THE DENTON JOURNAL
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
WM. HENRY LECC,
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, Arts, &c.,—Independent on all Subjects.

VOL. 27. DENTON, MD., SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1875. NO. 39.

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,	11.39
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
Cordova,	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.

—0—

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.

ESTABLISHED 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. K. KILLE,
RO. LEE, W. M. RUNK. ep5-tf.

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.

—0—

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.

sep25-y. J. H. COULBOURN.

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 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.

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,

nov21-3m. 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.

MOTHER'S WAY.

Oft within our little cottage,
As the shadows gently fall,
While the sunlight touches softly
One sweet face upon the wall,
Do we gather close together,
And in hushed and tender tone,
Ask each other's full forgiveness
For the wrong that each has done.
Should you wonder why this custom
At the ending of the day,
Eye and voice would quickly answer,
'It was once our mother's way!'

If our home be bright and cheery,
If it hold a welcome true,
Opening wide its door of greeting
To the many—not the few;
If we share our Father's bounty
With the needy day by day,
'Tis because our hearts remember
This was ever mother's way.

Sometimes when our hearts grow weary,
Or our task seems very long,
When our burdens look too heavy,
And we deem the right all wrong,
Then we gain a new, fresh courage,
As we rise to proudly say,
'Let us do our duty bravely—
This was our dear mother's way.'

Thus we keep her memory precious,
While we never cease to pray,
That at last when lengthening shadows
Mark the evening of life's day,
They may find us waiting calmly
To go home our mother's way.

MONEY AT INTEREST.

BY AMY RANEOLPH.

"Please, sir, will you give me a penny, only a penny?"

"No—go along with you; I never give money to street beggars."

And Mrs. Parker sat a trifle more erect, if it were possible, in her buffalo-cushioned wagon seat, and grasped her blue cotton umbrella tighter. But her husband, Paul Parker, on whose kindly face the boy turned his gaze, said:

"See here, boy; I've only got a fifty-cent piece, and its more money than I ought to give away. I shall be here at three o'clock this day week, opposite this very tavern; will you be here to pay it back to me? Mind I only lend it to you; and may be I'll be able to find some work for you by that time."

"Yes, sir," said the boy, gleefully as he scrambled up to the side of the wheel, "I will be here, sure."

"Paul Parker, you're a fool!" said the woman, angrily. "You scatter your money about as if there was no end to it. Do you suppose you will ever see your fifty cents again?"

"I hope so, wife," said the old man, touching his placid horse gently with the reins, urging him to a sleepy jog-trot. "I should be sorry to think there wasn't no truth in that bright-eyed little fellow. Give the world a fair chance, that's all I've got to say."

The blistering August sunshine was pouring into a little garret room in one of the most squalid and neglected purlieus of the town, where a brutal looking man sat smoking a short, black pipe, and two or three boys lounged around half asleep. A hand organ stood against the wall, and a monkey dressed in soiled red rags chatted in the window. Nino's accordeon and a thumbed tamborine lay near by; Nino himself, with tear-stained cheeks and heavy eyelids, was crouched in a corner, wistfully watching the door, as if resolved to avail himself of the first chance that offered itself for escape.

There was a wild beauty about the boy, in spite of his swarthy cheeks and forlorn uniform of rags, and an attractiveness that was difficult to understand. His brow, overshadowed by thick, black locks, was frank and open; his eyes were soft and liquid, and there were both spirit and gentleness in the well outlined mouth. Had Nino Berlani been the offspring of aristocratic lineage, he would have been called handsome; but rags and poverty and blows are anything but beautifying, and Nino had known little else in his brief and sunless existence.

Presently the man knocked the ashes from his pipe and laid it down, with a vicious side-long glance at the boy.

"So you'd got fifty cents hid away, you was going to gammon me out of, eh?" he demanded. "You young vagabond, I'd like to know what you mean by it!"

"It was mine," sobbed the boy; "I earned it singin' under the great folks' winders after work hours was over. I gave you all I earned in the day time, I did."

"Yours!" growled the man, savagely; "and all you can earn is mine, and if I ever catch you at such a trick again I'll split your head open for you.—Where are you going now? Sit down again."

"Only out as far as West-Landhill tavern," said Nino, entreatingly, as his eyes marked the slowly creeping tide of sunshine along the floor, that formed his only substitute for a clock.

"Well you won't do no such thing!" said the man, evidently in a most contrary and quarrelsome mood. "Go back to your bench again; do you hear? You are not goin' to stir out of this house fore night, and not then, unless you behave yourself."

"I'll be back in ten minutes, sir; I will, indeed."

"Hold your noise!" brutally ejaculated his irate keeper. "I tell you, you shan't stir another peg; there, now, Dave," to one of the other boys, "give us a light here for this pipe."

