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WM. HENRY LECC,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

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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.

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 Inn Creek, Quaker Neck, Booker's Rolph's Chestertown and Crumpton.

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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 Recaned All Work Done Neatly and Promptly

jy2-tf.

HENRY IRWIN,
AUCTIONEER.
DENTON, MD.

Offers his services to the public to call sales in Caroline and adjoining counties. He flatters 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,
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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.

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A. G. STEWART & CO.
Commission Merchants for the sale of
Grain, Oysters, Potatoes, Poultry, Eggs, Fruits, Vegetables,
AND
COUNTRY PRODUCE GENERALLY.
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oct 5-y.

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Manufacturers of
DOOR LOCKS,
And every description of
BUILDERS' HARDWARE.

We make the Safest Locks in the country. Send for Price Lists and Circulars.
MARIETTA LOCK WORKS,
feb24-4w Marietta, Ohio

H. N. 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.
oct8&may13-tf

CHAS. E. SHANAHAN,
Attorney-at-Law.
OFFICE ON DOVER STREET,
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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. RIDGELY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's counties. d30-1y

ROBT. J. JUMP,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's counties. d30-1y

DR. P. STACK,
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DENTON, 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.

FLOUR by the pound or bbl.
ELLINGTON & HORSEY'S.

I HAVE DRANK MY LAST GLASS.

BY LOUIS S. UPHAM.

No, comrades, I thank you, not any for me;
My last chain is riven, henceforward I'm free;
I will go to my home and my children to-night
With no fumes of liquor their spirits to blight,
And with tears in my eyes I will beg my poor wife
To forgive me the wreck I have made of her life!
"I have never refused you before!" Let that pass,
For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass!

Just look at me now, boys, in rags and disgrace,
With my bleared, haggard eyes, and my red, bloated face!
Mark my faltering step, and my weak, palsied hand,
And the mark on my brow that is worse than Cain's brand;
See my crownless hat, and my elbows and knees
Alike warmed by the sun or chilled by the breeze;
Why, even the children will hoot as I pass—
But I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass!

You would hardly believe, boys, to look at me now,
That a mother's soft hand was once pressed on my brow,
When she kissed me, and blessed me, her darling and pride,
Ere she lay down to rest by my dead father's side;
But with love in her eyes, she looked up to the sky,
Bidding me meet her there, and whispered, "Good bye."
And I'll do it, God helping! Your smile I let pass,
For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass!

Ah! I reeled home last night—it was not very late,
For I'd spent my last sixpence, and landlords won't wait
On a fellow who's left every cent in their till,
And has pawned his last bed, their coffers to fill.
Oh! the torments I felt, and the pangs I endured!
And I begged for one glass—just one would have cured;
But they kicked me out doors—I let that, too, pass,
For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass!

At home my pet Susie, with her soft golden hair,
I saw through the window, just kneeling in prayer.
From her pale, bony hands, her torn sleeves were strung down,
While her feet cold and bare, shrank beneath her scant gown;
And she prayed—prayed for bread, just a poor crust of bread.
For one crust—on her knees, my pet darling plead;
And I heard, with no penny to buy one, alas!
But I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass!

For Susie, my darling, my wee six-year-old,
Though fainting with hunger and shivering with cold.
There, on the bare floor asked God to bless me?
And she said, "Don't cry, mamma! he will for you see,
I believe what I ask for!" Then, sobered, I crept
Away from the house, and that night when I slept,
Next to my heart lay the PLEDGE! You smile! Let it pass,
But I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass!

My darling child saved me! her faith and her love
Are akin to my dear sainted mother's above!
I'll make her words true, or I'll die in the race.
And sober I'll go to my last resting-place;
And she shall kneel there, and weeping, thank God
No drunkard lies under that daisy-strewn sod!
Not a drop more of poison my lips shall e'er pass,
For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass!

THE CALICO CLOAK.

