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WM. HENRY LEGG,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

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Denton Journal.

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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; Longerones 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 are collectable on first insertion.

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

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

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

GEO. M. RUSSUM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
DENTON, MD.
Can be found at his office adjoining T. E. Heather, opposite the Court House.

CHAS. H. GIBSON,
Attorney-at-Law.
(OFFICE OPPOSITE THE M. P. CHURCH.)
EASTON, MD.
mar19-1y.

DR. W. H. DOWNES, DENTON, MD
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Denton and vicinity. Can be found at all hours in the rear room of Col. R. C. Carter's office, unless professionally engaged.
Teeth extracted without pain.
Office hours from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M.
Residence on Main street opposite the M. E. Church. [sep5-1y.

STAGE ROUTE.
HAVING purchased the mail route from Denton to Ridgely, I am now prepared to accommodate the travelling public on the most reasonable terms. My hack is large and comfortable and in thorough repair, and my horses are always FIRST CLASS. I hope by strict attention to business to merit a liberal share of public patronage.
sep26-y. J. H. COULBOURN.

HENRY IRWIN,
AUCTIONEER.
DENTON, MD.
Offers his services to the public to call sales in

ESMA LOWE,
AUCTIONEER,
DENTON, MARYLAND.
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. [feb21-tf.

500 FARMS FOR SALE!
IN CAROLINE, QUEEN ANNE'S AND TALBOT COUNTIES, MD.
From $10 to $50 per Acre.
Address MANCHA & BRO.
feb21-y. Ridgely, Md.

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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.

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.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN!
Farmers and Grangers.
WM. N. CALVERT & CO,
Flour, Grain, Lumber and General
Commission Merchants,
89 SOUTH STREET,
BALTIMORE, Md.
C. B. Jones, Salesman, formerly of the firm of Brown, Jones & Co., and Chaplin & Jones.
Our charges are one cent per bushel on grain, as the time has come to return to old prices. Respectfully soliciting the patronage of the general public, we assure you all consignments will receive faithful attention. All sales be immediately reported, and the proceeds promptly remitted.
Give us a trial to prove that your interest can be served by us. Yours truly,
nov21-2m. WM. N. CALVERT & CO.

CHEAP
BOOTS & SHOES.
THE undersigned would call the attention of the public to his supply of
BOOTS & SHOES,
both of his own and city make, which he is now offering in the store house lately occupied by Thos. Cooper, adjoining the Post Office in the town of Denton. His stock comprises a supply for both gentlemen and ladies wear, which he will sell
CHEAP FOR CASH.
Of his own manufacture he can say with confidence none can be found superior to it. His workmen are experienced and skilled.
Repairing done promptly and satisfactorily. The patronage of an impartial public is respectfully solicited.
jan3-1y. WM. T. SHEWBROOKS.

FOR SALE. 300,000 Conover Colossal Asparagus Plants. $3 per thousand. F. A. SISK.

IF WE WOULD.

If we would check the speaker
When he spoils his neighbor's fame,
If we would but help the erring
Ere we utter words of blame;
If we would how many might we
Turn from paths of sin and shame.

Ah, the wrong that might be righted
If we would but see the way:
Ah, the way that might be lightened
Every hour and every day,
If we would but hear the pleadings
Of the hearts that go astray.

Let us step outside the stronghold
Of our selfishness and pride:
Let us lift our fainting brothers,
Let us strengthen ere we chide;
Let us, ere we blame the fallen,
Hold the light to cheer and guide.

Ah, how blessed—ah, how blessed
Earth would be if we would try
Thus to aid and right the weaker,
Thus to check each brother's sigh,
Thus to talk of duty's pathway
To our better life on high.

In each life, however lowly
There are seeds of mighty good;
Still we shrink from souls appealing
With a timid "if we could;"
But a God who judges all things
Knows the [illegible]

CAN'T AFFORD IT.

BY ANNA SHIELDS.