Nino, watching his opportunity, as a wild beast might watch for an escape from its cage, gave a forward dart just as the man stooped over to rub his match against the sole of his boot.—But he was not quick enough; his tyrant seized him rudely by the arm, and slung him across the floor as if he had been a toy. He fell, his temple striking against the leg of a bedstead standing in the corner, and lay there quite unsensible.

"Blest if I don't think he done for dad," said one of the hitherto impassive spectators of the scene, a boy of thirteen, who was generally dressed as a "wandering Bavarian," with tambourine and bells.

"Let him alone, I say," snarled the father. "I'll teach him a lesson."

Just then the bell in the old square tower of the town clock struck three.

"I told you he wouldn't be he, Paul!" exultingly exclaimed Mrs. Parker, projecting her keen gray eyes into every nook and corner around the old street in front of the West-Landhill House of Entertainment for Man and Beast. "I knew it! Now, wha do think of your fine, honest boy?"

Paul Parker's countenance clouded visibly.

"I'm sorry for it, wife—sorry from the bottom of my heart. I somehow thought he was different from the common lot of 'em, but I s'pose I hadn't ought to expect much from a lad brought up in the streets. Well, well, let's drive on."

The swift rolling years had sprinkled their silver blossoms more plentifully on the head of Paul Parker, and deeper lines in his wife's face. The little girl at the fireside had grown into a tall, handsome young woman. Once more we enter the inner sanctum of their lives.

"It is father's step, mother," said Lucy Parker, jumping up to open the door. "Well, father, what luck?"

"Bad enough, child," said old Paul, meekly shaking the powder fringe of snow from his overcoat. "Milton's down ag'n with fever and ague; his wife's poorly, and Bruce has had a stroke, so he can't work no more."

"And they didn't pay you the money? Paul, you were a fool for ever lending it," shrieked his wife shrilly. "And what are we to do, with lawyer Martin writin' and writin' for the money we owe him?"

"We can do nothing, wife?"

"We shall be sold out at auction, and die in a poor house yet. Oh, Paul, why didn't you pay more heed to what I've always kept tellin' you?"

"Not so bad as that, I hope," said the old man cheerily, though the muscles of his lips and brow quivered.

"Father, is it St. John Martin, the Leeds street lawyer, to whom you owe this money?"

"Yes; what do you know about him?"

"Not much, but I met his son at several parties last fall, I—I think, if you were to go there and tell him just how it is, or write even—"

"No use," croaked Mrs. Parker, despairingly, "other folks ain't so ready to let go of their money as your father is, Lucy."

"May be it's worth trying," said old Paul, hopefully, "We'll write this very night and next week we'll go up to Boston and see what answer he makes us." And then Lucy, blushing like a sweet pea, ran to get the pen and paper, timidly trusting in the efficacy of her plan.

"For his father can not be so very hard-hearted," she thought, "and they are so very rich that surely they will be willing to wait for this five hundred dollars until we can pay it."

The elegantly furnished little office on Leeds street did not often have such outre equipages drawn up before it as Pal Parker's mud-besplashed box wagon and shaggy old pony, and the elegantly attired young lawyer, who sat at the desk examining some papers, glanced up in surprise as the blooming girl and the bent old man enter, together, like May and December.

"Lucy!"

"Ninian! I thought your father—I did not know that—"

"My father is detained at his country seat, and I am acting member of the firm Lucy. He took me into partnership last week, and this is—"

He turned inquiringly, and with something of a start, to the brown faced old man who stood modest in the background. Lucy introduced her father, and stated their business, with a profusion of very becoming blushes. She had not expected to find her gallant young cavalier of the past fall in the office of St. John Martin.

"We are in very straightened circumstances, Mr. Martin," concluded Lucy, "and my father cannot at present hope to discharge this debt, but I am soon to have a very good situation in Madame Elvaine's school as music teacher, and we can get along and pay a part at a time if your father would be so kind as to wait a little—"

Lucy stopped short; her voice was getting unsteady, and she was far too proud to yield to the fast coming tears in Ninian Martin's presence.

The young man listened in silence, but now he took a tin box from its shelf in the safe and unlocking it, disclosed sundry packages of labelled notes, receipts, etc.

"Let me see," he said, running his eyes over them, "it was a note for five hundred dollars, I believe?"

"Yes, sir," answered the old man, "for five hundred dollars."

"Is this your note?"

"Yes sir."

Ninian Martin tore it in two, and laid the fragments on the fire. Paul Parker and Lucy gazed in astonishment as the young lawyer lifted his dark eyes calmly toward them.

"Mr. Parker, you will please consider that you have this day received payment for a very old debt. We have balanced accounts."

