THE DENTON JOURNAL,
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
WM. HENRY LEGG,
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.

VOL. 26. DENTON, MD., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1873. NO. 27.

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 to 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.

Examine my Stock for Yourselves.

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

SMALL FRUITS,

consisting of Two Hundred Thousand CONDVERS COLOSCAL ASPARAGUS ROOTS,

Blackberries, Raspberris, Gooseberries, Currants, Strawberry Plants, &c.

RHUBARB.

GRAPE VINES,

ROSES & FLOWERS generally.

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.

T. H. KEMP, Prop.
Denton, Caroline county, Md.
EDWARD DOWLING, Propogator.
Oct. 18, 1873. 1y.

TO FARMERS.

BOWEN & MERCER'S

SUPER PHOSPHATE,

$40 PER TON.

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,
aug30-3mos BALTIMORE, Md.

IT IS AS CERTAIN
AS
4$
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, a 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,
sept27-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.

VARIETIES:

HALE'S EARLY,	STUMP THE WORLD,
TROTH'S EARLY,	SILVER MEDAL,
WATKINS EARLY,	BUR SMOCK,
LARGE EARLY YORK,	MARY'S CHOICE,
CRAWFORD'S EARLY,	DELAWARE WHITE,
MOUNTAIN ROSE,	LATE HEATH CLING,
REEVES' FAVORITE,	COOPER'S MAMMOTH,
SUSQUEHANNA,	OLD MIXON FREE,
CRAWFORD'S LATE,	M. R. RIPE,
MAGNUMBONUM,	SALWAY,
STEVENS LATE,	GREAT FOSTER.

Persons wishing to purchase I will refer to the following peach growers:
C. F. ROSS, R. W. CANNON, Bridgeville, Del.
ISAAC M. FISHER, DR. HUGH MARTIN, Seaford,
GOOTEE STEVENS, N. J. CORKRAN, Concord P. O., Caroline Co., Maryland.
Address WM. H. ADAMS,
oct4-tf Bridgeville, Del.

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 2-1y.

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.

NEW GOODS 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,
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.

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 serv't.
S. POTTER & SON.
N. B.—Particular attention paid to horse shoeing
jun7-tf.

EDWARD REDHEAD,
PRACTICAL
HOUSE, SIGN PAINTER AND GLAZIER,
FREDERALSBURG, MD.,

Paper Hanging done to Order. Chairs Re-Painted and Seats Recaned All Work Done Neatly and Promptly
jy2-tf.

DR. P. STACK,
DENTIST,
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.

REFERENCES:
NATIONAL PARK BANK, - - - New York.
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.

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.

POST. J. JUMP,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's counties. d30-1y

WM. S. RIDGELY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's counties. d30-1y

CHAS. H. GIBSON,
Attorney-at-Law.
(OFFICE OPPOSITE THE M. P. CHURCH.)
EASTON, MD.
mar10-1y.

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, JOIST & SCANTLING, PAILINGS, FENCING, FACED SHELVING, LATHS, POPLAR, OAK, &C.
feb22-y

GRAIN AND PRODUCE.

GOULD, DUKES & CO.
No. 102 Light Street Wharf, Balt.

Buy and Sell Exclusively on Commission.

Consignments of Grain, Wool, Fruits, &c., respectfully solicited.
feb22-y.

THE KING'S PICTURE.

The king from his council chamber
Came weary and sore of heart;
He called for Hiff the painter,
And speaks to him thus apart;
"I am sickened of faces ignoble,
Hypocrites, cowards and knaves!
I shall shrink to their shrunken measure,
Chief slave in a realm of slaves!

"Paint me a true man's picture,
Gracious, and wise, and good,
Dowered with the strength of heroes,
And the beauty of womanhood.
I shall hang in my inmost chamber,
That, thither when I retire,
It may fill my soul with grandeur,
And warm it with sacred fire."

So the artist painted the picture,
And it hung in the palace hall;
Never a thing so goodly
Had garnished the stately wall
The King with head uncovered
Gazed on it with rapt delight,
Till it suddenly wore strange meaning
And baffled his questioning sight.

