DENTON JOURNAL.

1845. A Family Newspaper:—Devoted to Local and General Intelligence, Agriculture and Advertising.—Independent on all Subjects.—Subscription, One Dollar per Annum, in Advance. 1891.

VOL. 45. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 7, 1891. NO. 24.

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Best plate-work guaranteed equal to any made on the Eastern Shore.
Gold fillings one dollar and upwards. Extracting teeth, fifty cents for the first and twenty-five cents for each additional tooth.
Latest local anaesthetics, or nitrous oxide gas administered for the painless extraction of teeth. Terms Cash.

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MR. JAMES PARK
TELLS THE LADIES WHERE CAN BE FOUND THE BEST
FLAVORING EXTRACTS, BAKING POWDERS, CANNED GOODS,
Pickles, Flour, Fish—Mackerel and Herring, the latter the best Labrador; Syrup, Molasses, Sugar, Coffee, Tropical Fruits, Confectioneries, Etc., Etc.
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The best to be obtained from
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Sale Posters on colored or white paper at this office.

NATURE.

I know she loves me. Every day she fills
My soul with joy that only true love thrills:
So free, I cannot measure if I would
This love unspoken yet well understood.

'Tis never once the same, this tale of love,
For now 'tis written in the blue above;
And if the hand be hid, yet still I trace
The clearest limnings of her lovely face.

Or yet she breathes it in my raptured ear.
No swvester romance can we mortals hear,
For when among the trees the south wind plays
Each little trembling leaf her love betrays.

Or now she drops, all loverlike, a flower,
As if to company some quiet hour:
Or yet the throat of some sweet singing bird
Repeats the tale, and all my soul is stirred.

So, like a courtier, everywhere I stray
She smiling meets me, as for holiday,
As if to draw me in her close embrace,
And, like a lover, woo me face to face.
—Mary Woodward Weatherbee in Boston Transcript.

A BAD CASE.

My husband is at last convinced of the error of his ways, and has implored me to give his free and frank confession to the world. My husband is—or was—a very enthusiastic man, and imagines that he has a fine eye for the arts. Being a lawyer, he enjoys considerable leisure in the afternoons, and it is this that has proved his ruin. I shall never forget his first offense. It was very shortly after our marriage. I was wondering why he was so late for dinner when suddenly a cab drove up to the door.

For one moment I fancied that it must be his mother (wives have their mothers-in-law as well as husbands). Imagine my astonishment when out jumps my husband, with a guilty jauntiness of demeanor, presents the cabby with five shillings (I noted this extravagance myself from the window), and is followed by that functionary, staggering under an enormous burden, swathed in brown holland, up the steps. The usual loafer rushes forward and a fresh gratuity is distributed, to the horror of my economical mind. At last the thing—apparently a miniature of the great pyramid—is deposited in our small hall with a resonant bang, and its bearers depart.

"What on earth makes you so very unpunctual, dear? The soup will be quite spoiled. And what, in heaven's name, is this?"

"I thought you'd like it, darling (this with a nervous flush). It's the most wonderful bargain, and it would have been really wicked to have let it slip. It's a genuine Elizabethan—but, there, see it for yourself."

The mummy like bandages were at last removed, and what do you think I beheld? An enormous rusty, musty, dusty and hideous clock!

"Yes," he continued, "a real, antique, Elizabethan musical clock. It plays six tunes of the period; and, what's more, look at the initials graven on the face—'W. S.' I've very little doubt that it once belonged to Shakespeare himself, who was very fond of mechanical inventions. I shall have, of course, to have it repaired and done up, and then it will look splendid in the dining room."

He quite took my breath away; I could only ejaculate, "Where on earth did you pick it up, and what did you pay for it?"

"At the sale of an old house. Every one said it was ridiculously cheap, and that they'd have given twice as much if only they had known. Just think, only a hundred dollars! Why, I could get two hundred for it any day."

White elephants were nothing to this disgusting "horologe," as I found it described in the catalogue. It cost twenty dollars to put right, and then it smashed twenty dollars' worth of things in being fixed up. It sometimes played its miserable so called tunes so rapidly that you had to stuff your fingers in your ears; at others, it emitted a spasmodic and raven like croak that was positively alarming.

