THE DENTON JOURNAL
IS 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. 27. DENTON, MD., SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1875. NO. 38.

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 are collectable on first insertion.

Md. & Del. Rail Road

FALL ARRANGEMENT,

On and after Monday, Oct. 19th, 1874,

Trains will run as follows:

GOING NORTH.

LEAVE.	
Easton,	9.00 A. M.
Woodland,	9.15
Cordova,	9.25
Hillsboro',	9.40
Ridgely,	9.50
Greensboro',	10.10
Goldsboro',	10.25
Henderson,	10.40
Marydel,	11.00
Slaughter's,	11.15
Kenton,	11.30
ARRIVE.	
Clayton,	11.45
Wilmington,	3.50 P. M.
Philadelphia,	5.25
Baltimore,	8.15
New York,	10.25

GOING SOUTH.

LEAVE	
New York,	11.55 P. M.
Baltimore,	7.30
Philadelphia,	8.30
Wilmington,	10.10
Clayton,	1.00 P. M.
Kenton,	1.20
Slaughter's,	1.35
Marydel,	1.50
Henderson,	2.05
Goldsboro',	2.15
Greensborough,	2.40
Ridgely,	2.50
Hillsborough,	3.05
Cardova,	3.20
Woodland,	3.35
ARRIVE	
Easton,	3.50

All freights must be at the various stations at least thirty (30) minutes before the starting of the trains, otherwise they will lay over twenty-four hours.

oct17-tf J. L. CALDWELL, Supt.

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S

RESTAURANT

AND

EATING SALOON.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has fitted up the buildings on Washington street, adjoining the Norris House, in complete order, and has opened a first-class

RESTAURANT,

where Oysters, Terrapins, Beef and Pork Steaks, Mutton Chops, Coffee, and everything eatable, may be obtained in their season, at all hours, at short notice, and at reasonable prices.

☞ Private rooms for ladies and parties.

He has also fitted up a

BOWLING ALLEY, BILLIARD SALOON and BAGATELLE TABLE,

where the lovers of these sports can obtain recreation, and pass away a dull hour.

His BAR will be supplied with the purest and finest LIQUORS, and his PROVISIONS will always be fresh and of the best quality.

The best of order will at all times be preserved, and every effort be made for the comfort and pleasure of his guests.

T. H. HUBBARD,
feb8-tf Easton, Md.

REMOVAL!

We inform our friends of the Eastern Shore that we have removed from 168 W. Pratt Street, to the Spacious Warehouse,

216 WEST PRATT STREET,

ONE SQUARE ABOVE,

Between Charles and Hanover,

BALTIMORE.

Having enlarged our facilities, we are now prepared to offer a large stock of

Superior Clothing,

at reasonable prices.

Soliciting a continuace of your kind favors, we remain,

Very truly yours,
HARTSBERG & STEIFEL.
feb7-6mos.

W.S. GOSLIN. THOS. M. GOSLIN

W. S. GOSLIN & SON.

Commission Merchants

FOR THE SALE OF

Grain, Shi Timber

Eastern Shore Lumber, Staves, &c.

—ALSO—

AGENT FOR THE SALE OF

James Webbs' Very Superior Ashes.

PRICE 12½ CENTS PER BUSHEL.

Delivered on board Vessels.

No. 51 South Street, (Up Stairs,)

Baltimore, Md.

june 21-y

BLACKSMITHING.

THE undersigned begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally that he is still doing all kinds of Blacksmithing, at his shops in Hillsborough, with neatness and dispatch. All kinds of machinery repaired in the best style. New locks put on old guns, and guns repaired generally. All work done at usual prices and guaranteed to give satisfaction.

PLAIN HORSE SHOEING	$1.25
STEEL TOE "	1.50

On all work except Horse-shoeing from 5 to 15 per cent. will be allowed for the cash.

SAMUEL SNEED,
Jan 2 1875-1y. Hillsborough, Md.