"I tell you, Uncle Josh, I can't afford it. Girls now-a-days are so extravagant, that it fairly terrifies a man contemplating matrimony. There is your favorite, Miss Hartly; she declared to me, in the strictest confidence, last evening, that she couldn't imagine how any one could exist without the opera. And not a week ago I know of her mentioning an India shawl as a positive necessity for a lady's wardrobe."

"Mere girlish exaggeration, Will.—She has always had a rich father to pay her bills."

"And naturally will expect a rich husband to do the same. If I had Mr. Hartley's bank account, the matter would be different; but though my salary is good, my income independent scarcely meet expenses, if I do not actually run in debt. Now I am quite resolved to save a little every year till I own a home, and can start in business for myself."

"A good wife would help you, Will."

"But where is she to be found?"

Uncle Josh chuckled a little at the idea of his giving information on the subject and the gentlemen having finished their preparations for departure, started for their place of business.

Uncle Josh was the cashier, and his nephew clerk, in a large retail dry goods store, but the elder gentleman, possessing ample means, employed his time, not from necessity, but from a horror of idleness. He boarded as did his nephew at a fashionable boarding-house in Brooklyn, crossing the ferry every morning for the store in New York.

Handsome, well connected and well educated, Will Stanton was a favorite in society, and the fact that his bachelor uncle was fond of him was no drawback to his popularity. Many a girlish heart fluttered when he drew near, and Uncle Josh was quite eloquent on the charms of matrimony, and a home for Will, where he might share the domestic circle.

On the morning when the gentlemen held the conversation recorded above, Will found his services required as a salesman, owing to the illness of one of the men in the silk department. He had served in the same capacity before, though he held a more lucrative position in the counting-house; but stepping behind the counter he found already a few fair customers in the store. Two ladies, young and pretty, required his services at once.

"Evening silks, if you please," said one, a tall, very stylish-looking girl, dressed in exquisite taste, and with rich garments. "Show me the new shades."

Several pieces of the shining fabric were unrolled, and Will noted the fact that both ladies seemed equally interested in the choice of a dress. But the companion of the stylish girl who had first spoken was far more quiet than her friend, in voice, manner and dress; while every detail of her walking-suit was perfect in finish, fitting her exquisitely, and was tasteful and simply elegant. Will's experienced eyes told him that the cost was less than half the companion's, and yet she seemed equally well dressed, setting aside that one item of expense. A cloth cloak instead of a velvet; a dress of fine French poplin instead of a silk; a collar and cuffs of embroidered linen instead of real lace; kid gloves of dark serviceable tint instead of pale buff ones, and furs less expensive than the real ermine of her friend, all left a large balance in her favor, while her appearance was ladylike and refined.

"Oh, Vinnie," said her companion, "this shade will suit you perfectly.—I am not fair enough to wear it, but it is a lovely tint for a blonde. Don't look any further for silk."

"I am not going to get a new silk, Marcia."

"Not get a new silk for Mrs. Hartley's party! Why, Vin, it will be one of the most dressy occasions of the season. You have never been at one of Floy Hartley's parties?"

"No; Miss Hartley is a recent acquaintance."

"Then take my advice and get a handsome dress. You have no idea how much they dress there."

"I can't afford it, Marcia."

"Oh, nonsense!"

"But it is a fact. I have been out so much this winter that my allowance will not last me until spring unless I am very economical."

"Ask for more. I never pretend to keep within my allowance."

"I am [illegible] I cannot afford any extra new piano, and [illegible]

"But what will you wear."

"I have a new white organdie that Aunt Kate gave me last summer, that I did not need, so it has not been made up. I shall make it so that it will serve me afterward as a summer dress."

"O, Vin! Vin! As if your father would not give you twenty new dresses if you ask them!"

"I know he would, but he gives me a liberal allowance, and I find it sufficient with a margin for saving."

All the above conversation, carried on in a low tone, was apparently unheard by the smiling clerk, whose quick ear had, however, caught every word of it. He looked again at the sweet little lady, resolving that Floy Hartley should introduce him at the party for which his card of invitation had already been received.

