Denton Journal.

1845. A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,—DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, AGRICULTURE, AND ADVERTISING:—INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS. 1882.

VOL. 36. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 5, 1882. NO. 49.

One Small Profit

is all the consumer of Clothing should pay.

We manufacture more Clothing than any other retail house in the United States.

We know how to make the best goods at least cost.

We are willing to sell at the smallest profit. Hence we offer our customers the best bargains.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,
OAK HALL,
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The largest clothing house in America.

HOME MANUFACTORY.

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Successor to A. W. Fountain & Son

OLD RELIABLE PLACE.

1882 SPRING. 1882.

I have now a workman from Brewster & Co., New York, whom I have given entire charge of the Wood Department. All my departments are filled with first-class workmen.

Side-Bar Buggies, Jump-Seat Carriages, End Spring Buggies, Dayton Four-Passenger Side-bar Wagons, Varnished; Doctor's Phaeton's, Two-Passenger Jaggers, Business Wagons. Every carriage guaranteed. Come and see my stock and get prices before buying elsewhere. No cheap, "cross roads" carriages made. Repairing done promptly and at reasonable rates.

R. S. FOUNTAIN, Easton, Md.

GEO. F. SLOAN & BRO.,
Lumber Dealers,
132 LIGHT STREET WHARF.

The fire will not interfere with our business. Our Office is not injured, and only a portion of our Yard No. 1 destroyed.

We will be pleased to fill all orders promptly, having a good stock in our other three yards.

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AND LIVERY STABLES,
GREENSBORO' - Maryland.
W. H. COHEE, PROP'R.

Having refitted and greatly improved the house formerly kept by Willis, is now prepared to accommodate travelers at moderate prices. Carriage runs to R. R. and connects with every train. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. 2 25.

Carrollton Hotel,

Baltimore, Light and German Sts.
Baltimore Maryland.

Rates Reduced to $3.00 and $2.50 per day according to location of rooms, for all above Parlor floor. Extra charges for Parlors, Bath and Double Rooms, according to size. The most convenient and latest built Hotel in the City. Elevator runs continuously to all floors.

All lines of city passenger cars pass its doors.

F. W COLEMAN, Manager.
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THE "Clarendon."

COR. HANOVER AND PRATT STS.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
$1.50 to $2.00 Per Day.

Table board $4 per week. Permanent Guests, $5.00 to $7.00 per week. Rooms without board, 50 cts., 75 cts., $1.00 a day. The "CLARENDON" is centrally located, has large, airy rooms, newly furnished and everything first-class at low rates.

J. F. DARROW,
Proprietor.
[LATE (15 YEARS) PROPRIETOR OF THE OCCIDENTAL HOTEL, NEW YORK CITY]
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VOSHELL HOUSE,

CHESTERTOWN, MD.
J. A. & CHAS. ROLPH, Propr's.
ACCOMMODATIONS FIRST-CLASS.

EUROPEAN HOTEL

EASTON, MD.
(Corner Railroad Ave. & Washington St. Opposite Bank.)
G. W. W. HADDAWAY, PROP.
First Class Table and Room Accommodations. 4.11

MANSION HOUSE,

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ROOMS FIRST CLASS, WITH GOOD, SUBSTANTIAL BOARD AT 1.50 PER DAY.
N. W. Cor. St. Paul and Fayette Streets, Baltimore.

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House Newly Furnished.
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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.

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Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

GEO. S. CLOGG & SON,

MANUFACTURERS OF
Fine Shoes
FOR
LADIES, GENTLEMEN AND BOYS.

They keep constantly on hand a great variety of the best shoes made.

For quality of material and style of workmanship they are unsurpassed.

GEO. S. CLOGG & SON,
179 West Baltimore Street,
(Under Carrollton Hotel)
feb18 BALTIMORE, MD.

INSURE YOUR LIFE HOME BUSINESS Live Stock.

I HEREBY inform the citizens of Caroline county that I am prepared to take risks in the following old and reliable Companies, at very moderate rates:

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF NEW YORK.
ASSETS, - - - $94,702,957.92.

