Denton Journal.

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VOL. 36. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 7, 1882. NO. 19.

DON'T BE DECEIVED!

Residents of this County,

BY THE BAIT SOME OF THE EXPENSIVE STORES PUT FORTH IN THEIR CUNNINGLY-WORDED ADVERTISEMENTS. THEY WHO USE THEM HAVE NO REAL INDUCEMENTS TO OFFER, **AND THEREFORE RESORT TO SUCH METHODS TO ATTRACT BUYERS**

We Say to You, Do Not Allow Yourselves to be Deceived!

The Season is Backward, and we have still an immense stock--one of the best and most attractive we have ever shown you, all of which we will sell positively 20 per cent. less than expensive stores will ask you.

WE HAVE A LOT OF SEPARATE PANTS. ABOUT 100.
SUITS, ABOUT 40.
OVERCOATS, ABOUT 60.

Which are elegantly made, fashionably cut and in every way reliable goods, that we will dispose of at almost cost.

AT COST! AT COST! AT COST!

TO CLOSE OUT!

Our stock must move faster. The great reduction at which we are offering it will make business boom. Reader, take advantage of it. We have only a short time left to sell in and we call especial attention of buyers to our elegant goods, latest styles, extremely low prices, and positive guarantee given all patrons. You pay us only ONE PROFIT, the manufacturer's. You will be glad when you buy from us, if saving and getting value for your money yleases you.

Largest FASHIONABLE ONE-PRICE CLOTHIERS
230 West Pratt St., to 55 Hanover St.

CHAS. N. OEHM & SON,
BALTIMORE, MD.

To Sportsmen and the Public.

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

Muzzle and Breech-Loading Guns, Revolvers, Ammunition, Glass Balls &c.

To FISHERMEN:

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

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GEO. W. BECK,

BALTIMORE, MD.

BOYLSTON'S FIRE-PLACE HEATER.

STOVES,

STOVES.

Plain, Stamped and Japanned

TINWARE,

ROOFING AND SPOUTING.

BUY THE EXCELSIOR COOK.

OLD STOVES MADE NEW.

S. H. MELSON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
FOWLING CREEK P. O.
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J. W. BRYANT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.
STATE'S ATTORNEY FOR CAROLINE COUNTY.

ST. JACOBS OIL

TRADE MARK.

THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY.
FOR
RHEUMATISM,

Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains,

Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as a *safe, sure, simple* and *cheap* External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

Directions in Eleven Languages.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

A. VOGELER & CO.,
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

—A—

Curious Fact

That the 'GRAND DEPOT' at Denton Bridge is Selling Goods CHEAPER than any other house in town.

I have just added to my line of Fall and Winter goods, which may now be considered as complete. Boots and shoes a specialty. I am offering them at figures that defy competition. A call from my friends and patrons to examine my new and carefully selected stock, would be highly appreciated by me. I desire to extend to the public my heartfelt thanks for their liberal support in the past, and pledge myself to exert every effort to merit its continuation.

Respectfully,
CHAS. F. WILLIS.

NEW YORK WEEKLY HERALD

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

The circulation of this popular newspaper is constantly increasing. It contains all the leading news of the Daily Herald and is arranged in handy departments. The

FOREIGN NEWS
embraces special dispatches from all quarters of the globe. Under the head of

AMERICAN NEWS
are given the Telegraphic Despatches of the week from all parts of the Union. This feature alone makes

THE WEEKLY HERALD
the most valuable chronicle in the world, as it is the cheapest. Every week is given a faithful report of

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embracing complete and comprehensive despatches from Washington, including full reports of the speeches of eminent politicians on the questions of the hour.

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of the Weekly Herald gives the latest as well as the most practical suggestions and discoveries relating to the duties of the farmer, hints for raising Cattle Poultry, Grains, Trees, Vegetables, &c., with suggestions for keeping buildings and farming utensils in repair. This is supplemented by a well edited department, widely copied, under the head of

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giving recipes for practical dishes, hints for making clothing and for keeping up with the latest fashions at the lowest. Every item of cooking or economy suggested in this department is practically tested by experts before publication. Letters from our Paris and London correspondents on the very latest fashions. The Home Department of the Weekly Herald will save the housewife more than one hundred times the price of the paper. The interests of

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Sporting News at home and abroad, together with a Story every week, a Sermon by some eminent divine, Literary, Dramatic, Personal and Sea Notes. There is no paper in the world which contains so much news matter every week as the Weekly Herald, which is sent, postage free, for One Dollar. You can subscribe at any time

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Broadway and Ann St., New York.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best **Family Knitting Machine** ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings, with **HEEL** and **TOE complete**, in 30 minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy-work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the **Twombly Knitting Machine Co.,** 409 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

NEW RICH BLOOD!