For the form was his supplest courtier's,
Perfect in every limb;
But the bearing was that of the henchman
Who filled the flagon's for him.
The brow was a priest's who pondered
His parchments early and late!
The eye was the wandering ministrel's
Who sang at the palace gate.

The lips, half sad and half mirthful,
With a flitting, tremulous grace,
Were the lips of a woman
He had kissed in the market-place;
But the smile that their curves transfigured,
As a rose with its shimmer of dew,
Was the smile of the wife that loved him,
Queen Ethelyn, good and true.

Then, "Learn, O King," said the artist,
"This truth that the picture tells—
How, in every form of the human,
Some hint of the Highest dwells;
How, scaning each living temple
For the place where the veil is thin;
We may gather, by beautiful glimpses,
The form of the good within

IN MID-AIR.

BY WM. H. BUSHNELL.

"My dear Fred, will you not give up this hazardous life?"

Yes, Annie, when this season is over I will abandon it forever, and we will get married and settle down."

The young girl blushed deeply at the words of her lover, but she did not resist the arm that was thrown around her waist, and drew her closer to him, or the kiss that followed. In fact she was very proud of his handsome face and manly form, but his profession—that of a trapezist—made her tremble for fear of accidents, and she continued to plead that it should be given up.

"You have now some money, Fred—I have a little, am an orphan as well as yourself and we are all in the world to each other."

"Indeed we are, Annie; but hard fortune threw me into the life I am leading. It was a hard school I was trained in. I know little else, and after so many years of toil it would be almost foolish if I neglected the golden opportunity before I renounced it altogether."

"I believe you love it almost as well as you do me," she said with a smile.

"Not one thousandth part as well! And yet I must own there is something attractive to me in the breathless swing—the hanging from the dizzy height—the daring leap in mid air that makes the heart of every looker on stand still.

"And mine among the number," with a heavy sigh.

"Have no fear, darling. Practice has made me so perfect that there is not the slightest danger."

"Danger there always is, Fred."

"I can see none."

"You have to depend very much upon others, do you not."

"Certainly."

"And failure upon their part, carelessness—the breaking of a rod might be fatal."

He could not deny, though he made light of it, he quieted her fears as best he could, and turned the conversation into another channel—the one that is nearest and dearest to young hearts.

For a year they had been acknowledged lovers, and there was no one to say to them nay. He had striven to educate himself and rise superior to iron fortune—had succeeded as men of resolute will ever do—had been frugal and saving with the determination of some day turning his back upon tent, spangles and saw-dust, and taking the place in society in which he felt he had a right.

And so it was in a great measure with the girl who had become very dear to him and done much to strengthen his good intentions to keep him from wandering ito the paths that have been the ruin of so many whom the world applauded to the echo for a time, only to forget as new faces come—who floated upon the topmost waves of success to be the most certainly wrecked upon the dangerous rocks and dragged to the bottom.

She, like himself, had been early orphaned and knew something of the hard lot of being brought up by distant relatives, begrudged the little food she ate, and made to toil beyond her strength. But this was over now, and her slender fingers had made her needle fly as she thought of the future.

And that future they talked of long and earnestly, laid their plans and made themselves supremely happy in what was to be. There was no single cloud save that of fear entertained by the girl for the safety of her lover, and again and again it forced itself upon her mind, and found utterance from her lips.

"It is but a few short months," he replied, "before the tenting [illegible] will be at an end and I am fr[illegible] I am bound by contract, the m[illegible]tive I have ever made, and to break it would be ruinous. There is little to be feared, my darling. All will go well. Winter will soon come, and then good-by to this wandering life."

"But only think of how much time will elapse before I see you again. If I could only be with you it would not be so bad. But I fear—fear that I shall never see you again.

It was the old story of tears and comforting, and promises to be faithful; and months indeed passed before they again saw each other's faces. But as he had predicted, all had gone well.—Fame as well as money had been gained by the young and daring trapezist. He stood at the very head of his desperate profession, and the hearts of women stood and young men held their breath when he hung high in mid-air, and leaped—a wonderful distance—from one swing bar to another. Had it been in olden days of Rome they would have crowned him with the victor's laurels, borne him upon their shoulders, made him rich in gold, and hailed him as king of the athletes.

