one treadle and went head first into a flower patch, the machine on top with prodigious crash.

"Hadn't you better tie it up to the post until you get on?" suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Leave me alone, will ye?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke, struggling to an even kneel. "I'm doing most o' this myself. Now you hold and keep your mouth shut. It takes a little practice, that's all."

Mr. Spoopendyke mounted again and scuttled along four or five feet and flopped over on the grass plat.

"That's splendid!" commended his wife. "You've got the idea already. Let me hold it for you this time."

"If you've got any extra strength you hold your tongue, will ye!" growled Mr. Spoopendyke. "It don't want any holding. It ain't alive. Stand back and give me room, now."

The third trial Mr. Spoopendyke ambled to the end of the path and went down all in a heap among the flower pots.

"That's just too lovely for anything!" proclaimed Mrs. Spoopendyke. "You made more'n a mile a minute that time!"

"Come and take it off!" roared Mr. Spoopendyke. "Help me up! Dod gast the bicycle!" and the worthy gentleman struggled and plunged around like a whale in shallow water.

Mrs. Spoopendyke assisted in righting him and brushed him off.

"I know where you make your mistake," said she. "The little wheel ought to go first, like a buggy. Try it that way going back."

"May be you can ride this bicycle better than I can!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke. "You know all about wheels! What you need now is a lantern in your mouth and ten minutes behind time to be the City Hall clock! If you had a bucket of water and a handle you'd make a steam grindstone! Don't you see the big wheel has got to go first?"

"Yes, dear," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke, "but I thought if you practiced with the little wheel at first, you wouldn't have so far to fall."

"Who fell?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke. "Didn't you see me step off? I tripped; that's all. Now you just watch me go back."

Once more Mr. Spoopendyke started in, but the big wheel turned around and looked him in the face, and then began to stagger.

"Look out!" squealed Mrs. Spoopendyke.

Mr. Spoopendyke wrenched away and kicked and struggled, but it was of no avail. Down he came, and the bicycle was a hopeless wreck.

"What'd ye want to yell for?" he shrieked. "Couldn't ye keep your measly mouth shut? What d'ye think y'are, anyhow, a fog horn? Dod gast the measly bicycle!" and Mr. Spoopendyke hit it a kick that folded him up like a bolt of muslin.

"Never mind, my dear," counseled Mrs. Spoopendyke, "I'm afraid the exercise was too violent anyway, and I'm rather glad you broke it."

"I s'pose so," snorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "There's sixty dollars gone."

"Don't worry, love. I'll go without the carpet and curtains, and the paint will do well enough in the kitchen. Let me rub you with arnica."

But Mr. Spoopendyke was too deeply grieved by his wife's conduct to accept any office at her hands, preferring to punish her by letting his wounds smart rather than to get well, and thereby relieve her of any anxiety she brought on herself by acting so outrageously under the circumstances.

A BIT OF COMPOSITION.

The following was picked up on the street last week and handed us for publication. We suppress all names, and give it for what it is worth:

MY ADORED AND ANGELIC ——: Queen of my soul! It is no use talking! I'm a goner—comparatively, positively and superlatively gone. Rammed through the gizzard by the double-barrelled shaft of Cupid. Your seraphic image is stamped upon the lines of my soul with the never-to-be-washed-out, and never-to-be-indigoed indelibility of spiritual and amatory fixedness.

Gone! by the great Rorassus of Phlegethon! Neither salt, rum, nor liturgy can save me. I have struggled against my fate hard and long; but as vainly as the tadpole against the curtailment of his end and his *entree* into the realm of frogdom. I am, when near you, as ice cream to a flame—wax to a stovepipe—I melt under your influence like unsalted butter. I feel that without you there is no *use-in-bein*. You are the polar star of my emotions—the loadstone of my affinities. Why did I meet you? Oh, ——! wherefore did fate wish to mock me? Is it but a dream? What arts and alchemy have you employed to enchain my soul? What yarbs and unguents and cataplasm? The spell upon me is worse than human—it is Websterian—intense—and I can bear it but little longer. Unless it has some legitimate vent—some safety-valve escapement—the expanding steam of my affection will be too much for my physical boilers and I shall æsthetically burst or prolapse, sink to an untimely grave, and have writ upon my sarcophagus:

HIC JACET.

DIED OF A *chronic* ATTACK OF ——

You will be the author of my final "sentimental journey" to that thing-umbob from whence no what's-his-name returns. Think of it well, and, in pity, give me at least the widow's mite of love—just a wee bit—now *do*. When last we met how little did I think that I should tumble to-day head and heels from comfortable indifference into the hot, sizzling fire of worship. Well, so mote it be, Selohamen. Remember the pain I endure, the intense and torturing anguish I suffer—skinned eels are nothing to it; their pang is momentary, and only skin deep—mine is eternal as the stars, and profound as spiritual philosophy. *They* suffer pain to make others happy—*I* make no one happy in my sufferings, and—there's nothing gained. Hence, pity me, and send me love. Poor, feeble, weak, human words cannot express my emotions; lexicons are inadequate; logic and rheteric mere milk-and-water; so this letter bears no more resemblance to my feelings than do crinolines to the rings of Saturn. I worship thy form, chiseled by the finest architect of all—a mould of ecstacy. Thy lips!—I gin in *there*. They are too much for my poor heart, and thine alabaster rose-tipped hands—darn my buttons but don't they make me think of hot muffins? And as for thy precious little feet—I can say nothing. I am struck *dum* with admiration. I am completely kilt.