"Sir, I don't understand you," said the bewildered old man. "I don't remember—"

"But I do. It is rather more than ten years, Mr. Parker, since you put that money to interest."

"Sir?"

"I will be more plain with you," said the young man, smiling. "Perhaps Miss Parker is not aware that I am only the adopted son of my more than father. My real name is Nino Berlani. I am an Italian by birth.—Ten years ago I was begging in the streets of Landhill, starved and penniless. A kind hand—you know whose, Mr. Parker—extended itself to me in the hour of need." The old man's face lighted up.

"I do remember now. It was a fifty cent piece; and I told you to come back just a week from that time, and—"

"And I did not come. No; but I tried my very best to come, but was prevented by the brutality of the man whose slave and drudge I was. I begged my way to Boston, having run away from my tyrant. St. John Martin found me one night in the streets perishing from cold and starvation.—He had lost his only child, a boy of about my age, and not unlike me in personal appearance, and somehow I seemed to take the sore, vacant place in his heart. I resolved that if it ever lay in my power I would return the gift a thousand fold. But I never dreamed that Lucy's father was my benefactor."

He turned to her with a bright congratulatory smile as he concluded, while the brown face of old Paul Parker worked with emotions he could not conceal.

"I thought you wouldn't ha' cheated me, boy; I thought your face was a good and true one! But I ha'nt no right to your generosity. Your father—"

"My father and I are one, sir, in thought, deed and wish."

"I don't know how to thank you, young man."

"Then do not attempt it. Perhaps one of these days I may ask you for yet more favors."

Old Paul Parker went home to his wife sedately triumphant.

"Wife, you said 'I told you so,' all your life; now it's my turn."

"What on earth do you mean?" grumbled his ascetic helpmate. "I do believe you're getting in your dotage."

"May be I am; in that case though, I wish I'd got into it long ago."

And he told his adventure, while Lucy sat by, smiling like a morning in May.

"Didn't I invest that fifty to a pretty good advantage?" he asked.

"Well, I never?" was her ultimatum.

"He wants new favors some day from me. What do you say, mother? Can we spare our little girl here?"

"Don't father!" cried Lucy, hiding her face, but she didn't look very angry after all.

A WISE EXCUSE.—On one occasion, at a dinner at the Bishop of Chester's, Hannah More urged Dr. Johnson to take a little wine. He replied, "I can't drink a little, child, and, therefore, I never touch it. Abstinence is as easy to me as temperance would be difficult." Many have the same infirmity, but are destitute of the same courage, and therefore are ruined.

GRAVER THOUGHTS.

When avarice rules, humanity is absent.

The essence of true nobility is abnegation of self.

Dispose not thyself for much rest, but for greater patience.

No man doth safely rule but he that hath learned gladly to obey.

How near are two hearts when there is no deceit between them!

He is the happiest, be he king or peasant, who finds peace in his home.

We would willingly have others perfect, and yet we amend not our own faults.

It is a short step from modesty to humility, but a shorter one from vanity to folly.

Good intentions are the seeds of good actions, though they do not always produce them.

As length of life is denied us, we should at least do something to show that we have lived.

Zeal is very blind or badly regulated when it encroaches upon the rights of others.

Sun-dials mark only the bright hours. Would it not be well if most people could imitate them?

The effects of weakness are inconceivable, and vaster than those of the most violent passions.

You will gain a good reputation if you avoid those actions which you censure and blame in others.

Upon men of small understanding nothing makes so deep an impression as what they do not understand.

Be noble minded! Our own heart and not other men's opinions of us, forms true honor.—*Schiller.*

How many troubles might mankind be spared if they would only stop to hear each other's explanations.

Avail yourself of all your knowledge without making a display of it. That machinery works best that is hidden from view.

The block of granite which was an obstacle in the path of the weak becomes a stepping-stone in the path of the strong.—*Carlyle.*

Discrimination is as necessary in charity as in everything else; and indiscrimination in charity is in many respects more dangerous than in anything else.

There is an old age of the heart that is possessed by many who have no suspicion that there is anything old about them, and there is a youth that never grows old.

In all evils which admit of a remedy, impatience should be avoided, because it wastes that time and attention in complaints, which if properly avoided, would remove the cause.

The winds of adversity sweep over our souls, and scatters our fairest blossoms of hope. But the blossoms fall that we may bring forth much fruit—patience, faith and love.

Though judgment must collect the materials of the goodly structure of friendship, it is affection that gives the cement; and passion as well as reason should concur in forming a firm and lasting coalition.

NO STOCKINGS IN HEAVEN.—A lady was asked by her servant about the nature of the next world, and wether it would be just like this. The lady, being blessed with a happy family of eleven children, has a skeleton in th shape of a stocking basket that never gets empty, and at whose side she has spent many a midnight hour in darning. With this spectre before her eyes, she replied to the girl playfully: I don't thing we shall have to darn stockings after midnight. "Shure that's thrue for you, mum—for all the pictures of angels I have ever seen were barefooted."