"Come, Vinnie, give me the benefit of your taste," said Marcia; "I am tired of all the bright colors that will [illegible] black lace. If you will come over I will show you a new fold for trimming."

"Oh, Madam B—— will make it up handsomely. I never make an evening dress, do you?"

"I make all my dresses. I took lessons of a first-rate dressmaker on purpose."

"You like the peach blossom?"

"I do," holding it against her companion's shoulder. "It certainly is becoming. Not so glaring as pink, but as pretty. Your black lace overdress will be lovely with it."

"I shall have an overskirt of the same, with a new thread lace trimming I teased pa out of a new dress this morning, and I mean to have the full benefit of his generosity. Twenty-five yards," she added to the clerk, and Will measured off the dress.

"He saw the ladies going from counter to counter, and the hour being still early, had leisure to saunter about a little, marking Vinnie's purchase of blue ribbons and her care in selecting what was of good quality, her selection of gloves, and her unselfish interest in all her friend's purchases, from the dress and thread lace to the gloves and costly web of a handkerchief. Evidently Miss Marcia intended that her father should indeed supply an entire new dress.

There was a discussion over some exquisite new fans, a recent importation exquisitely displayed by a clerk. Vinnie's quiet "can't afford it," was proof against temptation, but Marcia added a white feather fan of dainty beauty to her list of purchases.

Floy Hartley was rather surprised that Will Stanton, who was a favorite of her father's, while she had won Uncle John's heart, never paid her those marked attentions that were so evidently the desire of the old gentleman. But her surprise was changed to chagrin when he asked a special introduction to Miss Vinnie Holway, and was that young lady's devoted cavalier for the evening of Miss Harley's party.

"The young lady in white with blue ribbons?" she had said in answer to his request; "that is Miss Holway, a schoolmate of Marcia Livingston's. I have met her at the Livingston's, but am not acquainted. Marcia tells me her father is quite well off, but has a very large family."

All of this Will found later was quite true. There was a large family, and Vinnie was the very sunshine of home. Well educated herself, she was always ready to assist the younger ones in their studies. With nimble fingers, trained to work, she saved her father many dollars by her ability to cut and fit dresses, and her willingness to impart some of her knowledge to her sisters. A neat housekeeper, she spared her mother many an hour for visiting, reading or rest. And yet she was no drudge. In society she was always appropriately and tastefully dressed. She was a good pianist, and sung well in a clear, cultivated voice. She was well read, and kept up an intelligent interest in all current topics, conversing easily, though modestly.

Will found that every visit to Mr. Holway's sitting room increased his distaste for boarding-house life, and his love for pretty Vinnie Holway, till he found himself in serious consultation with his Uncle John again.

"So it is not my pet, Floy Hartley," said the old gentleman. "It would serve you right if I married her myself."

"I will give you my consent," Will said smiling.

"No, my boy, no! You and your pretty Vinnie must fill my heart, as you have promised me a corner in your home long years ago. Will, when my hair was as brown as your own and my eyes as bright, I, too, had my love dream.—I was a country boy then, and to confession. I was working for a farmer named Nelson, for I had no parents, when there came to visit my employer a cousin from the great city of New York.—In those days, Will, New York seemed further away from the small country place than Europe seems now. The advent of Josephine Nelson was an event in our village, and her beauty and grace were fully appreciated by the rough bumpkins around her. Working on her cousin's farm, I was constantly near her. I drove her, if she wished, to see the surrounding scenery, and as we jolted over the rough country roads she told me of the great city, of the openings there for energy, industry and talent. She found I was fond of reading, and lent me volumes of poetry she had brought with her from the city. Books were rare treasures forty years ago, Will. We read the sweet measured lines together; we walked together in the twilight [illegible] season of a man.—I was a boy, and she above me in grace, beauty and goodness, but she was gentle as I, she was fair, modest and tender.

