Denton Journal.

1845. A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,—DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, AGRICULTURE, AND ADVERTISING:—INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS. 1883.

VOL. 37. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 3, 1883. NO. 26.

"JOURNAL."

NOVEMBER.....18.

FALL AND WINTER STYLES COMPLETED.

Every Fabric Finished.
Every Pattern Completed.

LADIES' DRESS GOODS HANDSOMER THAN EVER

Every new invoice in pattern and style now on exhibition at

CHAFFINIH & CONEY'S,
EASTON, MD.

☞Remember that every thing bought of us is

GUARANTEED { AS REPRESENTED. AT BOTTOM PRICES NEW.

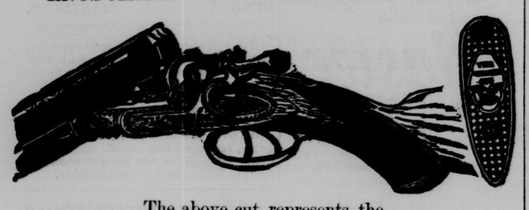
NO OLD GOODS ON HAND.

CHAFFICH & CONEY.

Ladies' Wraps, Ladies' Cloaks, Ladies' Ulsters, Ladies' Dolmans and Mantillas.

STYLES HANDSOME—ALL PRICES.
CHAFFINCH & CONEY.

ENOS JAMES & CO'S HARD HITTING GUNS.



The above cut represents the

JAMES "TRIUMPH" GUN.

The demand for the James Breech-Loaders in 1881 was so great that we had great difficulty in filling all our orders. This means that Americans appreciate a good honest gun when they seei t. hy pay a fancy price for a gun made by some old maker, when you can buy a beautiful James complete gun equally as good for half the money? Or why buy a gun upon which the maker is ashamed to put his own name, when a good, reliable James gun can be had at the same price? In American products we are agents for Colt, Parker, Harrington & Richardson, and Forehand & adsworth.

H. & D. FOLSOM, 15 Murray St. New York.

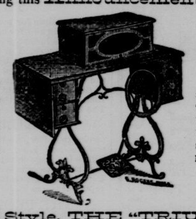
A GREAT OPPORTUNITY

I am manufacturing three styles of Sewing Machines and selling them at such

UNHEARD OF PRICES!

as to defy all competition. No family need be without a Machine, and no person on of employment, after reading this Announcement Extraordinary

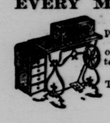
No. 1 Style, THE "CENTENNIAL," makes the Stitch directly from two spools, is warranted to do the whole range of family sewing with the greatest ease and in the most perfect manner, and sells For $15.



No. 2 Style, "THE BEST," a strictly first-class SHUTTLE Machine, is warranted to do the same work as the Singer, and to be a superior machine in every respect. Price $25.

No. 3 Style, THE "TRIUNE," makes at will either the Lock Stitch, Chain Stitch, or Spiral Embroidery Stitch, and is the finest Sewing Machine ever invented. Price $30.

EVERY MACHINE IS WARRANTED FOR 3 YEARS.



Sewing Machine Agents and others will find this a grand opportunity to engage in profitable business.

NOTE.—I have just completed a "Centennial Hand Machine," beautifully mounted on Walnut Stand, which I will sell in lot of 25 at $5.00 each. Send for circular and terms to

HENRY LOTH, MANUFACTURER OF
The Patent Folding Table and the Latest Styles of Sewing Machine Cabinet Work,
9-9,1y NO. 645 NORTH BROAD STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

R. J. BAKER. ESTABLISHED 1837. R. J. HOLLINGSWORTH.

SULPHATE OF AMMONIA. R. J. BAKER & CO., PURE NITRATE SODA.

—MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN—

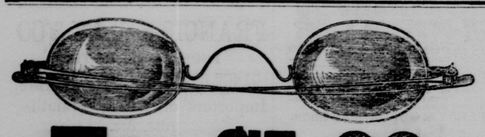
PURE GROUND BONE, CHEMICALS, ACIDS, &C.,

For Manufacturing Super-phosphates.

AMMONIATED SUPER-PHOSPHATEFOR ALL CROPS.
PURE DISSOLVED RAW BONES.
PURE FINE GROUND RAW BONE.
STAGSUPER-PHOSPHATE OF LIME FOR TOBACCO.

FACTORY at LOCUST POINT.

OFFICE, 36 and 38 S. CHARLES STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.



