THE DENTON JOURNAL
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
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.

1873. FALL. 1873.

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The Largest Nursery on the Shore.

50,000 SOUTHERN WINTER APPLE TREES.
50,000 MOST POPULAR PEACH TREES,
and a large stock of Standard and Dwarf Pears, Orange, Quince, Cherry Trees, Plums, Apricots, Yard and Shade Trees, Evergreens and Ornamental Trees, an extra and large assortment of

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consisting of Two Hundred Thousand CONDVERS OOLOSCAL ASPARAGUS ROOTS, Blackberries, Raspberris, Gooseberries, Currants, Strawberry Plants, &c.

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My stock is all true to name, and has been propogated under the care and management of first-class cultivators, and I am prepared to furnish all orders promptly, with first-class stock. Public patronage solicited, and all orders by letter guaranteed to receive same care as though the person ordering was personally present.

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Oct. 18, 1873. 1y.

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THE cheapest Fertilizer in the market. Warranted equal to any manufactured. Send for Pamphlet. We have no agents.

BOWEN & MERCER,
No. 65 S. Gay Street,
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IT IS AS CERTAIN AS 4S THAT TUTHILL & AVERY

Have the largest and best selected stock of

COOKING STOVES,
HEATING STOVES,
PORTABLE RANGES,
LOW DOWN RESERVOIR STOVES,
In this market, which they will sell at city prices

Also, a select stock of STOVE FURNITURE, COPPER TEA-KETTLES, PRESERVING KETTLES, Brooke's Patent STOVE BOARD, as substitute for Zinc

STOVES of all kinds repaired.
Old Stoves taken in exchange for new.

CUCUMBER PUMPS. CUCUMBER PUMPS.

Call and see us before purchasing elsewhere.
TUTHILL & AVERY,
sep427-y Easton, Md.

Marsh-Hope Nursery.

75,000 of best improved Peach Trees of varieties to suit the market. I can speak positively of the varieties, as I have taken great pains in selecting the most profitable kinds for the market, and strictly attended to the budding personally.

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HALE'S EARLY,	STUMP THE WORLD,
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Persons wishing to purchase I will refer to the following peach growers:
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BOARDING HOUSE.

Mrs. RACHAEL WRIGHT, Proprietress,
152 *LOMBARD ST., BALTO., Md.*

Permanent and transcient Boarders accommodated at the most reasonable rates.
The patronage of her friends and the public is respectfully solicited. (sept 3-1y.

HILLSBOROUGH CLASSICAL AND **Mathematical School.**

THE present term of this institution will close on WEDNESDAY, the 16th of July. The FALL TERM will begin on MONDAY, the 1st day of September, and continue ten weeks.

TUITION.

English Branches, per term, $8.00.
Classics, including Mathematics, per term, 10.00

Pupils admitted at any time, and charged from date of entrance. No deduction made except in cases of protracted illness. Thankful for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed on the School, and hope by a faithful discharge of my duty, to merit a continued share of public favor.
W. F. G. YOUNG, A. B.,
june21-tf Principal.

BOARDING HOUSE.

HILLSBOROUGH, Md.

WM. H. ROLPH desires to inform his friends, and the public generally that he is prepared to accommodate either transient or permanent bardors at very reasonable rates. He will will give every attention to the comfort of his guests.
24may-3mos.

PLOWS and PLOW CASTINGS at H. BLACKISTON'S.

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,

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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. [jan1-1y.

BLACKSMITHING.

WE the undersigned, desire to return our thanks to our friends and the public generally for past favors and patronage and hope by strict attention to business ever to merit a continuance of the same. We can always be found at our old stand opposite the Hotel Stables ready to do any work in our line upon the shortest notice and in the most satisfactory manner. The public's ob't servt.
S. POTTER & SON.

N. B.—Particular attention paid to horse choeing jun7-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.

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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

JAMES M. ROWAN, Commission Merchant,

And Receiver of all kinds of
FRUITS AND COUNTRY PRODUCE
77 DEY STREET, NEW YORK.

Consignments Solicited and Returns made immediately on Sale of Goods.

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NORTH RIVER BANK, - - New York.
NASSAU NATIONAL BANK, - Brooklyn, N. Y.
LONG ISLAND BANK, - - Brooklyn, N. Y.
aug2-y

Wheelwrighting & Blacksmithing,

IN all its branches, done in the best style at Goldsborough Station. New work on hand and for sale, at reasonable prices. Work made to order, and old work repaired. Having a full stock of first-class material and a good practical workman I feel confident that I can render satisfaction to my customers. Come one, come all to the new "Enterprise Shop."
JOHN T. COMEGYS,
sep23-tf. Goldsborough Station.

