THE DENTON JOURNAL

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

Editors and Proprietor

*TERMS.*

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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 o advertising. All advertisements are collectable on first insertion.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

HILLSBOROUGH, MD.,

Respectfully offers his professional services to the people of the surrounding country.

apr21-tf

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AT LOW PRICES.

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I AM STILL engaged in the Blacksmith business at the old stand, but have discontinued Wheelwrighting altogether, and continue the Blacksmith business only.

I still continue at my old prices for Horse Shoeing.

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| **Plain Shoeing** | **$1.00** |
| **With Steel Toes** | **1.25** |

I have also the sole right of E. T. Burton's Subsoil Pulverizing plow, for the 3rd, 4th and 5th Districts. This attachment can be attached to any plow at a cost of only $5. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

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jan13-y. Denton, Md.

Maryland Steamboat Co.

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**Highland Light,**

CAPT. E. T. LEONARD,

will leave pier 3, Light Street, foot of Camden, every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 9 o'clock, P. M., for Easton, Double Mills, Oxford, Clara's Point, Wallack's, Cambridge, Chancellors Point, Cabin Creek and Medford's,

Making close connection with Maryland & Delaware Railroad at Easton, and with the Dorchester & Delaware Railroad at Cambridge.

The Tuesday trip will be extended to Denton, making all the regular landings on the River. On the return trip, will leave Denton every Wednesday at 12 o'clock, noon, and every Monday, Wednesday and Friday will leave Medford's at 2, Cambridge 5, and Easton at 9 o'clock P. M., arriving in Baltimore early next morning.

FREIGHTS SOLICITED AT LOW RATES AND CAREFULLY HANDLED.

apr7-tf.

CORN! CORN! CORN! AND Spring Crops.

HORNER'S

AMMONIATED

Raw Bone Superphosphate

*Contains more AMMONIA and SOLUBLE PHOSPHORIC ACID than any other Brand in the Market, except our* Concentrated Superphosphate.

Quick and reliable in its action, and unequaled by any other article offered at same price.

IN FINE DRILLING CONDITION.

Price, $35 per Ton.

Joshua Horner, Jr., & Co.

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IN ORDER TO CLEAR THE GROUND TO MAKE ROOM FOR OUR SPRING PLANTING.

50,000 No. 1 APPLE TREES, Selected kinds adapted to Maryland and Delaware.

50,000 PEACH TREES, Largely of the valuable new and late kinds.

500,000 2-Yr. Conover's Col. Asparagus, 300,000 No. Osage Orange. 1 to 2 years old.

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The stock we offer is all propagated with care, and is all true to name. Orders by mail will receive prompt and careful attention. Come and examine stock before you buy elsewhere, as you will save money by doing so.

CHOPTANK NURSERIES, Denton, Caroline County, Md.

*PETERS & DOWLING,*

apr1-tf.

## 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 oftener, 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. Ridgely, Denton; and Dr. H. C. Comegys, Greensborough. Rev. Geo. F. Beaven, Secretary, and Examiner.

Magistrates—Richard Jones, Henderson; J. P. Fieroe, Greensborough; Perry G. Stevens, Hillsboro'; Thos. A. Smith, Denton; Jas. E. Johnson, Concord; Wm. H. Bullock, Smithville; M. P. Hutchinson, 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 COLLECTERS.

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

ALMS-HOUSE.

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

Overseer, Wm. Driggis.

## CHURCH DIRECTORY.

M. E. CHURCH.

PREACHING Sabbath morning at 10, A. M., and 7 P. M.

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.

Evening Prayer and Lecture at 7 o'clock.

ROM. CATHOLIC CHURCH.

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

FRIENDS' MEETING.

Every First Day at 10 o'clock, A. M.

## LODGES, GRANGES, &C.

MASONIC LODGE.

TEMPLE LODGE, No. 128, A. F. & A. M., J. W. Kerr, Master, holds its communications on the second and fourth Tuesday in every month at 7 o'clock, P. M.

PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.

DENTON GRANGE, No. 43. meets the second and fourth Tuesday of every month, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

B. H. HARRINGTON,

*ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,*

EASTON, MD.

**A. R. WEEDON,**

*ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,*

CENTREVILLE, MARYLAND.

*WM. S. RIDGELY.*

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

DENTON, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's counties. d36-1y

*ROBT. J. JUMP,*

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

DENTON, MD.

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

**GEO. T. MELVIN,**

**Attorney-at-Law,**

DENTON, MD,

oct7-y.