For $1.00

You can buy a First-Class pair of Spectacles or Eye Glasses, with best quality of Lenses. Neat, Light and Durable. Largest stock of Gold Spectacles and Eye Glasses, Frameless Spectacles, Eye Glasses, Marine Glasses, Spy Glasses, Microscopes, Surveyors' and Mathematical Instruments. Sent by mail. Send for Catalogues.

F. W. McALLISTER, Optician, No. 2 N. Charles St., Baltimore, Md.

NEW GOODS.

H. BLACKISTON & SON,

have returned from the city with a large stock of New Goods, consisting of Dry Goods Notions, Groceries, Read-made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and a general assortment of all other goods, all of which you are requested to call and examine. We are trying to do a fair and square business, giving you the worth of your money. We think it unnecessary to blow about low prices or city prices. We wish you to judge for yourselves in regard to prices and quality of our goods. We have

The Largest Stock

of Goods in Denton for you to make your selections from.

☞We return thanks to our customers for past favors and will be glad to have you call frequently. We are willing and able to accommodate prompt customers.

Country produce taken in exchange for goods.

10 7

WHEN
YOU VISIT
BALTIMORE
DON'T FAIL
TO CALL
AT THE
"EXCELSIOR"
AND SEE THEIR
1882 - FALL - 1882
DISPLAY
OF
CLOTHING, Hats, Caps
AND
FURNISHING GOODS.
OUR MOTTO:
ONE PRICE
AND THAT
The Lowest.

EXCELSIOR
S. W. Cor. Baltimore & Light Sts.
LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT
IN
MARYLAND.

T. LINDAU & CO.
DISTILLERS OF
WHISKIES,
AND IMPORTERS OF
Wines, Brandies Gins,
AND
5 and 7 NORTH GAY STREET.
BALTIMORE, MD.
Always on hand a Large Stock of Choice OldRye, Wheat, Bourbon and Monongahela Whiskies.

WILLIAM GEARHART.
HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER
RIDGELY, MD]
GRAINING,
MARBLING,
GLAZING
AND
Wall Paper Furnished.

Fine Cabinet Photographs, $3.00 per doz.
" Card " 2.50 " "
Particular attention given to copying old photographs, etc.
6 15-ly

CHARLES A. MILLER'S
[TRADE MARK.]
QUINTESSEENC OF
Phosphated Iron Quinine and Strychnia.
Put up in Pills and in Liquid Form.

And is a sure cure for DEBILITY resulting from ANY CAUSE, thinness or sluggishness of the BLOOD, derangement of the digestive organs, diseases of the nervous system, typhus, typhoid and intermittent fevers, ague and fever, and is the very best counteracter of MALARIAL INFLUENCES and cure for marial diseases, and as a nervine and sedative, quieting the nervous system and inducing refreshing sleep it has no equal. It is indorsed by medical practitioners here and is frequently prescribed by them in their practice, and is considered one of the very best remedial agents known for the diseases for which we recommend it. We challenge the closest scrutiny into its composition and virtues.

Read the following:

EXPLANATION OF THE ABOVE MEDICINE.

PHOSPHORUS means light and medically imparts strength and vigor to the system, as the rays of the sun do to animal and vegetable life.

IRON is a purifier and enricher of the blood, the most important of the constituents of the human body.

QUININE is the Tonic of Tonics, and exercises a powerful and healthful influence upon the digestive organs, and finally,

STRYCHNIA in very small proportions (as in this combination) is a most excellent nervine, acting upon and regulating the entire nervous system.

Ask your physician about the above formula and he will say it is good.

PRICE in large bottles one dollar.
" " trial " 35 cents.
" " Pills in boxes, one dollor per box, or six boxes for five dollars. Sent by mail to any point, free of charge, upon receipt of price.

Prepared and sold by

DAVIS & MILLER,
No. 12 N. HOWARD ST., BALTIMORE, MD.

☞A pamphlet of full explanations of the above Medicine, and treating of its composition and administration and stating the diseases to which it is applicable, will be cheerfully given to any one who may call on me, or will be sent free to any address furnished by postal card, and will also hereafter accompany each bottle.

CARPETS

J. C. SMITH & BRO,
[LATE OF KENT COUNTY, DEL.]

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in CARPETS, OIL-CLOTHS, MATTINGS, etc. We have on hand a well selected stock which we offer at lowest prices. Remember name and number and do not fail to give us a call.

J. C. SMITH & BRO.,
444 W. Balto. Near Pearl, St.
Baltimore, Md.

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

MANSION HOUSE,
I. Albertson,
Proprietor.

