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. 1899.

VOL. 53. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 4, 1899. NO. 19.

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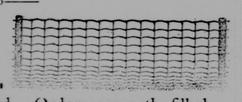

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6 55	1 50	Trappe,	11 42	7 37
7 08	2 07	Easton,	11 24	7 20
7 18	2 17	Chapel,	11 12	7 08
7 24	2 24	Cordova,	11 04	7 02
7 31	2 33	Queen Anne,	10 54	6 55
7 42	2 43	Ridgely,	10 44	6 46
7 52	2 54	Greensboro	10 34	6 36
8 03	3 04	Goldsboro,	10 24	6 26
8 10	3 11	Henderson,	10 16	6 19
8 17	3 18	Marydel,	10 08	6 12
8 23	3 24	Slaughters,	10 00	6 06
8 26	3 27	Hartley,	9 57	6 04
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WOMAN'S WEAPON.

"What is a woman's weapon?"
I asked a charming girl.
She dropped her lashes shyly
And stroked a vagrant curl.
Then consciously she murmured—
This rosebud newly out—
"I have a strong suspicion
Her weapon is a pout."

"What is a woman's weapon?"
I asked a lover true.
He turned him to a maiden
With eyes of heavenly blue.
Her velvet lips were parted,
All innocent of guile,
And eagerly he answered,
"Her weapon is a smile."

"What is a woman's weapon?"
I asked a poet then.
With sudden inspiration
He seized upon his pen.
"Oh! I could name a thousand,"
He cried in accents clear.
"But woman's surest weapon,
I grant you, is a tear."

—St. Louis Republic.

SECRET OF A STILL.

Captain James Peters, riding home from a raid into the moonshine counties, stopped at Jared's store and asked for a drink. A jug was taken from the shelf and a finger's length of clear, yellow whisky was poured out.

"No moonshine in this sto', you see, captain," remarked Mr. Jared.

"Humph!" And the captain's keen eyes glanced toward the loungers in and about the store. "Reckon if I took a notion I could unearth some moonshine an spot some moonshiners not fur off."

"Captain, you mustn't be so suspicious."

Captain Peters only laughed. He was very good humored, this mountain terror, except when, as they would say, his blood was up. Then it was as safe to meet a starving tiger.

"Seems to me's if you had somethin on your mind," remarked Mrs. Peters that same evening.

"Ye-es," said the captain, "I'm plagued about them Jared boys. I can't ketch 'em nohow."

A knock at the door, and a young fellow came in and shook hands eagerly with the captain. His name was Maddox. Captain Peters had picked him up in Nashville and employed him "on trial."

"I was jest a-speakin o' the Jareds," he said. "I'm pretty sure they've got a still somewhar. They look me in the eye too powerful innocent to be all right. Now I've just got a notion in my head, if I only had anybody I could trust"— Maddox drew himself up alert, watchful as a listening sentinel. "What can't be done one way must be done another," said Captain Peters slowly, and he and Maddox had a long, whispered conference.

A few days later a peddler stopped at Bleylock's and asked for a drink of water. Old Mother Bleylock sent Eliza to the spring for a fresh bucketful, and the peddler, after refreshing himself, opened his pack.

"'Pears 's if we oughtn't ter trouble you," she said, "'cause we can't buy a pin's wuth."

"Jest for the pleasure, ma'am," said the gallant peddler.

The pack was opened, and three pairs of eyes grew big with delight.

"'F you'll wait till pa comes home, I'll make him buy me that collar," said Janey, the younger of the Bleylock girls.

"P'raps Dick Oscar'd buy you a present 'f he was here," suggested Eliza.

"If 'tain't makin too free, I'd like to say I admire Dick Oscar's taste," said the peddler with an admiring glance.

Janey responded with, "Oh, you hush!" and a toss of her head, and old Mother Bleylock said, "The boys most generally always paid Janey a good deal o' attention."

She possessed a bold prettiness, this mountain pink. Brown skinned, black eyed, red lipped and a way of dropping her head on her swelling neck and looking mutiny from under her heavy brows. Eliza was a thin slip of a girl, with a demure but vacant look in her blue eyes, and a shy, nervous manner.

"I'll tell you the truth, ma'am," remarked the peddler to the mother, "you could take these girls o' yourn to Nashville, an people in the streets would follow them for their good looks. An that's heaven's own truth. All yo' family!"

"Lor no; I've got three boys."

"All at home farmin, I s'pose?"