AGRICULTURAL INSURANCE CO. OF WATERTOWN, N. Y.
Insures nothing but but Farm Property, Live Stock and Dwellings, against damage or loss by Fire, or by
LIGHTNING,
Whether FIRE Ensues or not.
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ROCHESTER GERMAN FIRE INSURANCE CO.
Insures all kinds of insurable property against loss by Fire,
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PEOPLES' MUTUAL LIVE STOCK INSURANCE CO. OF BALTO.
Insures nothing but Live Stock against loss by death from accident or disease.

No charge for making a survey of property to be insured. No premium note required. All orders by mail promptly attended to. I will insure property for any period, from two days to three years at a time.

CHAS. A. DUNNING,
2,25 AGENT, Denton, Md.

New Goods

H. BLACKISTON & SON,

Have just returned from Philadelphia with a well selected stock of

NEW GOODS

and now over for sale the largest and best assorted

Stock of Goods in Denton

at fair prices. When you are in need of goods

GIVE US A CALL

and we will try to give you entire satisfaction, for we think we have

GOOD BARGAINS

to offer you.

H. Blackiston & Son.

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ENGRAVINGS, EASELS, PAINTINGS, MIRRORS, BRACKETS,
LARGE STOCK! LOW PRICES!
J. W. FRIZZELL, 558 West Baltimore Street, BALTIMORE, MD.

OPIUM & MORPHINE A Treatise on their speedy cure SENT FREE. EATING DR. J. ADAMS HOFFMAN, P.O. Box 138, Chicago, Ill.

Old Friends.

The old, old friends!
Some changed; some buried; some gone out of sight;
Some enemies, and in this world's swift fight
No time to make amends.

The old, old friends—
Where are they? Three are lying in one grave;
And one from the far-off world on the daily wave
No loving message sends.

The old dear friends!
One passes daily; and one wears a mask;
Another long estranged cares not to ask
Where causeless anger ends.

The dear old friends,
So many and so fond in days of youth!
Alas that Faith can be divorced from Truth
When love in severence ends.

The old, old frieds!
They hover round me still in evening shades:
Surely they shall return when sunlight fades
And life on God depends.

Sometimes.

Sometimes when the light is fading
From the glorious sunset sky,
Will you think, my friend, my lover,
Of the happy days gone by?
Days when we were friends together,
And the world seemed bright and fair,
When we had no grief nor sorrow,
And no thought of future care?

I remember well an evening
In the days of long ago,
When the sky was bright and radiant,
With a beauteous sunset glow,
On the old porch steps we waited—
I remember what you said—
While the shadows fell around us,
And the stars came o'erhead.

Sometime, in some other sunset,
Will you think of me as then,
Till the time shall come, if ever,
When we'll sometimes meet again?

I remember well one morning,
When the sunlight brightly fell
Round the little, old, brown cottage
In the isolated dell;
And the sun shone down on sorrow
For we parted 'there that morn;
On the old porch steps you left me,
Lonely, heartsick and forlorn.

Sometime, on some other morning,
When the sunlight floods the earth,
Wilt thou turn from scenes of pleasure
Scenes of gayety and mirth,
And remember for an instant
How we parted on that day,
Lovers' sighs, and tears, and kisses,
On the morn you went away.

Loved and loving, we were parted,
By the stern decree of fate;
We must call the parting final,
Or in patience work and wait.

We are working, we are waiting,
And we hape to meet again;
Somewhere, sometime, in the future,
We shall be so happy then.
But if fate should be so cruel,
If on earth we meet no more,
Somewhere, sometime, I am trusting,
We shall meet to part no more."

THE FALSE GUARDIAN.

Just after the close of the American Revolution, James Tudor, a young ship carpenter of Boston, sailed on board the Orient, a new and stanch-built ship, bound for Smyrna, at that time the largest and wealthiest city of the Levant.

After the usual tedium and want of variety incident to so long a voyage, the Orient arrived safely at that point and unshipped her anchor.

The next morning just as the captain's gig was being lowered for the accommodation of that officer and the supercargo, who were then preparing to go on shore to report to the British Consul, and pay their respects to Mr. Tracy, the American merchant, to whom they bore letters of introduction and credit from Gray, Tillbits & Co., the great importing house at home, they perceived a small rowboat rapidly approaching the ship, and containing two persons—a man, who was vigorously rowing, and one solitary female figure.

When the boat came alongside, the boatman promptly assisted the lady on board. Somewhat wildly, but hesitatingly, she inquired for the captain, who in company with the supercargo, was pointed out to her.