"Have you seen the new cloak?" asked Mary Lark, a girl of twelve or fourteen years, as she ran to meet a group of schoolmates who were coming toward the school house; "She cuts the most comical looking figure you ever saw. Her cloak is made of calico, and her shoes are brogans, such as men and boys wear."

"Oh, yes, I've seen her," said Lucy Brooks; "she's the new washerwoman's daughter. I shouldn't have thought Mr. Brown would have taken her into the academy; but I suppose he likes the money that comes through suds as well as any; it is cleaner of course."

The air rang with the girl's laughter.

"Let's go in and examine her," continued Mary, as they ascended the steps of the school house. "I'm thinking she will make fun for us."

The girls went into the dressing-room where they found the new scholar, a mild, intelligent-looking child, poorly, though tidily clad. The girls went round her, whispering and laughing with each other, while she stood trembling and blushing in the corner of the room, without venturing to raise her eyes from the floor. When she entered the school they found the little girl far in advance of those of her age, in her studies, and she was placed in classes of those two or three years her senior.

This seemed, on the whole, to make those girls who were disposed to treat her unkindly, dislike her more; she being of a retiring disposition, through her influence had no friends, but went and returned from school alone.

"And do you really think," said Mary Lark, as she went up to the little girl a few weeks after she entered the school, "that you are going to get the medal? It will correspond very nicely with your cloak?"

She caught hold of the cape and held it from her, while the girls joined in her hoarse laugh.

"Calico cloak get the medal?" I guess she will! "I should like to see Mr. Brown give it to her," said another girl, as she caught hold of her arm and peeped under the child's bonnet. The little girl struggled to release herself, and as soon as she was free, ran home as fast as possible.

"Oh, mother," she said, as she entered her humble kitchen, "do answer Uncle William's letter, and we will go to New York [illegible] ville. The girls call me 'calico cloak' and 'brogans,' and you do not know, mother, how unkindly they treat me."

"Lizzie," said the mother, you must expect to meet with those who treat you unkindly on account of your poverty, but you must not be discouraged. Do right, and you will eventually come off conqueror."

Although Mrs. Lee tried to encourage her child, yet she knew that she had to meet with very severe trials for one so young.

"But, mother, they are all unkind to me; there isn't a single one that loves me."

And the child buried her face in her hands and sobbed aloud.

In Bridgeville academy there were a few unprincipled girls, and the others joined them in teasing the little "calico cloak," as they called her, from sheer thoughtlessness and love of sport; but they knew not how deeply each sportive word pierced the heart of the little stranger, and how many bitter tears she had shed over their unkindness.

Mrs Lee, learning that the scholars continued their unjust treatment toward her child, resolved to accept her brother's invitation, although he was a poor man; perhaps through his influence her daughter might lead a happier life than she did among her schoolmates.

Accordingly at the end of the term she left Bridgeville and removed to New York. Although Lizzie had been a member of the school but one term, she had gained the medal, and it was taken from the academy beneath the dispised garments.

"Weeks, months and years glided away to the students of the Bridgeville academy, and the little "calico cloak" was forgotten. Those who were at school with her left to enter upon the business of life.

Twelve years after Mrs. Lee had left town, Mr. Maynard, a young clergyman, came to Bridgeville, and was settled as pastor of the village church. It was reported at the sewing circle the week following his ordination, that it was expected he would bring his bride into town in a few weeks.

There was a great curiosity to see her, and especially after it was reported that she was a talented young authoress.

Soon after Mr. Maynard gratified their curiosity by walking into church with his young wife leaning on his arm; she was a lady of great intellectual beauty, and everybody was deeply interested in the young minister and his wife. The following week the young ladies flocked in to see her, and she promised to meet them at the next gathering of the sewing circle.

The day arrived, and although it was quite stormy, Mrs. Deacon Brown's parlor was filled with smiling faces.—The deacon's carriage was sent to the parsonage after Mrs. Maynard, and in due time it arrived, bringing the lady in it. The shaking of hands that followed her arrival can only be imagined by those who have been present on festive occasions.

