THE DENTON JOURNAL.
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
WM. HENRY LECO,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE, OR TWO DOLLARS, if not paid within ONE MONTH of the time of subscribing, or renewal of subscription. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months. A failure to notify a discontinuance is considered a new engagement. These terms will be strictly adhered to.

Denton Journal.

A Family Newspaper Devoted to General Intelligence, Agriculture, Advertising, &c.,—Independent on all Subjects.

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ADVERTISEMENTS

WILL be conspicuously inserted on the following terms: ONE SQUARE (SIX LINES, SOLID MEASUREMENT,) will be inserted THREE TIMES FOR ONE DOLLAR, and TWENTY-FIVE CENTS for each subsequent insertion: Longer ones in the same proportion. A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year. Advertisements not marked the number of insertions desired, will be continued until ordered out and charged for accordingly. Proceedings of public meetings, and personal communications are matters chargeable at half the rates of advertising. All advertisements collectable on first insertion.

A LARGE STOCK
OF
NEW GOODS.

H. BLACKISTON

Has just returned from the city with a well selected stock of

GOODS

for the winter trade, consisting of
DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
READY-MADE CLOTHING;
a fine lot of Ladies
SHAWLS
at reduced prices, Comforts already quilted, Blankets, Queensware of nearly all kinds.
FISH AND FLOUR.
In fact, a general assortment of all kinds of goods suitable to the trade and useful to families or individuals. If you are in want of goods call
AT MY OLD STAND,
nearly opposite the "Brick Hotel," and we will try to do the best we can to please you.
After thirty-five years experience in buying and selling goods, we ought to thoroughly understand the business, and we intend to do justice to all of our customers. Nearly all kinds of
Country Trade
taken in exchange for Goods.
nov22-y H. B.

WM. J. KELTON. HENDE THOMPSON
KELTON & THOMPSON,
Wholesale Dealers in All Kinds of
COUNTRY PRODUCE, FRUIT, POULTRY,
Fish, Oysters, &c.,
302 *NORTH FRONT STREET,*
PHILADELPHIA.
REFERENCES:
Col. SAML. HAMBLETON, Easton, Md.
J. C. W. JOWELL, Esq., "
Gen. R. THOMAS, Cashier Easton Bank.
WM. McKENNY, Centreville.
W. I. GILSON, "
WM. H. JACOBS, "
fy29-tf.

WATTSON & CLARK,
SUPER PHOSPHATE.
TRADE W&C MARK.
The best and cheapest fertilizer. For sale by all dealers.
OFFICE,
135 North water Street, Philadelphia.
feb10-y.

WADDY & SLAUGHTER,
GENERAL PRODUCE
Commission Merchants,
For the sale of Grain: Cotton, Pea Nuts, Wood, Fruit, Oysters, Butter, Eggs, &c.,
BERRIES AND PEACHES A SPECIALTY.
242 *WASHINGTON STREET,*
may 11-tf NEW YORK.

WM. P. FRANCIS. SOL. WRIGHT.
FRANCIS & WRIGHT,
GROCERS AND
Commission Merch'ts,
92 *LIGHT STREET WHARF,*
A few doors from the wharf of the Md. Steamboat Company,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Particular attention paid to all kinds of Country produce on Consignment. [ap31-1y.

G. BOPP. M. REINHARDT.
BOPP & REINEHARDT,
Merchant Tailors,
AND DEALERS IN
Ready-Made Clothing, Cloths, Vestings, Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, &c.
No. 154 Light St., Corner Barre,
BALTIMORE.
oct5-y.

GEO. B. KRALL,
Practical Millwright,
RIDGELY, MD.
Would respectfully inform the citizens of Caroline, Talbot and adjacent counties that he is prepared to execute the above business by contract or otherwise.
Burr Dressing a Specialty.
Agent for the Sale of Mill Furnishings.
TERMS REASONABLE.

CHEAP GOODS.
I HAVE Calf-Skin Boots, good quality at $4.00. A large stock of low priced shoes. Dry Goods and Notions at reduced prices. I wish to reduce my present stock of goods by the first of October in order to give room for my
FALL STOCK.
If you or your family are in need of any goods just call in and we will do our best to please you.
sept7-tf. H. BLACKISTON.