At last, thank heaven! it stopped—"never to go again," and I firmly resolved that not one penny more should be spent in "doing it (and us) up." Add to this that I subsequently discovered a Geneva maker's name inside. I could wish that I had been more stern on this first occasion, but I was weak, like too many young wives, and was satisfied with a scolding. The result was that we gradually became deluged with the most miserable miscellany of rubbishy bric-a-brac, damaged furniture, dubious pictures, and, in a word, the refuse of the auction room.

To believe my husband, we were the proud possessors of Cromwell's hat, Byron's toothbrush, one of Sheridan's I O U's, a curl of Marie Antoinette's, a Rubens, a Rembrandt, a George Morland (I believe this latter is the evil genius of the Picker up) and a whole roomful of split and useless "Chippendale" and "Sheraton," etc. And all had been acquired at "sales which had a history," at an "absurd sacrifice," and to the admiration of the disappointed bystanders I saw that the fiendish habit was gradually growing upon him, like drink or gaming. I hope I know my duty. I resolved to protect myself and him, and, after an awful scene ensuing on his acquisition of an infected sedan chair, I exacted from him a solemn pledge to give up this pernicious habit once and forever.

But I was inexperienced; I should have known the male mind better. Deterred from the open pursuit of his nefarious designs, he determined to smuggle his purchases in secretly. I had observed him lingering somewhat suspiciously over the auction advertisements of the dailies, and I noticed also that his coat pockets bulged out curiously on his nightly return. One day I had occasion to tidy (as a good wife should periodically do) the escritoire of his dressing room. What do you think I found? The drawers, the pigeon holes, the interstices even, were literally crammed with heaps of cracked and tarnished trifles—pouncet boxes, enameled knife handles, embossed watch cases, pocket revolvers and the like.

I was horrified. It was too true: debarred by the dread of discovery from "picking up" big things he had resorted, under a miserable subterfuge, to small. But my presence of mind did not desert me. I have a strong will, and I vowed that our child's inheritance should not be thus squandered. My husband kept a handsome volume in which he recorded minutely a description, the prices and the dates of his purchase of this miscellaneous collection. My mind was made up. I numbered and ticketed every one of these horrible knickknacks with my own hands. I compiled their catalogue, and I headed it as follows:

Messrs. Hammer & Tongs have the honor to announce that on Thursday next they will sell by auction, in their great rooms in Blank street, the valuable collection of pictures, porcelain, furniture in the Sheraton, Adams and Chippendale styles, arms, Limoges enamel, quaint watches and clocks, formed with consummate taste and at lavish expense by a gentleman who has no further need for them.

I myself arranged with the auctioneers, who, with some amplifications, adopted my catalogue, and a day was chosen when my husband was at last occupied (I believed remuneratively) in court.

Well, the time came. I was so excited that, although sorely tempted to be present, I did not dare to attend the "rooms" of Messrs. Hammer & Tongs. The evening came, and with it my husband, in a frantic state of exhilaration.

"You've won the case!" I exclaimed, fondly and admiringly.

"Oh, never mind the case!" he rejoined impetuously; "it was settled, and I got away quite early. Having made the money I turned in—now don't be angry, darling—for a moment to Hammer & Tongs—most exciting sale of an eminent virtuoso's curios, and you'll admit that after all my judgment was not so bad; for it was an exact replica of my own—thing for thing and picture for picture, only that his Rembrandt and Rubens were poor copies, and his George Morland evidently spurious. The whole lot were going for a perfect song, so I"—

"Good heavens!" I ejaculated; "you don't mean to say that you bought your own"— But at this crisis a merciful film came over my eyes, and I swooned away.

* * * * * * *

My husband is completely cured, and we are gradually now trying to collect modern coins, which we pick up elsewhere than in salesrooms.—St. James' Gazette.

When One Sleeps.

A shrewd man says, "A man can deceive me as to his real character when he is awake, but if I can once see him asleep I can tell you what he is." And there is a strange truth in it. In sleep a man is off guard. The will no longer dominates, and first nature comes back and asserts herself. One can make his face say what he chooses when he is awake, but when sleep touches his face it tells the truth. The forced smile slips away and the cruel lines about the mouth stand out. The closed eyes shut out the look of determination that sometimes gets into a man's face without the reality in his soul, and the childish indecision and irresolution that come back show you that the man is weaker than he makes you believe.