She was young and pretty, in fact, almost childlike, and seemed, from her wild, scared lock. to be laboring under some deep anxiety or fear. She was dressed in garments of the richest material, though seemingly thrown on in haste and with the greatest negligence.

She approached the captain, and in a flurried, nervous way, inquired if she might be allowed to speak with him a moment alone.

He answered in the affirmative, and, drawing her aside, out of hearing of his companion, patiently prepared to listen; for the sudden appearance of the strange young woman on board his ship at so early an hour in the morning had greatly excited his curiosity.

"Will you excuse me?" she began, timidly, "but are you a single or a married man?"

Captain Ward glanced at the questioner curiously. Indeed, it was a peculiar question for a young lady to ask of him, a perfect stranger. But he answered her with good breeding and politeness. Yes, he was a married man.

The young lady looked disappointed but presently recovered.

"Is there any gentleman on board your ship who is not married, and who you think would be willing to marry a rich young girl within an hour, and ask no questions? I will say that she has been deeply wronged and persecuted, but is nevertheless highly respectable and virtuous, though she can only claim her property by clearly establishing the fact of a legal marriage.

"Both of my mates are married," said the captain, "and the supercargo is engaged to a young lady in Boston, to whom, I understand, he will be married on our return. But hold," he said reflectively, "there is our carpenter, James Tudor, a fine-looking, gentlemanly young fellow as one might wish to see, and unmarried. In fact, he is much more of a gentleman in his ways than any of us, if we except Mr. Owley yonder, the supercargo."

"Can I see him?" inquired the strange young lady eagerly.

"Oh, certainly, Miss; I will summon him directly."

And James Tudor, the sprightly and handsome young carpenter was sent for, and came promptly aft where Captain Ward and his mysterious visitor were standing.

It was evident at a glance that Tudor had made at first sight a favorable impression on the young lady.

Captain Ward therefore excused himself to the young lady, and leaving her with Tudor, rejoined Owley, when the two shortly took their seats in the gig, and were pulled ashore by the four seamen in waiting.

At the awkward introduction of the captain, the carpenter touched his tarpaulin politely, and made a low and graceful bow, which went far toward captivating the heart of the young lady.

"Dear sir," she said, blushing, and trembling visibly, "I have what may appear a very unmaidenly proposal to make. There is a wealthy young lady, in whose service and interest I am now employed, who cannot obtain posession of her rights except by marriage, as a proviso to that effect was unfortunately embodied in her father's will.

"Her uncle was appointed her guardian, and, taking advantage of the situation, has since attempted to make a traffic of her hand, by marrying her to a wretch whom she loathes, in consideration of his yielding to him one-half of the property, which amounts, I am told, to over fifty thousand pounds sterling. It is now the good wish of this young lady to marry some one else, and thus defeat her unprincipled guardian, who has been to her, since her father's death, a most unmerciful tyrant. She is pretty and amiable, and, I have every reason to believe, would devoutly love her husband. And now I come to the most difficult part of my mission. Will you, a stranger from a foreign shore, take pity on her helpless condition and marry her? The moment you are married she will make over to you her entire fortune."

"I will marry her," said James Tudor, "if for nothing more than to spite her tyrant, but I will not be so mercenary as to exact her fortune for so slight a service."

"Come, then, my boat awaits you; let there be no delay," said the young lady, greatly overjoyed by his ready answer. "You need make no alteration in your toilet, as I am supplied with ample means, and have been authorized to procure for you the most costly garments to be found in the market."

Hardly knowing how the adventure was likely to end, Tudor followed the strange young lady into her boat, and they were speedily landed at the market wharf.

She hailed a cab and the two entered it.

They were driven to the locality mentioned by the young lady, where your young American enjoyed the delightful luxury of a Turkish bath, which left his naturally clean skin as pure and white as an infant's.

Their next step was to visit one of the fashionable English clothiers of the city, where Tudor at the earnest solicitation of the young lady, secured the richest ond most expensive outfit in the establishment.

He was tolerably well educated too; well read, with a great flow of language at his command, picked up from the works of Steele, Addison and others, with whom, in his leisure hours he had made himself thoroughly conversant, added to which he was naturally posseseed of easy, graceful and winning manners.

When his toilet was complete he glanced admiringly into the full-length mirror before him, and was then ushered triumphantly into the presence of the young lady by the graceful proprietor.