**JAS. E. HIGNUTT,**

Attorney-at-Law,

DENTON, MARYLAND.

jly tf

**Maj. Wm. E. Stewart,**

*ATTORNEY AT LAW,*

CORNER OF DOVER AND HARRISON STREETS,

*EASTON, MD.,*

Will practice in the Courts of Talbot, Caroline and adjoining counties. jul22-y.

**CHAS. H. GIBSON,**

**Attorney-at-Law.**

(OFFICE OPPOSITE THE M. P. CHURCH.)

EASTON, MD.

mar19-1y.

**GEO. M. RUSSUM,**

*ATTORNEY AT LAW,*

DENTON, MD.

Can be found at his office adjoining T. E. Heather, pposite the Court House

**CHAS. E. SHANAHAN,**

**Attorney-at-Law.**

OFFICE ON DOVER STREET,

EASTON, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Talbot, Caroline and adjoining counties. Especial attention to ollection of claims, Sale of Real Estate, &c.

nov9-1y.

**$5 TO $20** per day at home. Samples worth $1 free. STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine

### EXCLAMATORY.

At church I sat within her pew—
O, Pew!
But there I heard
No pious word—
I saw alone her eyes of blue!

I saw her bow her head so gracious—
O, Gracious!
The choir sang,
The organ rang—
And seemed to fill the building spacious.

I could hear the Gospel law—
O, Law!
My future bride
Was by my side—
I found all else a mighty bore!

And when pealed the organ's thunder—
O, Thunder!
I fixed my eyes
In mute surprise,
On her whose beauty was a wonder.

To me that maiden was most dear,
O, Dear!
And she was mine—
Joy too divine
For human words to picture here.

Her love seemed like a prayer to bless me—
O, Bless me!
Before she came
My life was tame,
My rarest joys could not oppress me.

The services done we sought the shore—
O, Shore!
And there we walked,
And sadly talked—
More sadly talked than e'er before.

I thought she was the type of goodness—
O, Goodness!
But on that day
I heard her say
Plain words whose very tone was rudeness.

We strolled beyond the tide-mill's dam—
O, Dam!
She jilted me,
And now I see
That woman's love is all sham!

## WINNIE'S FORTUNE.

The handsome dining room in the Mayberry mansion was all a glitter with floods of gaslight and genial glow of the fire—for Mr. Josiah Mayberry was a very "queer man," according to his wife's opinion, and this fancy of his to have nasty, ashy fires all over the splendid mansion before the weather became cold enough was one of his "eccentric freaks." Mrs. Mayberry called it with a curl of the lip, a toss of the head and a smile, almost contempt, directed at the hale, hearty, honest faced old gentleman, who had married her for her pretty face ten years ago, when he was an immensely rich widower, with his handsome half-grown son for a not undesirable encumbrance.

They were sitting around the handsome table discussing their 7 o'clock dinner, with the solemn butler and his subordinates, in silent obsequious attention—the three Mayberrys, father, son and the haughty, well dressed lady, who was wearing a decided frown of displeasure on her face—a frown she had barely power to restrain from degenerating into a verbal expression of anger, while the servants were waiting, and which, as the door finally closed on them, leaving the little party alone over the wine and nuts, burst forth impetuously.

"I declare, Mr. Mayberry, it is too bad! I have gone over the list of invitations you have made, and to think there is not one—no, not one—of our set among them, and such a horrid lot of people you have named!"

Mr. Mayberry sipped his wine contentedly.

"I told you, didn't I, Marguerite, that it was my intention to give an old fashioned dinner? And by that I meant, and mean, to whom it will, indeed, be cause for thankfulness. As to making a grand fuss and seeing around our table only those to whom a luxurious dinner is an every day occurrence—I shall not do it. And as to the guests on my list being 'horrid' and 'common,' you are mistaken, my dear. None of them have a worse failing than poverty. There is not a 'common' vulgar person among the ten names on that paper."

Mr. Mayberry's good old face lighted up warmly as he spoke, and Earnest Mayberry's handsome face reflected the satisfaction and pride he felt in his father's views.

Mrs. Mayberry flushed, but said nothing.

She knew from experience that, kind and indulgent as her husband was, there were times when he suffered no appeal from his decision and this was one of those times.

"We will have dinner ordered for 12 o'clock, as it used to be when I was a boy. We will have roast turkey with cranberry sauce and mashed potatoes and turnips, boiled onions and celery all on the table at once. For desert, pie, cheese and cider, and nothing more. Marguerite, shall I give the order to Lorton, or will you attend to it?"

Mrs. Mayberry twisted her diamond rings almost roughly.