ESTABLISHED 1842.

—o—

GEORGE W. BECK,

Tin Plate & Sheet Iron Worker,

MANUFACTURER & DEALER IN

STOVES, HEATERS, Etc.,

—ALSO—

SELLS THE CELEBRATED

"Excelsior" Cook Stove.

☞ GIVE HIM A CALL.

EASTON, MD.

nov21-6mos.

ESTABL SHED 1817.

BARCROFT & CO.

IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS

Of Staple & Fancy Dry Goods, Cloths, Cassimeres, Blankets, Linens, White Goods, Hosiery, &c.

NOS. 405 & 407 MARKET ST.,

AND NO. 12 NORTH FOURTH STREET.

S. B. BARCROFT. PHILADELPHIA.
J. Y. PINE. S. M. KILLE.
RO. LEE. W. M. SUNS. ep5-1f.

ROBT. 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

H. H. GOLDSBOROUGH. WM. G. ROBERTS

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. H. 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.

J. H. COULBOURN.
sep26-y.

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. [de.21-y

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 satisaction 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.

HORSEY, BRO. & BATTEN,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Boots, Shoes and Hats,

Have removed to the spacious warerooms

238 West Baltimore St.,

BALTIMORE, MD.

ALL ORDERS WILL RECEIVE PROMPT AND SPECIAL ATTENTION.

OUR GOODS ARE UNIFORM AND PRICES LOW.
an9-y.

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 manufecture he can say with confidence none can be found superior to it. His workmen are experisneed and skilled.

Repairing done promptly and satisfactorily. The patronage of an impartial public is respectfully solicited.

jan3-1y. WM. T. SHEWBROOKS.

IDLE MOMENTS.

I sat on the banks of a beautiful river,
That flows at the foot of a flower-crowned hill;
Where the sunbeams dance, or the shadows quiver,
Where the birds sing sweet, or all is still.
I had gathered flowers where the sunshine lingers—
The sweetest flowers that the wild-woods know—
And then let them slip through my idle fingers,
Into the river's silver flow.

I sit, to-day, where a river is flowing—
The mystic stream of the golden past;
I watch the sunbeams coming and going,
And I watch the shadows flitting fast.
My days, where the morning sunshine lingers,
Are bright and fair, but let them go—
And I watch them slip through my idle fingers,
Into the river's silver flow.

—Eudora May Stone, in Dan. News.

MARGARET'S CHOICE.

BY ANNA SHEILDS.

The house of John Dempster, house carpenter and builder, was very quiet one afternoon in November, a dreary, cold afternoon, when a drizzling rain seemed sympathizing with the tears a mother shed, as she sat in her desolation, weeping. Only a few short hours had passed since a little coffin had been carried across the humble threshold, and a sunny-haired, blue-eyed child, John Dempster's only daughter, had been put to rest in a narrow grave.

Mary Dempster grieved as only a loving mother can grieve, when the child she has fondled and nursed for three long years is carried away where she can see its bright face no more.—While she wept, John was on his way home from his shop, where he had some unfinished work that was pressing sorely upon his hands, but yet the mother was not entirely alone. When she became John Dempster's wife, she knew that she had had a dearly beloved predecessor, who had left a boy, six years old at the time of his father's second marriage. A gentle and loving step-mother Mary Dempster had been to the lad; and now, as she sat mourning, he crept softly to her side.

Two arms clasped her round the neck, two quivering lips were pressed upon her face, and a broken voice sobbed:

"Oh, mamma, I wish God had taken me to Heaven, and left you your own little Maggie!"

The woman's heart rose in bitter self-reproach. In her watchful care over her sick child, in her selfish sorrow over her bereavement, she knew that she had neglected her step-son, and now he was telling her he would have given his own young life for her darling's.

She was an impulsive, warm-hearted woman, and she opened her arms to the sobbing, trembling child at once.

