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, Advertising, &c.,—Independent on all Subjects.

VOL. 27. DENTON, MD., SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1875. NO. 47.

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

SPRING ARRANGEMENT,

On and after Wednesday, April 7th, 1875

Trains will run as follows:

GOING NORTH.

	Passenger No. 1.	Freight No. 2. THURSDAYS ONLY
LEAVE		
Easton,	5.30 A. M.	10.30 A. M.
Woodland,	5.45	11.10
Cordova,	5.55	11.25
Hillsboro',	6.10	11.35
Tuckahoe,	6.20	11.50
Greensboro',	6.40	12.10 P. M.
Goldsboro',	6.55	12.25
Henderson,	7.10	12.40
Marydel,	7.23	12.50
Slaughter's,	7.40	1.05
Kenton,	7.55	1.20
ARRIVE.		
Clayton,	8.15	1.35
Wilmington,	10.15	3.50
Philadelphia,	11.45	5.25
Baltimore,	1.15	8.15
New York,	5.10	10.22

GOING SOUTH.

	Freight No. 3.	Passenger No. 4. THURSDAYS ONLY
LEAVE		
New York,	11.55 P. M.	12.25 P. M.
Baltimore,	7.30 A. M.	2.45
Philadelphia,	8.50	5.15
Wilmington,	10.10	6.40
Clayton,	12.00 M.	8.30
Kenton,	12.20 P. M.	8.45
Slaughter's,	12.35	9.00
Marydel,	12.50	9.15
Henderson,	1.05	9.25
Goldsboro',	1.15	9.35
Greensborough,	1.40	9.50
Ridgely,	1.55	10.05
Hillsborough,	2.10	10.15
Cordova,	2.25	10.30
Woodland,	2.35	10.40
ARRIVE		
Easton,	2.50	10.55

Train No. 2 will have Passenger Car attached, and will be subject to delays incident to freight business.

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.

apr10-tf J. L. CALDWELL, Supt.

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 continuance of your kind favors, we remain,

Very truly yours,
HARTSBERG & STEIFEL.

feb7-6mos.

BLACKSMITHING.

THE undersigned begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally that he is still doing all kinds of blacksmithing at his shop in Hillsboro, 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.

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.

jan2-1y. WM. T. SHEWBROOKS.

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,

nov11-2m. WM. N. CALVERT & CO.

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.

A CARD.

DR. E. E. ATKINSON, having removed back to his farm, on the road between Hillsborough and Denton, respectfully tenders his professional services to his friends and the public generally. He may be found at his residence at all times when not professionally engaged [dec5-tf.

Notice.

AS I have bought out the stock of John T. Comegys, Wheelright and Blacksmith, at Goldsborough Station, and have a good stock of material and competent workmen in both branches of the business, I feel assured that I can give entire satisfaction to all who may favor me with their patronage. Repairing done at shortest notice. New work done to order. ROBERT SCHUYLER.

feb13-6mos.

NOTICE FISHERMEN.

GILLING THREAD.

BANNER THOMAS' celebrated Silver Gray Gilling Thread; Jno. S. Lee & Co., Delaware Thread, and other popular brands; Net Rope, hand and machine made, at lowest cash prices.

J. W. CHEEZUM & CO.,
Dec19-tf. Easton, Md.

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. [oct13-1y.

GEO. M. RUSSUM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
DENTON, MD.

Can be found at his office adjoining T. B. Heather, opposite the Court House.

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

mar13-1y.

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. [dec4-1-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.

250 MARYLAND FARMS

IN TRACTS FROM 20 TO 300 ACRES,

Near Railroad and navigable salt water (with a its luxuries), in Talbot county, Md. Climate mild and healthy. Titles good. Send for pamphlet and map showing *location* of tracts. Address

CHAS. E. SHANAHAN,
mar27-1y. Att'y, Easton, Md.

CHAS. E. SHANAHAN,
Attorney-at-Law.
OFFICE ON DOVEY 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.