"Yaas."

"Now, 'bout these goods o' mine," said the peddler. "If you could put me up for a few days, we might make a trade. I'm 's tired 's a lame horse, an wouldn't want nuthin better'n to rest right here."

"I'd like nuthin better'n to take you. But th' ain't no use sayin a word till pa gits home. He ain't no hand fur strangers."

"Well, I won't be a stranger longer'n I can help," said the agreeable peddler. "My name's Pond—Marcus Pond—Nashville boy, but a rollin stone, you know. I've peddled books an sewing machines an no end o' a lot of traps generally. Pond of travel, you see, but jest's steady as old time. Never drink when I travel. Promised my mother I wouldn't."

"'Tis a good thing," said Mother Bleylock, with energy. "I do despise to see a fuddled man. Whisky ain't fit fur nuthin but to fatten hogs on."

Father Bleylock came home and beyond a stare and a silent nod took little notice of the peddler. He was a tall man, thin, taciturn and yellow, and with a neck so small that his head presented the appearance of being stuck on with a pin.

He lighted his pipe, and after a soothing interval of smoking, "Peddler'd like to stop over a period," said his wife.

Puff, puff. "Don't see no objection."

Puff, puff.

Mr. Pond, as he had promised, soon ceased to be a stranger. The old man discoursed on the grievances of taxes, and the old woman, after the manner of mothers, talked about her daughters.

"My gals is addicated," she would say—"been over to Cookville months an months a-schoolin. But lor, thar's some folks you can't weed the badness out'n, an Janey's a spitfire, she is. Seem's if Dick Oscar wants to have her, but he acts kinder curious about it—blow hot, blow cold. Dunno. Now, Lizy is different. Can't tell why, less'n 'tis that I went to camp meetin an professed awhile befo' she was born. Somehow she's always been delicater an quieter like'n any of my children."

The Bleylock boys, easy, follicking fellows, treated the peddler very much as if he had been a harmless though unnecessary cat about the house and were surprised when Dick Oscar, dropping in one evening, informed them that they were all a pack of fools for "takin in a stranger so free and easy."

"Why, I ain't paid no more attention to the man 'n if he'd 'a' been a preacher," said Sam Bleylock. "Seems's if thar ain't no harm to him."

"He's a very God fearin man," said Eliza softly, "an a powerful reader o' the Bible."

"'F you'll take my say so, you'll git quit o' him," said Dick Oscar.

"He's got such beautiful taste," said Mother Bleylock. "It's as good's goin to the city to look at his things."

"I see he's a-dressin you up," said Oscar, with a sneer at the new ribbons the girls wore round their necks.

Janey sprang up. Her face reddened. In an instant she had torn off the ribbon and stamped her foot on it. "That's how much I care for him an his ribbons!" she cried.

"Don't fly quite off the handle," said Mr. Oscar coolly.

Poor Janey. She had hoped to please her lover by her scorn of the peddler's gift, but she was coming to the conclusion that he was a hard man to please. She was a passionate young animal, and she had thrown herself into his arms with a readiness that robbed herself of her graces. He liked to sting and stroke her alternately and was about as unsatisfactory a lover as Janey could have found on the Cumberland. But she liked him, saw with his eyes, thought with his thoughts. Naturally she turned against the peddler, and from this time set herself to watch him.

That harmless young man in the meantime was doing what he could. He wandered about the country, selling such little things as the people could buy, "pumping" the Bleylock boys and making love to the Bleylock girls. The pumping process was rewarded with about as much success as would attend fishing for a soul through the eye of a skeleton. In the lovemaking there was more hope.

Janey was accessible to flattery and encouraged him with little looks of fire. But there was something in her eyes he did not trust, and he was a wary man, the peddler. Besides, she slapped his face when he tried to kiss her. But he soon grew to believe that Eliza—simple, unsuspicious, serious—would be as clay in his hands.

Chance favored Miss Janey. She was bathing one warm day in the creek that ran out from the spring when she saw Eliza and the peddler coming, like Jack and Jill, to fetch a pail of water. Being naked, Janey could not get away, but she slid along to a cool inlet overhung with tree branches and so hidden waited for them to do their errand. Of course they stopped to talk.

"That pink ribbon becomes your black hair mightily," said the peddler.

Eliza blushed. "We're just country girls, you know, Mr. Pond. We don't have many pretty things. Seems as if the boys don't have any money left after buyin the sugar an flour, an molasses an things."

