THE DENTON JOURNAL

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GEO. T. MELVIN & Z. P. STEELE,

Editors and Proprietors.

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Denton Journal.

A Family Newspaper Devoted to General Intelligence, Agriculture, Advertising, &c.,—Independent on all Subjects.

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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: 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.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

The following is a directory of the principal officers of Caroline county.

CIRCUIT COURT.

Regular Terms begin the first Mondays in April and October, and Intermediate Terms the second Monday of January and the fourth Monday of June.

Chief Judge, Hon. John M. Robinson, Centreville; Associate Judges, Hon. J. A. Wickes, Chestertown and Hon. F. Stump, Perryville.

Clerk of the Circuit Court—John W. Temple; Deputy Clerks, L. H. Gadd and C. Cook.

State's Attorney—Geo. M. Russum.

Sheriff—Reynolds Y. Collins.

Crier to the Court, James Hignutt. Bailiffs, Hy. Irwin, Wm. L. Davis and Thos. P. Davis

ORPHANS' COURT.

The days fixed by law for the meeting of this Court are the second Tuesday in December, and the second Tuesday in every second month thereafter, and either, as the business of the Court requires. Judges, Wm. A. Ford, Denton, Robert Jarrell, Greensborough, and Dr. H. F. Willis, Preston.

Register of Wills—Jas. B. Steele; Deputy, J. Gale Steele.

County Commissioners—J. M. Whitby, Greensborough, A. J. Greenley, Greensborough, and Elijah Towers, Potter's Landing; T. F. Johnson, Clerk.

Clerk to Board of Control and Review—J. Boon Dukes.

County School Commissioners—Col. James E. Douglass, Preston; Wm. S. Hogely, Denton; and Dr. H. C. Conaway, Greensborough. Rev. Geo. F. Beaven, Secretary, and Examiner.

Magistrates—Richard Jones, Henderson; J. P. Fierce, Greensborough; Perry G. Stevens, Hillsboro'; Thos. A. Smith, Denton; Jas. E. Johnson, Concord; Wm. H. Ballock, Smithville; M. P. Hutchison, Fowling Creek; W. W. Williamson, Preston, and W. H Watkins, Federalsburg.

Constables—Wm. M. Price, Henderson; John C. Brown, Greensborough; Tilghman Roe, Denton; Wm. C. Willoughby, Fowling Creek, and Wm. T. Slaughter, Federalsburg.

TAX COLLECTORS.

First district, W. W. Rickards; Second, Luther Whitby; Third, R. J. W. Gorey; Fourth, E. M. Towers; Fifth, Elijah Hignutt.

ALMS-HOUSE.

Trustees, First district, Henry C. Culbreth; Second, Esma Lowe; Third, J. Boon Dukes, Fourth, Matthew Latton and Fifth, A. N. Davis.

Overseer, Wm. Driggs.

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Sabbath School 2 P. M.

Prayer-meeting Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock.

P. E. CHURCH.

CHRIST CHURCH. Morning Prayer and Sermon at 10:30 o'clock.

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Services the fourth Sabbath in every month, at 10:30, A. M.

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oct7-y.

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DENTON, MARYLAND.

jly10-tf.

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CORNER OF DOVER AND HARRISON STREETS,

EASTON, MD.,

Will practice in the Courts of Talbot, Caroline and adjoining counties. jul14-y.

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(OFFICE OPPOSITE THE M. P. CHURCH.)

EASTON, MD.

mar13-1y.

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DENTON, MD.

—0—

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1877 THE SUN, BALTIMORE, MD. 1877