"O, don't ask me to give such an insane order to him! I have no wish to appear as a laughing stock before my servants, Mr. Mayberry. It will be as severe a strain on my endurance as I am capable of to be forced to sit at a table with such people as the Hurds, and the Masons, and that Thyrza Green and her lame brother, and that little old Wilmington and his granddaughter, and—"

Mr. Mayberry interrupted her gently:

"Old Mr. Wilmington was a friend of mine before he went to India. Since he came home with his son's orphan daughter and lived in such obscurity—comfortable although plain, for Winnie earns enough as daily governess to support them both cheaply—I regard him as more worthy than ever. Ernest, my boy, I shall depend upon you to help entertain our guests, and especially at table, for I shall have no servants about to scare them out of their appetites."

And Mr. Mayberry dismissed the subject by arising from the table.

* * * * * *

"Would I like to go? Oh, grandpa, I should! Will we go, do you think?"

The little wizened old man looked fondly at her over his steel-rimmed glasses.

"So you'd like to accept Mr. Mayberry's invitation to dinner, eh, Winnie? You wouldn't be ashamed of your old-fashioned grandfather, eh, among the fine folk of the family? Remarkably fine folk, I hear, for all I can remember when Joe was a boy together with myself. Fine folk, Winnie, and you think we'd better go?"

"I would like to go, grandpa. I don't have any recreations—I don't want many, for I think contented, honest labor is the grandest thing in the world, and the best discipline—but, somehow, I can't tell why, but I do want to go. I can wear my black cashmere, and you'll be so proud of me."

"Proud of you, indeed, my child, no matter what you wear. Yes, we'll go."

And thus it happened that among the ten guests that set down at Josiah Mayberry's hospitable, overflowing board, that cold, blue-skied day, Winnie Wilmington and the little old man were two—and two to whom Ernest Mayberry paid more devoted attention than even his father had asked and expected.

Of course it was a grand success—all excepting the cold hauteur on Mrs. Mayberry's aristocratic face, and that was a failure because no one took the least notice of it, so much more powerful were the influences of Mr. Mayberry's and Ernest's courteous, gentlemanly attentions.

"I only hope you are satisfied," Mrs. Josiah said, with what was meant to be withering sarcasm, after the last guest had gone, and she stood a moment before the fire: "I only hope you are satisfied—particularly with the attention Ernest paid to that young woman—very unnecessary attention indeed."

Mr. Mayberry rubbed his hands together briskly.

"Satisfied? Yes, thankful to God I had it in my power to make them forget their poverty, if only for one little hour. Did you see little Jimmy Hurd's eyes glisten when Ernest gave him the second triangle of pie? Bless the youngster's heart, they won't want anything to eat for a week."

"I was speaking of the young woman who"—Mrs. Mayberry was icily severe, but her husband cut it short.

"So you were—pretty little thing as ever I saw. A ladylike, graceful little girl, with beautiful eyes enough to excuse the boy for admiring her."

"The boy! You seem to have forgotten your son is twenty-three—old enough to fall in love with and marry—even a poor, unknown girl you were quixotic enough to invite to your table."

"Twenty-three? So he is. And if he wants to marry a beggar, and she is a good virtuous girl—why not?"

A little gasp of horror and dismay was the only answer of which Mrs. Mayberry was capable.

* * * * * *

"Grandpa."

Winnie's voice was so low that Mr. Wilmington only just heard it, and when he looked up he saw the girl's crimson cheeks and her lovely drooping face.

"Yes, Winnie. You want to tell me something?"

She went up behind him, and leaned her hot cheeks caressingly against his, her sweet, low voice whispering her answer: "Grandpa, I want to tell you something. I—Mr. May—we—Ernest has asked—he wants me to—oh, grandpa, can't you tell what it is?"

He felt her cheek grow hotter against his.

He reached up his hand and caressed the other one.

"Yes, I can tell, dear. Ernest has shown his uncommon good sense by wanting you for his wife. So that is what comes of that dinner, eh, Winnie?"

"And may I tell him you are willing, perfectly willing, grandpa? Because I do love him, eh?"

She did not take umbrage at his sharp question.

"I am at least sure it isn't my money he is after, grandpa," she returned, laughing and patting his cheek.

"Yes, you are at least sure of that; there, I hear the young man coming himself. Shall I go, Winnie?"

It was the "young man himself," Ernest Mayberry, with a shadow of deep trouble and distress on his face as he came straight up to Winnie and took her hand then turned to the old gentleman.

"Until an hour ago I thought this would be the proudest, happiest hour of my life, sir, for I should have asked you to give me Winnie for my wife. Instead, I must be content to only tell you how dearly I love her, and how patiently and hard I will work for her to give her the home which she deserves—because, Mr. Wilmington, this morning the house of Mayberry & Thurston failed, and both families are beggars."