"Meat, I s'pose," said the practical peddler.

"No; we raise our own meat. Pa has a powerful lot o' hogs."

"So!"

"But I expect you don't take much interest in country life, Mr. Pond?"

"Why, my dear"—and Mr. Pond slipped his arm around Eliza—"I'd like the best in the world to settle down in a country just like this. A fellow gits tired trampin around. But I'd want two things to make me happy."

Eliza looked at him with happy confidence.

"First, a little wife that was gentle in her ways, an a good religious girl, an one with black hair to set off the pink ribbins I'd buy for her, an a fleet foot an a red mouth."

Here Mr. Pond came to a full stop with a kiss.

"An the other thing?" with a bright blush.

The peddler grew practical again. "Well, it's nuthin more'n some way to make a livin. Now, say I married a sweet girl up the Cumberland an made a little crop. It's too far to git it to market. I might turn it into whisky, but lately gov'ment's turned meddler, an is a-breakin stills right an left through the country."

"They do hide 'em sometimes," said Eliza in a half whisper, "so 't a bloodhound could hardly scent 'em. An a very good business it is, an the hogs live on the mash."

"Do you know o' any such stills, my little darlin?"

But she drew back a little. "Ef I do know o' any," she said, "I've promised not to tell o' 'em."

"Not to the man as is goin to be your husband?"

"Not to him until he is my husband." And blushing, but resolute, Eliza filled her pail and started for the house.

Under the water Janey clinched her hands. "Dick was right," she thought, "an I see his game. He's a spy, an Eliza's a fool."

She knew that she had heard enough to justify her lover in his suspicions, enough to put them all on their guard. A passionate exultation fired her blood as she thought of the service she should render Dick Oscar, his praise, the reward of his rude kisses.

But, alas for Janey! Something had ruffled her sweetheart's temper when they next met. Before she could approach the subject of which she was full stinging words had passed between them.

"Dick," said Janey hoarsely, "d'you mean that you're goin back from your word; that you ain't a-goin to marry me?"

"Marry h—l!" said Mr. Oscar, and he walked off.

"I want to speak to you," said Janey that night to the peddler. "Can you git up in the mornin befo' the folks is stirrin?"

"Of course I can, when it's to meet a gal like you."

Privately he wondered at her pallor and lurid eyes.

Morning came. As the stars were drowsily getting out of the sun's way, Janey and the peddler met by the spring.

"You needn't lie to me," said she harshly. "I've found you out. You're up the Cumberland spyin for wildcat stills. I'll take you to one."

"But, my dear, is this a trap? I'm nothin but a poor, harmless peddler."

"Come, then, my harmless peddler," said the girl, with a sneer, "an I'll show you somethin to make your mouth water."

She struck through the woods, and he followed, alternately blessing and wondering at his luck. What thread led her he knew not. Fallen logs lay in the way, thickets opposed, dense foliage hid all signs of paths, but on she went, above, around, amid, athwart obstacles of every kind. And finally, girdled and guarded by trees and rocks, was the hidden still, where the corn was changed into the flowing moonshine that maketh glad the heart of man.

The peddler could hardly keep back a shout. He had won his spurs. It was a much larger concern than he had expected. Some hogs were rooting about the sodden earth. The monotonous dripping of water mingled with the grunts of these poetic animals.

Janey leaned against a rock breathing heavily. The peddler thought he would about as soon touch a wildcat as speak to her. Nevertheless he did.

"B'long t' your folks?" he said.

"'T b'longs to Dick Oscar, an you know it," said the girl fiercely. "Now I'm goin back home."

"Yo' don't know of any more such," said the insatiate peddler, "lyin round loose up here?"

"I've done enough. An look here. Keep your tongue between your teeth. Tell that I fetched you here, an you won't see many more sun ups with them spyin eyes."

Mr. Pond was a tolerable woodsman, and he led Captain Peters and his scouts to the mountain still without trouble. They were all there—the Bleylock boys, the father and young Oscar. They were hard at work and, surprised, were handcuffed without the firing of a gun.

Who so crestfallen as the toiling, moiling, moonshiners? Who so jubilant as the long whiskered captain? He would have sung a pæan had he known how. As it was, he chewed a great deal of tobacco and unbuttoned his flannel shirt for expansion.

The prisoners were halted at the Bleylock cabin for baggage and goodbys. They were to go to the penitentiary.

Mrs. Bleylock and Eliza wept and moaned their fate; but Janey was still, her brown lids veiling the dull fire of her eyes.

