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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. 1893.

VOL. 47. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 6, 1893. NO. 33.

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You may or you may not, but in either case we want you to visit

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Clothing for Men and Boys fits like Custom-Made.

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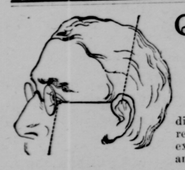

QUEEN & CO. of Philadelphia
WILL SEND THEIR EYE SPECIALIST
To Denton on Monday, May 8.
He will be found at Choptank Hotel
From 8.30 A. M. to 5 P. M.
Persons who have headache, or whose eyes are causing discomfort, should call upon their specialist, and they will receive intelligent and skilful attention. No charge to examine your eyes. Every pair of glasses ordered is guaranteed to be satisfactory.

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Well to your interest in buying LUMBER!
HARRY A. ROE
Denton Bridge, sells at LOW PRICES!
Siding, flooring, shingles, laths, etc.

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ARE QUICKLY MARRIED. TRY IT IN YOUR NEXT HOUSE-CLEANING. 7 16 yr

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Come and examine out stock before you buy.
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EXAMINE OUR STOCK OF
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The prices will please you.
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or nothing for us. That seems the verdict of the Corn makers, because the Corn itself says so.

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stengthens the ground, increases the ears, multiplies the grain, improves the flavor and satisfies the grower.

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is a magnificent solid stock straight fertilizer. It's rich food for needy ground, and makes rich food for the world's needy mouths.

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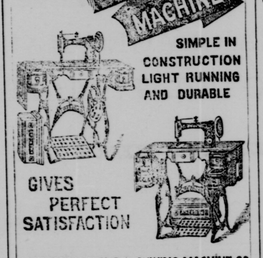

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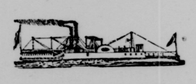

On and after March 21, 1893, steamer MINNIE WHEELER will leave Hillsborough Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 11 a. m.; Williston 2 p. m., Medford's 5 p. m., Trappe 9 p. m., stopping at intermediate landings and arriving in Baltimore early the following mornings.

Returning, will leave Pier 5 Light St. Wharf Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 9 p. m. for Trappe, Barnett's, Chancellor's Clarks, Wrights, Medfords, Lloyds, Dover Bridge, Kingston, McCarty's, Ganey's, Downes', Towers', Williston, Todd's, Coward's, Covey's, Wayman's and Hillsboro.

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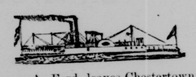

Emma A. Ford leaves Chestertown for Baltimore at 7 o'clock a. m. every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, stopping at Rolphs, Bookers, Quaker Neck, Queenstown, Kent Island and intermediate landings.

Returning steamer will leave Pier 7 Light St. Wharf at 10 a. m. every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday for the above named landings.

Will leave Queenstown for Baltimore at 8.45 a. m.

B. S. Ford will leave Chestertown at 8 a. m. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, stopping at Rolphs', Booker's, Quaker Neck, Centreville, Jackson Creek, and Rock Hall. Returning will leave Baltimore at 10 a. m. Monday, Wednesday and Friday for the same landings.

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is easily earned by any one of either sex in any part of the country, who is willing to work industriously at the employment which we furnish. The labor is light and pleasant, and you run no risk whatever. We fit you out complete, so that you can give the business a trial without expense to yourself. For those willing to do a little work, this is the grandest offer made. You can work all day, or in the evening only. If you are employed, and have a few spare hours at your disposal, utilize them, and add to your income,—our business will not interfere at all. You will be amazed on the start at the rapidity and ease by which you amass dollar upon dollar, day in and day out. Even beginners are successful from the first hour. Any one can run the business—none fail. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business which we offer. No capital risked. Women are grand workers; nowadays they make as much as men. They should try this business, as it is so well adapted to them. Write at once and see for yourself. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Box 880, Portland, Me.

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—AT—
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A PAIR OF OLD SHOES.

When the curtains are drawn, and the baby's asleep,
And the older boy dreams on his couch up the stair,
While the clouds and the moonbeams are playing bopeep,
Then a truce to the day's weary struggle with care,
And welcome, tried friend, sturdy foe to the blues,
True comforter, welcome, dear easy old shoes!

Though two, ye are one, O most matchless of twins!
And oft thrust in satchel have traveled afar,
When, condemned to do penance for earlier sins,
The poor feet have ached in the rich palace car;
How blissful the moment when reckless to choose,
The pilgrim in torture drew forth the old shoes!