☞ROOMS FIRST CLASS, WITH GOOD, SUBSTANTIAL BOARD AT 1.50 PER DAY.

N. W. Cor. St. Paul and Fayette Streets' Baltimore.

Greensborough Hotel
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.
12-31-81 y.

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]
12-3

THAWLEY & GHINGHER,
BUTCHERS
DENTON, MD.

WILL keep constantly on hand a fresh supply of the best beef and other meats. They also keep constantly on hand first class corned beef. Their store opposite the Brick hotel will be open TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS and SATURDAY all day, and on the other days until noon
9-18-1y

The Reason Why.

Though she has not Diana's grace,
Nor Aphrodite's perfect face
And golden hair,
She is dearer unto me
Than another e'er could be
And more fair.

"Is she rich, then?" Oh! dear, no;
But I have enough, I trow,
For us two.
"What do I love her for?" Ah, well,
That I can't exactly tell,
But I do.

All my hopes of gladness lies
In the love light of her eyes;
The fond kiss
Of her tender, rosy lips,
Touch of her slender finger-tips,
Gives more bliss

Than you, cold cynic, e'er could guess;
But still the reason, you confess,
"You can't divine."
Well, I love her, and she loves me;
What better reason can there be
For joy like mine?

NUMBER FIFTEEN.

I always begin at the beginning when I write a story. Some authors like to commence in the middle and work at both ends; but that isn't my way, or rather it wouldn't be my way if I was in the habit of writing stories, which, thank heaven, I am not. I get my living in a respectable manner, by the sweat of my, not by writing lies for newspapers. Consequently I have but one story to write and that is my-own.

My name is Roderick McStivers, and I'm a native of the good old town of Tadmouth; I'm 40 years old if I'm a day, and, if I do say it, as good looking for my age as any man you ever set eyes on. Twenty years ago I was fully as handsome as I am now, and at that time was engaged to the charming Mary Black, belle of Tadmouth. That was the beginning of all my woe, that engagement. I was poor then (I own the largest boot manufactory in Tadmouth to-day), and the Lord only knew when I should be able to marry Mary. But she said she didn't care; she could wait two or three centuries just as well as not, if I'd only be true to her meantime—

Sooner shall the blue ocean melt to air,
Sooner shall earth resolve itself to sea,
Than I resign thine image, oh, my fair!
Or think of anything excepting thee.

That's just what I said. You wouldn't think to look at me now that I could say any thing quite so soft as the above—would you, eh? Bless you! I had more poetry in my head twenty years ago than you could shake a stick at.

Many are poets who have never penned
Their inspirations, and perchase the best,

That's what's the trouble with me. If I hadn't confined myself to leather, I should have played the deuce with "the nine." Well, you understand from the above that Mary and I were all right. I swore that I'd be true and she dittoed; but, bless you, my dear sir, the sweet girl had a father, and he was not so young as we were by several years.

Those were days when my heart was valcanic, but the old gentleman's palpitator was as hard and cold as a cast-iron grindstone. The paternal Black did not believe in love, you see.

He had married for money, and in his opinion, that was the only thing worth marrying for; and so, instead of throwing his only child away on a miserable vagabond like me, he very unceremoniously showed me the door one evening, and the very next day brought a lover of his own choosing home to Mary. The lover's name was Bunsby, and he rolled in gold, matahporically speaking; owned a fine house in New York, and had horses, carriages and servants "too numerous to mention." Oh, why should I linger over this period of my existence? I'm sure I don't know why, and hang me if I do.

You can guess the rest. Mary was dazzled with her new lover's wealth. She forgot poor Roderick McStivers, and married Thomas Bunsby, Esq., and I—I, alas, was not invited to the wedding! Anything more heartless than the above can scarcely be imagined. I suppose I might have gone into mourning. They told me I couldn't be a nun on account of my sex.