She looked at him in a half-bewildered way, as though she were in some doubt as to her identity, and then her eager face was suddenly over-spread with a genuine blush of pleasure; and, taking his arm, they re-entered the cab, which was still in waiting, and were driven directly to the residence of an Episcopal minister, the address of whom had been previously given by the young lady.

On alighting from the close cab, they were ushered into the parlor by an officious servant girl, where they were presently joined by the clergyman.

"You must speak to him," whispered the young lady, blushing crimson, "for, as may have already guessed, I am to be the bride, if you do not object to me."

"Nay, on the contrary," whispered Tudor, his cheek glowing with manly pleasure, "I am overjoyed to hear that it is you. But please tell me by what name I am to introduce you?"

"Sarah Faber" whispered his *fiance*, smiling through her tears.

The young American promptly accepted his cue, and proceeded with a graceful introduction of the young lady as well as the purpose for which he had called.

The clergyman bowed and withdrew, but presently reappeared with his wife and two daughters as witnesses.

When the interesting ceremony was over, they again entered the cab, and were driven to the residence of the British Consul, before whom the wife made clear statement of all the facts.

As good fortune would have it, Captain Ward and Supercargo Owley arrived just as she had concluded, and both readily vouched for the responsible and gentlemanly character of Jas. Tudor, the bridegroom, and a messenger was immediately dispatched for the false guardian.

When he arrived and saw how matters stood he ground his teeth in suppressed rage, but wisely declined to test the validity of the marriage.

He relinquished on the spot all further claims as guardian of his niece, and at the request of the Consul, made out a hurried schedule of all the property under his control belonging to the aforesaid niece, Mrs. Tudor.

A fortnight later, the happy bride came into lawful possession of the fifty thousand pounds left her by her father, and on the subsequent return of her husband to Boston, where, with the money thus received, was purchased the wharf which bears their family name to this day.

Groaning and Worrying.

A not very poetical person, desiring to leave behind him something which would serve either as an inscription for his tombstone or a condensed history of his experience as an invalid, wrote somewhat in this wise: "Pain was my portion; physic was my food; groans were my devotion; drugs did me no good." To the cheerful soul who will in the light of this composition study the mental make-up of the sufferer who indicted it, is easy to see why "drugs did him no good." Pain is discouraging; physic is indigestible; but a devotional diet of groans is an unsatisfactory spiritual refreshment as can be devised. The state into which a man can by this process worry himself, is one not to be aimed at by any reasonable human being. And possibly those who give to a habit of groaning and complaining are a little wrong-minded. Unhappily, there are many people whose experience takes this turn. They are not always invalids, but are often those who are blessed with a fair share of health and other good things.

The habit of groaning and lamenting is an evil one. It lightens no burden, cheers no sorrow, helps no task. It shuts out the sunshine and deepens the gloom. It chills thankfulness and promotes sour asperity. It ruins the disposition of children within its influence. It makes those who indulge in it blind to everything that produces happiness and keenly alive to everything that produces misery. By long experience in bewailing and complaining, people can reach a depth of woe they never contemplated when they set out. To meet such people is to come under an unpleasant influence. No matter how bright the day, or how cheery the circumstance to those who have the heart for the bright and delightful, these groaners are always plaintively finding something which is not exactly the way they would have it, and which they fear will be worse to-morrow than to-day.

Every mortal has his burdens and his discomforts. By picking the burden up fifty times a day and weighing it, it becomes no lighter, but rather produces an increased sense of heaviness. By worrying over the discomforts, they become none the more comfortable, but are harder to endure, and cause far more worry and complaint. To ignore them may be impossible. We are not called upon to do that. By turning the sunlight on them with the merriest laugh we can raise, we can lighten them and melt them as cakes of ice are melted in the noonday sun, so that when we look for them they are gone and wonder who has carried them away. Blessed be the sunshine that comes with its benediction to the weary and lightens the burden of the heavy heart.—*Phila. Times.*

—We call attention to the advertisement in another column of Mr. E. B. Whitman. The tendency of the manufacturing business for years has been toward making but one line of goods in a factory, as workmen become very skillful and can turn out better goods and more of them when kept at work upon one thing year in and year out. The success of this policy may be surmised from the immense factories and enormous sales of the various concerns engaged in the manufacture of reapers and mowers, grain drill, &c. Mr Whitman represents three separate factories: one manufacturing plows and plow castings, another, making the celebrated British Mixture. He is not in the general agricultural business, but for plows, grain drills, and fertilizers, claims to qe able to compete with any manufacturer in the land.