THE SUN, from the geographical position occupied by Baltimore and its proximity to the National Capital, presents unusual advantages to all classes of readers, not only in the city of its publication, but in the surrounding States. It is national in its scope, independent in politics, and conservative in opinion. It is emphatically a newspaper, and its reputation has been built up by the acknowledged excellence and variety of its news, both local and general. From its fairness and impartiality in discussing public questions, its circulation extends among men of all political parties, and has become, from the thoroughness of its information on all current subjects, a controlling popular attraction, the favorite paper of the people. Everything worthy of special note or record in the State of Maryland, the District of Columbia, and the States adjacent, will be found from day to day in a compact and readable form in its columns, during the session of Congress it gives special attention to the subjects under discussion, the introduction of important bills, and the pith of the debates. Its special correspondence embraces not only daily letters and telegrams from Washington, but covers all the prominent points of the Union, from San Francisco to New York, and the Eastern cities beyond. Its foreign news is the very latest received from day to day by cable. In its Commercial and Financial Departments the utmost pains are taken to secure perfect accuracy in the quotations, the fluctuation in all classes of public securities being carefully noted. Special attention is also given to the Breadstuff and Provision markets, and particularly to the current prices each day, not only in Baltimore, but in other cities of the Union and abroad. For all the principal matters that enter into the business of the country it may be consulted with safety, both by producers and dealers. But aside from its political financial and commercial features, THE SUN has an established reputation as a Family Paper. As such the information it imparts, in the way of general news, is of interest to all classes of readers, nothing being admitted into its pages that may not be read by any member of the household. In politics its aim is to promote the greatest good to the greatest number, without regard to party lines, and to encourage at all times and among all men respect for the constitution and the law. In religion its position is nonsectarian, with charity towards all, and in local as in federal affairs it regards an honest and economical administration, dealing justly by the people and respecting their rights, to be paramount to all other considerations. To those who desire a first-class newspaper, up to the times, and sparing no expense to keep it so, The Sun will recommend itself; whilst to advertisers it offers the advantages of a large and widely extended circulation among all classes of readers.

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Jan-29-tf.

THE GAZETTE.

1877 BALTIMORE. 1877

Encouraged by the public appreciation of the effort to make a first-class independent journal, the Publisher of THE GAZETTE has perfected such arrangements as will maintain its present standing in advance of any other newspaper in Baltimore. The fearless and aggressive tone of its editorial comments will be continued, and the variety of its reading matter will be an additional attraction to the general reader. It will be INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS and NEUTRAL IN NOTHING, and will unsparingly denounce the wrong and commend the good, no matter what men or party may be affected by its action. Its constantly increasing corps of special correspondents includes able representatives at all the prominent news centres in the country, who will keep its readers fully informed of all current events. Its reliable Washington correspondence, heretofore a marked feature, will be found to be of more than ordinary interest during the present year, while the news from all parts of the world, furnished by the Associated Press, will be presented daily in a succinct and attractive form. The excellence of its local, financial, commercial, maritime and miscellaneous departments will be rigidly maintained. Particular attention will be paid to Maryland news, and that of the adjoining states. THE GAZETTE is published in a beautiful and attractive form, and no effort will be spared to keep it, in every respect, in the front rank of American journalism.

THE DAILY GAZETTE, 4 pages, 28 columns, payable in advance, $3.00 a year, $1.50 for six months, $1.75 for three months, or 60 cents a month, postage prepaid at this office.

THE WEEKLY GAZETTE, in addition to the brightest and best features of the Daily issue, contains all the news of the week carefully collated. It is filled with domestic and foreign news, special correspondence, able and fearless editorial comments, and interesting literary selections. It is prepared with a special view to make it a healthful, vigorous, elevating and instructive family newspaper, and embraces every department found in a first-class weekly journal. It is one of the best and cheapest newspapers in the country.

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Daily Edition	Two and a half cents per copy.
Sunday Edition	Four cents per copy.
Weekly Edition	Two cents per copy.

Address NEW YORK HERALD, Broadway and Ann Street, N. Y.

dec30.

Leisure Hours.

We have received the January number of the LEISURE HOURS, a handsome mammoth 16 page 64 column family paper, filled with the choicest literature—serial and short stories, sketches, poetry, wit, humor, &c., &c. It is entertaining, amusing and instructive, and is one of the cheapest papers—the amount and quality of matter considered—that we have seen. The price is $1.50 per year, including as premium a genuine fine-line steel engraving called the "The Motherless Bairn," printed on 22x18 plate paper, which the publishers claim is superior in point of merit and attractiveness to any premium ever offered by any other paper in this country, and is alone worth the money asked for both.

The publishers, J. L. Patten & Co., 163 William st., New York, authorize us to say, that in order to introduce the paper in this vicinity they make a special offer to every one of our readers to send them the paper—a "trial trip" of four months, post paid, commencing with the January number—for 25 cents.

Our readers who avail themselves of this offer will, I am certain, thank us for having called their attention to it. The publishers of LEISURE HOURS would like to employ some one in every place to canvass for this paper. [jan13-4t.