Maryland Homestead
AND
SETTLERS AGENCY.
FOR INFORMATION APPLY TO
WM. S. RIDGELY,
Denton, Caroline Co., Md.

REAL ESTATE OWNERS who wish to sell this season will do well to communicate with the subscriber at his office in Denton on Tuesdays and Saturdays. In consequence of arrangements with influential parties at the North considerable immigration is anticipated the coming season to our county and all who place their property at an early date in my hands, as attorney for sale, will have an opportunity afforded to realize upon it.

I desire descriptions as soon as practicable, that are not exagerated, with reasonable terms and fair prices. Upon this basis I propose to operate. I desire my efforts to be mutually beneficial to both seller and buyer. Upon my part I offer the pledge that a most extensive communication will be opened with Northern and Western men and if any of my clients have property they desire to sell they shall be put in the way of purchasers. By a thorough correspondence and intimate association with responsible parties at the North, I am prepared to carry to the very doors of large and desirable sections all information respecting properties in my hands for sale as attorney.

I shall issue a special catalogue of all such properties the last of the present month, for distribution among my correspondents at the North. All who wish to sell and have not made other arrangements will do well to communicate with me at once.

If you have the right kind of property and the right kind of prices I can render you service.

feb5-tf. WM. S. RIDGELY, Att'y., Denton, Md.

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.

CALL BEFORE PURCHASING ELSEWHERE at B. F. FIELD & CO'S Cheap Store.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

BY MRS. JERNINGHAM.

Who would not belong to the fold,
Over which the Good Shepherd holds sway?
His rule is like thrice-refined gold,
Or the soft clouds that herald the day.
His voice is the voice of a friend,
And his sheep know its kind, gentle sound—
His rule will extend to the end,
Till all nations lie low on the ground.

When on earth, His own flock was but small;
But, as age upon age flies away,
Tender hearts still respond to His call,
And His servants still point out the way;
They care for His sheep, and they cry,
Lest the wolf should break into the fold—
To defend them would willingly die,
No hirelings are they, paid with gold.

The sheep and the lambs must be fed!
The charge to his servant was given;
To save them the Good Shepherd bled,
And opened the portals of Heaven.
Other sheep that are not of this fold
Are daily and hourly brought in;
The numbers can never be told
Till the Good Shepherd cleanse them from sin.

—*Sunday Telegram.*

MAGGIE'S LESSON.

A TALE OF THE FAR WEST.

A pleasant sight greeted Mr. Martyn's eye as he threw open the door leading to the apartment serving as kitchen, dining and sitting-room in one, on this very cold night in midwinter.—A bright fire crackled and sparkled in the wide chimney-place, the kettle sang a merry tune all to itself, to which a demure 'grimalkin' nodded grave approvals. A round table, drawn to the center of the floor, with snowy cover and neat appointments, shone in the red light thrown by the logs in burning. But there was evidently something wanting to complete its comfort for the master, who glanced expectantly around as he walked toward the fire.

"Where's maggie?" he asked, finally, throwing down his bundle of frost-crusted wood on the hearth.

"She has gone with Arthur Tracy to Sandville," answered his wife, mentioning a village several miles to the west. "He had some business to transact, and asked her to go with him."

"Gone with Tracy!" repeated the husband, in a tone of surprise and annoyance. "I thought Harry was coming here to-night?"

"I believe she decided to go with Arthur; girls are changeable, you know," returned the wife.

"Girls are fools!" added Mr. Martyn, administering a big kick to the huge black log by the way of emphasis, sending a shower of red sparks up the chimney. "Bear in mind, Janet," he exclaimed, turning angrily toward his wife, "Mag will play her tricks once too often. Harry Brown is a fine young fellow as ever stepped in shoe-lether, and if she offends him, she'll rue the day she did it.

Mrs. Martyn sighed as she took her place at the tea-table. Mother's love is ever ready with an excuse, and, in this instance, reasoned as follows: Living in a lonely, unfrequented Western village, scarcely more than a mere settlement, with no society, save such as the rude settlers could give them, though thoroughly appreciating the worth of Harry Brown she could not blame Maggie for being attracted by the polished exterior of the handsome Boston merchant.