DR. ENOCH GEORGE,
Denton, Md.
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Denton and vicinity, can be found at the office of Geo. M. Russum, Esq., unless professionally engaged. [apr13-tf

EDWARD HAYES,
IRON COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 3, Post Office Avenue,
BALTIMORE.
Buys and sells scrap Iron and old Metals of every description. feb15-y

FALL ARRANGEMENT
CHESTER RIVER STEAMBOAT CO.
On and after Saturday, September 21st, 1872, the STEAMER
CHESTER
will leave Baltimore every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7 A. M., for Kent Island, Queenstown, Grey's Landing, Creek, Quaker Neck, Booker's Ralph's Chestertown and Crumpton.
Returning, leave Crumpton every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7 A. M., making the above stops.
FARE $125.
Freights received on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
All Freights must be Pre-Paid at the Office in Baltimore. [nov9-tf.

EDWARD REDHEAD,
PRACTICAL
HOUSE, SIGN PAINTER AND GLAZIER,
FEDERALSBURG, MD.,
Paper Hanging done to Order. Chairs Re-Painted and Seats Bottomed All Work Done Neatly and Promptly
jy2-tf.

HENRY IRWIN,
AUCTION EER.
DENTON, MD.
Offers his services to the public to cell sales in Caroline and adjoining counties. He pattors himself, if employed, that he can give entire satisfaction. [dec21-y

J. W. LOCKERMAN,
AUCTIONEER,
CONCORD MARYLAND.
Respectfully announces his readiness to call sales in any part of Caroline, Talbot or Dorchester counties. Charges less than any auctioneer's.—Satisfaction guaranteed. [oct5-tf.

JAS. HIGNUTT,
AUCTIONEER,
DENTON, MD.
Offers his services to the people of Caroline county to call sales. He has been an auctioneer for many years, and believes and knows, if employed, that he can give entire satisfaction. Any orders left at the Journal Office will be promptly attended to. [Jan4-1y.

ESMA LOWE,
AUCTIONEER,
DENTON, MD.
HAVING taken out license as auctioneer, is prepared to call sales at auction in Caroline county. His long experience will enable him to render satisfaction in each instance. [jy31-tf.

A. G. STEWART. W. SNYDER.
A. G. STEWART & CO.
Commission Merchants for the sale of
Grain, Oysters, Poultry, Eggs, Fruits, Vegetables,
AND
COUNTRY PRODUCE GENERALLY.
102 S. CHARLES ST, near Camden,
BALTIMORE.
oct 5-y.

MARIETTA LOCK WORKS.
Manufacturers of
DOOR LOCKS,
And every description of
BUILDERS' HARDWARE.
We make the Safest Locks in the country. Send for Price Lists and Circulars.
feb24-tw MARIETTA LOCK WORKS, Marietta, Ohio

H. S. GOLDSBOROUGH. WM. G. ROBERTS
GOLDSBOROUGH & ROBERTS
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
EASTON, MD
Will practice in Talbot, Queen Anne's, Caroline and Dorchester Counties. [oct19-1y.

ALPHEUS A. TOWNSEND,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Easton, Md.
Will practice in all the Courts of the State.
octMarch13-tf

CHAS. E. SHANAHAN,
Attorney-at-Law.
OFFICE ON DOVER STREET,
EASTON, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Talbot, Caroline and adjoining counties. Especial attention to collection of claims, Sale of Real Estate, &c.
nov9-1y.

WM. S. BIDDLE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's counties. d38-1y

ROBT. J. JUMP,
ADOTTNEY-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's counties. d38-1y

DR. P. STACK,
DENTIST,
DENTN, Md.
ALL work warranted to fit, but must be returned within two weeks to entitle the party to the benefit of the guarantee. Payment is expected when the work is completed. [mar2-tf

LAW CARD.
DAVID T. STEWART,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
DOVER, DELAWARE.
Office, North end of Court House. Special attention given to the Collection of Claims.
June 10, 1871-y.

NEW GOODS at
H. BLACKISTON'S

The Hand That Rocks the World.

BY WM. ROSS WALLACE.

Blessings on the hand of Woman!
Angels guard its strength and grace,
In the palace, cottage, hovel,
O, no matter where the place!
Would that never storms assailed it;
Rainbows ever gently curled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Infancy's the tender fountain;
Power may with Beauty flow:
Mothers first to guide the streamlets;
From them souls unresting grow,
Grow on for the good or evil,
Sunshine streamed or darkness hurled:
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Woman, how divine your mission
Here upon our natal sod!
Keep, O keep the young heart open
Always to the breath of God:
All true trophies of the Ages
Are from Mother Love impearled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Blessings on the hand of Woman!
Fathers, sons, and daughters cry,
And the sacred song is mingled
With worship in the sky,
Mingles where no tempest darkens,
Rainbows evermore are hurled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

JIM DUFFY'S VALENTINE.