And now the last night came that he was to appear before the public—the very last night of that season, and that of his benefit. Well might he be proud of it. Well might he look longingly for it, for the substantial reward it would bring. A favorite with all, volunteers had been far more numerous than was usual, and the management more liberal. A whisper had reached them that he thought of leaving, and they were doing the utmost to bind him so as to secure him for another season.

He had left Annie early to make the necessary preparations, but met her again as soon as he dressed—dressed in the most magnificent garments he had ever worn, and her gift—the work of her own hands—and drawing aside as much as possible they talked gaily, much more than was customary for her to do, for she appeared to have forgotten all fear for his safety.

"I feel, darling," she whispered, "that to-night is to be the grandest triumph of your life."

"And the last."

"The last!" appeared to be echoed by a stern voice, and they turned hastily around but could discover no one near, and believing their ears had deceived them, she continued.

"How I shall glory in your success, Fred."

"And I in outdoing myself for your dear sake."

"Besides, it is so much pleasures for one to know that it is for the last time.

"The very last!" was whispered to their ears as if by the lips of the wind that found its way through the little rents that was in the canvass.

Both started more fitfully than they had done before, and released the hand they had been pressing.

A horse—one of the finest in the stud—had been led out and was standing near the curtain that concealed the ring and spectators, ready to make a dashing entree. By its side, but the opposite one to them, a woman was standing, black-haired, brunette in complexion, with tall, supple figure and eyes that flashed with an almost more than human brightness. For a single instant Annie caught the expression of her face, and saw the line of sharp, white teeth that broke the intense red of the full lips, and drawing back with a shudder she could not repress, asked:

"Who is that, Fred?"

"She is known by the name of the Cuban Queen—is the best woman rider I ever say—brave, fearless and dashing."

"Has she been with you all summer?

"Yes; but why? Are you jealous?"

"No bu—" and she blushed under his earnest glances.

"Well, he continued with a smile, "you might have had reason if you had been with us. Certainly I might had her for a wife had I but given her the slightest encouragement."

"Does she love you?" and the voice of the girl was as low and sad as the beating of the waves upon the reaches of the silver sand.

"I believe she would have done so if I would have let her. But there was no danger of that darling," and he called her attention to the beauty of the horse.

The Cubaness had also been engaged in conversation though a brief one—only consisting in asking one of the riders if that is the girl the trapezist was to marry, and receiving an affirmative answer. Then she hid her face—once famed for its tragical beauty, but now almost develish with the spasm of jealous rage that distorted it—for a moment in the flaring name of her steed, conquered her emotion with a powerful effort, wreathed her lips into the studied smile of the artist, and stepping toward Fred said in a skillfully modulated voice:

Let me congratulate you in advance upon the success of your benefit."

"And let me thank you for the kindness you have shown in the matter."

He would have introduced her to Annie, but the girl had turned modestly away and so he continued:

"You know that this night ends my connection with the company. Be assured, however, that if in the future I can do anything to promote your success or happiness I will do so, and hope you will feel free to call upon me."

"You are to be married?" she asked, without even a word of thanks.

"Yes. Will you not come and dance at my wedding?"

"Certainly—when you are married."

He did not notice the emphasis upon the latter part of the sentence—had no time to do so, for even as they were uttered the bell summoned the fair rider, and she leaped, unassisted upon her horse and dashed into the arena. Then he called Annie again and they took a place where they could see her speeding around the circle, while the air rang with plaudits. And well it might; such matchless riding had never been seen—probably never would be again—and the horse she rode, goaded far beyond its trained and regular pace, ran and leaped as if entirely unbroken.

"The devil is in that woman to-night," said one groom to another.—"Yes, and in the horse too. I never saw either of them so wild and never knew her to ride with a spur before."

"A spur!" was echoed in astonishment.

"Yes, I saw her get one of the ring master's, and that she is using it you can tell by the fiery leaps of the horse. He never would stand such a thing and if he doesn't break her neck he will his own. By heavens! just look at her face. Her eyes are flashing like balls of fire and her teeth are set hard. I believe she is either drunk or crazy."