Parsons' Purgative Pills make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sent by mail for 8 letter stamps.

J. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

KNOW THYSELF.

GOLD MEDAL AWARDED the Author. A new and great Medical Work, warranted the best and cheapest, indispensable to every man, entitled "the Science of Life, or, Self-Preservation," 300 pp. contains beautiful steel engravings, 125 prescriptions, price only $1.25 sent by mail, illustrated sample, 6 cents. Address Peabody Medical Institute or Dr. W. H. PARKER, No. 4 Bulfinch st. Boston.

JAS. E. HIGNUTT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
DENTON, MD.

LOVE IN ALL.

Name the leaves on all the trees;
Name the waves on all the seas,
All the flow'rs by rill that blow,
All the myriad tints that glow,
Winds that wonder through the grove
And you name the name of Love.
Love there is in summer sky,
As in light of maiden's eye.

Listen to the countless sounds
In the wind that gayly bounds
O'er the meads, where, on the wing,
Bright bees hum and linnets sing.
Pat of raindrop, chat of stream,
Of their song, sweet love's their theme,
Love is where zephyr skips,
As in breath of maiden lips.

In the the west mild evening glows;
Angel fingers fed the rose;
Silver dews begin to fall;
Crimson shades to shadow all;
Holy nature veils her face;
Earth is lost in Heaven's embrace—
Love is in an hour like this
As in guileless maiden's kiss.

Go where, through the voiceless night,
Trips fair Luna's silver light;
Hear of Nature's pulse the best,
Like thread of unseen feet;
See from out the lambent north
Shimmering arrows shooting forth;
Love is in a meteor's start,
As in throb of maiden's heart.

Love's the essense of all things;
'Tis from love that beauty springs;
'Twas by love creation first
Into glorious being burst;
Veiled in maiden's form so fair,
I do worship thee in her.
Spirit sweet—all else above—
Love is God, since God is love!

A FEW BOARDERS.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"My dear," said Mr. Peter Pensico to his wife, "don't you think it would be a good idea for us to take a few boarders?"

"Boarders!" echoed Mrs. Peter Pensico. "What for?"

"To turn an honest penny, my dear," said Mr. Pensico.

"Pshaw!" said Mrs. Pensico.

"Times are hard," said Mr. Pensico.

"But you've got money enough," returned his wife, with a toss of her curly head.

"Sylvia," said Mr. Pensico, gravely, "do you know that nobody ever has money enough?"

"No," said Mrs. Pensico, shelling away with great vigor at the pan of lima beans in her lap. "I don't know anything of the sort."

"Just think how nice it would sound," said Mr. Peter Pensico, with his eyes half closed and his head on one side, "Select board for a few gentlemen, in a cottage on the Hudson—fine view—excellent boating—plenty of shade—milk and vegetables—terms moderate. I think I see it now in the columns of the paper."

"I thought you rented this cottage to please me!" said Mrs. Pensico, raining down the emerald shower of lima beans at a double quick rate.

"So I did, my dear—so I did," responded her husband. "But why shouldn't we please a few select boarders, too?"

Mr. Pensico was a retired grocer, "fat and forty," if not "fair." Mrs. Pensico had been a pretty ward school teacher, full twenty years younger than her husband, who had boarded at the same house with the dealer in nuts, spices and moist sugars.

Love is like the whooping cough, a more dangerous disease the older you grow. Mr. Pensico took it very hard—so hard, indeed, that he married Sylvia Smith at the end of a fortnight's acquaintance, and took her to live in a pretty little cottage on the Hudson.

But as the conflagration of his young love died into a more steady and uneven flame, Mr. Pensico's old spirit of thrift arose within him. Love in a cottage was all very charming; but the wages of cook, chambermaid and handy man counted up amazingly at the end of the month. A cow grazing in the meadow was picturesque, to be sure, but the feed bills were something to shudder at. Sylvia in white muslin was an adorable object; but it sometimes occurred to Mr. Pensico's perturbed brain that calicoes would have been more economical, viewed from the laundress' standpoint. In short, Love and Economy were at daggers drawn in the noble soul of the ex-grocery man.