"How are you pleased with our little village?" asked a Mrs. Britton after the opening exercises were over, as she took a seat beside Mrs. Maynard.

"I like its appearance much; it has improved wonderfully within the last twelve years."

"Were you ever in Bridgeville before?" asked another lady, as those around looked somewhat surprised at her.

"I was here a few months when a child," replied Mrs. Maynard.

Their curiosity was excited.

"Have you friends here!" asked a third.

"I have not. I resided with my mother, the widow Lee; we lived in a little cottage which stood upon the spot now occupied by a large store on the corner of Pine street."

"The widow Lee!" repeated Mrs. Britton: "I well remember the cottage, but I do not recollect the name.

"I think I attended school with you at the academy," replied Mrs. Maynard; "you were Miss Mary Lark, were you not?"

"That was my name," replied Mrs. Britton, as a smile passed over her features at being recognized; "but I am really ashamed that my memory is so recreant."

"I was known in the academy as the little 'calico cloak.' Perhaps you can remember me by that name."

The smile faded from the face of Mrs. Britton, and a deep blush overspread her features, which in a few moments were seen deepening upon the faces of others present. There was silence for some minutes. When Mrs. Maynard looked up she found she had caused considerable disturbance am[illegible] the ladies of her rage by making [illegible] dently known [illegible] "Well when the little 'calico [illegible] to the academy," said an old lady, as she looked over her glasses, "and I think, if my memory serves me right, some of the ladies present owe Mrs. Maynard a very humble apology."

"I had no intention whatever, ladies," replied Mrs. Maynard, "to reprove any one present by making myself known; but as it may seem so to some, that such was my intention, I will add a few more words."

"Most of the young ladies will remember the little 'calico cloak,' but no one but the wearer knew how deeply each unkind word pierced the little heart that beat beneath it. As I again hear the old acad my bell ring, it brings back to my mind the sorrows of childhood. But let no lady mistake me, by supposing I cherish an unkind feeling towards any one."

"But ladies, let me add, if you have children, teach them a lesson from my experience, and treat kindly the poor and despised. A calico cloak may cover a heart as warm with affection and as sensitive with [illegible] s one that beats beneath a velvet covering.—Wherever you meet a child that shows a disposition to despise the poor, tell the story of the 'calico cloak,' it will carry its own moral."

"That is the shortest but the best sermon I ever heard," said the old lady again, as she put her handkerchief under her glasses, "and I don't believe it will be lost by any of us."

The old lady was right. The story went from one to another, until it found its way into the academy. At that very time a little boy was attending school there, whose mother was struggling with her needle to give him an education. The boys often made cruel sport of his patched knees and elbows, and he would run home to his mother. But when the "calico cloak" reached the scholars, the little boys, for he was naturally a noble-hearted child, became very kind to little Patchey.

When Mrs. Maynard heard the story of "Little Patchey," she felt that she was well repaid for all she had suffered in her childhood.

Believe in Yourself.

It is said that when John C. Calhoun was in Yale College he was ridiculed by his fellow students for his intense application to study. "Why, sir," said he, "I am forced to make the most of my time that I may acquit myself creditably when in Congress." A laugh followed, when he exclaimed, "Do you doubt it? I assure you if I were not convinced of my ability to reach the national capital as a Representative within the next three years, I would leave college this very day!" Let every young man thus have faith in himself and earnestly take hold of life, scorning all props and buttresses, all crutches and life-preservers. Let him believe, with Pestalozzi, that no man on God's earth is either willing or able to help any other man. Let him strive to be a creator, rather than to borrow. Instead of yielding the rusted sword of valorous forefathers, let [illegible] his own weapons, and conscious of the God in him and the Providence over him, let him fight his own battles with his own good lance. Instead of sighing for an education, capital, for friends, and declaring that "if he only had these he would be somebody," let him remember that, as Horace Greeley said, he is looking in the wrong end of the telescope; that if he only were somebody he would speedily have all the boons whose absence he is bewailing. Instead of being one of the foiled potentialities of which the world is so full—one of the subjunctive heroes, who always might, could, would, or should do great things, but whose not doing greater things is what nobody can understand—let him be in the imperative mood, and do that of which his talents are indicative. This lesson of self-reliance once learned and acted on, and every man will discover within himself, and God, the elements and capacities of usefulness and honor.