Ever thine,
——.

Religious summer resorts are never over crowded with good-looking girls.

THE CLERK CONSCIENTIOUS.

A Galveston grocer, says a Southern exchange, has been observing for several weeks past that a great many of his customers had quit him and were trading at a rival store over the way. He also noticed that one of his clerks, who had been converted at a revival, rarely succeeded in selling any goods at all to a customer. He had formerly been a very efficient clerk in selling groceries, hence the proprietor was very much bewildered. Yesterday morning the proprietor came down before the clerk had made his appearance, and hiding behind a stack of boxes of Blue Jacket's Liver Encouraging Bitters, waited for developments. Presently the clerk came in, put on his apron, dusted off the counter, whistling "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" as he did so. It was not long before a wealthy lady, whose custom ran up into the thousands annually, came in and asked the clerk if he had the celebrated B No. 3 sugar. He replied that he had, showing her a sample, and she said she thought she would take about one hundred pounds.

The conscientious clerk looked at the lady very earnestly, and asked:

"Are you prepared to meet your Maker?"

The lady stared in blank amazement.

"I want to know if you have family prayers regularly, and if your family are fully prepared for a blissful hereafter beyond the grave? for if you are not you can't get the sugar—that's all. There is enough chloride of tin in one hundred pounds of sugar to kill the last one of you, and I don't want anybody's blood on my hands, particularly when they are leading wicked lives and not fit to die," and he put the cover on the sugar barrel and strolled out of the door, whistling "Old Hundred."

The lady flaunted herself out of the store, her face as red as fire, but it was not any redder than that of the proprietor, who was only waiting for an opportunity to rend that clerk limb from limb. Fortunately several customers came, and the proprietor drew in his breath, and gritted his teeth and waited as best he could for the hour of vengeance to strike.

"Have you any claret, genuine French claret?"

"Who do you want it for?"

"I want it for a friend of mine in the country."

"Has he got a good constitution?"

"No, he is in feeble health, and I want it to help build up his system."

"We make our genuine claret ourselves down in the cellar. The proprietor attends to that himself. Of late the fusions of logwood and other dyestuffs we get from the druggist have been of such poor quality that our genuine claret won't do for me to recommend. I can't conscientiously do so. You had better let your friend die a natural death."

The man said he was very much obliged for the information, but the clerk said he was only doing his duty, and he whistled "When I Can Read My Title Clear," as the customer strolled off.

Other customers flocked in, but he firmly refused to sell them a dime's worth. He explained to a cadaverous looking old woman that her dyspeptic appearance was due to the china clay in the flour, and the glucose sulphuric acid in the golden syrup she wanted to purchase. Another lady wanted tea. The good clerk said: "Madame, if you were to drop dead and wake up where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, I could never sleep at night afterward. You could not buy a pound of tea at this establishment for all the wealth of the Indies. The color of the tea is produced by Prussian blue, which causes ossification of the valvular system of the heart. I can see by your leathery complexion, that is caused by the tannin in the tea, that you are not long for this world. How do I know you have made your peace with Heaven?"

"Got any good coffee?" asked a fresh customer.

"We have some beans faced with phosphate of calcium and sulphate of barium, but the man who gets any of it has to show a clean bill of health from his spiritual adviser." There was no trade with that man either.

Finally, when there were no customers in the store, the interview between the enraged storekeeper and his clerk took place, but the clerk impressively warned the grocer—with an axhandle—not to approach too close unless he was prepared to go hence; that their business relations were dissolved by mutual consent. The moral of all of which is that things are not always what they seem.

FEMININE FANCIES.

Why are women more spiritual than men? Women have par-a-sols while men have none.

Can a young lady who is everlastingly knitting her eyebrows be called industrious?

Homely women look the best in big hats. We state this in the hope of seeing only small hats at the theatres.

An exchange says: The young lady, who, when at home, is too warm to exert herself to use a fan, will now dance for three hours at a hop and then declare it to be "just too splendid for anything."

A Monmouth young lady went on an excursion to the country, and noticing the barbed wire fences along the railroad wanted to know why the telegraph lines were put down so low.

Lotta Darling is a clairvoyant at Lawrence, Mass., but her second sight was not strong enough to discern the approach of her husband while another man was kissing her, or a fight might have been prevented.

A Yankee woman recently married a Chinese laundryman, and in three days thereafter the unhappy Celestial appeared at a barber's shop and ordered his pigtail to be cut off, saying, in explanation, "Too muchee Yank."

A Prairie City girl went into a drug store to buy some taffy-tolu chewing gum. The clerk, who wanted to be sociable, remarked to her, "It's a pretty warm day." "You betcher life," she exclaimed; "I heerd that it was two hundred degrees below zero." Prairie City ought to be a good place for the festive summer boarders.

"Are you fond of Wagner's works?" asked Mr. Sharpe. "Fond of them!" exclaimed Miss Posigush, "I think they are just splendid. So easy and comfortable, you know. Why, I rode from Boston to Chicago, and I wasn't one bit tired when I got there." Mr. Sharpe sighed a sorrowful sigh, but he managed to call up a sickly smile and say that he didn't refer to car tunes.

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