"Don't you think it's a good idea, my love?" persisted Mr. Pensico, brushing a fly away from the circular bald spot on the top of his head.

"No, I don't," said Mrs. Pensico.

"But why not?"

"I don't like the idea of keeping a tavern," retorted the bride.

"My dear," said Mr. Pensico, "you exaggerate. A few select boarders—"

"A few select fiddlesticks!" interrupted Mrs. Pensico, as she rose up, flinging the lima bean pods all over the floor.

Mr. Pensico looked at his wife with a calm and speculative eye.

"She don't like boarders," pondered he. "And she don't like to submit, as a wife should, to her husband's authority. Good! I'll enforce both questions, or I'll know the reason why!"

And Mr. Peter Pensico sat down to write the advertisement whose glowing periods had been floating in fragmentary radiance through his brain for the last five or ten minutes.

"I won't take boarders!" said Sylvia.

"My dear," said Peter, "you will do just—pre-cisely—as I think best."

"We'll see," cried out Mrs. Pensico.

"A woman ought to be proud to have an opportunity of helping her husband on in the world," oracularly observed Mr Pensico.

"I believe the richest people in the world are always the meanest," said Sylvia, with a jerk of her pretty brown curls.

"Economy, my dear—economy!" said Mr. Pensico. "Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves. 'A penny saved is a penny earned,' 'Money makes money.'"

And Mrs. Pensico, fairly overwhelmed by this cataract of proverbs, ceased her remonstrances. After all, what good would they do?

Poor little Sylvia was beginning to comprehend that marrying a rich old screw was not the shortest way to perfect happiness.

But a woman defied becomes a woman dangerous, and Mrs. Peter Pensico determined that she would not be conquered.

Four days after the appearance of the advertisement which cost so much time and pains, three young gentlemen applied for board.

Mr. Pensico assumed a magisterial aspect.

"Ten dollars a week is my fixed price," said he; but as there are three of you, I don't mind saying twenty-five dollars."

And on these terms Messrs. Smith, Brown and Jones became possessors of the three best bedrooms of the cottage, driving Mr. Pensico and his wife to a sofa bedstead in the back parlor.

"Are we always to live so?" plaintively demanded Mrs. Pensico.

"My dear," said the pater familias to his young wife, one day, "do you think it is quite dignified for you to be romping out on the lawn with those three young men?"

"I wasn't romping," retorted Sylvia with a pout, that showed the coral curve of her lip to the very best advantage. "I was only playing croquet. You charged me especially to try and make things agreeable to the boarders, didn't you?"

This was on Monday. On Tuesday Mrs. Pensico went fishing with the three boarders. Pensico might have gone, too—perhaps—only that the boat was capable of holding but four.

On Wednesday there was a picnic up the river to which Mrs. Smith invited Mrs. Pensico. On Thursday Mr. Jones and Mr. Brown had a "camp out" in the woods, of which Mrs. Pensico and one Miss Tomlinson, of the neighborhood, formed an indispensable accompaniment.

On Friday Mr. Brown undertook to lay out Mrs. Pensico's verbena bed in true landscape gardening style. On Saturday it rained and Mr. Jones, who was considerable as an elocutionist, read poetry alone to Mrs. Pensico, while she darned the family hose. On Sunday, Mr. Smith drove Mrs. Pensico to a church ten miles away, in an elegant little buggy, with a long tailed horse.

"This is getting intolerable," said Mr. Pensico.

And he wished he hadn't written that advertisement.

But this was nothing to his chagrin on the next day, when he found Mr. Smith sitting out under the apple tree with his arm around Sylvia's waist.

"Sir!" thundered Mr. Pensico.

"Eh?" said the boarder.

"Leave my premises!" said the grocer.

"I've just paid a week's board in advance," suggested Mr. Smith.

"Take back your wretched dross!" bellowed Mr. Pensico, flinging a roll of bills on the grass. "Go! Depart! Lose no time, and take those other two young men with you. I'm sick of boarders."

And so the three young men departed. When once the garden gate was closed behind them, Mr. Pensico elevated his right arm theatrically in the air.

"Never—never will I receive another boarder into my family," said he. "As for you, false wife—"

"No; but it is 'honor bright' about the boarders?" interrupted Mrs. Pensico, with sparkling eyes.

"I swear by yonder cerulean blue!" said Mr. Pensico, who had just been reading "St. Elmo."

"Certain sure?" said Mrs. Pensico.