It was a half knowledge of this fact that a clever French woman used to phrase when she declared that she never would see any of her friends early in the morning, because she hadn't got her mask on yet. Her face hadn't got the soul out of it yet—or hadn't got the soul into it, which was it?—and she instinctively shut herself away from detection. We all juggle with our real selves and appear to be what we are not, more or less, but the truth does manage to get itself said somehow and sometimes.—New York Evening Sun.

Funny Mistakes of Authors.

Everything lies in the application of a manuscript to the right channel. I have seen some funny mistakes made by authors. One would imagine that any author would avoid the error of sending a short story or a serial novel to The North American Review or a poem to The Forum, and yet scores of authors are doing these very things every month. I know a bright literary woman who persistently sent six batches of poetry at different times to The Popular Science Monthly and felt aggrieved because in each instance her verses came back. "Misapplication" would be an appropriate epitaph for the tombstone of many a dead author.

The trouble is that there are a lot of careless, unthinking authors writing today who ought to be in some other business. They hear some one speak a certain title—perhaps it may be in naming a list of dead magazines—and they immediately grasp at the name as a new channel for their wares, and next day off goes a manuscript addressed to the periodical they heard mentioned. I know of magazines which stopped publication years ago to whom manuscripts are still being sent.—Edwin W. Bok.

He Knows Her Cooking.

Mrs. McCrackle—I've got a recipe for a pudding that will keep a week.

Mrs. McCorkle—My puddings keep too long now. I'd like a recipe for a pudding that my husband will eat at once.—Epoch.

Kindergartens in San Francisco.

Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, president of kindergartens in San Francisco, says: "Any one who believes San Francisco is wholly given over to money making should visit one of the twenty-four free kindergartens of this city, all established within eleven years by gifts of the people. Mrs. Senator Stanford has been the most generous patron, giving in all $51,000. When I started we had only $75 a month assured. During 1890 our receipts were $31,667. In a city where hoodlumism is so strong, because the climate allows children to play in the street the whole year round, the kindergartens have done a great work. We reach children from eighteen months to six years old, and how great is our influence in these years may be seen from the fact that of 7,000 children who have passed through our hands only one has been arrested for a criminal offense."—Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Flavor of Roots.

The carrot owes its fattening powers to the sugar and its flavor to a peculiar fatty oil; the horseradish derives its flavor and blistering power from a volatile acrid oil. The Jerusalem artichoke contains 14 1-2 per cent. of sugar and 3 per cent. of inulin (a variety of starch), besides gum and a peculiar substance to which its flavor is owing. Garlic and the rest of the onion family derive their odor from a yellowish, volatile, acrid oil; but they are nutritious from containing nearly half their weight of glutinous substances not yet clearly defined.—George W. Johnson.

Poison in Eels.

Eels contain as much poison as vipers, according to an Italian scientist. After careful investigation he finds that an eel weighing four pounds possesses enough venom to kill ten men; when the fish is cooked, however, the poison loses its power.—Current Literature.

AVENGING HER OWN MISTAKE.

A Terrible Berating Received by a Postal Clerk for a Woman's Error.

There was something decidedly belligerent in her appearance as she approached the money order window at the postoffice just before closing time the other day, and sharply said, "Do you remember me?"

"No, madam, I can't say that I do," replied the clerk.

"You don't, eh?" continued the visitor. "Well, I'm not at all surprised at that. I didn't suppose you would admit that you had ever seen me before. But I remember you, just the same, and perhaps that will do just as well. There is no mistake about it. I know you; you are the fellow I'm after; I'd know you anywhere."

"I don't understand you, madam, I assure you. What can I do for you?"

"Do! Do! Why, pay me back my money! I don't care to make any unnecessary trouble for you, but I don't propose to be robbed in this way, that's all."

"Pray calm yourself, madam. Now, then, what is it? Something about money?"

"Have you the brazen impudence to stand there and tell me that you didn't get it?"

"Perhaps—I don't know. I receive a great deal of money here sometimes. What are you talking about?"

"You know very well what I am talking about. I'll admit that the amount ain't very large, but it is plenty large enough and I'm going to have it, too. It's the principle I care for more than the money itself."

"That's right. How much was it?"

"Don't try that dodge, young man. You know the amount well enough. I paid it to you myself. But you never sent it—you just pocketed it. It is of no use to deny it. I can prove it and I want that money back or there will be trouble."