Ye were new long ago and in dignified state,
All glossy and spotless, close fitting and trig,
No mortal had ventured to presage your fate,
Loose jointed and jolly and hopelessly big;
Yet never till now a blithe theme for the muse,
O beautiful, lovable pair of old shoes!

Though business may vex with its ups and its downs,
Though ships may delay and though bills be postponed;
Still man, let his home be in fields or in towns,
Finds often a wearisome trouble condoned,
When, easy chair waiting, life's rose tinted hues
Return with the advent of homely old shoes.

Come, wife, drop the mending, and sit by my side;
Let us build us a castle, my sweet one, in Spain,
For our love grows the stronger, whatever betide,
And we are together, for sunshine or rain—
And somehow the glamour 'twere ruin to lose
Comes back when I reach for these easy old shoes.

—Margaret E. Sangster in Good Cheer.

AN EIGHT-DAY CLOCK.

"It's an uncommonly queer world!" said Zedekiah. He leaned back against the broken gatepost and stared hard at the setting sun. The ragged looking cornfields stretched desolately away at his feet and wore an apologetic aspect, as though ashamed to call attention to the meager array of cornstocks and diminutive yellow pumpkins which were their utmost effort in the way of crops. It was a poverty stricken inheritance enough; land that had "run out" from lack of enriching; a belt of once glorious woodlands, now sadly shrunk and spoiled by repeated felling, and the low, gray farmhouse, unpainted for many a long year and showing the ravages of time and weather to an alarming extent despite all Zedekiah's unflagging efforts at patching and repairs.

Yes, it was a poor patrimony, and yet Zedekiah loved every tree and every stone—there were plenty—on the place, and his heart within him swelled with sorrow and passionate regret at the thought that that terrible mortgage must be foreclosed next Monday, and Birch Brook farm lost to the name of Barnes forever.

It had been a desperate struggle to keep their heads above water ever since their father's death two years before. Farming carried on by a delicate widow and a boy of 15, however much energy and good will they bring to bear between them on the work in hand, can hardly be expected to afford brilliant results, and the wet season just passed had "finished the job," as Zedekiah himself would have said. The hay was spoiled and the wheat sprouted, and where the magnificent income of the owners just sufficed to buy the salt for the stirabout which the ruined corn should have supplied, that meant ruin.

And so the mortgage was to be foreclosed next Monday, and the Barneses were to be homeless.

"Zed! Zed!" It was a gentle voice that called, and Zedekiah, with a shake of his shoulders, forced a ghastly smile of assumed cheerfulness and turned to greet his mother at the open door.

She had been a pretty woman once, and even now, faded and worn though she was, there was a certain grace and gentleness about her which accounted for her son's devotion, even though the little plaintive voice and manner showed, poor woman, that life had been a pretty hard and bitter struggle.

"Come in to your supper, Zed," she called again as he came up the flagged walk with an air of intense jauntiness to hide the fact that he was footsore and lame where the flints had bruised through the worn boots. The children are that hungry that I can't keep them quiet, and they ought to have been in bed, poor things."

Two yellow haired little girls ran up as they entered.

"Ah! Zed," cried little Nannie, "I ain't had no supper yet. Wasn't you bad to stay away so long!" While baby Carry chimed in: "Yeth, Zed velly bad boy. Shan't have no supper hisself!"

"Hush, hush!" said the mother. "Children, how you talk! One would think you were beggar children to talk like that!"

Zed's forced smile faded in a quick look of pain.

"They ought to go to school," he said, then checked himself at the recollection of the cost of schoolbooks.

He was staring hard at the red embers of the fire as his mother returned from giving the little girls their good night kiss and sat down in her shabby rocking chair to the darning and patching, which was the usual evening occupation. He roused himself again at her approach. He was always trying to be cheerful for her sake, poor fellow!

"I guess I've got that place, mother," he said. "I went to the store Mr. Norton told me of and they've pretty well settled to take me on. The wages don't seem fabulous, to be sure, but they'll be something, and then there's the prospect of a rise."

"Oh, Zed!" The darning fell into Mrs. Barnes' lap. "You poor boy! Yes, the wages are something and no mistake, but I can't bear to think of you, your poor father's son, just a common errand boy in a grocery store!"

Zedekiah's sallow cheek flushed.

"I don't see why!" he said stoutly. "Groceries are honest enough, and they're clean, too—a great deal nicer than a good many other things, I think. Besides, errand boys always make their fortunes right away. Did you ever hear of a millionaire in a book who didn't begin by sweeping out a store?"