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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.

ROBT. J. JUMP,
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WM. S. RIDGELY,
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DENTON, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's counties. d39-1y

CHAS. H. GIBSON, Attorney-at-Law.

(OFFICE OPPOSITE THE M. P. CHURCH.)
EASTON, MD.

mar19-1y.

J. C. SLAUGHTER,
GENERAL PRODUCE
Commission Merchant,
STRAWBERRIES & PEACHES A SPECIALTY
245 *WASHINGTON STREET,*
(BETWEEN PARK PLACE & MURRAY ST.)
aug 2-tf NEW YORK.

V. O. EARECKSON, LUMBER DEALER,

WEST FALLS AVENUE,
First Yard South of Pratt St. Bridge,
BALTIMORE, MD.

FLOORING, PARTITION, SHINGLES, FACED JOIST & SCARNLING, PAILINGS, FENCING, SHELVING, LATHS, POPLAR, OAK, &C.

feb22-1

GRAIN AND PRODUCE.

COULD, DUKES & CO.

No. 102 Light Street Wharf, Balt.

Buy and Sell Exclusively on Commission.

Consignments of Grain, Wool, Fruits, &c., respectfully solicited.

feb22-y.

ONE BY ONE.

BY ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going;
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee;
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee;
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown and holy,
When each gem is set with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching Heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

NO FRIENDS.

"Who cares?" said Martha Hutchings, sitting down one dirty dish and taking up another. "Nobody ever did for me. I was bundled off to service before I was ten years old, because mother was dead and aunt wanted me out of the way. Then I was knocked about from pillar to post—out of one place into another; might have broken my leg any day and nobody would have minded. That's what I almost say—who cares?"

"God cares," said the grave, weak voice of little Tom, the errand boy, a sickly, frail little fellow, who somehow contrived to make will and skill supply the place of strength, and so succeeded in the great object of his ambition, and "kept his place."

"God?" said Martha; "how do you mean, Tom?"

"Why, He must care, you know.—Don't you care about things when you have made them yourself?"

"Sometimes I do, and sometimes I don't," said Martha. "Depends upon what they are."

"But if you could make something alive, you would be fond of that wouldn't you?"

"I suppose so. But what rubbish you can talk, Tom, when you once give your mind to it!"

"Was it rubbish—all of it?" said Tom, not resenting the assertion. He was rather accustomed to finding himself out of his own depth, as well as other people's.

"Rubbish? I should think!" said Martha. "But have you done master's boots?"

"Oh, no!—I forgot. I'll do them now. I suppose master would care about me if I didn't," said Tom, running off with a roguish laugh.

"Care! Yes; just as they would about the clock if it stopped. Just about as much feeling for one as the other."

Martha was in a dismal mood, there was no doubt about that. She was tired, and it was very hot, and Martha's kitchen was not exactly the place one would have chosen to cool one's self in. An uncomfortable, sorish feeling over the eyes made her glad to sit down and rest them by a five minute's nap. But her head resting against the wall rubbed off the coloring, so she got up again, saying:

"How ever them footmen stand being powdered I can't think. Bother it! my head feels like a sand-martin.

Martha had no very definite notion as to whether a sand-martin was fish, flesh, or fowl; but she picked up the word with a Londoner's relish for rural phrases, and supposed it must mean something sandy. Perhaps it was as well that just at that moment she was not tantalized by the thought of the cool, breezy life of the bird she had named.

"Oh, dear! I wish I was dead!" she said presently; but a sudden, sharp pain through her temples reminded her of the near possibility of death; and, with a shiver, she turned her wishes into "I wish I was a better girl; I wish I had learnt in my Bible, or something; I wish—oh, I wish!—there was anybody in all the world to care if I was dead or alive!" Then she stopped suddenly; her throat seemed to dry up, and, with a terrific sense [illegible] down unknown depths, she sank upon the floor. Poor Martha had a fever.

Many days and nights Martha lay unconscious. When she awoke she was in a white bed, cool and soft, with an unaccountable flavor of strawberries in the air.

"I suppose it's heaven," she thought, "or else a dream. Anyhow, I'll keep still, less missus' bell should ring."

But some one said, "Won't you wake up, dear. The voice was a gentle, motherly voice; such a voice as had never addressed Martha since she could remember.

"Yes," she spoke again, "that's just the way they talk in heaven; it's very nice. I wonder I was afraid to-day."