BY MAY ADELER.

I shall not attempt, as the editor of this paper requests, to supply from my imagination a story suitable to Saint Valentine's day. Rather I will relate with what tenderness I can the simple and pathetic facts in the case of Duffy.

Jim Duffy loved. He was not singular in this—other Duffy's had done the same thing; but it was Jim Duffy's peculiar fortune that while he loved but one woman, two women loved him.—Miss Smith was the beautiful blue-eyed being to whom he had given his heart, and to whom he would cheerfully have given his liver or his ribs or any other portion of his framework if the custom of society had made such an anatomical surrender proper. Miss Clamm was the faded flower who had fixed her battered and venerable affections upon Mr. Duffy without any provocation having been offered by him, and Mr. Duffy hated Clamm with quite as much intensity as he loved Smith, because Clamm would always fasten to him at the church-meetings and the evening companies, and gush over to him in the presence of people, and insist upon his company home at the very moment when he had determined to escort Miss Smith.

And so, when St. Valentine's day came round, Duffy thought it would be a clever idea to send a proposal of marriage to Miss Smith, and at the same time to cool the enthusiasm of Clamm with an outrageous comic valentine of some kind. He procured one of these immediately, and then wrote to his only Smith a note beginning with "Dearest" and ending with "Yours, till death." Unhappily, it came to pass that Mr. Duffy placed each of these papers in the wrong envelope; and while the comic affair went away to Smith, a direct proposal proceeded to Clamm. Nothing could have been more unfortunate, for no sooner did the aforesaid Clamm receive Duffy's note than she suddenly did up her back hair, put on her bonnet, assumed her umbrella and gum shoes, and started by the shortest known route to James Duffy's residence.

When the front door was opened, she dashed past the hired girl and into the sitting room, where, finding Jim reading a newspaper, she flung her arms about his neck, dropped her head upon his shoulders and her umbrella upon his corn and exclaimed—

"Take me, take me, James! Take me dearest! I am yours—yours for ever!"

As soon as Mr. Duffy regained his presence of mind, he struggled to disengage himself, while he attempted to explain to her that he should not take her; that he did not want her; that she was not his for ever or for five minutes; and that if she did not remove her forehead from his vest, and her umbrella from the vicinity of his toe, he should be compelled to call the police. But Miss Clamm would hear no explanation. She nestled closer and closer to his waistcoat, and cried into his watch-pocket, and kept plunging her umbrella about with such erratic vigor, that Mr. Duffy's left foot continually excited one half of the waltz movements in an effort to save its most sensative excrescence from torture. But at last, when Clamm murmured something about fixing the wedding day, and making [illegible] Duffy tore himself away and fled to the garret, where he locked the door and tied the trap down with rope, lest the invincible Clamm should burst in upon him from that direction.

Meantime, Miss Smith received the comic valentine; and recognizing Duffey's handwriting on the envelope, she was deeply pained, and she thought she might indirectly obtain comfort and an explanation of the matter by calling on her bosom friend, the sister of Mr. Duffy. So she sallied out and reached the house. It happened by a very strange coincidence that her bonnet and cloak bore a kind of general appearance to those worn by Miss Clamm; and Duffy, when he heard the door-bell ring, looked out from the garret window, and felt perfectly certain that the remorseless Miss Clamm had returned for the purpose of impressing more firmly upon his mind that she was his forever, and he could take her. So Duffy did a most scandalous and ungentlemanly thing.—He emptied a bucket of water out of the window upon the figure below.

Miss Smith went home damp and indignant. A little while after, Miss Clamm, being in pursuit of her Duffy called upon Miss Smith, hoping to find him there. She waited in the parlor while Miss Smith changed her clothing, and meanwhile it really occurred to Mr. Duffy to go to Smith's and ask for an answer to his proposal. It was a sunny day, and snow was upon the ground. The parlor and entry were gloomy, and when Duffy went in he could hardly see a handbreath before him. But the eye of Miss Clamm was upon him. He perceived the indistinct outline of a woman's figure. He was of course sure that it was Miss Smith, and he felt certain that she was about to express her feelings by action rather than in language. So Duffy folded her in his arms and kissed her forehead, and asked her if she really loved him. She whispered yes; and as they stood there, while his heart overflowed with joy, and he wondered why Miss Smith should sit in her own parlor with her umbrella in her hand, the wind blew one of the shutters open suddenly, and at the same moment in walked Miss Smith.