"Ah, if your Uncle Zedekiah had only left you all his money, as he promised!" sighed the widow, taking up the tattered sock again.

"Instead of only his name and the old clock, eh, mother?"

"Oh, yes! It was too bad of uncle. He ought to have been ashamed and after making us give you his horrid name too!"

"Never mind, mother! It's an honest name, even though the first man that owned it wasn't much in the way of a king. He's been dead so long that the name ought to have grown respectable again by now."

"And then to leave you nothing after all!"

"I don't believe, do you know, that he had anything to leave. Folks say he was really very poor."

"Poor? Not he!" Mrs. Barnes was roused to indignation. "I guess he wasn't! But he was an awful miser for years before he died, and he lived for all the world like a beggar! We fancied he'd have left you hundreds—and there was nothing!"

"Don't forget the clock!"

"The clock!" scornfully. "Ah, by the way, that reminds me; there was a peddler here this morning—not that it is much good for anybody with anything to sell to come here—he saw the old clock and seemed to fancy it somehow. He said he'd give you a couple of dollars for it if you liked, and I thought you'd be glad enough to let him have it."

Zed looked rather taken aback.

"The old clock? Why, no, mother. I guess I wouldn't!"

"You wouldn't?" echoed his mother in surprise, mingled with reproach. "The children are badly off for boots, and $2 are $2. Besides, it'll have to go next week with all the other things, and maybe it won't bring as much as that at the sale." This with a little sigh.

"Perhaps I shall not sell it," said Zedekiah slowly.

"Zed, you must be crazy!"

"No, I'm not." He had risen and was wandering about the low ceiled room, his hands deep in his pockets. "At least, I don't think I am. But somehow it goes against me to part with Uncle Zed's legacy. Hasn't it been in the family as long as there's any record, and didn't my great-grandfather, generations back, bring it with him when he came to America?"

"So I've heard tell, Zed."

His wanderings became more energetic.

"Well, then," he said, "I don't believe we ought to let it go while we can stick to it. It isn't just because it is the only thing we shall have left when we leave here to let the children know that we came of a family that was well to do once. If they don't make people respect them for themselves, it isn't much use having a tail of grandfathers behind them, but when I think of the poor old great-grandfather bringing that big clock across the sea to his home in the new country, because he prized it more than anything he had, and when I think of all the generations it has ticked for I can't find the heart to let it go into strangers' hands." He brought himself up short before the tall old clock in the corner. "No, the clock shan't go," he said.

"Zed, you're the queerest!" said his mother, with an unspeakable consternation. "Queerer even than your poor father, and I never could make him out."

But Zedekiah was contemplating the old timepiece, with its once stately carving of black oak and its dial of polished brass, where, beneath the "Giles Hen best me fecit, London, 1709," ran a half obliterated legend and the name "Jacob Barnes, Exeter, 1721."

"I believe it's worth ever so much more than $2," he said, examining the quaint engraving with care. "Anyway, it's not going for that, nor for anything. I don't mean to say I wouldn't sell it to keep us from starving, but we're not there yet, and I hope we shan't be."

"Heaven forbid!" said the widow.

"But I mean to set that before me to work for. A home to put you and the little girls and the old clock in. Why, I'm certain the Harrises would give it a corner in their kitchen till I could claim it—if it only went and kept good time, that is." He bent nearer to the dial. "What is it it says?" He spelled out the quaint letters slowly. "Keepe me true to tyme, and I'll be true to thee." "Why, mother," he turned round suddenly, "wasn't it in Uncle Zed's will that we should keep it in order and going?"

Mrs. Barnes' thin face flushed a little.

"Why, yes," she said, "it did say so, to be sure, but it wouldn't go when it first came, although your father tried to make it, and you know there never was the money to spend on watchmakers, even if we hadn't felt too badly over the way Uncle Zed had deceived us. Whatever are you after, my boy?"

"Only going to see what I can do to it," said Zedekiah, with calm resolution. "It seems too bad, somehow, not to have a try. Poor old clock, how could it be true to us when we weren't true to it? I'll fetch the tools and have it to pieces anyhow."

"You'll only make bad worse!"

Mrs. Barnes rose in some meek exasperation and went to the outer kitchen. There were plenty of small "chores" to do for tomorrow, and she felt unreasonably vexed with Zedekiah for his refusal to sell the clock. Dearly as she loved her only son she was growing dimly aware that in strength of mind and will he was leaving far behind the little red haired urchin who used to lean on "Movver" for everything, and then he was becoming as "queer" and fanciful as his father had been before him.