"God knew best, Harry," she said. "I am very glad I have a dear little son to comfort me."

"*Are* you glad?" he asked, very earnestly. "Mrs. Wills said in the parlor that you would not 'go on' so if it had been me."

"Mrs. Wills does not know how much you and I love each other, does she Harry?"

The boy nestled down in the loving embrace, all his doubts over, all his lonely misery comforted; and so it happened, that when John Dempster opened the door he found his wife and boy consoling each other. But the man held in his own arms a burden that caused the mother's heart to thrill with sudden pain.

"Mary," he said, speaking in the slow, deliberate voice peculiar to him, "I found this child asleep, alone, in the shavings of the shed. She seems hungry, cold, and almost worn out with poverty. Shall I take her to the almshouse?"

Harry had drawn very near his father as he was speaking.

"Oh, mamma!" he cried, as the child's face was shown, "it is Maggie come back!"

Mary Dempster was not the one to thrust away the little one, pale, famished, and just the age of the baby she had lost, and a few hours of motherly care made the child dear to her.

They called her Maggie, the pale, dark-eyed child, so unlike their own blue-eyed blossom; they clothed her in the dainty garments fashioned for their own Maggie; and as the years rolled away, and no other child was sent to gladden their home, they forgot that this was not indeed their own.

Yet, though they never spoke of it, the father and mother realized that there was some undefined difference between this child and the rosy, rollicking children by whom she was surrounded. An atmosphere of sensitive refinement seemed to shut her out from their rough childish sports, and as she grew older the woman soul looked from her great dark eyes, while yet her years were those of a child.

Unconsciously she led them all, the slow-speaking father, the warm-hearted mother, and the merry, loving brother. John Dempster had sent his own son to public school, and Maggie too conquered the mysteries of learning in the girl's department of the same building; but after she had graduated from the grammar-school, there was no talk of binding her to a trade, as there probably would have been with their own Maggie, for John, though he had kept his family in comfort, had saved no penny for a rainy day, and his own son knew his own right hand must carve his way to fortune.

Literally *carve* his way, for Harry had learned his father's trade, and then served an apprenticeship to a wood carver. It might have been this work of Harry's that first awake the artist soul in Maggie; it might have been sight of the rude pictures from which he selected his patterns that first guided her fingers in their beautiful work, or the spirit might have been roused without any outside suggestion.

But it was there. It was mirored in the great dark eyes that looked with wishful seeking upon all nature; it lay hidden in the nervous little hands that were so helpful in the household. It was latent in the shrinking from rude contrasts of color, from all that was repulsive or hideous, from jarring sounds and discordant scenes.

She was fifteen years old when Harry, who was determined to excel in his business, brought from the library a volume upon the rudiments of sculpture and painting. It lay upon the little table in the sitting-room when Maggie dusted in the morning, and she opened it eagerly. Before she read the last page, she knew the meaning of the restless longing she had felt all her life, the reaching of her soul for something above, beyond her homely, happy life.

John Dempster humored her wish to take lessons in drawing [illegible] and her teacher found he [illegible] guide the taste and fingers of genius. She worked early and late; she knew no rest in striving for the power to translate by her fingers the language of her soul. It was the happiness, the wretchedness of possessing the artist spirit, without the artist power.

The family knew that the girl was reaching to heights they neither understood nor cared for; but they made her home happy in their love and tenderness, and hoped she would still be their daughter, even if she became an artist, and the world sought her for her art.

And the boy, who had given her a brother's devotion from the day she had been brought, a homeless waif, to fill the place of the dead sister, as he reached the manhood, knew that no brother's love could content him—that the dark-eyed, quiet girl had taken captive his entire heart, and that in the years to come she must answer his love, or he must flee from her face and influence forever.

He was a large, powerfully built man of twenty-eight, and she was a slender girl of seventeen, when he told her his love, and asked her if she would be his wife.