It was— But no. I shall not attempt to describe that situation. It is impossible. Everybody was agitated but Clamm. James Duffy was dumb-founded and horror-stricken—Miss Smith was amazed and furious; but Clamm was collected, she was cool—she appeared to enjoy everything; and she would probably have fallen upon Jim Duffy's shoulder again and cooed merely to let Miss Smith see how nice it was, had not Duffy dodged as he saw her coming, and permitted her to smash her bonnet against the sofa cushion.

Then Mr. Duffy undertook to tell Miss Smith how it was, but naturally, after all that had happened, she was too much enraged to harken to him, and she ordered both visitors from the house. They departed, Clamm with the book of her umbrella handle firmly fixed in the pocket of James Duffy's overcoat.

But when they reached the street, Duffy, in his agony and anger, expressed his feelings upon the subject of Clamm in such a violent and unmistakable manner that even she was convinced. And when she asked him if he intended to marry her and he said no, she left him and proceeded at once to a lawyer, who began a suit for breach of promise against Duffy, and took it into court the next week. Duffy's letter to Smith was read in evidence, and Clamm made Smith testify as to the proceedings in her parlor, which cut up the defendant horribly. Clamm herself sat there all the time weeping for the purpose of harrowing up the feelings of the jurymen, who gave a verdict of $6,000 damages to the plaintiff, whereupon the said plaintiff instantly began to organize war upon a fresh man.

Jim Duffy is still single. I know him well. He seems to hate women; and whenever he has to write a note to one, he always takes it out of the envelope fourteen or fifteen times to assure himself that he has the right document, and that a chemical analysis could not detect an offer of marriage in it. [illegible] *delphia To-Day.*

A COUPLE of Yankee girls put a bull-frog in a hired man's bed, to see if it would not get him to talk. Daniel shiver the frog out of the window, and never said a word. Soon after, he put a girl's a bushel of chestnut burrs in [illegible] bed, and about the time he thought would make the least shadow of [illegible] went to the door and rattled it [illegible] Out went the candle, and in [illegible] girls; but they didn't stick, tho' [illegible] burrs did. Calling to them he [illegible] them to be quiet, for he only wanted [illegible] know if they had seen anything of [illegible] pesky bull-frog. He'd gin tew [illegible] few find it.

THE GOLDEN TEXT.

The minister of Iscly sat in his study late one Saturday night, a weary, disheartened man; he had just finished a week of arduous duties, and harrassing cares, and he had not expected to preach the next day, as he was suffering from a severe cold; but his anticipated help had not come, and his sermon was unwritten, and himself in anything but a devotional frame of mind—for ministers, after all, if they are ambassadors of Christ, are human. Their physical natures are often weak, and their spiritual condition is not always perfect, even with the divine help they constantly implore.

On this night Mr. Redmond leaned his a hing head on his study table, and almost wished he was not a minister that he might provide his family with the comforts they so much needed, that so much would not be expected of him, and so little given in return. He was not even sure that he had the sympathy and prayers of his people; they were so distant towards him, and he felt strongly tempted to have no service on the next day in the church, and so excuse himself altogether.

But was that doing his Master's work? No. He could not prepare a written sermon at that late hour in his present depression of spirits, but he could talk to the people affectionately from the pulpit, as a father to his children.

He opened his bible to select a text, and chose the first his eye rested on: "Bear ye one another's burdens."

Never had he spoken so impressively as he did on that; never had the relation of pastor and people seemed nearer to him, or his sacred office of more endearing beauty. He spoke of the saintly fellowship of Christians upon the earth, and his heart was in what he said.

His people had only respected him before—that day they loved him. There were some narrow-minded men in the congregation; one of these sat the next day in his comfortable home and talked with his wife and children over yesterday's sermon.

"It seems to me Mr. Redmond felt badly," he said.

"I thought so too," said his wife.

"Kitty, I have been thinking over that text, and have about concluded to bear his burden a little."

"How can we do it," she asked.

"I've got a sight more of that smooth hickory wood than I can use in two years, and I will give him a couple of cords. I think that will help a little."