"When I told her my love she laid her little white hand in my rough brown one, and promised to be my wife. Then she came home to the city, and I added dollar after dollar to my hoard, to follow her; Mr. Nelson wrote to Josephine's father for me and he promised me a place in his counting-house if I came to the city. I came, Will. Then I found out why my suit was favored, why no cross was laid upon my darling's love. I had thought her pale, delicate beauty was only the city's refinement, compared with the robust charms of our country lasses. I found it was the beauty of that scourge of the seaside cities—consumption. Her parents knew my darling could not live to be my bride, but because she had given me the treasure of her love, they made me welcome as a son in their home.

"I spent my days in the counting-house of Mr. Nelson, my evenings with Josephine. Slowly she faded from my loving eyes, growing weaker and weaker, till she died, clasping my hand in hers. That was forty years ago, Will, but I have loved no woman since. I will keep faith with Josephine till we meet in heaven. When I die, Will, all I have will be yours, but bury this with me."

As he spoke he put a small locket that had been hidden in his bosom, into Will's hands. Opening it disclosed the face of a beautiful woman. At the sight of it Will cried:

"How much like Floy Hartley!"

"Mrs. Hartley is Josephine's sister," said Uncle Josh, quietly. "Now you know why I am so fond of Floy."

There was a long silence, and Uncle Josh knew by Will's face and the firm grasp of his hand that his story had fallen upon sympathizing affection.

"Come," he said cheerily, after a long pause. "If Miss Holway has actually accepted, I must see about a wedding present."

"She actually has," said he, "and the money saved for a piano is to go for a *trousseau*."

But when the wedding day was fixed and Will consulted Uncle Josh about a house, he was informed that Mrs. Stanton's wedding present from her new Uncle would be a neat brown stone house fully furnished, including the piano, with one room reserved for Uncle Josh.

There are children's voices now in the handsome house, and Uncle Josh has stood godfather to a sturdy namesake. The sun of prosperity shines upon Will, but he says his business success, his happy home, his freedom from worldly perplexities, have all depended upon the good sense of his wife, who, in all expenditures, all charities, first consider whether or not she can afford the outlay; and while she is liberal and large-hearted, is never ashamed to exercise economy, if necessary, or to decline an extravagance.

THE PENINSULA.

From one of our late exchanges we copy the following editorial remarks in regard to this Peninsula:

"Its peculiar situation, nearly surrounded as it is by large bodies of salt water, its proximity to the Gulf-stream exerts a very modifying effect on the climate, softening the icy blasts of winter, the delightful sea breeze tempering the torrid heats of summer, rendering it a most healthy and desirable place of residence, either to the Invalid suffering from diseases of the air passages or pulmonary difficulties, or to the Merchant or Professional gentleman, preferring a retired, quiet home, remote from, yet readily and quickly accessible by rail or steamer to the great Metropolitan Market. Gardener and Fruit Grower, its fertile soil so peculiarly adapted to Fruit and Vegetables, its unrivalled Marketing facilities, its cheap lands, together with the fact that fruits and vegetables come to maturity from two to three weeks earlier than New Jersey Long Island, it is especially desirable. And its rich crops of Timothy and Clover, and the cereals, in connection with its mild winters, render it equally desirable for the grain farmer or stock-raiser.

By a combination of circumstances this favored section has heretofore been comparatively but little known to the country at large. Being as it is, a little away from the great trunk lines of travel, its many and peculiar advantages never having been trumpeted to the world as have many more remote and less favored sections of the country.—And the manner in which property has But this season of [illegible] ing a rapid change. Farmers from the North and even the West are here seeking homes and competence, and in a few years will make of the Eastern Shore the garden of the Continent.

The breaking out of the late war found the land generally held in large estates, the proprietors of which under the old regime owned their labor. This state of things had existed for generations.—With plenty of help, a fertile soil, and markets at their doors for everything they produced, they had no desire to sell land, but on the contrary were able to add to those already magnificent plantations from time to time as opportunity offered.