The great brown eyes looked dreamily into the eager blue ones, as she answered him:

"Let me study a few years, Harry; let me win my place as an artist before I think of a wife's cares and joys."

"But you love me?"

"I love you," she said softly, and then shrank a little as he poured out the fullness of his heart in rapturous gratitude.

The father and mother rejoiced in the betrothal that was to bind them all more firmly together, though there was no talk of marriage. Harry was prospering, but had no great wealth to offer his bride, and the quiet, uneventful life went on, Margaret studying closely, dreaming her maiden dreams, not of lovers, of riches, or gayety, but of artist renown, of the Italian skies and art treasures of which she had heard and read, but which seemed far away and unattainable in her humble life.

She was eighteen when, one day, there came to her a letter. In all her life before the girl had never seen her name written upon an envelope, and here was one bearing foreign postmarks and sent to her from the far off Italy of which she had dreamed.

Wondering, she opened it to read the mystery of her life in plain words.

The letter was from her mother, and she was told of the artist father who had died when she was a wee babe, leaving her mother to struggle with the world. She had found the child an incumbrance, and had purposely left it in John Dempster's path, hoping he would give it his dead girl's place in his home. Free once more, the widow had married a man of large wealth, who proved a very tyrant. Hiding the secret of the child from him at first, the mother, as years passed away, dared not reveal it, and accompanied her husband abroad, never telling him of the child she had secretly watched for long years.

"But now," she wrote, "he is dead. I am free, wealthy, and my own mistress. Come to me, my child—come to the land where your inheritance from your father, your artist soul, can expand and be cultivated!"

There were promises of love, of wealth, of all facility for the cultivation of her talent. The mother poured out in that letter the love hidden and cramped for years, and painted glowing pictures of happiness to come. A check was inclosed for a wardrobe suited to her new position, and travelling expenses to Italy.

To Italy! Margaret felt as if she was in a wild, strange dream, so unreal, so wildly improbable, that it was hard to look it steadily in the face and know that it was true. To go to Italy, to study and become an artist in that fairy land of art!

In imagination she flew over the seas, and tried to picture this unknown mother who was opening the gates of Paradise for her: wealth, position, a true mother, and Italy.

Suddenly upon her dream broke a reality. Only a voice, asking:

"Where is Margaret?"

Down from its airy flight came the girl's heart, and another picture rose in her mind—a picture of a home made desolate by her desertion of a loving heart, broken by her false faith. Life without Harry! An hour ago it would have seemed as impossible to live without breath, as to live without her joyous, loving betrothed. Now, in the face of a possible separation, the girl began to realize what Harry had been to her in her whole life: the unselfish love, the devotion that would have taken her, a penniless, nameless orphan, to his home and heart. And quickened by the reading of her mother's letter, the judgment of the young artist asserted itself, and she knew that the time had come for a decision in her life—a decision that must govern her whole future. She knew that the selfish, worldly nature that could desert a little child, would never give up the daughter who might be a pride to her, to a poor wood carver, who had but the education of the common schools, and no fortune.

Yet, to give up Harry—Harry with whom she had promised to pass her life, who loved her, and who, she knew now, had won her whole true heart for her own.

Margaret was very pale as she came into the family sitting-room, but there was a lustre in her large eyes, and a happy smile upon her lips, as she went to Harry.

"Will you marry me now, Harry?" she asked. "I will tell you the reason when we come home from church."

Rather bewildered, Harry said:

"I have wanted to marry you ever since I can remember, Margaret."

"Come now," she said. "Father and mother will come too, and we will go to the minister."

"But, Maggie," her mother cried, "no wedding, no—"

"Let the lass alone, Mary," said John Dempster. "She will do what is right."

The minister asked no questions, seeing the old people with the young couple, and Maggie sealed her choice before she laid the foreign letter before her husband and those who had been her true parents.

The steamer carrying her answer to her mother, crossed the one carrying the tidings of that mother's death, and her own inheritance of large wealth.