"Oh, what shall I do?" I asked in a voice that sounded horribly strange, notwithstanding that it was my own. I defy you to tell me what I did do. In the light of my twenty years' experience, I am convinced that I did the best thing I could under the circumstances. I married my boarding mistress. She was 35 and I was 20 years of age; she was a maid unmatched in manners as in face, skilled in arts, and crowned with every grace. And though I never learned to love her extravagantly, I must confess that she could make the best apple dumplings that I ever ate. In course of time I became a father. A daughter was born to us, and we called her Julia, after my mother, who was the most beautiful woman in the country, to judge from the portrait now before me. My daughter looks much as her grandmother did at her age. Well, as I said, a daughter was born to us and a son was born to Bunsby, and they called him Tom. We heard of the last mentioned fact even up here in Tadmouth; but for years and years and years I never saw either Mary or her son, notwithstanding they used to vitit her father quite often while the old gentleman lived. But at last Mr. Black was gathered to his fathers, and at about the same time my wife was gathered to her mothers, and I was left alone with my little Julia. I was rich then—the most wealthy man in Tadmouth, and I had built a fine house, the same that I have lived in ever since, with my little Julia as housekeeper. Well, how things will come about! Last summer young Tom Bunsby came out to Tadmouth and put up at the hotel—they have quite a number of summer boarders there—and the first thing the young man did was to fall in love with my daughter Julia. Of course the poor fellow was not to blame. He couldn't help it, for she was the most bewitching little woman you ever saw, notwithstanding that old McStivers is her father. He saw her first at a picnic, danced with her, kissed her in the ring and walked home with her at night. I remember the evening well. I was sitting in my library smoking a cigar and thinking of the late Mrs. McStivers—oh, those apple dumplings! my mouth waters every time I think of them—when, the windows being open, I heard voices at the door. I knew it was Julia, and I knew she had a young fellow with her, and, tear my wig, if he wasn't begging for a kiss!

"How silvery sweet sound lovers' tongues by night, like softest music to attending ears," I remarked confidentially to McStivers. In about five minutes Julia came in blushing like a ten-acre flower garden, and looking as lovely as a fairy queen.

"Oh, papa! I've had such a splendid time!" said she, throwing herself into my arms and kissing the cuticle off from my right cheek.

"Yes, I should think so, particularly during the last five minutes," I remarked.

"Oh, father!" and she hid her face in my whiskers.

"Who was it, my dear?"

"Mr. Thomas Bunsby."

"Tom Bunsby!" I yelled, springing to my feet, while my eyes rolled fearfully.

Oh, it was a terrible sight, I know, because there was a mirror directly in front of me.

"Ha!"

Nothing that you ever heard on the stage ever equalled that blood-curdling "Ha!" of mine.

My daughter fell at my feet, the picture of terrified terror or horrified horror; I can't tell which. The whole thing was grand and awful in the extreme.

"Girl!" said I, in a voice of thunder and lightning, "did you know Tom Bunsby's father?"

"No-o."

"Or his mother?"

"No."

"Or his grandfather?"

"No."

"I am sorry," said I, making a terrible effort to calm myself, "I'm very sorry you didn't know his grandfather, very sorry, indeed; because the old gentleman kicked me out of his front door once for daring to make love to his daughter; and, by Jove, girl, if young Tom Bunsby comes to see you I'll serve him in the same manner. Oh, revenge is sweet—'tis sweet."

Julia got up then.

"Can I go now, father?" she asked.

"Yes; but remember, no more of Tom Bunsby. Good-night."

Time passed and Julia seemed the same as usual. Whether she saw Tom or not at the time I did not know, though I have since learned that they were in the habit of meeting quite frequently. No, I did not know that they met, but I suspected that they met, and, to prevent any chance of elopement, I never allowed Julia to go out in the evening unless I was with her, and at 10 o'clock every night the doors and windows were all made fast against burglars and lovers, and we slept secure until morning. You perceive by this that I am not one of those who wait until the mare is stolen before locking the stable. Well, it was one night about a month ago that, after after locking up the house as usual, I retired to my room, and, disrobing this lovely form of mine, crept into bed. I had just finisded my first nap, and had turned over for the second, when the door bell rang. And how it did ring! Egad! I thought they'd pull it down. Was it fire, burglars, or did somebody mistake my house for the doctor's? I didn't stop to think, but, throwing on my clothes in the shortest possible time, I rushed down stairs and threw open the door, holding my revolver straight out before me as I did so.

"A note for you, sir," said a small boy, handing me a folded paper. My first thought was that it was a telegraphic dispatch.

"Anything to pay?" I asked.

"No, sir," and the boy vanished in the thick darkness. Closing the door, I tore open the note and read:

MR. MCSTIVERS: Your daughter will elope to-night with Tom Bunsby, if she has not already. If you find her not in her room, run to the hotel, room 15, first flight. Adieu.

JOE KERR.