Mr. Martyn finished his supper in silence, but anxiety soon took the place of anger in his heart.

"Did you caution Maggie about coming home before dark?" he asked.

"Yes; it is time for her to be here now, returned the wife, glancing uneasily at the clock, which was on the stroke of five.

"And they have two stretches of ot woodland to pass through," he muttered, looking gloomily on the fast-gathering night.

The mother's heart sank; she understood the ominous meaning conveyed by his words.

Many parties lingering beyond daylight in a pleasure ride, had never returned; the stained snow with scattered fragments of torn clothing, told of their fearful fate, and of the scourge of the forests—the wolves. The hours passed heavily. Six, seven, eight struck, and still no signs of their return.

At last unable to bear his suspense longer. Mr. Martyn went out in quest of Harry, and with him to devise some means of relief.

Meanwhile the hours passing so wearily to the parents, flew by laden with gay enjoyment to Maggie and her companion. With a pardonable vanity in her stylish escorte, she extended her 'calls' too far beyond their intended limit, to which Tracy, wholly ignorant of the dangers of a Western life, politely assented. The sun was far in the west when the last adieu was spoken, the last invitation exchanged, and the ride for home commenced in the sledge and pair.

Before they had gone two miles, the day was entirely gone, and the moon shone brightly over the broad expanse of snow. Maggie closed her eyes with a thrill of terror as they [illegible] through the first stretch of woods.

Nothing appeared to confirm her fears and she began to hope they might reach home in safety.

Tracy broke the silence by saying, This is the best part of the ride, isn't it, Miss Maggie?" bending a glance of admiration on her fresh blonde beauty.

Startled from her reverie, she joined in his merry conversation, while her thoughts made an undue accompaniment to the sledge music in the words of her father, the evening previous—"These clear cold nigh ts are just the ones for the wolves." Suddenly to bandinage add repartee came a fearful interlude, a long, low cry—at first a howl, then dying away into a prolonged mourning wail—a sound once heard never forgotten.

Maggie had repeatedly heard it when the wolves, pressed by sore hunger, ventured within the limits of the settlement. At such times she would cover her head and trembling with fear, pray that she or any loved one might not be exposed to such a death.

And now a faint moan of anguish escaped her lips. Tracy turned to her in surprise.

"Why what is the matter?" he cried seeing her pale and frightened features.

She endeavored to speak, but her voice failed her. Then as the death-cry arose on the shrill night air, with the strength of desparation she almost shricked, "Drive faster! faster! Don't you hear them? The wolves!"

But as if in doubt, he reigned in the horses to listen.

"And that is the wolves, is it?" he asked quietly.

Maggie bowed slightly.

His face grew as white as the snow about him in an instant, and grasping her arm sternly, his politeness vanishing, with only the instinct of self preservation remaining, he cried, "And you knew of this danger, and [illegible] persuaded me to remain so long in that cursed village! Now listen,' he continued with fearful deliberation, "I will drive fast—make every effort to escape, but if it comes to the worst, and it's impossible for both to be saved, you shall go and rightly, too for not warning me!"

He grasped the reins and urged the horses on, and as they sped rapidly over the snow, Maggie sat dumb and motionless with terror.

Only the sledge bells—a bitter mockery—now broke the stillness. She began to hope they had been deceived or the wolves had lost the scent, when a quick loud cry, bursting from the whole pack, scarcely a hundred yards away, roused her from her apathy, and drove Tracy almost into a frenzy. He cast the rains violently from him, and then sprang from the sledge, giving the horses, as he did so, a heavy lash with the whip, that sent them yards away from where he was standing.

Maggie comprehended dimly that he would take to a tree for safety. Then her own dangerous situation required all her attention. And now the courage of a western girl inured to hardships and dangers of all kinds, asserted its existence. She wound the reins tightly around her slender hands, and drew the horses in for a breefand much needed rest, and to calculate upon her chance for life, without giving another thought to her cowardly cavalier.