This was long years ago. Harry and his wife climbed together the ladder of education, travelled together, worked together, the one learning the sculptor's art, the other painting till she reached the summit of her ambition, and was acknowledged an artist. With wealth, a happy home, honor and love surrounding her, Margaret has never regretted her choice.

THE common course of things is in favor of happiness as the rule, misery the exception. Were the order observed our attention would be called to examples of health and competency, instead of disease and want.

WITH love the heart becomes a fair and fertile garden, with sunshine and warm hues; exalting sweet odors: but without, it is bleak desert covered with ashes.

A Slight Misunderstanding.

He came into the office of a West End under-taker yesterday with a look of great care on his honest face. His eyes were heavy and slightly bloodshot, telling nightly vigils and loss of sleep. His hair was unkempt and shaggy. The soft-hearted man of coffins looked upon his visitor with a gaze full of pity for the customer's loss and thankfulness—for his patronage. He was so young to be burdened with the loss of a dear one by death.

The manufacturer of burial cases nodded a silent assent and condoling recognition; the young man from the country said: "How d'ye?" Then ensued a painful silence, broken at length by the man of grave business:

"Can I do anything for you to-day sir?"

"Wall, I reckon so, stranger!"

Another silence. Once more the undertaker began by suggesting: "Your sister?"

Young man stared a moment, then as light gradually broke upon his perplexed mind, smiled a smile more and replied:

"No—my wife."

"Sudden?"

"No—expected su'thun' of the kind for several months."

"When did it happen?"

"Bout four o'clock this morning.

"Rather." (Spoken carefully and expressive of some doubt.)

"About what do you want the cost to be?"

"Don't care for expense; git it up kinner nice. I'll treat her hansum, cause she's the first one I ever had."

"Very well, my friend, you'll have it lined with white satin I suppose?"

"Just as you say, stranger."

"Silver headed screws, I suppose?"

Y-a-a-s—Oh, certainly—you bet. Git her up sniptious, you know, old fellow. None of your dratted one-hoss fixins for me. No, sir'ee."

"Just so. Silver handles, of course?"

"Eh? What's that you say, stranger—silver handles?—Oh, durn it, now, won't that be pilen' it on too hefty like? I kin stand silver screws and sich, but there no use makin' the whole tarnation trap of silver. The thing must be moved, and must have handles, but I ain't quite so stuck up as that, now—not quite, stranger."

"Very well," acquiesced the man of obsequites.

"I'll put ordinary handles to it then?"

"Eggs-actly—them's 'em, stranger; now yer talkin'. Or'nary handles 'll do. But I say; stranger (reflectively) make the wheels glisten like thunder."

"The wh—wh—eels?"

"Yas, wheels. What's ther matter with you anyhow?"

But, who ever heard of wheels to a coffin?"

"Coffin!" shrieked the dejected looking young man. "Coffin! Now who in the dickens said anything about coffins?"

"No-o! I want a cradle—a trap to rock my new baby in"

"And isn't your wife dead?"

"Not by a jugful. Don't you make cradles for sale?"

"No, my friend, I am an undertaker."

"Undertaker of what?"

"I make coffins."

"Oh, lord, let me ketch the feller that sent me here."

And the grief-stricken youth crammed his hat over his eyes, ran his hands deep down in the pockets of his trowers, and pounced out on the street searching for vengeance.

BEAUTITUDES.—Blessed are they that are blind, for they shall see no ghosts.

Blessed are they that are deaf, for they never lend money and never hear tedious stories.

Blessed are they that are afraid of thunder for they shall hesitate about getting married and keep away from political meetings.

Blessed are they that are lean, for there is a chance to grow fat.

Blessed are they that are ignorant, for they are happy in thinking they know everything.

Blessed is he that is ugly in form and features, for the "gals" shall not molest him.

Blessed is she who would get married, but can't, for the consolations of the Gospel are hers.

Blessed are the orphan children, for they have no mothers to spank 'em.