"Aha! I see. You paid me some money. When was it and how much was it?"

"I came here a week before Christmas and paid you $10 to be sent to my sister in Rockford. I handed the money to you right here, and you know it."

"Well?"

"Well! She hasn't received the money. You never sent it. You tried to keep it. But I was smart enough to keep the receipt you gave me, and I've got it yet; so I don't propose to be swindled, and don't you forget it!"

"Hm! Yes. You must have been very thoughtful. So I really gave you a receipt, did I? I must have forgotten it. Just look at the date of that receipt, will you, please?"

From the mysterious depths of her pocket the woman fished up a crinkled and folded paper which proved to be a money order payable at the Rockford postoffice. The purchaser had mistaken it for a receipt for the money which she paid the clerk.

The nature and value of the "receipt" were fully explained, and as its possessor left the building she bestowed upon the clerk a glare which was so chilly that it completely covered the money order window with frost.—Chicago Mail.

A Man Who Is Seldom Loved.

Some ill tempered men are loved not only beyond their deserts but beyond what one might think possible. Perhaps this is because they make up for their defects by an unusual warmth of affection; but there is one description of ill tempered man who is never liked, whether he receives a dutiful affection or not, and that is the man who always insists on having his own way. A passionate man is not always, perhaps not often, in a rage; a sulky fellow is not perpetually sulky, but an exacting man is continually irritating.

There are people who quietly, and perhaps good humoredly, but with fixed determination, insist that other people's preferences shall give way to theirs; and who, if they are thwarted, make themselves infinitely disagreeable. A man of this stamp may have many good qualities; he may be respected, but he cannot be loved. Not even his nearest relations can avoid feeling a certain constraint in his presence and a sense of relief when he is absent. The flower of love may live through many injuries, but it cannot survive in an atmosphere of perpetual frost.—Chambers' Journal.

An Old Story in a New Dress.

Two men met in Tombstone the other night who had not seen each other in fifteen years. When they had talked together for ten minutes they discovered that they had both been on a coroner's jury in Montana, which, to say the least, was a remarkable one. The case was one of a man found drowned in the Yellowstone river; his body was brought to the coroner's rooms, the jury summoned and the body examined. In the hip pocket of his overalls was found a Colt's six shooter and in another pocket a $20 gold piece. The justice, who was also a coroner, as is also the rule in Arizona at the present time, fined the corpse $20 for carrying a concealed weapon, and then went on with the inquest.—Tombstone Prospector.

Appreciative of Her Sex.

Mrs. Wynne Finch asked of Mme. Mohl (French in every thing but birth) permission to bring a friend. "My dear," said Mme. Mohl, "if your friend is a man, bring him without thinking twice about it, but if she is a woman think well before you bring her, for of all the creatures God ever created none does spoil society like an English lady."—Gentleman's Magazine.

The graveyard grass of centuries has been fertilized with the dust of great men, who at one time or another were considered indispensable. There is altogether too much hero worship in the world, even in this utilitarian age. It is proper to give every man credit for his worth and for his achievements, but no man should be accounted greater than the cause he represents, and whenever he assumes to be greater it is time he was compelled to step aside.—Scranton Truth.

The Term "Cracker" Not a Reproach.

The race that tends the spindles of the cotton growing states is altogether unique. To describe it, geographical boundaries must be effaced and national peculiarities ignored; for the blood of the followers of cavaliers in Maryland, noblemen in Virginia, Swiss and palatines in North Carolina, and Huguenots in the Palmetto state blends with that of the impecunious gentlemen brought by Oglethorpe to Georgia, and everywhere crops out in the quaint, baffling, original, unchangeable type. Even our nomenclature fails under the strain of a classification so difficult. A name must be coined to specify this strange, homely, ungainly, native folk that delve in tobacco, cotton and corn, distill whisky in the mountains and spin or weave in villages and towns.

"Crackers" in every mood and tense, past and present and future they are; "crackers" in dialect, feature, coloring, dress, manner, doings and characteristics. In their native habitat the term is not a reproach, but a scientific distinction, expressing undisguisable, stubborn, ineradicable qualities, which isolate that large portion of the community whom the epithet embraces—hundreds of thousands of non-slaveholding whites in ante-bellum days and their present descendants.—Century.