She spoke the last sentence aloud, and the motherly voice, this time with a shade of trouble in it said:

"Ah! she's a little light-headed, still, poor dear! But she'll soon come round. See," she continued to Martha, "only just look at what your friends have brought you!"

"'Tisn't me," said Martha; "I haven't got any friends."

"Well, that's pretty!" said [illegible] voice—so cherry and so thin, it reminded her of Tom's grown older. "Not got any friends!" the voice went on, "when they've been and sent you this!"

"This" being put close to her, was so exceedingly fragrant that Martha opened her eyes, and found out where the strawberry odor had come from.—It was a round, deep basket of "British Queens," which a slight, pale woman, in a widow's cap, was holding toward her.

"Don't you know what to do with them, dearie?" said the motherly body, whose clean precision of dress somehow told Martha that she was a hospital nurse.

"Oh, yes," said Martha, with a sigh of delight, as the first one melted in her mouth; "but I never saw such monsters."

"Yes," said the widow, looking pleased, "they wanted them to look first-rate, and there's been plenty of time to get them. To-day is the first day the doctor said you might have [illegible]

"But such beauties!" said Martha again. "They must be rich people that sent them."

"Rich enough," said the widow, with a curious smile. And Martha feasted in silence; only now and then begging her two companions to take one "to make them seem real."

When she had finished, the widow said, "You don't know me, do you? I'm Tom's mother. You remember little Tom?"

"Oh, yes," said Martha, with a glance of compunction at the empty basket, "I wish I'd saved him a strawberry."

"He's had his share, I fancy," said the widow.

"How?" asked Martha.

"In giving them to you. He bought them, his brother and he, on purpose for you, they've been saving up ever since you've been ill."

"But—how—ever—did—they get the money?" said Martha.

"Oh, went messages and held horses and things in their meal times," said the widow.

"How good of them!" said Martha, crying a little between weakness and pleasure.

"Yes, they are good children, especially Tom, it was his thought."

A little dew of mother's pride and joy moistened the widow's eyes. The good nurse objected to tears on principle; but, as she said afterward, "she had not the heart to interfere," when Martha, half raising herself, drew toward her and said, "Will you be my friend indeed? I've never had any in all my life. Nobody cared for me since my mother died."

"Somebody cares now, then," said the widow, with her voice still as clear and cherry as a little bird's, "you shall be to me instead of my daughter that died, if you like. She would have been just about your age. It used to remind me of her when Tom was telling me about you."

"God bless you!" said Martha, whose tears of joy would not let her say more.

But when the widow had gone, and the kind, skillful nurse was arranging her for sleep, Martha said, "God forgive me for despairing. I'll never say again who cares."

There are but two ways of going through this world of ours. One is to make the best of it, whilst the other is to make the worst of it. Those who take the latter course work harder for very poor pay.

Four counties in Iowa have elected women for school superintendents.

THE STORY OF WM. M. TWEED.

Twelve years in the penitentiary at Blackwell's Island and a fine of $12,750. This was the penalty denounced against Wm. M. Tweed in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, by Judge Noah Davis, on Saturday afternoon. At one o'clock on Sunday morning the prisoner was taken to the Tombs, and in that Egyptian pile of more than Egyptian misery he is now confined. The last act of the drama is played. The man who a little while ago, was a Senator, a Supervisor, a Commissioner—the chief power in the chief city of the continent—is now a condemned convict.—If any measure of success attends the efforts of his counsel to secure a mitigation of sentence, a stay of proceedings or a new trial, it will not alter the essential fact that Tweed's place henceforth is with the outlaws of society. It is time to consider the man's life and character with the same calm, dispassionate view that we should take of the dead; for Tweed is dead beyond the hope of resurrection.

William M. Tweed was born in the city of New York fifty years ago last April. His parents were poor people, and the boy was early thrown upon his own resources. He learned the trade of a chairmaker and worked at it for a few years. He soon became ambitious of political distinction, and to increase his qualifications and improve his chances he entered the University Law School, from which he graduated as a member of the bar. His power began in the old Volunteer Fire Department of the metropolis. He became foreman of "Big Six"—an engine company famous in the lower part of the city. His immense vital energy and his organizing ability were here developed and exhibited. In that day a popular fireman was a positive power in local politics, and Tweed began to make himself felt.