His handsome face was pale, but his eyes were bright with a determination and braveness nothing could daunt.

Winnie smiled back upon him, her own cheeks paling.

"Never mind, Ernest, on my account, I can wait, too."

Old Mr. Wilmington's eyes were almost shut beneath the heavy frowning forehead and a quizzical look was on his shrewd old face as he listened.

"Gone up, eh? Well, that's too bad. You stay here and tell Winnie, I am just as willing she shall be your wife when you want her, as if nothing had happened, because I believe you can earn bread and butter for both of you, and my Winnie is a contented little girl. I'll hobble up to the office and see your father; he and I were boys together; a word of sympathy won't come amiss from me."

And off he strode, leaving the lovers alone, getting over the distance in a remarkable time, and presenting his wrinkled, weather-beaten old face in Mayberry & Thurston's private office, where Mr. Mayberry sat alone, with rigid face and keen, troubled eyes that nevertheless lighted at the sight of his old friend.

"I'm glad to see you, Wilmington. Sit down. The sight of a man who has not come to reproach me is a comfort."

But Mr. Wilmington did not sit down.

He crossed the room to the table at which Mayberry sat among a hopeless array of papers.

"There is no use wasting words, Mayberry, at a time like this. Did you know your son has asked my Winnie to marry him?"

Mr. Mayberry's face lighted a second then the gloom returned.

"If my son had a fortune at his command, as I thought he had yesterday at this time, I would say, "God speed you in your wooing of Winnie Wilmington.' As it is—for the girl's sake I disapprove."

"So you haven't a pound over and above, eh, Mayberry?"

"There will be nothing—less than nothing. I don't know that I really care so much for myself, but Ernest—it is a terrible thing to happen to him at the very beginning of his career."

Mr. Wilmington smiled gleefully.

"Good. Neither do I care for myself but for Winnie, my little Winnie. I tell you what, Mayberry, perhaps you will wonder if I am crazy, I'll agree to settle a quarter of a million on Winnie the day she marries your boy. And I'll lend you as much more if it'll be of any use, and I'll start the boy for himself, if you say so. Eh?"

Mayberry looked at him in speechless bewilderment.

Wilmington went on: "I made a fortune out in India, and it's safe and sound in hard cash in good hands—a couple of millions. I determined to bring my girl up to depend on herself and to learn the value of money before she had the handling of of her fortune. She has no idea she's an heiress—my heiress. Sounds like a story out of a book, eh, Mayberry? Well, will you shake hands on it, and call it a bargain?"

Mr. Mayberry took the little dried up hand almost reverently, his voice hoarse and thick with emotion.

"Wilmington, God will reward you for this. May He, a thousandfold!"

Wilmington winked away a suspicious moisture on his eyelashes.

"You see it all comes of that dinner, old fellow. You acted like a charitable Christian gentleman, and between us we'll make the boy and Winnie as happy as they deserve, eh?

* * * * * *

And even Mrs. Mayberry admits that it was a good thing that her husband gave that dinner, and when she expects to see Mrs. Ernest Mayberry an honored guest at her board, she candidly feels that she owes every atom of her splendor and luxury to the violet-eyed charming girl who wears her own honors with such sweet grace.

### How the Mans Went Visiting.

A FUNNY SCETCH.

When they reached the depot Mr. Man and his wife gazed with unspeakable disappointment at the receding train which was just pulling away from the bridge switch at the rate of a thousand miles a minute. Their first impulse was to run after it, but as the train was out of sight and whistling for Sagetown before they could act upon their impulse, they remained in the carriage, and disconsolately turned the horses' heads homeward.

"It all comes of having to wait for a woman to get ready," Mr. Man broke in, grimly.

"I was ready before you were," said she.

"Great heavens!" cried he, in irrepressible impatience, jerking the horses' jaw bone out of place, "just listen to that! And I sat out in the buggy ten minutes, yelling at you to come along until the whole neighborhood heard me."

"Yes," acquiesced Mrs. Man, with that provoking placidity which no one can assume but a woman, "and every time I started down stairs you sent me back for something you had forgotten."

Mr. Man groaned.

"This is too much to bear," said he, "when every body knows that if I was going to Europe I would just rush into the house, put on a clean shirt, grab up my gripsach, and fly; while you would want at least six months preliminary preparation, and then dawdle around the whole day before starting until every train had left town."

Well, the upshot of the matter was that the Mans put off their visit to Aurora till next week, and it was agreed for each one to get him or herself ready, and go down to the train and go, and the one who failed to get ready should be left. The day of the match came around in due time. The train was to go at 10.30, and Mr. Man, after attending to his business, went home at 9.45.