Kitty said, "Yes, do," and mentally resolved that when pork time came, a snug ham, and sausage meat should find its way to the parsonage.

Somehow the wood was accompanied with a barrel of flour, the gift of another member, and shortly after a real donation visit made the minister's home a happy one for that winter, so that he was able out of his small salary to spare the money for a few needed books.

But that was not all that good text did.

John Collins was a night watchman at the great warehouse of Baker & Co. He was poor and his wife was sick, and do what he would, he could not make both ends meet.

There was a tride of money coming to him from a first employer, but it would not be due until three months.—If he could borrow that, it would make him straight again. But where could he borrow it? His companions were as poor as he. The minister might lend it, for he had been a good friend to John, but he somehow thought Mr. Redmond need all the money he got.—Mr. Baker, his employer, was rich and he would never need it, but he was very close. John knew that. However, for the sake of his little Nellie at home sick, and his wife a pale sufferer, he made bold to ask, standing by the rich man's desk, and twirling his rimless hat, and telling his story plainly and emphatically. Mr. Baker heard him through, and then looked at him from head to foot.

"I cannot help you," was on his lips, when like an inspiration came Sunday's sermon, and he said,

"Bear ye one another's burdens."

And he counted the money and gave it too the man.

"You have been conest and faithful in the past, John," was all he said.

Mrs. Weston had never thought to inquire into the circumstances of the woman who did her washing, standing all day at the weary work. But that Monday morning, when she went into the kitchen, and saw that bent form swaying to and fro over the steaming suds, she thought of her as a woman and a sister, and by a few questions learned her whole history, a very common one—a widow and four children. Mrs. Weston gave her some warm clothes for her children, and promised to call and see her, and encourage her by kind words.

And Mrs. Weston resolved never to be guilty of such thoughtlessness again.

"Bear ye one another's burden," yet sang in her ears and softened her heart.

It had been a great wonder to the people of Mr. Redmond's church to see the old miser, Thomas Fulton, come up the aisle upon the Sabbath. It was still greater wonder when they heard he had sent to the alms house for his daughter Mary and her crippled boy. Had the pastor's sermon touched that flinty heart?

Under God's grace it had.

"Can I ever be discouraged again?" thought Mr. Redmond, when he had heard of its influence.

"Surely the angel of deliverance was near me on that night."

There are other parishes in which that text could be preached with good effect.

There are other hearts for it to reach and touch.

It has a universal meaning, for wherever toiling, wearing humanity is, there should be learned the golden text—

"Bear ye one another's burdens."

A Singular Case,

A case having but few known parallels in medical practice is just now puzzling the faculty in the vicinity of Elmira, N. Y., and forming a subject for universal comment. The circumstances attending it are as follows:

Nearly three years ago Mr. R. A. Hall, then a resident of Elmira, was rendered unconscious by striking his head against a beam in his barn. He speedily recovered and no serious consequences resulted from the injury up to within the past few days. Shortly after the accident Mr. Hall engaged in the mercantile business in Scranton, Pa., and removed thither with his family.—One day last week he was obliged to leave his store and go home, owing to a severe and peculiar pain in his head.—After reaching his residence he was taken with violent spasms, which continued at short intervals until ten o'clock at night, when they left him, and he sank into a quiet sleep, resting well all night. Upon awaking in the morning, his actions were so singular that it was a long time before his friends could explain the cause. It was finaly discovered that his memory, from the date of the accident in Elmira, was entirely gone. Everything that had occurred during the past three years, and during that time many important events had transpired in his life, was as blank to him as if he had been in a swoon for all that time. He recognized his wife and others he had known before the accident, but two children that were born during the past three years were entire strangers to him. His oldest child, five years old, he remembered only as she was when but two. His mind seemed weak, and his friends hoped that with the return of his usual good health his memory would be restored. In a day or two, however, both his mental and physical vigor returned, but the singular gap in his memory remained. His partner in business, Mr. Pratt, Mr. Hall had known for years. Mr. Pratt, at the time of the injury to Mr. Hall's head, was principal of a school at Danville, Pa., and Mr. Hall remembers him only as that. He entered the latter's room a day or so after he was taken sick, and Mr. Hall was very much surprised to see him, and asked about his school, and friends in Danville. Mr. Hall could hardly be brought to believe his present position, but he finally saw it could not be otherwise. Every effort has been made by his family by bringing up old associations, the death of friends and relatives and important events in his life for the past three years, to awaken some sign of recollection of that time, but in vain. He was greatly surprised to hear that he had been doing business in Scranton for two years, and in a drive through that city a day or two since he recognized none of the business firms with whom he has had dealings during that time. He is now in this city, visiting old scenes and friends, in hopes that he may fix his mind on something which will lead it back over the three years that are blank to him and result in entirely restoring his memory.