Henry Clay once accused John Randolph of being an aristocrat. In a voice whose shrill piercing tones penetrated every ear in the House, Randolph exclaimed: "If a man is known by the company he keeps, the gentleman who just sat down is more of an aristocrat than I claim to be; for he spends most of his nights in the company of kings and queens and knaves.

Two fatigued travelers, having travel ten miles further, comforted themselves by the calculation that it was only five miles each.

"Poor but respectable people" are common enough; but what we want now is a few rich and respectable.

The First Flower of Spring.

A [illegible]er sweet—the first [illegible] Spring—
So ten[illegible],
Blooms lovely in the bright sunshine,
Sheds fragrance far and near.

'Tis lonely; no companion yet
To share Spring's bright array,
And seems to weep a tear of grief,
To pine the time away.

Yet lovely in its solitude,
Inhales the sunny ray,
Aye seems to sweetly, fainty smile,
And bear its grief to-day.

The morrow brings more flowers in bloom,
In glory and in pride;
But when another day has passed,
Thou wilt have faded—died.

[*Charleston Courier.*

Clean Hands.

The world moves. It is not so respectable as it was a few years ago to be a rascal. People are learning the lesson that clean hands are desirable, both for personal comfort and pleasant social intercourse. They really seem to be learning that purity pays, and that personal honor and incorruptibleness are a good investment. Rogues and rings are having a tough time of it, and it is their own fault if the young and ambitious men who are now coming upon the stage of action do not learn to place so high a price upon themselves that neither wealth nor power can buy them. The rascalities of the New York Ring are all exposed, and the members of that Ring have either run away, or are staggering before public opinion and the law, disgraced and degraded men. Bribery in Congress stands exposed and rebuked, while names that were pure have received a tarnish that can never be polished away. Men who have held their heads high in the nation, bow those heads in shame over hands which are soiled beyond cleansing. We call no names, but, scattered up and down the land, great reputations lie in ruins.—Men who had wealth which they stole, and men who had positions which they bought, and men who used their public office to push their private schemes, are thrown high and dry out of influence, and lie all exposed upon the rocks of disgrace, where they are sure to rot or go to pieces.

If the young politicians of the country will learn the lesson that the facts which we have recounted are so well calculated to teach, better times for the country lie in the future. Personal advantage is a mean motive to appeal to, where so vital a question as personal purity is concerned, but, as there is no danger to morals from any other appeal, it is well to meet temptation on its own ground and fight it with its own weapons. The lesson of the recent exposures is really needed by none but those who fancy that they can compass their ends best by base means; and if these shall learn from it that, in the long run, nothing pays so well in wealth and power and safety and comfort as virtue, they will learn that which will be of incalculable benefit to them and to the country. No money was ever won by treachery to trust that did not harm the winner.—No power was ever achieved by bribery or retained by falsehood that did not scorch the palm of him who held it.—The consciousness of ill-desert, the loss of self-respect, the fear of exposure and the self-commitment to a life of deception, which go always with possessions unworthily won, are poison in the blood, and the exposure, sooner or later, is as sure to come as death.—*Scribner's for April.*

To The Young Men.