—Idleness is the refuge of weak minds and the holiday of fools.

Just Green Enough.

A young man with a nose like a razor and an eye which would have raised a blister on sheet iron on a hot day, halted a pedestrian on Gratiot avenue, and stated that he was trying to raise money to reach the bedside of his dying aunt in Chicago. He was too proud to beg, but if the citizen would give him a quarter he would show him a trick worth $5.

"Vhas ish dot drick?" queried the citizen.

"It is to make 10 cents go farther than $1. You can play it on the boys and make $10 a day.

"My frendt, I nefer blays mit der poys."

"Yes, but you can have lots of fun, you know."

"I vhas no handt for fun. If I ever git off some shokes I never laff."

"Yes, but this is something new. When you come down to the grocery of an evening you ——"

"I doan' come down. I vhas home on der shteps all der eafnings."

"But you could have a little bit of fun with your neighbors."

"I told you I vhas not a funny man. I likes to schmoke und read der morning papers."

"Well, I doan want to beg, and I'm offering you a trick very low in order to get home to see my sister die. Have you a dying sister?"

"I doan' expect I have. Vhas ish dot dricks?"

"To make 10 cents go further than $1.

"Und vhill she do it?"

"She will."

"Und five cents goes petter ash a dime?"

"Thats the ratio."

Und nuttings at all goes petter ash 5 cents?"

"I—I—I think it does."

"Vhell, you shust consider you haf all der nothings efer was und you vhill be in Chicago to-morrow! Gif my love to dot dying sister, und tell her dot you saw her well. You'd petter git some express wagons to draw dose nickels down to de railroad, und you look a leedle oudt for some Dutchman who has been eating grass und vhas green—*Detroit Free Press.*

Bill Arp on Courtship.

A nice, pretty, sweet girl can tell a man a long ways off sometimes, and make him sacrifice a power of time, and comfort. and money, and horseflesh; and when she does it all for a purpose and then throws him off, I shall always think she hadn't orter. I never was in favor of a young girl turning up her nose at a clever feller who was raised in her neighborhood and running off after an airy chap from away yonder; but when he does come I think she ought to let him go back quick and cheap or take him. I've always noticed that when a man goes slipping away to parts unknown for a wife, it's because those girls he was raised with know him too well and don't want him. I didn't go half a mile for my pard, and that showed my good sense, and she didn't go no further than I did, and that showed hern, and if I was a sensible young girl, and was waiting for a husband, I would set my cap for somebody I had known a long time, but if I was a young fool I wouldn't. The happiest marriages I know of are those where the folks know'd all about one another for a good while, and nary one was fooled. Romance in love affairs is mighty pretty, and a solitary horseman getting thrown from his horse is just splendid, but all this plays out in a few months, and then comes the facts—the hard-pan. The earth that is earthy, and the heavenly vanishes, and the baby has to be nursed of nights, and the sugar gets low, and the diamond wedding ring won't bring color to the poor wife's cheek, and she is far away from her mother, and wants sympathy and love and kind attention, and a good deal of it. As Mr. Longfellow said:

"Life is real, life is earnest
And the baby wants a nurse."

The Dado.

"Professor, what is a Dado?"

"There are several species of the Dodo, my son, and there used to be several more before the fool-killer cut the country up into regular districts."

"Please describe some of them to me."

"With pleasure. You have probably attended a Suuday-school picnic given on the band of a lake or river? Six fat women, two girls who wear eye-glasses and a very good boy who lisps make up a party to take a ride on the water. As they are ready to shove off the Dodo appears to keep them company."

"What is he like and what does he do?"

"He is generally a soft-headed young man under twenty-three years of age and he stands up and rocks the boat to hear the fair women scream and to induce the girls to call him Gweorge."

"Does the boat upset?"

"It does."

"And everybody is drowned?"

"Everybody except the Dodo. He always reaches the shore in safety, and he is always so sorry that it happened. He is sometimes so affected that it takes away his appetite for lunch."

"And is there anything done with him?"