SEND 25c. to G. P. ROWELL & CO., New York, for Pamphlet of 100 pages, containing lists of 3000 newspapers, and estimates showing cost of advertising. [dec9.

A Woman's Answer to a Man's Question.

ONE OF THE GIRLS.

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the hand above?
A woman's heart and a woman's life—
And a woman's wonderful love.

Do you know you have asked for the priceless thing
As a child might ask for a toy?
Demanding what others have died to win,
With the reckless dash of a boy.

You have written my lesson of duty out,
Man-like you have questioned me,
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul
Until I shall question thee.

You require that your mutton shall always be hot,
Your socks and your shirts be white,
I require your heart to be true as God's stars,
And as pure as his heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef,
I require a far greater thing—
A seamstress you're wanting for stockings and shirts,
I look for a man and a king.

A king for the beautiful realm called home.
A man that his maker, God,
Shall look upon as he did on the first,
And say: "It is very good."

I am so fair and young, but the roses will fade
From my soft young cheeks one day—
Will you love me then 'mid the falling leaves,
As you did 'mid the bloom of May?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep,
I may launch my all on its tide?
A loving woman finds heaven or hell,
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true,
All things that a man should be—
If you give this all—I would stake my life
To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot be this—a laundress and cook
You can hire—and little to pay;
But a woman's heart and a woman's life
Are not to be won that way.

EVE.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

She had promised him that she would mend the lining of his new overcoat, if he would wear another and leave that at home. And so he had left it, she took it from the hall-rack and carried it into her sewing-room.

She was Mrs. Wilton, and she had been married five years, and never—

[illegible]

ed it down.

"I wonder what it is," said she. "Tom did mean to get me an opera-glass, I know; but that is not the shape of the parcel. It doesn't seem like a book. It might be lace wound on a card—real lace—"

She looked at the package again.

"I do wonder what it is?" said she, and hemmed the patch down.

"There wasn't much to mend after all," she said. "I thought the tear much larger. He caught it on a nail at the office I know. Now I wonder what there is in that package."

Eve put the coat over a chair and took up the little parcel.

"Tom wouldn't mind," she said. "I will just take a peep. I'm sure it is for me."

Then she undid the riboon, unfolded the paper and saw the letters.

"Dear Tom," said she, he must keep my old letters near his heart, and he never has told me."

But the writing was not hers; she saw that at a glance.

"His mother's letters," she said. "He loved his mother so."

Then she began to tremble a little, for the letters did not begin: "My dear son," nor anything like it.

She cast her eyes over them. They were love letters.

"Tom has loved some other woman before he met me," she said, beginning to cry. "Oh, what shall I do?" Then she cried out: "Oh, foolish creature that I am! Of course she died, and he only loves me now. It was all over before we met. I must not mind—" but then she paused, gave a scream, and threw the letter from her as though it had been a serpent and bitten her. It was dated the past week. It was not four days old. "Oh! oh!" cried Eve. "Oh, what shall I do? Oh, where shall I go?" At every cry a thought pierced her breast like an actual stab. "Tom! What shall I do? Tom! Tom! He to be false—Tom! Oh, I have gone mad! No. There they are! They are really there—those letters! Why do I not die! Do people live through such things as these?"

Then she knelt down on the floor and gathered up the letters, and steadily read them through. There were ten of them. Such love-letters! No other interpretation could be put on them. They were absurd love letters—such as are always produced in court in cases of breech of promise. And they called him "Popsy Wopsy," and "Darling Parlingy," and "Lovey Dovey," and "Own Sweetness," and "Angel of my Soul," and they were all signed "Your own Nellie."

"It is all true," said poor Eve, wringing her hands. "And it was worse than anything I ever heard of. I trusted him so. I believed in him so. My Tom—mine!"

Then she wiped her eyes, gathered up the letters, packed them up, wrapped the silver paper about them, tied the blue ribbon, put them back in the awful breast pocket of that dreadful overcoat, and hung it on the hall-rack again.

"Tom shall never know," she said. "I'll not reproach him. I will never see him again; when he comes home I shall be dead. I will never live to bear this.

Then she sat down to think over the best means of suicide. She could hang herself to the chandelier with a window-blind cord, but then she would be black in the face and hideous. She could drown herself, but then her body would go floating, floating down the river to the sea; and drowned people looked even worse than strangled ones. She was too much afraid of fire-arms to shoot herself even in this strait. She would take poison.