AN Irishman went a fishing and among other things he hauled in a large size turtle. To enjoy the surprise of the servant girl he put it in her room. Next morning the first that bounced into the breakfast room was Biddy, with the exclamation, "Be jabers I've got the devil." "What devil?" inquired her master. "Why, the bull-bed-bug that's been ating the children for the last two months."

A SACRAMENTO lawyer remarked to the court: "It is my candid opinion, Judge, that you are an old fool." The Judge allowed his mildly beaming eye to fall upon the lawyer a brief moment, then, in a voice husky with suppressed emotion, said: "Its my candid opinion that you are fined $100."

"WHY did you pass yesterday without looking at me?" said a beautiful woman to Talleyrand, "Because madam, if I had looked I could not have passed."

Uncle Billy's Objection to Civil Rights.

I "interviewed" Uncle Billy, a good old colored friend of mine, the other day on civil rights.

"I don't want nuffin mo'," said Uncle Billy. "Got too much already for dis niggah."

"How is that, Uncle Billy? Is it not a good thing to be equal before the law?"

"Now, Marse Boss," grunted Billy, plaintively, "dar's jist where de misery comes in. We're ekal befo' de law, an' dar yer hit our weak pint. Befo' de war ef a niggah stole chicken an' pig, yer jerked him up, guv him thirty-nine lashes an' let him go. But just let a culled pusson try it now! Yer hauls him 'fore court an' sen's him to de penitentiary, jist like he was one of yer poor white trash. Dat's what 'tis to be ekal 'fore de law!"

I suggested to Uncle Billy that this might be obviated by being a little more honest.

"Marse Boss," interrupted Uncle Billy, "we can't run agin natur. Its nat'ral for niggah to steal pig an' chicken, fryin' size. Yer knows it is, an' 'taint no use tryin' to stop us. Now we uns are willin' to let you uns alone on dis pint. We're powerful weak on dis pint, Marse Boss."

Just here a preverse and disloyal spirit tempted me to hint to Uncle Billy that the colored people were indebted to their republican friends for this change in their status.

"Well, den, Marse Boss," said he, "all ise got to say is de law's got to be changed. Mus' hab a law for de white man and a law for de black man."

Strange as it may seem, some of our best citizens echo Uncle Billy's sentiment. They are inclined to view some of the negro's minor transgressions in a lenient light, and I know that some of our democratic judges impose lighter penalties upon colored men for small offences than they would do in cases where the guilty men were white.

Before Uncle Billy left I asked him how he would like to sit down at the table with the white folks at the hotels.

"Great Goddlemighty," exclaimed the good old man. "I 'low yous tryin' to make a fool o' dis chile. Why, you know yourself dat no callud pusson eber lets a white man see 'em eat if dey kin help it!"

This is strictly true. The ordinary southern negro will not eat in the presence of a white spectator.

"Well, Uncle Billy," I said, it is very evident that you don't want any civil rights."

"Not any mo', I thank you," replied Billy. "Nearly done ruined now. Hav to pay my own doctor's bills; lost all my money in de Freedmen's bank; dever got no forty acres an' de mule dey promised me; an' can't help myself to a little chicken, fryin' size, widout gwin to de penitentiary. Ise got 'nuff cibbil rights!"

The above is no production of the fancy, it is a true incident, honestly told, and it is impossible to talk to the country negroes without hearing just such things as I have related.—*N. Y. Independent.*

MARRIED LIFE.—Goethe's idea of married life, and one to which he strictly adhered, is described by himself as the union of two persons of cultivated faculties, identical as to opinion and purposes, between whom there exists that best kind of equality, similarity of powers and capacities with reciprocal superiority in them, so that one can enjoy the luxury of looking up to the other, and can have alternately the pleasure of leading and being led in the path of development.

AN honest old deacon suspected a brother of stealing his wood, and said so. The matter was taken up by the church, and the deacon being unable to substantiate his charge, was adjudged to make an apology to his injured brother, which he did in this wise: "Brother A., I accused you of stealing my wood; I can't prove it, and am sorry for it."

PERHAPS we ought not to mention such things, but its hard to keep from thinking how different the history of this country might have been if Ulysses Grant, Benjamin F. Butler, and Henry Ward Beecher had been born girls.

JOSH BILLINGS says: "There ain't anything that will completely cure laziness, though a second wife has been known to hurry it some."

Although a women's age is undeniably her own she does not own it.

A THIRD term for Grant means death for the Republic.

It makes a misfortune the heavier to worry over it.

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