"Janey, my girl," said Oscar, drawing her apart, "I spoke up rough to you t'other day. But don't you mind it. 'Twarn't nuthin but jealousy."

Her eyes softened. Mountain pinks, as well as some fine ladies, consider jealousy as tribute to their charms.

"Perhaps I'll never come back," said he.

She seized him by the arm.

"Dick, what can they do to you?"

"Dunno. Most likely I'll kill somebody tryin to git away an be strung."

Janey burst into tears.

"Shouldn't wonder if you married one o' the Jareds," he said, piling on the gloom.

"Dick Oscar, I promised to marry you, an I don't go back from my word."

"No, an I don't," cried Dick. "There ain't as pretty a shaped girl as you on the Cumberland, an if ever I do git back"—

He whispered the rest in Janey's ear, and she clung to him, blushing a deep, deep rose.

"'S jest one thing I want to know," said old Bleylock as they tramped to Nashville. "How'd you find us?"

The captain laughed.

"Been entertainin a peddler, haven't you? Which one o' your gals 'd be make up to?"

Father and brothers swore. Dick Oscar nodded to his discernment with human triumph.

A few days later a young girl walked into Nashville who had never been in a city before. She asked but one question—the way to the governor's house. That accessible mansion was readily found; doors were swung open, and, announced by a sleepy darky, Janey Bleylock stood in the governor's presence.

With a fine and courteous manner that gentleman listened, struck by her figure, her full voice and passionate eyes. He promised to use his influence with the president to procure a pardon for Dick Oscar and the Bleylocks, and Janey was allowed to go to the prison with the cheering news.

The mountain girl was heard of in high circles. Hearts beat warmly in lovely southern bosoms, and they made a heroine of Janey.

"Why don't you marry here?" said a beautiful enthusiast, who had called to see Janey, and kissed her because she knew so well how to love. "Marry here and I'll give you a wedding dress."

"So we will," said Dick Oscar, when he was out of prison.

And Janey went home a wife, as if the stars had been diamonds and strung like a larkspur chain for her neck—father, brothers, husband, sheltering her in their love.

Mrs. Bleylock and Eliza ran to meet them. Eliza thought perhaps some one else would come with them. Had not her lover left her with a kiss and a promise to come back?

The pink ribbon was round her neck. Her lips were parted in a happy, vacant smile.

The old father was in advance. He thrust out his arm as Eliza drew near. "Don't you speak to me!"

"Pappy!"

"D—n your tattlin tongue! Keep away from my hands!"

The smile had gone. The vacant look spread over the face that turned helplessly to her brothers.

"You ought to be whipped like a nigger," said Sam Bleylock. "What 'd you tell that peddler 'bout Oscar's still for? Might 'a' known he was foolin you."

"I didn't tell where the still was."

"Hoh, you lie too." And her father, passing by, struck her with the back of his hand.

"Shame on you, pappy!" and Janey ran to her sister, over whose lips the blood was pouring.

Her husband drew Janey away. "Don't touch her," he said, with a look of disgust. "She ain't fit."

A wild, terrified look swept over Janey's face. Should she grasp at the wind blowing in the treetops above her? She caught Dick Oscar's arm, holding it fiercely. Here was something to clasp, to cling to. Her soul shriveled in her ardent body.

Afterward Eliza Bleylock seemed to wither away. She repeated her denial of having been a traitor, but no one ever believed her. She worked hard, and was used roughly. She had never been strong. Sometimes she stole away and nursed Janey's baby, who seemed to love her. But never when Dick Oscar was at home.

One day, sitting by the spring alone, too weak since a long time to work, she leaned her head against a tree and with one moan, too faint to startle the singing birds, she died.

Her mother and Janey dressed her cleanly and tied around her neck a pink ribbon that they found in her Bible. And she was buried, with very little said about it, in the valley.—Sherwood Bonner in Argonaut.

A Fortunate Reply.

The Duke of Ossuna, who during his long career as viceroy of Naples was distinguished as much for his sound good sense in small matters as in those larger questions of statesmanship which made him one of the foremost men of Europe, once paid a visit to the Cape galley at Barcelona. As he passed in and out among the crew of slaves he questioned several of them regarding their offenses for which they were so laboriously paying the penalties. Each had plenty of excuses. One said he had been sent there from spite; another asserted that the judge who sentenced him had been bribed; still another declared that his being there was all a mistake.