In 1851 he was elected Alderman from the Seventh Ward, serving in the Common Council through the years 1852-53. In the fall of 1852 he was elected to Congress from the 5th District, which then embraced the Seventh [illegible] Wards of New York Island. He took his seat [illegible] in December, 1853, while his term as Alderman was about expiring. He was thirty years old at this time, with the promise of a fair future before him. While in Congress he was elected School Commissioner of the Seventh Ward.—The year after his term as Representative expired he was chosen to the Board of Supervisors, and continued to hold a place there until the day of his overthrow.

In 1861 he was candidate for Sheriff on the Tammany ticket. The office is one of enormous emolument, and Tweed struck for it with his usual energy. He reckoned himself worth $80,000 at that time, and had made the money honestly. He expended every dollar of it in the canvas, led on by the hope and belief that he would triumph. He was beaten, and during the winter which followed he found great difficulty in meeting the house rent and paying his butcher's and grocer's bills. It is probable that his career as a public plunderer dates from the day of his defeat as sheriff.

He was not a fine-grained man nor troubled with many conscientious scruples. He saw himself as the victim of what he looked upon as a conspiracy. He had distributed his money among various ward organizations in return for their promised assistance. They divided his fortune and withheld their support. He resolved to "get even" with the public who had preferred another to him, and he set about the job with the coolness of a great general and the wickedness of a great robber. In 1862 he became Deputy Street Commissioner, and while holding that office he got freely into the public purse for the first time. At about the same period he made himself the leading spirit in the Tammany organization.

He showed soon that his power as an organizer was very great. He drew men around him usually by appeals to their selfish natures. To one he gave money; to another some place of honor and trust. He proceeded on the theory that every man had his price. If a rival arose to dispute his authority he crushed that rival if he could, and if he couldn't he crushed the rivalry by supporting the man for some office, and thus making him his ally. In this way he spiked the guns of Fernando Wood and called a truce with his most popular enemy, the "Big Judge," Michael Connelly.

In 1867, Richard B. Connolly, a timid man, plausible in manners, but exceedingly corrupt at heart, became Comptroller of New York. With him Tweed formed an alliance. Connelly was greedy and close-fisted. He never could secure a popular following. He held office at the pleasure of Tweed, who was, however, compelled to share equally with him in the division of the money plundered from the city. That same year, 1867, Tweed was elected to the State Senate from the Fourth District by a large majority. In the Senate he found a majority opposed to him politically. How he used that majority to effect his purposes is one of the chronicles of Albany which is yet to be written. We may undertake the task hereafter.

In 1869 Tweed found a counsellor far wiser and much more honest than himself in the person of Peter B. Sweeney. He also found a flippant but brilliant advocate in A. Oakley Hall, a man free from corrupt motives, but one willing to blind his eyes to the crimes committed around him as a reward for temporal power and pleasant notoriety.—When these four men—Tweed, Connolly, Sweeny and Hall—joined their various forces and talents the Tammany conspiracy was complete. In 1870 the first revolt against this concentrated power began. It was badly planned and disreputably officered. Norton, Genet, Creamer, Peter Mitchell, Michael Murphy and others, who led the movement in the Legislature, were not the men through whom reform could come.

It looked for a time, however, as if the movement would succeed. Tweed was beaten in the preliminary skirmish in the Senate. He pretended to surrender and voted for the charter of the Young Democracy. But he had secretly formed an alliance with the Republican party in the Legislature and could afford to bide his time. Meanwhile his rivals had lost their heads.—In the flush of temporary success they divided—on paper—all the offices in the city among themselves. The charter under which this grand distribution was to take place was taken to the Assembly, where it was understood that it would pass by general consent. But to the dismay of many, and to the dismay of the Young Democracy it was defeated.

[illegible] but Genet—said Norton—Mitchell—all. The next week Tweed's charter was introduced, and, receiving the support of all the Republican Senators excepting Thayer of Rensselaer, it passed. This was followed by other measures which made the power of the Ring well-nigh absolute. It was then that the system of plunder began to work out its amazing results. Bills against the city were deliberately raised from $50,000 to $500,000, and the enormous excess divided between Connolly and Tweed, who turn shared part of the money with subordinate strikers. Hall looked on and held his peace. Sweeney put forth an effort to stop the stealing, but was overborne. The accounts of the Comptroller's office were secreted, and the general public, as well as the Democratic party, were hoodwinked and misled.