"Certain sure!" said her husband.

"In that case, said Mrs. Pensico, "I may as well tell you now, as any time, that John Brown and Ferdinand Jones are my cousins, and that Charlie Smith is my brother."

"Eh?" gasped Mr. Pensico. "Was it—was it a conspiracy?"

"They wanted board in the country" said Mrs. Pensico, "and you wanted boarders."

A heavy weight seemed to be lifted from Mr. Pensico's heart as he remembered the arm around Sylvia's waist. So it was only her brother! And little Sylvia hadn't played the married flirt, after all!

He took his wife in his arms, and gave her a hearty kiss.

"My dear," said he, "you're a mischievous little girl, but I forgive you. And I guess we'll give up the boarding business."

Which was all that Mrs. Pensico wanted.

"I was determined to conquer him," thought she, "and I've done it."

There is no study that is not capable of delighting us after a little application of it.

SECOND SIGHT.

Many intelligent people in Scotland and elsewhere believe in what is called the second sight, or a power of seeing what is going on many miles away. The power is less common than it used to be years ago, but so many facts are told by persons whose veracity cannot be questioned, that it is easier to believe them without explaining the mystery, than to deny them. Similar facts in our own midst are not wanting confirming the possibility of this second sight.

It is a historical fact that Rev. Jos. Buckminster, who died in Vermout in 1812, just before his death, announced that his distinguished son, Rev. J. S. Buckminster, of Boston, was dead. It afterward turned out that the son had breathed his last about the time his father made the announcement.

A parallel to that of the Buckminsters occurred but a short time since at Eaton, Ohio. On a Wednesday morning in April, 1873, at four o'clock, Gen. John Quinn, of that place, breathed his last. But a few minutes of that Joseph Deem, who also died on the same day, aroused from his sleep and said to his son John, who sat at his side, "John, Gen. Quinn is dead."

To this John said: "I reckon you are mistaken, father; you have been dreaming. I guess Gen. Quinn is not dead, he is not even sick, but goes down town regularly every day for his mail."

"Yes," said father Deem, "I know he is dead;" and he had scarcely finished speaking when a neighbor walked in and said to them, "Gen Quinn is dead!"

What is strange about it is that Father Deem did not know of Gen. Quinn's illness, and, in all probability, had not heard his name mentioned.

The late Dr. Francis Wayland was accustomed to tell of an incident of this kind, which occurred to his mother, a woman of sound judgment and of admirably balanced character. Young Francis was expected home from New York, where he had been attending medical lectures. Suddenly, one day, the mother began to walk the floor hurriedly, saying to her husband, "Pray for my son. Francis is in danger!"

She was so agitated and urgent that the father put up a prayer for deliverance from peril. When Francis at length arrived home, the mother asked at once, "What has taken place?" He told of an adventure. While coming up the North river on a sloop he had fallen overboard, and the sloop had passed over him. Being an athletic swimmer he had kept afloat until rescued.

Heinrich Zschokke, one of the eminent literary men of Germany, possessed at times the curious power of seeing the whole life of a stranger into whose company he happened to be thrown The incidents of the life seemed to pass before him in a kind of vision, with a distinctness even in minute details. He could not tell in what the power lay, nor how it came to him; nor was it permanent, or even general. It came mysteriously and left as strangely. But he often tested its accuracy by recounting to the stranger the whole story of the life as it appeared to him, and never failed to receive an acknowledgement of its truth, even in minute particulars. Once, when traveling with two of his sons, he met with another man, an orange peddler, who had a similar gift, and who, to the great delight of the boys, told the incidents of Zschokke's life from boyhood.

A distinguished scientist has advanced the theory in our hearing, to which he himself holds, that there is an unknown mental power in the human system that is independent of our recognized faculties, and superior to them. Certain persons on going to sleep fix upon an hour of the night to awake, and always awake at the fixed time. This indicates a knowledge of time possessed by this unexplained mental power which is beyond the reach of the ordinary faculties.

Many of the French soldiers, returning from the German frontier during the late war, were found sleeping during a wearisome march, but they kept in rank and obeyed orders. People have composed poems, reasoned with wonderful clearness on abstruse subjects, and even played the piano with unusual brilliancy and expression during sleep.