All the tiger in the McStiverses was aroused. I dashed madly upstairs, and throwing open Julia's door, rushed in. Alas! I was too late. She was gone—the bird had flown. She had not been in bed that night. I did not continue the search there, but flew on the wings of the wind out of the room, out of the house and along the street until I reached the Tadmouth hotel. The clerk was dozing in the office and did not see me when I entered. I did not speak, but crept cautiously upstairs and along the corridor until I reached No 15.

"Death to the Bunsby!" I muttered through my clenched teeth.

Oh, how ferocious I must have looked. My blood curdles even now while I think of it. I knocked at the door.

"I will call him out and shoot him in his tracks," said I. 'I'm insane now. McFarland was nowhere compared with me, and no jury will convict me." But no one answered the knock. I tried the door, Ha! it was unlocked. I entered the room. The above four words are of terrible import and I want you to consider them well. The gas was burning, but all was still, save the soft breathing of a sleeper whose face was hidden from me by the curtains of the bed. I sprang forward, tore open the curtains, seized a bare arm, and, with the celerity of lightning, yanked the sleeper into the middle of the floor. The ex-sleeper screamed. I yelled once, and then, with a musical groan, fell to the floor, tearing my hair as I went.

"Roderick!" said the screamer.

"Oh, heavens! where am I? Mary, is it thou? Where is—is Bunsby?"

"Dead."

"And you?"

"I'm a widow; and you?"

"I'm—I'm a widower," I answered with a groan.

"I always loved you, Roderick," she said.

"And you are just as handsome as ever," said I.

"You've acted very improper to-night," said she.

"Infernally so," said I. "Where is your son?"

"I know not. He loves your daughter and she loves him—and I love you."

Mary blushed. (Considering that she was in a very light evening costume it wasn't strange that she should.)

"And Bunsby's dead?"

"Mary," said I, "may I be a second Bunsby—that is—oh—ah! will you be mine?"

She threw herself into my arms. Just then I heard footsteps; turned, and saw Tom and Julia standing at the door.

"The deuce!" cried Tom.

"No, no, it's my father!" said Julia. "Oh, father won't you forgive us?"

There was a queer twinkle in her eyes when she said that.

"Forgive you for what?"

For marrying Tom. I'll promise not to do it again."

"And will you forgive me for marrying his mother, as I mean to do to-morrow!"

"Oh, will you pa?"

"I will if somebody'll tell me who wrote that note to me last night."

"I wrote it," replied Tom, with a laugh. "Julia was hid in the closet when you went to her room, and when you rushed out of the house she followed you, met me, the minister was waiting, and were quickly made one. But how came you in this room?"

"The note said, I should find you here."

"Yes, I thought you would like to see my mother, though she didn't know you were coming. But how did you get in?"

"I forgot to lock the door," said Mary.

"How lucky!" said I. "We'll have another wedding to-morrow. And now, good night."

I kissed Mary and the dear children—bless them — and then, taking my hat returned to my home, a much happier man than I had been for years.

There was a wedding next day, a quiet affair, and then a short tour.

At presnt we are all at home—Tom, Julia, Mary and I—and if you don't believe my story, just come down to Tadmouth and inquire. Everybody knows me here.

Adeau! Be virtuous and you will be happy.

The Perversity of Girls.

New York society generally is very much excited over the runaway marriage of Miss Katherine Kernochen and Mr. Herbert C. Pell all of that town. The affair is filling a good many columns of the newspapers, is overhauled at the clubs and is attracting a very large amount of attention generally. This is not particularly remarkable, since it is one of those pleasing episodes in life which people of every age love to dwell upon.

Those only who do not appear delighted with the event are the parents of the young woman. They are having a great time over it, as many other parent have had in similar cases and as many others will have in the years to come. For nearly half a dozen years Miss Katherine's parents were encouring what has just now occurred by doing all they could to prevent it. They shut the door of their house against the young man; they took their daughter abroad and tried to persuade her lover was not in a pecuniary condition to assume the responsibilities of matrimony. These are the familiar things. They merely deepened and strengened the love.

Miss Kernochen's parents clearly do not understand human nature as well as the Michigan man who became well somewhat noted a few years ago for the way in which he disposed of six or seven daughters. They were all of marriageable age, if not more, but none of them got married, although all the young men of the place were made welcome at the house. The old gentleman finally changed his tactics. He locked the girls up in upper rooms, nailed up the front gate and announced that the first young man who came around would be received by a shot-gun. This had the right effect, for the girls were one by one stolen away and married.