The sound of gentle hammering came from the kitchen without, followed by the rattle of the ponderous weights on their lumbering old chains. Then Zed's voice sounded eager and pleasant.

"Guess what's the matter, mother? No wonder the old gentleman wouldn't tick! The works are all stuffed up with paper. I can't make them move. I shall have to take off the dial before I can pull it out. What on earth could have been the object of feeding the old thing with crumpled paper?"

Mrs. Barnes made no response. She had paused in her work of gathering chips and fragments of pine branches to lay ready for lighting the fire in the morning and stood there, half leaning against the wide and vacant chimney piece, her arms folded in her calico apron and her eyes fixed dreamily an space.

It had "come over her," as she herself would have said, with the ever recurring shock it never failed to bring with it. She thought of how seldom again should she do these dear and familiar household tasks under the old brown roof that had been so long her happy home. Soon strange hands would be busy in the low rooms she had known and loved so well, and unfamiliar steps would sound upon the wooden floors where the footfalls had echoed that were like the sweetest of music to her listening ears. Next week it would be all gone—the threshold she had crossed a radiant bride, the old cradle where she had rocked her babies to sleep, the very graveyard on the little hill, where rested those she had loved most on earth. The slow tears splashed upon her purple calico apron, and her chest heaved with stifled sobs.

Suddenly there was a cry from the outer room:

"Mother! Oh, mother! What is this?"

It was Zed's voice, but so altered that she hardly recognized it for his own. Startled, stumbling, half blinded still with the half shed tears, she reached his side and stood bewildered, half terrified, half expecting she knew not what, as he held out to her with trembling fingers a roll of strange, stained, fluttering paper. There were more upon the table—piles and piles—more within the works of the old timepiece, closely rolled and packed. She raised her wondering eyes to Zedekiah's transformed face and stared wonderstruck at the light in his sparkling eyes.

"Mother, oh, mother! Don't you see?" he cried; "don't you understand? They're bills—notes—greenbacks. There must be thousands of them packed close and hard. It's Uncle Zedekiah's fortune! My legacy, hidden away here all these years till some one should set the poor old clock true to time again and find their reward. There! there!" He caught her thin form in his arms as she reeled forward and knelt by her side as he laid her gently in her chair. "Mother, dear! look up. Joy doesn't kill. Think of it; think what it will do. The dear old farm is all our own still, and that beast of a mortgage can go, and we can do all the land needs and make the place the best in the old county. And school for the little girls, and clothes and help for you, and books for us all. Oh, mother, mother!"

He broke down in his wild excitement and choked as he began to laugh almost hysterically.

"The grocery store can sweep itself," he said. "And we'll buy the dear old clock a crown of gold. Mother, dear, aren't you glad you didn't let the peddler have it for $2? Heaven bless Uncle Zedekiah and his 8-day clock, say I!"

And so, in the depths of her remorseful heart, the Widow Barnes said too.—Chicago Post.

He Never Touches Sugar Now.

A man stepped into a grocer's shop to make a few purchases. While the apprentice was weighing the goods, the customer could not resist the temptation of treating himself to a piece of sugar which was lying on the counter.

The apprentice observed the action, and soon afterward with startled mien called aloud into the shop, "What has become of that lump of arsenic that was lying here?"

The poor fellow felt hot and cold, and in his terror confessed the deed.

"You are a dead man!" said the pert apprentice, "but I have here an antidote. Quick! Take as much as you can swallow." And he filled a tumbler full of salt and water.

The poor fellow eagerly drank of the abominable stuff to save his life if possible. He then rushed out in order to secure a second antidote from the neighboring pump.

He has never been known to pilfer sugar since that day.—London Tit-Bits.

A Monument of a Good Man.

Some time the Cooper Union, standing at the parting of the ways on the Bowery, will come to have ideal significance. A pillar of fire by night and a cloud by day, how many people has it led out of bondage! There are thousands and thousands of people in town who do not know of the Metropolitan Opera House, of Columbia college, of the great up town churches, but there is not one person in town so humble, so alien, so obscure, who does not know of the Cooper Union. To Irish, Russian, Pole, Hebrew, Italian, negro, whatever the nation, whatever his condition, whatever his creed, its doors are hospitably open. — New York Evening Sun.

AVOID THE "FLY" BARBER.