At last the duke came to a stout little black fellow of whom he asked:

"And what are you here for, my man?"

"My lord," replied the slave, "I cannot deny that I am justly put in here, for I wanted money, and so took a purse near Tarragona to keep me from starving."

Upon hearing this the duke gave him two or three blows across the shoulders with his stick, saying as he did so:

"You rogue, what are you doing among so many honest, innocent men! Get you out of their company."

The thief, who was so surprised that he scarcely comprehended what was going on, was then set at liberty, while the rest were left to labor at the oar.—Harper's Round Table.

Each Required Fourteen Yards of Angleworms Every Day.

A would be philanthropist relates his experiences trying to play mother to a nest of little robins, which had by some accident been deprived of their fourth mother's care. He diligently set to work digging angleworms, and supposed that he was fulfilling his whole duty, when one of the poor little songsters died. Upon examination of the body, which was reduced to skin and bone, the foster parent came to the conclusion that it must have died of starvation.

Deeply grieved at his shortcoming, he redoubled his efforts, determined to at least save the other two. It was not long, however, before a second one died, evidently of the same malady. The good man then resolved that, whatever the third one died of, it should not be starvation, and took off his coat and went to work in earnest. He kept on with the angleworm diet until he found that his one little bird was consuming from 14 to 18 yards of angleworms a day. This was too much for his patience, and he proceeded to substitute the more easily managed diet of bread and milk and other delicacies, which were, however, not nearly so much to Miss Robin's taste.

Wanting to discover whether he had been catering to a family of abnormal appetites, our friend took to watching the methods of a real mother bird and found that she fed her young every two minutes. He then consulted the learned books upon birds and discovered that 14 yards of worms a day, with meals every two minutes, is the average rate of feeding fledgelings. He has therefore decided that he does not care to take up raising birds by hand as a business.—Boston Transcript.

He Got the Ad.

"You're not on that horrid paper, are you," cried the girl who speaks her mind, "though I did once meet a reporter from it who was rather nice? He came to see about getting an advertisement— What! Not a reporter? Why, I thought he was. Well, anyway I had lost a dog, and he said he had heard of it and wanted to know if I didn't want to advertise in his paper for it. I told him I didn't believe I liked his old paper, and he said he didn't think much of it himself, but he thought it was pretty apt to reach the class of people who stole dogs. And so since he was so polite about it I thought I might as well advertise in it. But I didn't get the dog."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Show Your Best Qualities.

Honesty does not require us to hang our oil paintings faced to the wall in order that our friends may see that they are made on coarse canvas. It is right to appear always at our best. Give the world your brightest thoughts, your most courteous speech, the outcome of your kindest impulses and purest motives, no matter if you are conscious that these things are above your ordinary level. God made the flowers show their colors, not their dull, fibrous matter; to load the air with their odors, not with the rankness of their sap.—Homiletic Review.

Romance Versus Reality.

The romanticist speaks: A realist is a man who takes his own vision of the world as true and the visions of all other persons as false.

The realist speaks: The romanticist is a man who has forgotten the origin and meaning of the nursery tales with which his head is filled.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The first public bath in England for hot bathing purposes was opened in 1679.

Opium is considered three times as deadly as alcohol.

Fertilizer For Fruit.

Farmers often ask how much fertilizer they ought to use on fruit. The question is hard to answer, but The Rural New Yorker says it must be remembered in using potash and phosphoric acid alone that neither of these substances is likely to be lost in large quantities. If one has the capital to spare, these minerals are nearly as safe in the soil as out of it. With nitrogen the case is different, as a portion of this is liable to be lost, and therefore large applications of nitrogen at any single time are not advised.

POPULAR PROVERBS.

SOME THAT ARE FAIRLY BRIMFUL OF ABSURDITY.

Taxims Often Quoted and at Times Advanced as Argument Which Have Neither Wit Nor Wisdom to Commend Them—Contradictory Sayings.

There is a mistaken notion abroad, says a writer in London Tit-Bits, that proverbs are epitomes of wisdom, the concentrated experience of generations, and that to quote one of them in a discussion is to advance an unanswerable argument. And yet what is there to recommend many of them beyond their jingle? Take our familiar friend:

Early to Bed and Early to Rise, Makes a Man Healthy, Wealthy and Wise.—Obviously, the main idea was to find a word to rhyme with "rise," and "wise" was the unfortunate word chosen. And now, trustful little boys are persuaded to go to bed at unreasonably early hours in the hope of becoming a sort of Sandow-Rothschild-Solomon, though we all know milkmen and market gardeners who get up at 5 a. m. and are neither rich nor clever, and members of parliament who go to bed late and are, if not clever, at least not poor and infirm. Since the invention of gas and electric light this ridiculous old proverb has outlived its original modicum of truth, and proves we must not venerate proverbs on account of their hoary antiquity.