A faint sound resembling the first pattering of rain-drops on forest leaves, warned her that her time was limited; with an encouraging word to the horses, she touched them with the whip.—Away they dashed with the speed of the wind. On! on! guiding them with a steady hand, the wide-open plain was soon left far behind, and Maggie held her breath hard, as they dashed with lightning speed under the boughs of the second stretch of woodland. Faster and faster through the thick woods, thanking God that the faint glimmer of moonbeams through the dark trees enabled her to keep in a straight road. A faint light ahead and she bent forward to look, and once more they dashed out on an open plain, the only one that lay between herself and the village—and safety! The first house was passed—another and another. For the first time relaxing her firm hold, she drew a sigh of intense relief, and ventured a glance behind her.

A cry of horror burst from her lips. Never abating their speed in the least, the whole pack of famished animals, with loud cries pourd into the road toward the village and surrounded the sledge, she felt them dash by her, her hot breath fanning her face, and with a muttered prayer for mercy frozen on her lips she sank lifeless to the bottom of the vehicle.

When her father lifted her out, and carried her to the house near at hand, friendly neighbors rubbed down the panting and trembling animals giving them their due praise in having so nobly saved their fair charge and themselves from a fearful death.

Harry and Mr. Martyn came out of the village in time to see the danger, and the poor girl's terror had deafened her to the shots fired in her defence.—However, she soon rallied sufficient to tell of her own thoughtlessness that had so nearly cost her her life and Tracy's desertion.

More than one brow grew dark at its recital, and hands were clenched in rage.

They had no opportunity to avenge it, however, for Arthur Tracy was never seen in the neighborhood again, and only a note sent to the inn, requesting the sending of his trunk to Boston, told of his safety.

This adventure effectually cleared the "dazzle of gold" from Maggie's eyes; and when the roses over the little low house opened their first buds in the early summer, Maggie became Mrs. Harry Brown; and if there is any person of whom she thoroughly dislikes being reminded, it is the brave companion of her ride for life.

How to Succeed.

If your seat is too hard to sit on, stand up.

If a rock rises up before you, roll it away or climb over it.

If you want money, earn it.

If you wish for confidence, prove yourself worthy of it.

It takes longer to skin an elephant than a mouse, but the skin is worth something.

Do not be content with doing what another had done; surpass it.

Deserve success and it will come.

The baby was not born a man.

The sun does not shine like a rocket or a bullet fired from a gun; slowly but surely it makes its round, and never tires. It is as easy to be a leader as a wheel horse.

If the job be long, the pay will be greater.

If the task be hard, the more competent you must be to do it.

THE DEATH OF A GAMBLER.—A N. Y. correspondent furnishes the following: "The morning papers announce the death of Johnny Hill, better known in New York as "Cooley Keys." Cooley was one of the characters of the great city. Originally a mechanic, he became a gambler early in life and ran the usual race of men in that profession. He owned many gambling houses and made large gains thereby. But of late years he has taken the wrong side of the table, and has lost as rapidly as he formerly made. His chief claim to distinction was his dress. He was probably the best dressed man in New York. He never wore a pair of boots more than one day, his shirt-fronts were made in Paris at a cost of $250 per dozen, and he bought gloves in quantities of $1,500 and $2,000, wearing never less than four or five pairs a day. Cooley was a picture on Broadway. But he died poor, as all such men do. Thousands and hundreds of thousands poured through his hands, but what comes over the devil's back goes under his belly. He died in a garret, in abject misery, with but the barest necessaries of life, and was buried as a pauper. He had his little day of fierce pleasure and then came his night. And what a night! As poor Cooley lay upon his wretched cot, in the pains of a mortal sickness, I wonder if he did not think it would have been better for him if he had followed his original business of brass casting and lived and died a decent man. Precious little comfort could a dying man get out of memories of a life made up of cards, prostitutes and fine clothes."