Headache and the Eyes.

Eye strain should be the first thought suggested by any complaint of headache, for it is by far the most common cause of that symptom. The simple existence of headache, therefore, should suggest eye strain, but frequently a careful inquiry as to the manner and time of the attack and the location of the severest pain will be almost conclusive as to the origin of the trouble. Often it comes on whenever the eyes are used, and is absent whenever the eyes have had a proper season of rest.

Congestion, irritability or inflammation of the eyes and their appendages should always suggest the suspicion of eye strain. A single attack or manifestation of this kind has no special significance, but repeated attacks of inflammation, or prolonged congestion, or irritability are suggestive of a continuing cause. A strange thing with reference to eye strain is that it often exists to an exceptional degree without showing any symptoms in the eye. The patient will often say that the eyes are perfectly good and have never caused any irritation.—Hall's Journal of Health.

Too Familiar.

When Queen Victoria visited Salisbury cathedral, thirty years ago, there was of course a flutter of curiosity and loyalty throughout the town. Even the humblest houses had hung out some sign of rejoicing, and at the White Hart inn, where the queen intended to lunch, the landlady was fluttering about in her best silk, while the servants were gay with white waistcoats and flowers in their button holes.

But that this show of devotion was not merely skin deep may be guessed from an occurrence of the late afternoon, when the queen had departed.

In the coffee room of the inn were two young men who were complaining to the waiter because they were not given eels for dinner, although the dish had been promised them. The waiter apologized profusely, and remarked in the way of excuse:

"Her majesty has been here today."

"Did her majesty eat the eels?" was the too familiar query, and at this the waiter's loyal soul revolted.

"It's no business of yours or mine, sir, what her majesty eats," was his dignified reply.—Exchange.

How the Deaf Mute Tells the Story.

"I have heard and read many pathetic stories," said Senator Hoar, "but none of them ever awoke so much sad sympathy as one which Professor Gallaudet related recently. The professor has a favorite pupil—a little deaf mute boy, who is exceptionally bright. Mr. Gallaudet asked him if he knew the story of George Washington and the cherry tree. With his nimble fingers the little one said he did, and then he proceeded to repeat it.

"The gentleman continued until the boy had informed the professor of the elder Washington's discovery of the mutilated tree and of his quest for the mutilator. 'When George's father asked him who hacked his favorite cherry tree,' signaled the voiceless child, 'George put his hatchet in his left hand'— 'Stop,' interrupted the professor. 'Where do you get your authority for saying he took the hatchet in his left hand?' 'Why,' responded the boy (who knew nothing of speech), 'he needed his right hand to tell his father that he cut the tree.'"—Washington Star.

Discouraging.

"Your poem is good, but I do not like the repetition of ideas."

"I am not aware, sir, that I have repeated myself."

"No; but you have repeated Shakespeare and Thackeray and several others all the way through."—Epoch.

An Accommodating Domestic.

"Why didn't you come when I rang," said a Texas lady to her servant.

"Because I didn't hear de bell," replied Matilda Snowball.

"Hereafter when you don't hear the bell you must come and tell me so."

"Yes'm."—Texas Siftings.

The late Isaac Chambers, of Brooklyn, who was a fellow printer with B. P. Shillaber in his younger days, is said to have been the original of Mrs. Partington's "Ike."

He Had a Small Opinion of the Bishop.

The late bishop of Ely was once talking to a laborer, and unfortunately let fall a remark which plainly showed that he had no idea how turnips should be sown. Hodge looked at him round eyed in an amazement too big for utterance. But when the bishop had turned aside he said:

"'E a bishop, indeed! Whoy, 'e ain't fit to 'old a plow!"—Exchange.

HOW TO CULTIVATE PURITY.

The Thoughts Are Largely Within the Control of the Thinker.

To be pure in heart is to have pure loves. But that which we love we think about, nor is it possible for us to love anything without first thinking that we love it. And we can choose our thoughts. We can sit in judgment upon them; decide which are good and which are evil; retain the good and discard the evil. The secret then of being pure in heart is to choose and retain pure thoughts.