The events of the war changed all this. Their slaves were set free, leaving the owners to their own resources. Never having learned to labor, in fact, knowing but little in their own personal experience of toil, many found themselves unable to properly cultivate and care for their large estates, and are now willing to sell a part. Others were in debt, and being unable to solve the problem of labor, are gradually sinking deeper in difficulty and embarrassment. Thus large quantities of land are thrown on the market at one time, the natural and obvious consequence of which is that land is very low, in fact it must be at the bottom, and those investing now will realize a rapid increase on their investments, as land has not been so low on the Peninsula for fifty years as it is at the present time."

"AH, boys," said Smith to a group of listeners, "I remember the big storm we had in 18—. I had at that time a barn full of corn. On the outside was a knot-hole, and during the storm the wind blew so fierce that it blew every ear of that corn right through the knot-hole; and the knot-hole being just the size of a cob the devil of it was that it shelled every ear, leaving the corn in the barn, and the next morning I found my barn half full of shelled corn and not a single cob. I had a curiosity to know where the cobs had gone to. I went to the rear of the barn and followed the line of those cobs over eleven miles and found, at that distance, a large pine tree right in the track of them cobs, and darn me if the wind hadn't driv 'em into that tree from top to bottom. Oh, boys, that was an awful storm." "Yes; awful."

A DUTCH doctor has published a medical tract, in which he maintains that ladies of weak nerves should "not be permitted to sleep alone." It is said that the tract is in great demand.

The road that ambition travels is too narrow for friendship; too crooked for love; too rugged for honesty; and too dark for conscience.

Relationship Among Mormons.

Brigham Young married two sisters of Charlie Decker, and Decker married two daughters of Brigham by other women. All have children. Now the offspring of Clara Decker Young and Lucy Decker Young are cousins of Charlie Decker's children. But the latter are grand-children of the former's father, and consequently nephews and nieces of their own cousins. But the nephew holding a cousin blood relationship are second cousins; hence Decker's children must hold that relationship toward each other. Decker's wives are half sisters to the children of their own sisteres-in-law they are sisters-in-law to their own father, and aunts to their own half sisters! Now, if the relationship were half-blood throughout the Canons of Descent would exclude them; but as it doubles on both sides, they would probably be included. Hence the two Mrs. Decker's are (in law) their own aunts, while Clara D. and Lucy D. Young are legal grand mothers children are respectively cousins, aunts and nieces, and the Lord knows what besides.

Elder Allsop, of Sandy station, married a widow and her oldest daughter, having at the same time a young daughter by his former wife now happily deceased. All this family live in one house. The daughter of his oldest wife is half-sister to his second wife, and to the second wife's children, also aunt to the second wife's children, and consequently her own aunt-in-law. The daughter of the deceased wife is half sister to all the other children, and legal granddaughter to one stepmother, legal half-sister to the other, and consequently aunt-in-law to herself. If they keep on as they have begun, they will eventually produce a boy who will be his own grandfather.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

this the first appeal she has made to the sympathies of a great nation. Not a score of years have passed since the same cry—sent forth with a feeling of anguish that only the starving know—penetrated the civilized world. And yet never was Commonwealth so lauded; never were resources so persistently heralded, and never were such flattering inducements held out by any people for an increase in population as have been in Kansas, during the last decade.

The uplands and valleys of comely Nebraska are echoing in most touching tones the heartrending cry of their sister prairie States. Five thousand homes there have been made no less desolate by the ravages of the grasshopper and the blasting effects of a summer's drouth. From some of the frontier settlements comes the startling report that hundreds of the half-starved and nearly nude people are endeavoring to make their way to the States beyond the Missouri river, there to throw themselves upon the charity of more fortunate citizens.—*Rocky Mountain News.*

A large proportion of the most fertile lands of Missouri, Illinois, and other States was rendered practically useless during the season just passed, on account of a lack of that moisture which is here always ready.