"They sometimes rub his head with a cheap brand of peppermint essense and turn him out to grass, but no one ever thinks of doing him harm."

"And the next species?"

"The next species is a youth from sixteen to twenty. He labors under what the ancients termed swell-head. He gets out the family shot gun or revolver to show off. He points it at some boy or girl to see 'em shiver, and after he has testified before the Coroner that he didn't know it was loaded the affair is looked upon as ended.

"Is this species on the increase?"

"Well, no. The friends of the victims have got to making such a fuss over these trifles that the didn't-know-it-was-loaded Dado isn't quite holding his own."

"What is the third species?"

"The third species belong to the female sex. Of course there are two sexes of the Dodo. She buys arsenic to kill rats, or corrosive sublimate to discourage bed-bugs, or paris green to give cock roaches a hint to ship, and leaves the package on the pantry shelf alongside of her baking powder. She may keep 'em separate for two or three days, but it isn't over a week before the family begins to lose their appetite and hire a cheap boy to go for a stomach pump."

"And she is sorry?"

"Oh, yes. She didn't mean to, you know; never thought of killing the family; always lived happy with her husband; had entirely forgotten that he had any life insurance; was in a hurry and didn't stop to look."

"And is there yet another species of Dodo?"

"Several others, but we haven't time to take 'em in detail and give full particulars in each case. The man who thinks the best horse wins is a Dado. The woman who gets into society on the strength of her false hair, small waist, painted eyebrows chalked cheeks and cramped feet is a Dodo. The man who thinks he can take comfort on a steamboat excursion — the man who goes on a fishing excursion—the woman who weeps over the heathen—the girl who writes poetry on sunsets—the young man looking for a necktie to become him—the old man who marries a young wife—why, it would take an hour to mention them all. Put away your books in a careful manner and we will walk out and see some live specimens of the Dodo. I know of one who has engaged to deliver a Fourth of July oration, and perhaps we may get a shot at him."

Wit and Humor.

A little girl who ran home from school, all out of breath, said:

"Oh, ma, may I get married and have a husband?"

"My child!" exclaimed the astonished mother, "don't let me hear such words from you again!"

"Well, then, may I have a piece of bread and butter and go out to play in the back yard?"

"Uncle Simon," exclaimed a boy in breathless haste, rushing into a shop, "did yer hear dat yer wife has run away wid a barber?"

"No, chile, am it a fack?"

"Yes sah. She run away. Da was in such a hurry dat de barber left his hat in de house."

"Well, I'se glad he lef his hat, fur it makes makes me de gainer by de transactions."

"But he came back an' tuck de hat, den run away an' lef yer wife in the house."

"Oh, Lord!" exclaimed the old man, "den I'se de loser in de tranaction."

Preference: "I've got such an appetite!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown, at the end of her first week at the shore. I feel as though I could eat all before me."

"Yes, so I perceive," said the landlady groomily.

The landlady had reason to be sad. Here was Mrs. Brown fairly eating her out of house and home, and growing leaner every day. As the landlady confidentially remarked to the cook that evening:

"What is the use of feeding her the way I've been feeding her this whole week, and have her go away to bring discredit on my establishment? There's that Miss Squibbins, now, who doesn't eat enough to keep a robin alive, and she's as fat as butter. She's a boarder as is a boarder, and one that you can take some pride in."—Boston Transcript.

Smiles for Farmer Husbands.

I think, as rule, farmers and their wives enjoy more freedom, independence and real happiness than any other class of people. Some girls marry with the expectation of being kept in idleness and luxury, no matter whether their husbands are able financially to have them live so or not, and then they whine and complain if they cannot have things just as they want them. There are many young men who start out in life with but little means, and if they have energy and ambition as they should have, they will invariably get a home, which requires labor, economy, patience, and self-denial on both sides. But you will find these things necessary to make a success in any pursuit in life. So don't set the farmers' wives down as being a set of regular slaves or their husbands as tyrants, for it does not apply to them as a class. Contentment, industry, and true, devoted affection for each other, with obedience to the laws of God, will insure a successful, happy life here and hereafter.—*A Farmer's Wife.*

"What is the devil?" asked the Sunday school teacher of the new boy, who was quite small. "I don't know what it is but it can't run as fast as pa can." "How do you know that the devil can't run fast?" "Because I heard pa say that he always catches the devil when he comes home late at night from the lodge."

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