The Flourishes of One Ruined a Man's Looks and Lost Him His Sweetheart.

He is a tall, dignified gentleman, of fine physique and immaculate as to dress, and he would be a thoroughly handsome man were it not for the fact that the greater part of his right nostril is gone, making a mockery of that side of his face.

He is not the kind of man whom people are reckless about questioning, and none of us knew the story of how he came by his disfigurement until a few nights ago, at a little dinner party he gave to celebrate his fiftieth birthday.

The desultory talk over our cigars drifted to the subject of accidents, and when a lull came our host said: "Boys, let me tell you the story of how I was disfigured. It's an awfully funny story to everybody but me, and I haven't told it in a dozen years. I will give you the moral in advance, 'Beware of the fly barber.' Light up fresh cigars and listen:

"Twenty years ago I went for my daily shave to a shop not far from the old Washington market, and there was one journeyman there for whom I always waited. He was a Cuban named Juan and was one of these dressy, nervous, light handed chaps who shine in that particular line.

"And I tell you, boys," said he, rubbing his hands across his chin, "I have never been able to find his equal all these years.

"I jumped into the shop the afternoon of my thirtieth birthday and said: 'Now, Juan, give me your very best shave. This is my birthday, and I am going to a dance in my honor. Just hump yourself on it.'

"Si, senor," said Juan, and he put on so many airy flourishes as he stropped his razor and lathered my face that the other men stopped their work to watch him. He finally turned my head, made a grand preliminary flourish of the razor and slipped on the polished floor at one and the same time. My right nostril vanished like a dream, and I gave that too smart barber the most awful drubbing that mortal man ever received. He stood it all without a word, and when I let him up ran out without his hat or tools and has never, so far as I can learn, been heard of since.

"It was months after that before my nerves would let me go into a barber's chair, and the girl I had fondly imagined I had made an impression on jilted me. So if you don't want to be a miserable, disfigured bachelor at 50 years of age, boys, beware of the 'fly barber.'"—New York Herald.

The Four Articles of Flavoring.

Were wine banished from flavoring we should have nothing to rely on in that way but the classical and sempiternal four columns, or pillars on which the whole culinary edifice, so far as mere flavoring is concerned, must in a great degree rest—lemon, onion, sweet herbs and anchovy. Given these seasoners, it has been said that a subtle cook should be able to make asahni out of a flannel waistcoat, and a ragout from a pair of old boots.

It is curious indeed to remark how these four principles of flavoring are to be found even in the oldest of English manuals of cookery. The majority of the dishes dear to our mediæval ancestors seem to us either very indigestible or nasty messes, and the modern amateur often feels inclined to shudder when he reads of the strange components with which, in Plantagenet times, porpoises, sturgeon, conger, eel, capons of high grease, swans royal and "peacocks of their pride" were served.

Ambergris, honey, asafetida, rose water, almonds, pimento entered into the composition of these strange mixtures, but if the old books, from "The Proper Form of Cury" to "The Noble Boke of Cokery," be carefully studied, it will be found that the four pillars—namely, the lemon, the anchovy, the onion and the bouquet of sweet herbs—occupy a properly conspicuous place in the ordinance of sauces.—London Society.

Oil Tested In Storms at Sea.

When commanding the Naiade during the cyclone of Nov. 6, 1891, Rear Admiral Cavelier de Cuverville had the opportunity of testing the efficiency of oil in calming the troubled waves of the north Atlantic. When the waves threatened to become dangerous, he gave orders to fill two coal sacks with tow steeped in oil, one of them to be suspended freely at the extremity of a spar spanned to the cathead, the other near the bridge.

The effect was excellent. No seas were shipped, and the vessel escaped without breaking a spar. It appears that the oil takes effect on the "breakers" due to horizontal translation produced by the wind, leaving the orbital motion or "swell" unaffected. The former is the only element of danger in a rough sea. It was found that two sacks filled with five kilograms of tow, holding five liters of colza or machine oil each, were sufficient to protect a vessel 75 meters long. The oil had to be renewed every six hours. Too much oil has the disadvantage of spreading more slowly, and theoretically the best system of distribution would be one in which the oil would reach the surface from below in a large number of small drops.—London Nature.

An Impertinent Bus Driver.

The driver of a royal blue was being censured pretty severely by an old lady for having neglected to stop his bus at the exact spot wished for.

"Excuse me, mum," he said, with an air of well imitated grandeur, "yer mustn't tork ter me like that; speak respectful, please. I'm one of them there bloomin' disin'erited viscounts yer read about, what drives a bus 'cos they carn't get nothink else else to do."—London Tit-Bits.