Yes, that would be best; and though [illegible]e would never see Tom again, he [illegible]ould see her, and remorse would [illegible]ing him. Here she made a great [illegible]istake.

A man who is coolly treacherous to [illegible]omen never has any remorse. Re[illegible]orse in love affairs is purely feminine [illegible]uality, and even the worst of our sex [illegible]e not without it. However, it is [illegible]tural to believe that remorse is possible to a man whom one has hitherto [illegible]elieved to be an angel in human form, [illegible]nd Eve took a little, miserable com[illegible]ort in the thought that Tom would [illegible]neel beside her coffin and burst into [illegible]ars and passionate exclamations of [illegible]gret, which she, perhaps, might see [illegible]om some spiritual post of observation. [illegible], having put on a hat and thick vail, [illegible]e took herself down the street and [illegible]ound the corner, to the nearest Ger[illegible]an druggist.

The druggist was an old man, a be[illegible]volent-looking one, with red cheeks [illegible]d a smiling mouth; and when she [illegible]ked for "poison for rats," he said; [illegible]o!" and beamed mildly upon her.

"I want it very strong," said Eve.

"So!" said the druggist.

"But not to give more pain than is necessary," said Eve.

"To the rats?" asked the druggist.

"Yes," said Eve, "of course; and it must be quick, and not make one black in the face."

"So," said the druggist slowly. "Well, what I shall give you shall not make de rat black in de face.

And with a grave countenance he compounded a powder and handed it across the counter.

Eve took it, paid the few cents he asked, and walked away. Once home she went at once to her room and undressed herself and retired to bed, taking the powder with her. Once or twice she tasted it with the tip of her tongue, hoping it was not very disagreeable. Then finding it sweet, she bravely swallowed it.

"It is all over," she said. "Oh, Heaven forgive me, and forgive Tom."

And then she laid herself down upon her pillow. Just as she did so, the familiar sound of a latch-key in the door below startled her. Tom never came home at noon—but there he was now; no one else but Tom would walk in in that cool way, and now he was calling her.

"Eve—Eve—Eve—where are you?"

Never before had she refused to answer that voice. Why had he come to torture her dying moments? Hark—

Now he was bouncing up stairs. He was in ths room.

"What is the matter? Are you ill, Eve?" he cried

"No," said she, faintly—"only tired."

"Ah! You look tired, little one," said he. "I come home to get the overcoat. I suppose you've found out by this time that that in the hall is not mine. I wore Johnson's overcoat home from the office last night by mistake, and he is anxious about it. He asked me if there was any one in the house who would be apt to meddle with papers or anything in the pockets."

"I said I thought not. I hadn't a jealons wife—eh? What's the matter, Eve?"

"Oh, Tom!" cried Eve, hysterically. "Oh, Tom, say it again! It was not your coat? Oh Tom, kiss me."

"Why, what is the matter, Eve, cried Tom. "You must be ill!"

Then Eve remembered all.

"Oh, I am a wicked woman. Tom!" she cried. "There were letters in the pocket—love letters. I read them. I thought you were false to me. I—took poison, Tom. I'm goinff to die—and I long to live so. Oh, Tom, save me!"

"Yes, yes!" cried Tom. "Oh, good Heaven! what poison?"

"Mr. Hoffman will know. I bought it of him. Perhaps he can save me!" cried Eve.

And away went Tom white as death, to the druggist's around the corner.

He burst into the shop like a whirlwind.

"The lady!" he gasped. "The lady who bought poison here an hour ago! She took it by mistake! Can you save her? Have you an antidote? She is dying!"

"No, no!" said the old German. "Be calm! be at rest! No, no! she cannot die of dat. When a lady ask me for poison that will not turn a rat black in the face, I say to myself so: 'I smells something;' and I gives her in de paper shust a leetle sugar and somethings. She could take a pound. Go home and tell her so. I never sells poison to womens dat cry and do not vish de rat to become black in de face. So—be calm.

So Tom flew home again, and Eve rejoiced; and hearing that Johnson was a single man, who admitted himself to be engaged she did not rip the patch off his coat as she had at first intended.

One-Idea Men.

There is a loud outcry in certain quarters against people of one idea.—We are informed that we are in prodigious danger from such people. There are plenty of us who have no ideas whatever, but we are not formidable. There are plenty more who have false and sophistical ideas, but they are honorable and innocent.