"Pshaw! it is only her hot Spanish blood. Something has gone wrong you may depend. But if she makes the leap over the garters with the horse running at that rate she is gone. No! she is safe. I never saw anything to match it in all my life."

She was indeed safe, though she had taken desperate chances sufficient to break a dozen necks, and as she sprang lightly from her foaming horse a flash of triumph shot from her black eyes and scornfully disdaining the boquets that had been flung at her feet, she rapidly disappeared, leaving the clown to appropriate and make merry over them.

Another act or two (very tame after the last) and the king of the trapeze—as the Cuban was the queen of the arena, was called to take his place.—With a single word to the girl he loved, he sprang into the sawdust circle and bowed low to the storm of applause, one wild enough to have turned a less steady head. But coolly, perfectly collected he cast his eyes over the vast assembly, and a brighter light came to them, and a truer smile to his lips as he saw where his Annie was seated, looking with a not-to-be-concealed pride.

He braced his muscles, drew up his head, ran his fingers lightly up through his curling chestnut hair, and thanked all for their presence. The dress he wore showed his finely knit figure to the greatest advantage, and flashed with every movement as if covered with stars and diamond dust. His face was glowing with health and hope, and many were the eyes of admiration that girlhood turned toward him as he swung lightly from bar to bar until he had reached the topmost one as easily, apparently, as a bird would have flown.

Feat after feat of the most dangerous kind (so it appeared to the uninitiated) was performed, and then came the crowning and final one. That it required a clear head, great precision and calculation, cool nerves, immense strength, was evident to all from the minuteness and carefulness of the perpetrator.

The king of the trapeze stood leaning against the centre-pole and seemingly watching the proceedings, while he trained his somewhat overtasked breath, in reality more intent upon the beaming and anxious face of his love than anything else.

"The feat now about to be performed," said the master of ceremonies in explanation, and to do away with something of the tedium of waiting, "is one that has never been attempted by any other man, and upon this occasion the leap will be greater than ever before.—But it is perilous beyond all description I must beg the most perfect silence."

A net was about to be stretched so as to save the performer in case of falling; but he motioned that it should not be done, saying so as to be distinctly heard by all:

"There is no use for that. I will—desire to make a jump without it—make one that will be long remembered."

Those who understood the matter the best were the most thrilled by the word and the same groom who had given vent to his feelings with regard to the dashing Cuban whispered to his comrade:

"I believe they have all gone mad. Heaven give safety, but I wouldn't venture (even if I could do as well as he) for the whole concern."

"Is all ready?" asked Fred, as he ran his eyes swiftly over the slender cords and bars that were to be to him as the spinnings of fate.

"Ready!"

He kissed his fingers apparently to the audience, but in reality to the girl he loved, seized a rope, climed to the first bar—then another and another until he reached the last cut the others loose and performed all the various acts he had before gone through with from that dizzy height, and with as much certainty and seeming as careless as if but a foot from the ground in place of nearly a hundred.

Then he rested and braced himself for the final one—the daring, thrilling, unmatched leap in mid air, from the swinging trapeze to another, and failing to catch, which at the proper instant and cling to it was death.

Backward and forward he swung, while a breathless silence reigned, preparing himself for the desperate feat, fixed his eyes upon the treacherous bar to which he must spring and fasten upon, shot through the air like a flash of light, clutched it safely with his hands, was struggling to gain a seat as the wild huzzas that could no longer be controlled, burst from every lip, and with a mighty crash, he fell backward to the ground.

Women shrieked and fainted in terror, men were awe-stricken and incapable of action; but even in that quick descent was heared above all the cry of "Annie!"

Carried from the ring with the form of the girl he loved, wildly clinging to him, instant aid was obtained, but though no bones were broken, it was the opinion of the physicians that his recovery was doubtful, the jar had been so great and there might be internal injuries.

The sports of the ring had ceased, the audience had been dismissed, but did not stir. Sorrowfully they waited and whispered with white lips for some final tidings, something beyond mere uncertainty.

The company were gathered around the injured man, with tearful eyes, and the grief of the girl would have melted a heart of stone. And silently there stood the Cuban, wringing her hands, and with the muscles of her face working tempestuously. But she was a woman, would naturally feel more deeply than men, and nothing was thought of it.