An Unexpected Alarm.

The church at C—— had a new communion service, solid silver of handsome design, the gift of a wealthy friend. It was kept in a heavy iron chest, securely placed in a stout closet in the church, and yet it was near being stolen before it had been in the society's possession a month.

It was communion Sunday. The new service was used for the first time and was then replaced in its strong chest and the closet securely locked. Meanwhile a thief had secreted himself in the church, and when the building was closed and locked for the night he began operations.

With the aid of skeleton keys and other tools he opened the closet and the iron chest. He packed the silver in a bag, slung it over his back and prepared to make his escape through one of the vestibule windows.

Suddenly he was startled by a sound as of approaching footsteps at the farther corner of the vestibule. It may have been a rat or a mouse, for besides the thief there was no human being in the church.

The fellow made haste to reach the window stool, and, feeling his hand in contact with a rope, on the impulse of the moment he seized it. It was the bellrope, and the next instant a series of sonorous peals broke the stillness of the night air.

"Fool," said the thief, "to sound the alarm myself!"

The ringing of the bells aroused the village. The thief was caught, and the communion service was saved.—Youth's Companion.

Too Dangerous.

Country Uncle—Bless you, my boy, there's no end of fun in the country. You must come up when it's the season for husking bees.

City Nephew (nervously)—Deah me! I shouldn't care evah to husk a bee unless some one would first wemove the sting.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

The Thing to Do.

Mr. Legal Gabby—If your neighbor's dog injures one of your chickens, you can collect damages, but if he injures one of your children you cannot. What is the moral of that?

Friend—Raise chickens.—Texas Siftings.

How a Great Tenor Died.

Brignoli died poor and was buried by a friend. The last money he spent was received on a check signed by William Astor, who had bought 10 tickets at $5 each for one of his concerts. This check Brignoli carried in his pocket for nearly two years, and never had it cashed until in the direst necessity.—New York Tribune.

Thin, but He Cast a Shadow.

Boarding House Keeper—I'm very sorry, Mr. Slimmer, but I must really ask you to leave at the end of the month.

Boarder—But why, madam—why?

Boarding House Keeper—The fact is, Mr. Slimmer, you're so painfully thin that you cast a reflection on my establishment!—Exchange.

Great Thinkers.

He—Great thinkers are seldom great actors.

She—Silent.

He—Well, what are you thinking about?

She—I was thinking what great thinkers some of our theatrical people are.—Detroit Free Press.

A Suggestive Sign.

A restaurant keeper and a dentist, who are next door neighbors, have fallen out, and it is rather rough on the former that the latter should have a glaring announcement in his window to the effect, "Teeth sharpened to tackle tough steaks."—Exchange.

Characteristic.

"It took 20 minutes for the offertory this morning," said Mrs. Higgins.

"Collections are always slow in this neighborhood," returned Higgins, who is a grocer and knows all about it.—Harper's Bazar.

She Omitted the Exclamation Point.

Indignant Mother—And so he kissed you three times? Now, what did you say to him?

Artless Daughter—Why, I said, "Don't! Stop!"

She did, only it sounded like "Don't stop!"—Exchange.

Smart Sayings.

Lord Palmerston's reply to the illiterate member who asked him, "Are there two hens in 'Oniton?" is a specimen of his rather boisterous chaff. "No, only one. That's why heggs are so scarce there."

Mr. Disraeli's comment upon a portrait of himself, "Is it not hideous?—and so like," exhibited a discernment not common with unflattered sitters.—"Twenty Years In Parliament."

Tried Moral Suasion.

Hoosier Schoolmaster — Don't do any whipping here, eh?

Eastern Pedagogue—No; we use moral suasion.

Hoosier Schoolmaster—Moral suasion, eh? I tried that in Indiana, but it made a heap of trouble. The girls didn't object to the kissing, but the old folks cut up like all possessed.—New York Weekly.

To Live an Old Man.

"I understand young Briefless is about to marry the daughter of old Bonds, the millionaire."

"Yes, so I am told."

"Will he give up the law business?"

"Yes. He will give up the law business and go into the son-in-law business."—Texas Siftings.

Her Remarkable Taste.

"Do you think, young man, that you could give my daughter all she asks for?" questioned papa grimly.

"I—aw—think so, sir," murmured the lover bashfully. "She says she wants only me."—Exchange.