Two Irishmen were working in a quarry, when one of them fell into a deep hole. The other alarmed, rushed to the brink of the hole and called out, "Pat are you kilt entirely? If you are dead spake!" Pat reassured him from the bottom, by saying in answer, "No, Tim; not dead, but knocked spachless."

It is noted, as a pleasing sign of the progress of civilization among Parisian journalists, that two well known writers recently encountered each other in the street, and fought with their umbrellas.

How to Treat Strangers:

A Sabbath School missionary in the West, while addressing a Sabbath School noticed a little girl shabbly dressed and bare-footed, shrinking in a corner, her little sunburned face buried in her hands, the tears trickling between her small fingers, and sobbing as if her heart would break. Soon, however, another little girl about eleven years old, got up and went to her, and taking her by the hand, led her toward a brook then seated her on a log, and kneeling beside her, she took off her ragged sun bonnet, and dipping her hand in the water, bathed her hot eyes and tear-stained face, and smoothed the tangled hair, talking in a cherry manner all the while.

The little one brightened up, the tears all went, and smiles came creeping around the rosy mouth.

The missionary stepped forward and said:

"Is that your sister, my dear?"

"No, sir answered the noble child, with tender, earnest eyes, "I have no sister, sir."

"O! one of the neighbor's children," replied the missionary—"a little schoolmate, perhaps?"

"No, sir; she is a stranger. I do not know where she came from. I never saw her before."

"Then how came you to take her out, and have such a care for her if you do not know her?"

"Because she was a stranger, sir, and seemed all alone, and needed somebody to be kind to her."

THE NEWSPAPER.—General Jackson when President, said to one of his fiercest newspaper opponents, "send me your newspaper. I know that you oppose me, but then I should like to see your paper every day. I want to see how many lies you can tell on me."

"General," said the editor, "I think I do right in opposing you, and I shall continue to do so with all the ability of which I am master."

Here was a man after Jackson's own heart, and he instantly replied with an oath, "sir, send me your paper, for aside from your abuse of me your paper is a good one. Besides, I never saw a newspaper in which I could not find something worth reading."

Just so. No man can pick up any newspaper without finding something of interest. You may take the paper and tear it into fragments, and in each fragment you will see something to amuse or instruct you.

A HORRID "DREAM COME TRUE."—A strange story comes from China. A native school boy at Shanghai told his schoolmaster that he had dreamed his stepmother murdered him, and placed his remains in a jar under the floor of her house. The schoolmaster reassured his pupil at the moment, but subsequently missing him in a few days from school remembered his dream, and rushed to the house of his stepmother to inquire for the boy. Receiving an unsatisfactory answer, and full of suspicion of foul play, the man tore up the floor of the room and found the corpse of his pupil cut up and stowed away in a jar precisely as the poor boy had described. The case has been authenticated before the Chinese Courts, and the murderess was executed, after being carried to the six gates of the city to receive the execrations of the people.

Gentleman—"My good woman how much is that goose?"

Market Woman—"Well you may have the two at seven shillin'."

Gentleman—"But I only want one."

Market Woman—"Can't help it, ain't a goin' to sell one without the other.—Them ere geese, to my certain knowledge, hev been together for more'n thirteen years, and I ain't a goin' to be unfeelin' as to separate 'em now."

RUINED MERCHANT.—"I am not used to begging," said a little girl to a lady of whom she had asked alms, "cause only two weeks ago my father was a merchant."

"Why, child, how could you be reduced to poverty so soon?"

"My father took a [illegible] bad two dollar bill at his peanut stand, and it ruined him," sobbed the child.

DRYDEN was so bound up in his books that his wife exclaimed;

"I wish I were a book that I might always be in your society."

"I wish you were an almanac, so I could change you every year," replied he.

People often complain of not getting their rights, and it is sometimes well for them that they don't.

DEATH will certainly come sometime, and it is better to be prepared to die than to be young again.

Open to conviction—a pickpocket.

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