The true girl has to be sought for.—She does not parade herself as show goods. She is not fashionable. Generally she is not rich. But O! what a heart she has when you find her! so large and pure, and womanly! When you see it, you wonder if those showry things outside are really women. If you gain her love, your two thousand are a million, She'll not ask you for a carriage or a first class house. She'll wear simple dresses, and turn them when necessary, with no vulgar magnificent to frown upon her economy.—She'll keep everything neat and nice in your sky-parlor, and give you such a welcome when you come home, that you'll think your parlor higher than ever. She'll entertain true friends on a dollar, and astonish you with the new thought, how very little happinees depends on money! She'll make you love home, (if you don't you are a bore,) and teach you how to pity, while you scorn, a poor fashionable society that thinks itself rich, and vainly tries to make itself happy. Now, do not, I pray you, say any more, "I can't afford to marry." Go find the true woman, and you can! Throw away that cigar, burn up that switch cane, be sensible yourself, and see your wife in a sensible way.

Extraordinary Scene in a North Carolina Court.

[illegible] Goldsboro' *Messenger* records the following [illegible] connection with a trial before the recent term of the Wayne county Superior Court, Judge Clark presiding:

"A colored boy, eighteen years old, of more than ordinary shrewdness, stood indicted for forgery, in that he forged several orders on John H. Powell, Esq., a merchant in this place, and which realized him about twenty dollars. The boy come forward in court and submitted, whereupon his Honor delivered himself of a short lecture, admonishing the young forger that his crime was a penitentiary offence, and said the Judge, "were you a white man I should certainly send you there."—Concluding his remarks the boy's father was summoned before his Honor, whom he addressed thus:

"Your boy is guilty of a penitentiary offence, but if you will take him in one of the rooms below and give him a good chastisement, I will not pass sentence upon him. I cannot order him to be whipped, but you have the right to do it, and if you don't do it I shall send him to the penitentiary for two years. I would like to see you apply the rod to him myself, but as I can't go, Sheriff Woods will accompany you and see it well done, and report.

This queer sentence threw a shade of mortification over the members of the bar present, excepting, perhaps, the Solicitor, who called to the father as he was carrying the boy out from the room to execute the sentence of the court; 'make him take off his coat!'

Trading Horses—Warrantee.

In trading horses it is generally supposed that the parties to the bargain depend upon their own judgment, and if one is cheated no one is to blame, but the warrantee holds good in this case, if the party be responsible, just as much as in any other. The law in the case is laid down by a New York Judge as follows:

If a man warrant a horse, it is not necessary for him to say, "I warrant that horse," but any distinct affirmation in regard to the quality or condition of a horse made to operate, and which does operate on the sale, amounts to a warrantee. If a man does not want to warrant he must keep his mouth shut; and if he does open his mouth, he must tell the truth.

If the seeds of disease are in a horse when a man warrants him, the man who makes the warrantee takes the responsibility as to whether the seeds will sprout or not, but a warrantee don't apply to known defects which can be seen. If a horse has his eye knocked out, or has but three legs, and the owner says, "I warrant that horse to be sound," the law does not take notice of that, as the warrantee does not apply.

It may be further remarked that the seller of a milch cow is under quite as clear a legal obligation to tell the truth as the seller of a horse.

PREACHING AT THE TOMBS.—The scene on Sunday at the Tombs, New York, seems strangely weird and solemn. Dr. Twing preached there last Sunday. He stood, as is usual, upon the bridge between the second tiers.—Near the preacher was a choir of six ladies, whose sweet voices rang and echoed through the cheerless, vaulted corridors. Around were the thieves, the robbers, the worst and most depraved classes of the worst and most depraved city on this continent. Below was "Murderer's Row," and there were confined Stokes, Foster, Scannell, Sharkey, Blakely, Nixon, King and others. The cells were all closed, and his congregation was invisible to the preacher. His hearers were behind locked and barred doors, sitting not on cushioned seats with easy backs, with pleasant objects for the eye to rest upon, and pleasing music for the ear, but huddled in narrow cells, with fingers clutching the bars of grated doors, and ears bent to the low casings. But the high hall is resonant, and the speaker's voice easily penetrated every cell.

AN EGG STORY.—During the war, one of the Northern hotel-keepers was on a visit to Norfolk. The eggs came to the table boiled hard.

"Look here," said the hotel keeper, "Sambo, these eggs are boild too hard. Now take my watch, and boil them three minutes by it.