Dr. Brown-Sequard once related an incident of his own experience somewhat similar to those recorded of Zschokke. He was once lecturing to some French students, talking very rapidly, his whole mind wrapped up in the subject. He suddenly stopped short in his discourse, lost, as it were, in profound thought. While his mind had seemingly been concentrated on the subject of his lecture with unusual intensity, there had been forced into it the solution of a problem of science that had baffled his efforts for a long period, and which was quite foreign to the subject of which he was treating. The students became alarmed, thinking from his strange silence, that he must have been taken ill, and he thought it prudent to make an explanation of the cause of his conduct on the spot.

Once get a man upon the rails of doubt and you can draw him on as fast as you please.

Men are never so ridiculous for the qualities they have, as for those they affect to have.

HIS CONTRIBUTION.

From Puck.

He was a nice young man, of Boston dressing. He had just left the School of Mines, and he went out West and settled in Dead Horse Gulch, to grow up with the town. He wore not only a shirt, but an all-round standing collar, of real celluloid, and he had a French gold scarf-pin and reversible cuffs.

These things aided him to lead rather a retired life in Dead Horse Gulch, for the population did not crowd around him and overwhelm him with too embarrassing demonstrations of cordiality. So he was somewhat surprised when a big miner in a red shirt and trousers freckled with patches called on him one morning and said:

"Look-a-here, Mr. Tenderfoot, I'm appointed a sorter committee to wait upon you with a kinder message."

"I am glad to see you," said the young man.

"You can be glad and dry at the same time, can't ye?" remarked the miner: "We want you to a species of give us a lift."

"I shall be happy," began the young man doubtfully; but the miner went on:

"We suppose you take an interest in this here settlement—that you kinder like to help the town grow up?"

"Certainly."

"And mebbe, we sorter thort, you'd be willing to give us a hand to hist the snap along—yank her a bit further toward incorporation."

"Undoubtedly."

"That's what we thort. Your'e a white man, stranger. Shake! Well, here's our situation. A town ain't no sort of a town until its got some record—some institutions—see?"

"Indubitably."

"Well, now we have had eight or ten births,, and three marriages, and one baptism, and a change-of heart, and a couple dozen trials, and a walking match, and a church-fair, and no end to dog fights in this here town; but we ain't never had no fun ral."

"No funeral?" inquired the young man, in surprise.

"No, sir, no funeral—that is to say, no real straight funeral — no regular formality snap. In the first place, ye see, there ain't been no coffins in the town till yesterday, when we got in a full cargo from Leadville. And, stranger, we mean to inaugurate them coffins, sure's you're born"

"You doubtless know best."

"We do, cull, we do. We're a-going to have a real funeral—a funeral from Funeralville, Funeral County, Funekansaw, waybuck. Real coffin — religious services—lining—plate—genuine corpse, too."

"But—"

"Jest hold on stranger. That funeral is going to be slap up affair. We've got the minister, and the coffin, and the pall-bearers, and the hearse, and the grave dug, and want you to help us."

"I shall be most happy to assist you," said the young man: "but I don't quite see how I can be useful. You desire me to assist the clergyman, perhaps? I *have* studied a little for the ministry—"

"No, sir, no," interrupted the miner—"you don't get onto this snap at all. We've got an A 1 minister, who can work the whole racket all by himself. He don't want no assistance."

"Well, but," mildly objected the young man; "I don't see what else I can do. You seem to have everything prepared—"

"That's where you're out, stranger," the miner broke in again: "we ain't got the most important of all the props, and that's just what we want you to contribute."

"And what is that?" inquired the young man with the celluloid collar.

"The corpse," said the miner: "and, stranger, that coffin will just fit you, and you'll make the prettiest, resigned looking corpse in town, and it's a close call for ten shars to-morrow morning. So long'"

And he lit out.

HOW MUCH TO EAT.

Having tested a number of meals in a general way, eating more or less each time, find out as near as may be what is the proper amount for a meal. Begin with a very light breakfast of ordinary food, such as you have been accustomed to, and note the number of hours you can go without feeling a want of more food. For a very light breakfast, say one roll, a cup of coffee and a very small piece of meat, three hours or less will be found the limit. This is not offered as a rule, but as a suggestion; for it makes a vast difference what you do during those three hours. A given amount of food will go further in manual labor than in mental labor, as brain work is more exhausting than hard work. The next time try a little more, and in the course of a dozen breakfasts you will learn to judge pretty closely what you require to carry on your work till the hour of the next meal. Having found out just what you need, never, on any consideration, take more. Never mind how nice the steak, how temping any food may be, shut right down on the whole eating business the instant you have had enough. Too little can be repaired by eating a light lunch before the next meal. Too much cannot be repaired, and you must pay for the indiscretion. In all this there must be plain common sense. Do not imitate the invalid who kept a pair of scales on the breakfast table to weigh his daily bread.