Ah, if bewildered humanity only knew this! If it only knew that the way out of its tangle of vice and error was just to get hold of one pure, good thought, and cling to it until another came to it by the law of attraction, and then cling to that, and so on until evil thoughts were displaced and temptations disappear because the soul has climbed above them. But thoughts blossom into action and feeling, and thus our thinking controls our living. A human being cannot perform a single action without first thinking that he will perform it, nor can he love or hate anything without first thinking that he loves or hates it. He cannot even feel too warm or too cold until he first thinks about it. The wise man truly says that "as a man thinketh in his heart so is he." We cannot cherish an evil thought without being hurt by it, nor can we entertain a pure thought without being helped by it. So the preacher, teacher, book, picture or paper that suggests pure thoughts to the world is a benefactor of the race.

I feel profoundly sorry for the soul that is born in an environment of vice, sin and ignorance. One is so apt to entertain the thoughts that the surroundings suggest. Yet after all the soul is free. If it wills, it can no more be kept down by unfortunate surroundings than an eagle can be caged by fencing it in by high walls. As long as the top is left open the eagle can fly away; and so the soul fenced in by unhappy encompassments can always find a way out if it takes the upward route. And the soul's freedom lies in its power to think what it pleases. Circumstances may control the body and force it to live in the sight and sound of vice and vulgarity; but the sounds may fall unheeded upon the ear, the sights pass unobserved before the eye, if the mind be occupied with other things. A poor sewing girl was once obliged to work in a room full of rude women, where oaths and obscene language were constantly passing from mouth to mouth. At first she bent over her sewing machine with blushing face. Then she fell to singing as she worked or repeating pleasant bits of poetry or prose. After a little she obtained such perfect control of her thoughts that she seldom heard what was going on around her unless personally addressed.—Eva Kinney Griffith in New York Observer.

Face to Face with God.

There is an art in everything. If, when the harvests are ripe, we should go into the fields, we would find that while one husbandman goes over the field, cutting down the grain with great exhaustion, halting at the end of the first swath before he has strength again to strike into the grain, another man goes for two or three hours without halting, save to sharpen his instrument—goes from one side of the field to the other without any special fatigue. What is the difference? In the one case the man knows how to swing the scythe, and in the other he does not. One man will go out with a fishing apparatus that has cost him $50, and catch absolutely nothing the livelong day; while another man, with an apparatus prepared with his own jackknife, will catch so many of the spoils of the water that his basket will scarcely hold them. What is the difference? In the one case, the man knows how to fish; in the other, he does not.

Why is it that one man starts out in the Christian life and makes rapid advancement? He seems to walk across the field, going from one degree of grace to another, getting stronger and mightier in the Christian life, with no especial drawback, his misfortunes and his trials becoming his coadjutors, so that at the end of thirty years he can look back and see that he has made one long, complete triumph, while another man will be thirty years in the church of God and achieve nothing, standing where he was at the start or having retreated, not really having so much faith or usefulness as the first year. Why is it that one man goes ahead and the other goes back? Is there any art in religion? There is. No man gets on in the Christian life by accident. There is no such thing as haphazard. If a man advance in the Christian life rapidly and mightily, it is because he employs certain means and does certain things in order to gain those achievements.

There is one great secret of advancement in religious experience, and that is secret prayer. It is very easy to come into a public assemblage and, stimulated by the hearty singing and by the cheerful faces of scores and hundreds of God's people, to bow our head and lift our hearts in prayer; but to have some secret place where, day by day, either at morning or at noon or at night, we kneel down before God, no one in the whole world listening, and to do that thing day after day and month after month and year after year and for scores of years—that is not so easy a thing to do. It wants some perseverance, some high appreciation of duty, some grand Christian determination, some Almighty help.—T. De Witt Talmage in Christian Herald.

Must Give a Horseshoe.

An old manorial rite exists at Oakham, in Rutlandshire, England, where every peer of the realm is bound the first time he enters the town to present a horseshoe to be nailed on the old portal, which is well nigh covered with these tributes. It is said that in case any contumacious peer should refuse to pay this tax the authorities have a right to stop his carriage and levy blackmail by unshoeing one of the horses. To avert so serious an annoyance the tribute shoe is generally ready, some being of enormous size and inscribed with the name of the donor.—New York Ledger.

The Papers Did It.

A Rhode Island burglar got into a house and rummaged about, and secured only about $2 in change. Next day the papers said he missed $900, which was in a toilet box he had set aside, and the disgusted man hanged himself in a coal shed.—Detroit Free Press.

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