Meanwhile, even as the white-winged angel of life and the black-winged one of death were battling for their prey, an investigation was being made into the cause of the accident by those whose duty it was to see that all was safe, and upon whom the blame would fall most heavily.

Ropes and bars were found to be intact. It was the iron rings that had broken, and wondering at this they stood with them in their hands, when one of the physicians (and by chance a chemist) who was in attendance, came along and his attention called to the matter.

"This fatal fall," he said, after even the most casual observation, "has not been the result of accident, but of premeditated malice upon the part of some enemy. The iron rings have been honey-combed and rendered as brittle as glass by the use of powerful acids, then rubbed over with varnish to hide it from detection. Whoever did the deed had murder in their soul."

At that instant came the murmur that the injured man had aroused from his stupor had spoken, that there was no longer any doubt of his recovery.

"Thank God!" burst from the lips of all.

Even the pallid, ghastly face of the Cuban Queen flushed, and she turned away when the other news—the treachery with regard to the rings—came to her ears, and hastily freeing herself from the press, was lost to sight.

But almost instantly the double report of a pistol was heard, and rushing in the direction of the sound they found that she had shot her horse and then herself, and was lying gasping for breath, and with the life-blood swiftly flowing from a wound in her side.

"Beyond all help," was the instant decision of the physician; "but can any one tell the meaning of this?"

"I loved him; he would have married another. I tried to kill him—failed, and Oh! God, I—"

They were the las words of the beautiful and passionate woman, but told the entire story, few as they were—was the condensation of an entire volume.

From the admiring gaze of the public disappeared two stars upon the same night. One we can follow to a home of light love and happiness. And the other?

PAT'S CHOICE.—Some years ago, in one of our Western courts, three men—an Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotchman—were found guilty of murder and sentenced to be hung. The Judge told them that they could each choose a tree on which they would like to be "strung up." The Scotchman promptly selected an ash tree and the Englishman an oak. "Well, Pat, what will you be hung on?" asked the Judge. "If it please your Honor, I'd rather be hung on a gooseberry bush." "Oh," said the Judge, "but that's not big enough. "Begorry, thin," replied Pat, "I'll wait till it grows."

SEVERAL conceited young men were assembled on a street corner, when a poor Dutchman approached. One of them said to his companions:

"Boys I'm going to have some fun; just watch me fool this Dutchy."

He went up to the German, to whom he said:

"Kaiser, don't you want to buy a dog?"

The person thus addressed quickly responded:

"Y-a-a-s, I youst want to buy a little puppy about your size. Are you for sale?"

THE lady that tapped her husband gently with a fan at the party the other night, and said: "Love, it's growing late, I think we had better go home," is the same one who, after getting home, shook the rolling pin under his nose and said: "You scoundrel you, if you ever look at that mean, nasty, calico-faced, mackerel-eyed thing that you looked at to night, I'll bust your head wide open."

A young gentleman in Augusta, Maine lately made an evening call upon a young lady. It was getting along toward nine o'clock, when the young lady inquired the time of evening, "Five minutes to nine," was the reply. "How long will it take you to go home?"—Five minutes, I should judge." Then, said the young lady, "if you start now you will get home just at nine o'clock. He performed the feat on time.

A merchant who was on the verge of bankruptcy, took a walk one day with his cashier, who had grown rich and built several fine houses in a fashionable avenue. In the [illegible] of his heart he showed his employer his palatial dwellings and asked triumphantly: "What do you think of that?" "I think," said the merchant after a pause, "that you had better take my business and let me act as cashier!"

A Boston preacher, in speaking of the danger of permitting the Bible to be crowded out by the newspaper, perpetrated the following pun: "Men now-a-days," said he, are like Zaccheus—desirous of seeing Jesus, but they cannot because of the press."

A young gentleman recently created quite a sensation while reading to a circle of young ladies a poetic effusion, 'To a beautiful Belle," by pronouncing the last word in two syllables.

There are two sets of fools in this world—the rich, for starting so many absurd and ridiculous, and the poor for trying to follow them.

A Bethel gentleman says whiskey is good for a cold on the lungs, and it needn't be a very bad cold, either.

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