SEWING ON A BUTTON.

It is bad enough to see a bachelor sew on a button, but he is the embodiment of grace alongside of a married man. Necessity has compelled experience in the case of the former, but the latter has always depended upon some one else for this service, and fortunately for the sake of society, it is rarely he is obliged to resort to the needle himself. Sometimes the patient wife scalds her right hand, or runs a sliver under the nail of the index finger of that hand, and it is then the man clutches the needle around the neck, and forgetting to tie a knot in the thread commences to put on the button. It is always in the morning, and from five to twenty minutes after he is expected to be down street. He lays the button exactly on the site of its predecessor, and pushes the needle through one eye, and carefully draws the thread after, leaving about three inches of it sticking up for leeway. He says to himself—"Well, if women don't have the easiest time I ever see." Then he comes back the other way, and gets the needle through the cloth well enough, and lays himself out to find the eye, but in spite of a great deal of patient jabbing, the needle point persists in bucking against the solid parts of the button, and finally, when he loses patience, his finger catches the thread, and that three inches he had left to hold the button slips through the eye in a twinkling, and the button rolls leisurely across the floor. He picks it up without a single remark, out of respect to his children, and makes another attempt to fasten it. This time when coming back with the needle he keeps both the thread and button from slipping by covering them with his thumb, and it is out of regard for that part of him that he feels around for the eye in a very careful and judicious manner; but eventually losing his philosophy as the search becomes more and more hopeless, he falls to jabbing about in a loose and savage manner, and it is just then the needle finds the opening, and comes up through the button and part way through his thumb with a celerity that no human ingenuity can guard against. Then he lays down the things with a few familiar quotations, and presses the injured hand between his knees, and then holds it under the other arm, and finally jams it into his mouth, and all the while he prances about the floor and calls upon heaven and earth to witness that there has never been anything like it since the world was created, and howls, and whistles, and moans, and sobs. After a while he calms down, and puts on his pants, and fastens them with a stick, and goes out to make New Year calls.

A DOG STORY.

A curious and interesting experiment has been tried to ascertain the faculty by which animals find their way back to familiar places after being removed to long distances. In order to prevent any knowledge that might be obtained by the direction or other conditions, a dog was placed under the influence of chloroform, put in charge of a conductor on a night train, and sent from Cincinnati to Somerset, Ky., a distance of 160 miles. The conductor reports that on the way the dog slept soundly, except an occasional groan like a "Christian in a whisky fit." In the early twilight of the morning after the start, while the train was taking on wood at a side track eighteen miles from Somerset, he escaped from the caboose and started off in a "dazed sort of way," but when pursued "gathered himself up" and disappeared across a meadow. Thirty-eight hours afterward he made his appearance in Cincinnati, having passed over the distance of 142 miles. Some time afterward the same dog was put under the influence of ether and his nose bandaged to prevent the use of his scent faculty. He was then placed in a wicker basket, and putting him upon an elevated train he was taken southwest to Danville Junction, east to Crab Orchard, then northeast to a hunting rendezvous near Berea. Here he was kept in a woodshed and closely confined over night. The next morning he was taken out on the farm and turned loose. He immediately started for home—not by the way he had come but in a bee-line for Cincinnati. He had no appearance of being lost, but with head erect pushed forward as if he knew the way perfectly. He crossed two broad rivers and steep mountain ranges, and had to pass by or through five towns, the centers of a bewildering network of roads and byroads. He had never been in that part of the country before, nor within sixty miles of Berea. The wind was not from the direction of Cincinnati when he took his course, and yet four days afterward he came to his master on the streets of Cincinnati, water-soaked and full of burs. Now, the question is, what induced the dog to walk due north? It could not have been memory, for there was nothing to remember, and it does not seem possible that it could have been scent, for all the conditions were unfavorable.

WE have received the December number of the Philadelphia *Musical Journal*, published by Wm. Nuneville, No. 1300 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, containing a serial, "The Stabat Mater," and 20 pages of music; "Une, Petite Fleur," "May Bells Ringing," "The Magnet and the Churn," "The Chimpanzee Waltz," and the ballad, "The Blue Alsatian Mountains." The *Musical Journal* is published at the low term of $1 per annum.

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