The Early Bird Catches the Worm.—The mistake made here is that it assumes we are all birds. But some of us are worms. If we were not, what would become of the birds? And, therefore, while the birds do well to be early, let the worms be late—the later the better.

The Pitcher That Goes Off to the Well Is Broken at Last.—Note, it does not say "is broken first," but "is broken at last." Of course, every pitcher, whether it goes to the well or stays on the shelf, is broken at last, and the only result of this absurd proverb is to encourage lazy folk to do as little work as possible and unnecessarily keep out of harm's way.

If You Want a Thing Well Done, Do It Yourself.—There's shocking bad advice with which to start a youth on life's journey. If he wants a button well sewed on, he's to do it himself; if he wants his hair well cut, he's to cut it himself. He must mend his own chairs, shoe his own nag, darn his own socks. In short, from buying a horse to blacking his boots, he must do it himself. Poor fellow!

A Contented Mind Is a Continual Feast.—Can any one say what that means? Does it mean that the owner continually feasts on his contented mind or that the contented mind is continually feasting? Probably the latter, as we sometimes hear that "a hungry man's an angry man," and we all know that a satisfied appetite is the source of contentment. Hence it is not the contented mind which makes the feast, as the silly proverb implies, but the continual feast which produces the contented mind.

There's No Rule Without an Exception.—This is not only a proverb; it is also a rule. But obviously there is no exception to this rule, because if there were a rule with an exception this proverb would be untrue. But the proverb is a rule which has no exception, which, as Mr. Euclid would say, is absurd. Which was to be shown.

Where Ignorance Is Bliss, 'Tis Folly to Be Wise.—For oracular stupidity this proverb may be classed with the one about the pitcher. Granting it true, the difficulty is to know where ignorance is bliss and of course the proverb gives no assistance where it is most needed. Most people quote it as "ignorance is bliss," in their blissful ignorance, but if a proverb gives rise to error it is not only absurd; it is also dangerous. When people say—

A Little Learning Is a Dangerous Thing—They make that a reason not for learning more, but for learning less.

Love Me, Love My Dog.—If I go a-courting, and my ladylove bids me love her scented, dyspeptic poodle, which is not necessary to her health and comfort, must I not much more love her glass eye and false teeth and hair, which are? Yet common sense revolts at the notion, and I therefore assume that a proverb which, logically treated, makes such unreasonable demands on my affections is wrong and absurd.

Seeing Is Believing.—How can any reflecting person repeat these words? For very often we believe we see what really we do not. If a conjurer were to take this proverb as his motto, every one would see its absurdity. A straight stick half submerged in water looks crooked. Fortunately, another proverb says, "Trust not to appearances." And this bring us to the exquisite absurdity of popular proverbs which run in contradictory pairs and support both sides of an argument. Thus one proverb says, "Look before you leap;" another, "Who hesitates is lost." Sometimes we hear that "Second thoughts are best;" at other times that "Delays are dangerous." The desperate man relies on "Nothing venture, nothing have;" the cautious man on "Never venture out of your depth till you can swim." The impatient matrimonial candidate believes that "Happy's the wooing that's not long a-doing;" the tardy one that one may "Marry in haste and repent at leisure." And so on ad infinitum. "Absence makes the heart grow fonder"—"Out of sight, out of mind;" "It's never too late to mend"—"A fool at 40 will never be wise." "Too many cooks spoil the broth"—"There's safety in numbers" and "Two heads are better than one."

Therefore, let us examine our proverbial coinage before we pass it into the moral currency.

Change Wanted.

What some people need more than anything else is change—they have dollars, and they need sense.—Jewish Comment.

"I'll get even with that printer," said the editor of the Plunkville Bugle, "if it takes me the rest of my life."

"What printer?" asked his friend.

"That tramp I took on while my wife was visiting her mother. I got a $10 write up out of old Hiker, who is laying his pipes for the senatorship, and I said that some day his little son would make as big a mark as his father, and that villain fixed it that the young 'un would be as big a mark, etc."—Indianapolis Journal.