"He gave the negro his splendid gold watch. In about five minutes, the freedman returned with the eggs and watch on the same plate. The watch was wet.

"What have you been doing with my watch?" asked the Northern visitor.—"Why, it's all wet!

"Yes, sah," said the negro, "I biled de watch wid de eggs. All right dis time, sah!

Practical Joke.

While we were lying in camp at Rosseville, Georgia, the sixtieth Illinois reber of recruits. [illegible] these having exhausted his supply of clean shirts, and not having learned to be his own laundress, asked a veteran where he could get some washing done.

"Do you see those tents there by the church? Well, go there, and ask Mr. Morgan; he does washing. He is a crusty old cuss, but if you talk pretty nice to him he'll do it for you."

The recruit went as directed, and found General Morgan walking in front of his tent, dressed, as was his usual custom, in the uniform of a high private.

"Where will I find Mr. Morgan?" asked the recruit."

"My name is Morgan. What will you have?"

"I came to see if I could get some clothes washed."

"H-m-m. Who sent you here to get your clothes washed?"

"John Smith over here in the sixtieth." "Corporal of the guard!"—(The corporal approached and saluted.) "Young man, go with the corporal, and show him John Smith, so that he can bring him over here. And you come back with him and bring all the dirty clothes you have."

They departed and soon returned with the guilty veteran and a huge armful of dirty shirts, socks, etc.

The General to Smith—"Did you send this young man here to have his clothes washed?"

"Yes, sir, for a joke."

"For a joke! Well, we'll have the joke carried out. We do have clothes washed here sometimes. Corporal, take this man, Smith, and that bundle of clothes down to the creek, and have him wash them, fold them neatly, and return them to the owner? See that he does the job up handsomely!"

The veteran went away to his work sorrowfully, and the General resumed his walk.

GONE BACK ON THE DOCUMENT.—A short time since a colored man entered the office of the Clerk of the County Court, and advancing to a table where the Deputy Clerk was busily engaged, he produced a marriage license for which he had paid the legal fee a few days before.

"Bos," said he, poking the license under the nose of the absorbed Deputy.

"What is it?" was the impatient response.

"Boss," continued the darkey, "de lady declines dis document, and I fotch it in to git my money back."

It was a little consoling to the darkey to be told that some men went further and fared worse, but when assured his money could not be returned, he turned indignatly on his doubled soled pumps and muttered as he made his exit, "Ebery body's gone back on de document."

THE EXPENSE OF RUNNING THE GOVERNMENT.—The total amount of the various appropriation bills passed at the last session of Congress exceeds the amount of the previous session about fifty-four millions of dollars. The detail of the various appropriations are as follows:

Preliminary deficiency, $1,699,833; Texan Border Commission, $18,490; pension, $30,480,000; American and British Claims Commission, $613,500; Indian, $5,512,218; fortification, $1,809,000; Consular and Diplomatic, $1,311,359; Military Academy, $344,317; legislative, executive and judicial, estimated $19,500,000; naval, $22,275,757; army, $31,796,008; Postoffice $3,529,167; river and harbor, $6,112,900; sundry civil, $22,175,415; deficiency, $9,242,8d1; total, $195,310,839.

AN Englishman, it is said, having heard about the Yankee propensity of "bragging," thought he would make an experiment in the art himself. He walked up to a market-woman's stand, and pointing to some large watermelons, said: "What! don't you raise any bigger apples than those in America?"—"Apples!" said the woman disdainfully, anybody might know you was an Englishman. Them's huckleberries."

The St. Louis Republican puts it in this way: "An English jury brought in the following verdict in a criminal case. 'Guilty, with some little doubt as to whether he is the man.' The Poland Committee's verdict was: 'Not guilty, though there is no doubt that these were the men.'"

SIX feet in his boots? exclaimed Mrs. Partington, What will the impudence of this world come to, I wonder? Why they might as well tell me that a man had six heads in his hat."

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