A WONDERFUL SPELLER.—The Harrisburg Telegraph says: While the excitement in regard to the spelling still continues, it will be interesting to our readers to know that we have in the upper part of the city a "curiosity extraordinary." Miss Callie K. Starr, the daughter Hiram Starr, Esq., aged about 12 years, can spell *backwards* with lightning rapidity any word that she can spell in the ordinary manner. On Saturday a majority of the words that caused the downfall of the advance guard of the orthographical army at the Opera House, was given to her to spell, when she not only spelled them correctly, but did it backwards as fast as any one can spell them the ordinary way. Such words as, admiration, Susquehanna, grievousness, &c., were given her, all of which she spelled rapidly and correctly *backwards*. We now ask some of our champion spellers what they suppose the little lady could do in the way of spelling if she can spell backwards what they cannot spell in the ordinary way? The answer requires some thought.

A Soft Answer.

The husband was quick of temper and often inconsiderate. They had been married not yet a year, when one day in a fit of hasty wrath he said to his wife:

"I want no correction from you. If you are not satisfied with my conduct you can return to your own home whence I took you, and find happiness with your kind!"

"If I leave you," returned the unhappy wife, "will you give me back that which I brought to you?"

"Every dellar. I covet not your wealth. You shall have it all back."

"Ah!" she answered, "I ment not the wealth of gold. I thought not of the dross. I meant my maiden heart—my first and only love—my buoyant hopes and the promised blessing of womanhood. Can you give these back to me?"

A moment of thought, of convulsion, and then taking her to his arms:

"No, no, my wife, I cannot do that but I will do more; I will keep them will cherish your blessing as my own; and never again God helping me, will I forget the pledge I gave at the holy altar when you gave your peace and happiness into my keeping.

How true it is that "a soft word turneth away wrath;" and how many, O, how many of the bitter strifes of domestic life might be avoided by remembering and acting in accordance therewith.

GROWING OLD.—"It is the solemn thought connected with middle life," says the late eloquent F. W. Tobertson, "that life's last business has begun in earnest; and it is then midway between the cradle and the grave, that a man begins to marvel that he let the days of youth go by so half enjoyed. It is the pensive autumn feeling; it is the sensation of half sadness that we experience when the longest day of the year is past and every day that follows is shorter, and the light fainter, and the feebler shadows tell that nature is hastening with gigantic footsteps to her winter grave. So does man look upon his youth. When the first gray hairs become visible, when the unwelcome truth fastens itself upon the mind that a man is no longer going up hill, but down, and that the sun is always westering, he looks back on things behind. When we were children we thought as children. But now there lies before us manhood, with its earnest work, and then old age, and then the grave, and then home. There is a second youth for man, better and holior than his first, if we will look on and not back."

BE OF GOOD CHEER.—A man who acquires a habit of giving way to depression is on the road to ruin. When trouble comes upon him, instead of rousing his energies to combat it, he weakens, and his faculties grow dull, and his judgement becomes obscured, and he sinks into the slough of despair. And if anybody pulls him out by main force and places him on solid ground, he stands dejected and discouraged and is pretty sure to waste the means of help which have been given him. How different he is with the man who takes a cherry view of life even at his worst, and faces every ill with unyielding pluck! He may be swept away by an overwhelming tide of misfortune, but he bravely struggles for the shore, and is ever ready to make the most of the help that may be given him. A cheerful, coragеous disposition is an invaluable trait of character, and should be assidiously cultivated.

WHAT AM I GOOD FOR?—Remember the parable of the talents—one had ten, another five, another two another one. So it is among men to-day. Our "talents" may be compared with money with education, acquired art, natural gifts or with an opportunity to do good. If we use our one, two or five talents to the best of our ability, we shall be accepted, and earn the approval of Him who judge rightously. Are we so living to-day that we can ask or hope for God's blessing on the course we are pursuing? This is our right, our privilege, and our duty. We may count our passing moments as unimportant, as they may appear to be uneventful. But "time flies," and we must fly to keep up or be left behind: each second, like the tick of a clock, makes its record. We do not realize this until we come into middle life or old age, when our time has been frittered away, we are punished in a "hell" of regrets, for "lost time and lost opportunity."