Blessed are they that expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed.

Blessed are they that do not advertise, for they shall rarely be troubled with a customer.

AN Indiana man bet $10 that he could ride the fly-wheel in a saw-mill, and as his widow paid the bet she remarked: "William was a kind husband, but he didn't know much about fly-wheels."

A Sermon on Push.

When Cousin Will was at home for vacation the boys always expected to have plenty of fun. The last frolic before he went back to his studies was a long tramp after hazed nuts. As they were hurrying along in high glee, they came upon a discouraged-looking man and a discouraged-looking cart. The cart was standing before an orchard. The man was trying to pull it up hill to his house. The boys did not wait to be invited, but ran to help with a good will. "Push! push!" was the cry.

The man brightened up; the cart trundled along as fast as rheumatism could do, and in five minutes they all stood panting at the top of the hill.

"Obliged to ye," said the man; "you just wait a minute;" and he hurried into the house, while two or three pink-aproned children peeped out of the door.

"Now, boys," said Cousin Will, "this is a small thing; but I wish we could all take a motto out of it, and keep it for life. 'Push!' it is just the word for a grand, clear morning.

[illegible] see it, don't stand back—push!

"If there's any thing good doing in any place where you happen to be—push!

"Whenever there's a kind thing, a Christian thing, a happy thing, a pleasant thing, whether it is your own or not, whether it is at home or in town, at church or at school, just help with all your might—push!"

At that moment the farmer came out with a dish of his wife's best doughnuts, and a dish of his own best apples; and that was the end of the little sermon.

A Touching Story.

A drunkard, who had run through his property, returned one night to his unfinished home. He entered his empty hall. Anguish was gnawing at his heart-strings, and language was inadequate to expres his agony as he entered his wife's apartment, and there beheld the victims of his victims of his appetite, a loving wife and a darling child. Morose and sullen, he seated himself without a word; he could not speak—he could not look upon them, but I mother said to the little boy by her side:

"Come, my dear, it is time to go to bed;" and that little baby, as usual, knelt by her lap, and, gazing wistfully into the face of her suffering parent like a piece of chiseled statuary, slowly repeated her nightly orison. When she had finished, the child, but four years old, said to her mother: "Dear mother, may I offer one more prayer?"

"Yes, yes, my sweet pet; pray."

And she lifted up her tiny hands, closed her eyes and prayed:

"Oh, God, spare, oh, spare my dear papa!"

That prayer was lifted with electric rapidity to the throne of God. It was heard on high; it was heard on earth. The response, "Amen!" burst from the father's lips, and his heart of stone became a heart of flesh. Wife and child were both clasped to her bosom, and in penitence he said:

"My child, you have saved your father from a drunkard's grave; I'll sign the pledge."

JOHNNY'S ESSAY ON "THE TODE."—Todes is like frogs, but more dignity, and when you come to think of it, frogs is wetter. The warts which todes is noted for can't be cured, for they are cronick, but if I couldent get well Ide stay in the house. My grandfather knew a tode wich somebody had tamed till it was folks. When its master wissled it would come for flies. They cetches em with their tong, wich is some like a long red worm, but more like litenin, only litenin haint got no gum onto it. The fli will be a standin a rubbin its hind legs together and a thinking wat a fine fli he is, and the tode a settin some distance away like it was asleep. Wile yoo are seeing the fli as plane as you ever see anything, all to once it aint there. Then the tode he looks up at you sollem, out of his eyes, like he said wat's become of that fli? but you kno he et it.

THE tears of beauty are like clouds floating over a heaven of stars, bedimming them a moment that they may shine with a brighter lustre than before.

LET it never be said that when a man jumps for joy, "his delight known no bounds."

A lumber dealer down town is trying to get hold of a lot of beams of the sun.

If a man is struck by a woman's beauty, is it actionable as an assault?

Dentist ballad—"O, who can tell the jaws we feel."

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