To many young women there is nothing like an elopement. They wouldn't get married at all if they had to do it in the ordinary way. They are certain to fall in love with the young man who is forbidden the house, and there is never any doubt about the result. Miss Kernochen's parents will know what to do next time.

Playing the Piano.

"I was loafing around the streets last night," said Jim Nelson, one of the oldest locomotive engineers running into New Orleans, "and as I had nothing to do I dropped into a concert and heard a slick-looking Frenchman play a piano in a way that made me feel all over in spots. As soon as he sat down on the stool I knew by the way he handled himself that he understood the machine he was running. He tapped the keys away up one end, just as if they were gauges and he wanted to see if he had water enough. Then he looked up as if he wanted to know how much steam he was carrying, and the next moment he pulled open the throttle and sailed out on the main line as if he was a half an hour late.

"You could hear her thunder over culverts and bridges, and getting faster and faster, until the fellow rocked about in his seat like a cradle. Somehow I thought it was old '36' pulling a passenger train and getting out of the way of a 'special.' The fellow worked the keys on the middle division like lightning, and then he flew along the north end of the line until the drivers went around like a buzz saw, and I got excited. About the time I was fixing to tell him to cut her off a little, he kicked the dampers under the machine wide open, pulled the throttle away back in the tender, and, Jerusalem, jumpers! how he did run. I couldn't stand it any longer, and yelled to him that she was pounding on the left side and if he wasn't careful he'd drop his ash pan.

"But he didn't hear. No one heard me. Everything was flying and whizzing. Telegraph poles on the side of the track looked like a row of cornstalks, the trees appeared to be a mud-bank, and all the time the exhaust of the old machine sounded like the hum of a bumble bee. I tried to yell out but my tongue wouldn't move. He went around curves like a bullet, slipped an eccentric, blew out his soft plug, went down grades fifty feet to the mile and not a confounded brake set. She went by the meeting point at a mile and a half a minute, and calling for more steam. My hair stood up like a cat's tail, because I knew the game was up.

"Sure enough, dead ahead of us was the headlight of the 'special.' In a daze I heard the crash as they struck, and I saw cars shivered into atoms, people mashed and mangled and bleeding, and gasping for water. I heard another crash as the French professor struck the keys away down on the lower end of the southern division, and then I came to my senses. There he was at a dead standstill, with the door of the fire box of the machine open, wiping the perspiration off his face, and bowing at the people before him. If I live to be a thousand years old I'll never forget the ride that Frenchman gave me on a piano."

Hadn't Lost Fa

In days gone by a Philadelphia Quaker, who was also a large ship owner, suddenly dropped all his insurance on his vessels, and when beset by all his agents to explain his singular conduct he said:

"I have come to the conclusion to depend on the Lord for the safety of my ships."

No arguments or explanations could move him from his purpose, and things went along for five or six months without a loss. Then one ship was destroyed by fire, and another was driven ashore and close upon the heels of these disasters came the destruction of a valuable cargo. It was then that the old man sent for an agent and said:

"Friend Thompson, the 'Rover' is about to sail for Liverpool."

"Yes."

"And thee may make out a policy for $50,000 on her.

"Yes."

"And thee may also make ready to insure her cargo."

"Just so."

"I do not desire thee to understand," continued the old man, "that I have lost faith in the Lord, but it is more to save him the bother of keeping track of my sailing property."

Nothing Easier.

A young lady friend asks: "How can I tell an editor when I see him?" Why, bless your sweet, sparkling eyes, it is the easiest thing in the world. You can tell him by his august air, by the perfect fit of his clothing, by his elegance of manner, and by his profound silence when surrounded by the common herd of promiscuous society. You may recognize him by the way he spends his money, scattering greenbacks as lavishly as shavings from a planing machine. He generally drives a double team to a park buggy and makes things hum. He also keeps setters, pointers and a pet bull dog with a brunette nose. He is decked in profusion with the most expensive jewelry, and sports a gold-headed cane with a rose solitaire in the centre. He does not invest in marriage associations, and is as modest as a school girl. But the chief point is he always speaks the truth. Follow these directions and you cannot mistake.

"THE difference in our country," said the Englishman, as he leaned back, "before we marry we arrange to settle a certain sum upon the wife."

"Yes, I know," replied the American, "but with us it is different. It is after we are married that we settle everything on the wife and arrange to cheat our creditors."

"Haw! I see. And how do the creditors take it?"

"They never find anything to take."

Next to a woman in a bathing suit the woman in a rubber waterproof looks the worst.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2939_scm3352-0049.jpg