The danger, it seems, is not in hav ing inhuman, impolitic, unjust, and extravagant ideas, if you only have enough of them. There must be enough to pass out of the singular number. But if man has one idea, no matter how wise, how true, how elevated, and beneficent, he is a nuisance, a pest, and, in short, a man of one idea.

Let us look at this matter a little. Our own history, like that of every nation in the world, is full of one-idea men from the begining. Washington was eminently their leader. He had one fixed, dominant idea. That idea governed his life and his thoughts. For that idea he relinqnished the charms of home and risked his life and fortune. That idea he defended in debate and in the field. For the sake of that idea he was willing to see his native land desolated by war, he was willling to hazard the lives and fortunes of his nieghbors. For that idea he saw trade languish and commerce expire. For that idea he endured every kind of contumely, slander, and enmity; and after working strenuously for seven years, with one idea in his soul and heart and brain, he saw it triumph in the independence of America. Had he swerved from that one idea of independence—had he yielded to the taunts and threats and sneers and arms of his opponents, he might indeed have won from shallow lips the praise of not being a man of one idea; but he would have lost from the heart of mankind, and eternal gratitude of his country, the fame of Washington.

In this very moment of our history there are three classes of men, each of one idea. The first class believes in the maintenance of the Government by every means known to war. The second class hope solely at its destruction. The cause of the country, that is the one idea of every man who loves country better than party. The cause of the rebellion, that is the one idea of every man who hates the Union.

But there is a third class of one-idea men. It is composed of those who love party more than country, more than national union or disunion. It is the least respectable of all, and it is the one which incessantly denounces the first class as fanatics of one idea, and the second as gentlemen who have been goaded into hasty action. When a ship is in dire peril of going down can be but three parties, and they have each one idea. The one would save her at all risks. The second would let her sink. The third is careless whether she sinks or swims.

In the peril of the ship of State every man must choose which one idea he will favor. And when he has decided, let him not be bullied by other one-idea men that he is a man of one idea.

How a Man Looks for Clean Clothes.

Did you ever see a man try to find a shirt or a handkerchief or something in the baureau drawer where his wife keeps her clean linen? It mostly happens when he is in a hurry, when he has got his fireworks temper on, and his wife has got the baby on her lap or she is "up to the elbows" in dough. He finds the white clothes arranged in such symmetrical layers as only a woman, after a long practice, can accomplish; and he drives in a good deal as he would fish for nubs of kindling in a barrel of shavings pitching everything right or left on the floor. Meanwhile, as he fails to get the required article, strewing and swearing and offering up selected expressions of relief, and vowing, in a way especially designed to reach the ears of his wife, "that it does beat the old — what's name?— a thing can't be put where it can be found."

About this time his wife yells out from below that the article sought is right at the top, when he sarcastically wants to know if she supposes he has "got no eyes," then tears around into the linen at a more furious rate than ever, swearing that the shirt isn't there, for he has got clear to the bottom. And then gathers everything up in a bunch and rams them back anyhow, just as he can grab them, in savage handfulls, tearing around and jerking things over with nervous looseness. Then he sings out in a sort of abstracted way, as if addressing no one in particular, that he can always find anything he needs at his place of business in a moment, that he keeps a place for everything and everything in its place. Just about the time he has worked himself into a red-hot worry of boiling-over impatience and got the whole room into a litter, his wife glides in and lays her hand upon the missing article—right in the drawer where he jerked it out and then rammed it back again—in that quiet way a woman has of maddening a choleric husband into a fit state for the the lunatic asylum.—*Deaf-Mute Advance.*

How the Secret was Discovered.

Marshall Jewell is a typical Yankee, "smart as chain lightning," and cute as they make 'em, even in Connecticut. Gov. Jewell, according to report, came it over the Russians while Minister to that country. It is said as a matter of fact that Gov. Jewell, while minister in Russia, found out the secret of the famous Russia leather. The secret is the result of the use of birch bark tar, with which the skins are dressed in place of tallow and grease, the latter substances being so largely used as food among the lower classes. This tar, which is carefully saved as it exudes from the wood when burned, was first used as a substitute for wheel grease in Russia, as it is to this day, and then for the filling and dressing of skins. By a system of careful inquiry, and literally following his nose during his visits to some of the great Russian tanners and curriers' shops, Mr. Jewell found this compound in a great kettle ready for use, and thus the mystery was solved. It is not expensive, costing about $10 a barrel, and he immediately ordered ten barrels and sent them to various leading leather manufacturers in this country with instructions; and the result is that genuine Russia leather goods are now made in America, and doubtless will soon be sold at nearly fifty per cent. below former prices.