Among those who sought to profit in the general carnival of fraud was James O'Brien, who, as sheriff of New York, had received upward of $300,000 for three years' service. After retiring from office he cooked up a bogus claim aggregating $200,000 and demanded its payment. The Board of Audit refused to consider it, although Tweed espoused O'Brien's bad cause. To strengthen his chances of getting the money, O'Brien placed a confidential clerk in the Comptroller's office and secured transcripts of the fraudulent vouchers therein contained. Armed with these evidences of the guilt of his former comrades, he again demanded his plunder. It was again refused. The ring had grown so bold and they felt that their lease of power was so long and strong that they could brave any exposure.

Thereupon O'Brien turned his evidence over to the New York Times, and that paper printed it. The effect was startling. With one voice the people demanded the punishment of these men who had betrayed so great a trust.—They were thrust out of the Democratic party, whose temple they had defiled. Said Judge Davis in sentencing Tweed: "O'Connor, who has been named here, and who holds the foremost rank in his profession, and who stands without a stain upon a character as pure and noble as any man's in this great city, immediately from his semi-retirement came and aided in the rescue of this city from its great corruption. And Tilden, who stood as the leading man at the head of the Democratic State Committee of this State, devoted weeks and months of toil in ferreting out these crimes, in ascertaining from these bank accounts what had been done, till he was able to lay before us the other day on the trial the result, crystalline in its simplicity and so clear that no man could fail to read its meaning."

Against a feeling of wrath which was universal Tweed opposed the power of his ill-gotten wealth. He doubtless believed that no jury could be found to convict him. His courage did not forsake him. While Connelly slunk away to other lands to avoid punishment, Tweed stayed and fought it out. How the fight ended is told in the heavy sentence passed upon the great public plunderer.—*Utica Observer, Nov. 24.*

DYING HYMN.

BY ALICE CARY.

Earth with its dark and dreadful ills
Recedes and fades away,
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly hills,
Ye gates of Death, give way!

My soul is full of whispered song;
My blindness is my sight:
The shadows that I feared so long
Are all alive with light.

The while my pulses faintly beat,
My faith doth so abound,
I feel growing firm beneath my feet
The green, immortal ground.

That faith to me a courage gives
Toward the grave to go;
I know that my Redeemer lives—
That I shall live I know.

The palace walls I almost see
Where dwell my Lord and King;
O grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?

Lover's Labor Lost.

Mr. Bellows has been paying attentions to young Miss Snively for some time, and a few evenings ago he called for the purpose of making a formal proposal. Miss Snively, it would appear, has had other and rather unfortunate love affairs in the past, and a melancholy experience has made her singularly cautious.

After talking with her for a while, Bellows hemmed and hawed and blushed, and then, suddenly seizing her by the hand, he was about to plump the question right out when Miss Snively [illegible]

"Ah, Eddie—[illegible] but are you going to propose?"

Amazed and somewhat bewildered, Mr. Bellows replied:

"Well, I—that is to say,—I should say that,—well, that—that I did, perhaps, fondly cherish some—some—as it were, some—idea, that is to say—well, yes,"

"Oh, very well," rejoined Miss Snively, "very well, but just wait a minute, if you please, while I call my aunt down stairs."

"Wh—wh—what for?" asked the astonished suitor.

"Why, so that I can have a witness in case I'm obliged to sue you for breach of promise, of course. The last man who proposed got off; but I reckon you won't if I know how to fix things. Just wait a minute."

And then, as Miss Snively went out in search of her aunt, Bellows emerged into the entry and glided through the front door. And mashing his hat down over his eyes, he dissipated his love's young dream, stifled his grief, bit off an inordinately large piece of tobacco, and went home to bed. Miss Snively will not sue.

WE commend the following story with a moral to the serious consideration of the business men who are afflicted in like manner:

When trade drew slack, and notes fell due, the merchant's face grew long and blue; his dreams were troubled through the night, with sheriffs, bailiffs, all in sight. At last his wife unto him said: "Rise up at once, get out of bed, and get your paper, ink, and pen, and say these words unto all men: "My goods I wish to sell you, and to your wives and daughters too; my prices are so very low, that each will buy before they go.'" He did as his good wife advised, and straightway went and advertised. Crowds came and bought of all he had; his notes were paid, his dreams were glad, and he will tell you to this day, how well did printer's ink repay. He told us with a knowing wink, how he was saved by printer's ink.

A YOUNG Irish servant girl coming from Albany recently, in one of the night steamers, had the ill luck to lose the recommendation which had been given her on leaving her last place.—An Irishman learning the cause of her distress, wrote one for her, which she presented to a friend: "This is to say that katy o'brien had a good karacter when she left albany, but she lost it on board the vessel coming down from albany."

A meeting of extremes—when a dog brushes a fly off his nose with his tail.

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