To see how eagerly a human being catches at a straw is not necessary to witness a drowning. Just put an end in a cobbler or a a julip, and you will find enough who will eagerly catch at the other end with their lips.

Despondent.

We saw one of our rural friends standing on the corner yesterday, with both hands in his pocket, and his countenance bearing evidence of extreme mental seffering.

"Spell of sickness, lately?" we inquired.

"No," he drawled out.

"Buried a wife or child?"

"No."

"Any disaster of any kind out your way?"

"Not yet," he replied, and gave us a sickly look, which seemed to say there was trouble ahead.

"Tell us all about it," we said eagerly, alive for a big local.

"Well there's awful times a coming," and he paused to take breath. "We won't have a peach, nor an apple, or strawberry, on the farm. Wheat is killed ceartain; there won't be enough raised to make a "flitter." The hog cholera is a coming and the chickens are drying up. Why, I've lost six in three months—and the 'skeeb,' and I wouldn't wonder if the grasshoppers swarm on us."

While he was talking we were taking his measure with a string.

"What are you doing," he asked sadly.

"Taking your measure for a coffin. Such people as you ought to be buried. We have no use for you on this earth."

"Make it a fine coffin," he said mournfully; "don't put no fixin's on it—times are orful hard."

Time of funeral will be appointed by the Grangers.

THE NEWSPAPER.—The newspaper is the chronicle of civilization—the common reservoir into which every stream pours its living waters, and at which every man may come to drink. It is a a newspaper that gives to liberty its practical life, constant observation its perpetual vigilance, its unrelaxing activity. The newspaper teems with most practical mortality; in its report of crimes and punishments you find a daily warning against temptation; and not a case in the police court, not a single trial of a wretched outcast or a trembling felon, that does not preach to us the lawful lesson how imprudence leads to error, conducts to guilt; how guilt reaps its bitter fruit of anguish and degradation. The newspaper is the bond that binds together man and man—no matter what be the distance of the climate or the difference of race. The newspaper is a law-book for the indolent, a sermon for the thoughtless, a library for the poor. It stimulates the most indifferent it instructs the most profound.—*Printer's Circular.*

ABOUT RIGHT.—The Master's written instructions to John Wright to spell right: "I hold a right to write to you, John Wright, that you do not write *wright* right when you *write*. You must not write it *wright*, neither must you write it *right*—nor even must you write it rite. To write *write* right, you must write it *write*. If you are a good wright, you will write *write write*, which will be right: so if you wish to write the word *rite* right, you must neither write it *right*, *write* nor *wright*. The sense is known by spelling right—will give an example. John Wright: I *write*, you are *right*, he is a *wright*, we have a *right*, they have a *rite*. I have here spelled all right. Now, John Wright, write *write* right."—*Danbury News.*

THE SPELL that is now upon the people is interfering with the ordinary transactions of buisness, and causes delay, as the following will illustrate: Mr. Fowler, the expressman, meets painter, and tells him to get out a sign for a Mr. Nayson. The next day he receives a letter from the painter, who anxious to know how he will have it spelt, wether Knaighson, Kneighson, Knaison, Knason, Neighson, Naighson, Nasion, Nason, or Nayson.

"YOU may talk, says the Milwaukee *News*, about marrying an heiress, a fairy, an angel, but give us a girl like Nancy Terwilliger, of La Crosse, who ran out of doors the other night, and straddling a horse, yelled out," 'Good night, old man; I'm off for the spellin' match."

"THEN you won't lend me that dime novel, eh?" inquired one boy of another in the Post Office on Saturday.

"No, I won't."

"All right then; next time our chimney burns out you shan't come into the yard and holler."

A MAN who was sentenced to be hung was visited by his wife, who said: "My dear, would you like the children to see you executed?" "No," replied he. "That's just like you," said she, "you never wanted the children to have any enjoyment."

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