HOW TO STOP COUGHING.—In a letter once delivered by a celebrated Dr. Brown Sequard, he gave the following directions, which may prove serviceable to persons troubled with nervous cough:

"Coughing can be stopped by pressin gon the nerves of the lips in the neighborhood of the nose. A pressure there may prevent a cough when it is begining. Sneezing may be stopped by the same mechanism. Pressing, also, in the neighborhood of the ear may stop coughing. Pressing very hard on the top of the mouth inside is also a means of stopping coughing. And I may say the will has immense power, too. There was a French surgeon who used to say, whenever he entered the wards of the hospital, 'The first patient who coughs will be deprived of food to-day.' It was exceedingly rare that a patient coughed then."

The Lord's Prayer.

Did you ever think, short though it may be, how much there is in it? Oh, it is beautiful! And like the diamond in the crown of a queen, it unites a thousand gems in one.

It teaches all of us—every one of us—to look on God as our parent—"Our Father."

It teaches us to raise our thoughts and our desires above the earth—"Who art in Heaven."

It tells us that we must reverence our Heavenly Father—"Hallowed be Thy name."

It breathes the saint's reward—"Thy Kingdom come."

And a submissive and obedient spirit—"Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven."

And a dependent, trusting spirit—"Give us this day our daily bread."

And a forgiving spirit—"Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us."

And a cautious spirit—"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

And last of all an adoring spirit—"For thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory forever. Amen.

How a French Actress Won A Nobleman

At a fair given for the benefit of poor at one of the Paris theatres a very pretty actress presided at one of the stands, when a Russian nobleman, who chanced to be present, banteringly asked her how much she would take for a kiss. She glanced at him rather sternly, and replied that she would not kiss any man but her betrothed. The prince passed on; but returned to the stand a quarter of an hour afterward, and said, rather thoughtfully to the actress: "Will you permit me to ask you another question, mademoiselles?" "With pleasure, sir." "Have you a betrohed?" She eyed him a moment in surprise, and then said, with a blush and smile, "No, sir." "Would you like to have one?" "That depends upon circumstances" she said, laughing. "Well, then, would you take me?" So saying he handed her his card. She was greatly surprised, and finally stammered that she would give him an answer the next day. On the following morning he called at her house, the reply was in the affirmative, and to-day mademoiselle is a princess and a happy wife.

A PEDAGOGUE told one of his scholars, a son of the Emeraid Isle, to spell "hostility."

"H-o-r-s e, horse," commenced Pat.

"Not horse-tility." said the teacher. "but hostility."

"Sure," replied Pat, "an' didn't ye tell me, the other day, not to say hoss! Be jabbers, it's one thing wid ye one day, and other the next."

Nothing undermines one's faith in a man's liberality to the church, so much as to see him stick his hand down deep into his pockets, as the contribution box is traveling his way, look astonished, and then remark to next neighbor, "I've got on my other pants."

THE happiness of life is made up of minute fractions—the little, soon forgotten charities of a kiss, a smile, a kind look, a heartfelt compliment in the disguise of a playful raillery and the countless other infinitessimals of pleasant thought and feeling.—*Coleridge.*

A MAN will see when there is a house full of children one or two of the oldest restricted, and the youngest ruined by indulgence; but in the midst some that are, as it were, forgotten, who many times nevertheless prove the best.

Do not set down opponents, and those who differ with you in opinion, as skeptics and atheists, or narrow-minded and intolerant bigots.

THE Wisconsin remedy for frozen ears is to coat them with varnish. It improves some ears wonderfully.

Kneel only at the shrine of truth; count freedom wealth, and virtue fame.

Man may dismiss compassion from his heart, but God will never.—*Cowper.*

Storms sweeten the air—the blessings of heaven come out of dark clouds,

They are never alone that are accompanied by noble thoughts.—*Sidney.*

Kindness is the best ointment in the world to render a stiff temper supple,

Disobedience is the beginning of evil, and the broad way to ruin.—*Davies.*

Life's evening will take its character from the day which has preceded it.

The man who talks least is most apt to keep his word,

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