EDITING a paper is a nice business. If we publish jokes people will say we are rattleheaded. If we omit jokes they say we are an old fossil. If we publish original matter they damn us for not giving selections. If we publish selections folks say we are lazy for not writing something they had not read in some other paper. If we give a man a complimentary notice we are censured for being partial. If we do not give complimentary notices folks say we are a hog. If we insert articles that please the ladies the men are jealous. If we do not cater to the wishes of the ladies the paper is not fit to make a bustle.—If we speak well of the acts of the President folks say we dare not do otherwise. If we censure them we are called a traitor. If we remain in our office and attend to our business folks say we are too proud to mingle with our fellows. If we go out they say we never attend to our business. If we do not pay our bills promptly folks say we are not to be trusted. If we do pay promptly folks say we stole the money. If we wear poor clothes folks say business is bad. If we wear good clothes they say we never paid for them. Now what are we to do? Some say we stole this item from some other paper; and so we did.

THREE Chicago girl are about opening a barber shop. One is to do the lathering, another the shaving, while a third is to sit on a sort of throne and play the harp.

Why Should any Man Swear?

I can conceive no reason why he should, but many reasons why he should not.

1. It is mean. A man of high moral character would as leave steal a sheep as swear.

2. It is vulgar; altogether too low for a decent man.

3. It is cowardly; implying a fear of either not being believed or obeyed.

4. It is ungentlemanly. A gentleman, according to Webster, is well bred, refined; such a one will no more swear than go into the streets and throw mud with a clod hopper.

5. It is indecent, offensive to delicacy, and extremely unfit for any human ears.

6. It is foolish; a want of decency is a want of sense.

7. It is abusive; to the mind which conceives the oath, to the tongue which utters it, and the person at whom it is aimed.

8. It is [illegible] time he swears one of them sticks out of his head.

9. It is contemptible, forfeiting the respect of all the wise and good.

10. It is wicked; violating the divine law and provoking the displeasure of Him who will not hold him guiltless who takes his name in vain.

AN old lady, ninety years of age, very wealthy and full of wit, died recently in France. Her will contained this provision: "I leave to my physician, whose enlightened care and wise precautions have made me live so long, all that is contained in the old oaken chest in my boudoir. The key will be found under the mattrass of my bed." The heirs were much disturbed for they foresaw a material dimunition of their share of the property. The notary delivered to him the key of the chest. It was opened and found to contain all street, east, and he was asking the bridegroom: "You promise to love, cherish," etc., when the young man blurted out: "See here! I want a fair understanding about this thing. Does that mean that I've got to take care of her whole family, or only herself?" His Honor explained, and the young man continued: "Well, go ahead. I only wanted to know how much of the family I was marrying."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"NOW, George, you must divide the cake honorably with your brother Charles."

"What is honorable, mother?"

"It means that you must give him the largest piece."

"Then, mother, I'd rather Charley should divide it."

A COLORED preacher remarked:—"When God made de fust man He set him up agin de fence to dry." "Who made de fence?" interrupted an eager listener. "Put dat man out!" exclaimed the colored preacher; "such questions as dat 'd destroy all de theology in de world.

THE Boston Post says the civil rights bill won't do the darkies down South any good. Since they were swindled out of all their money by the Freedmen's Savings Bank they can't afford to patronize the hotels, theatres, public conveyances and "sich."

"WILL you please insert this obituary notice?" asked an old gentleman of an editor. "I make bold to ask it because the deceased had a great many friends around here who'd be glad to hear of his death."

"HENRY, I fear you are forgetting me," wrote a bright-eyed girl to her lover, the other day. He laughingly replied: "Yes, Sue, I've been for getting you these last eight years.

A LADY wants to know what is the meaning of "ante" and "pass the buck." Her matrimonial companion uses it in his dreams, and she is afraid it indicates typhoid fever.

Life is divided into three terms: that which was, which is, which will be. Let us learn from the past to profit by the present and from the present to live better for the future.

THE Danbury News says that Boston has at last a man who cannot tell lie. He is a deaf and dumb pea-nut merchant.

"MARRY a widower! not I!" said Matilda. "Babies are like tooth brushes—everybody wants their own."

"You can't do that again said the pig when the boy cut off his tail.

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