"Now, then," he shouted, "only three-quarters of an hour till train time. Fly around; a fair field and no favors, you know."

And away they flew. Mr. Man bulked into this room, and rushed through that one, and dived into one closet after another with inconceivable rapidity, chuckling all the time to think how cheap Mrs. Man would fell when he started off alone. He stopped on his way up stairs to pull off his heavy boots to save time. For the same reason he pulled off his coat as he ran through the dining room, and hung it on a corner of the plate closet. Then he jerked off his vest as he ran through the hall, and tossed it on a hook in the hat-rack; and by the time he reached his own room, he was ready to plunge into his clean clothes. He pulled out a bureau drawer and began to paw at things like a Scotch terrier after a rat.

"Fleanor," he shrieked, "where are my shirts?"

"In your drawer," calmly replied Mrs. Man, who was standing placidly before a glass, calmly and deliberately coaxing a refractory crimp into place,

"Well, by thunder, they ain't," he shouted, a little annoyed. "I've emptied every last thing out of the drawer, and there isn't a thing in it that I ever saw before."

Mrs. Man stepped back a few paces, held her head to one side, and after satisfying herself that the crimp would do, and would stay where she put it, answered:

"These things scattered around the floor are all mine. Probable you haven't been looking in your own drawer."

"I Don't see," testily observed Mr. Man, "why you couldn't have put my things out for me, when you had nothing else to do all the long morning."

"Because," said Mrs. Man, settling herself into an additional article of raiment with awful deliberation, "nobody put mine out for me. A fair field and no favors, my dear."

He plunged into his shirt like a bull at a red flag.

"Foul!" shouted Mr. Man in malicious triumph. "No button on the back."

"Because," said Mrs. Man, sweetly, after a deliberate stare at the fidgeting, impatient man, during which she buttoned her dress and put eleven pins where they would do most good; "because you have got the shirt on wrong side out."

When Mr. Man slid out of that shirt he began to sweat. He dropped the shirt three times before he got it on, and while it was over his head the clock strck ten. When his head came through he saw Mrs. Man coaxing the ends and bows of her necktie.

"Where is my shirt studs?" cried he.

Mrs. Man went into another room, and presently returned with her gloves and hat, and saw Mr. Man emptying all the boxes he could find in and about the bureau. Then she said:

"In the shirt you just now took off."

Mrs. Man put on her gloves, while Mr. Man hunted up and down the room for cuff buttons.

"Eleanor," he snarled at last; "I believe you know where these buttons are."

"I have n't seen them," said the lady, settling her hat; "did'n't you lay them down on the window-sill in the sitting-room last night?"

Mr. Man remembered, and he went down stairs on a run. He stepped on one of his boots, and was immediately landed in the hall at the bottom of the stairs with neatness and dispatch, attended in transmission with more bumps that he could count with a Webb's adder, and landed like with a bang like the Hell Gate explosion.—

"Are you ready, Algernon?" asked his wife, sweetly leaning over the banisters.

The unhappy man groaned.

"Can't you throw me down the other boot!"

Mrs. Man pityingly kicked it down stairs to him.

"My valise?" he inquired, as he tugged away at his boot.

"It is in your dressing room," said she.

"Packed?"

"I do not know—unless you packed it yourself— probably not," she replied, with her hand on the door-knob; "I had hardly time to pack my own valise.

She was passing out of the gate when the door opened and he shouted:

"Where in the name of goodness did you put my vest? It has all my money in it."

"You threw it on the hat-rack," she called back, "good bye, hear.

She paused and turned, after signaling the street car to stop, and cried:

"You hung it on the silver closet."

And the street car engulfed her graceful figure, and she was seen no more. But the neighbors say they heard Mr. Man charging up and down the house, rushing out at the front door every now and then, and shrieking up the deserted street after the unconscious Mrs. Man, to know where his hat was, and the valise key, and if he had any clean undershirts and socks, and that there wasn't a linen collar in the house. And when he went away at last he left the kitchen door, side door, front door and all the down stairs windows and the front gate open. And the loungers around the depot that day were somewhat amused just as the train was pulling out of sight down in the yards, to see a flushed, perspiring man, with his hat on sideways, his vest buttoned two buttons too high, his cuffs unbuttoned, his necktie flying, and his gribsach flapping open and shut like a demented shutter on a March night, and a door key in in his hand, dash wildly across the plaform and halt in the middle of the track, glaring in dejected, impotent, wrathful mortification at the departing train, and shaking his trembling fist at a pretty woman who was throwing kisses at him from the rear platform of the last car.

THE TELEPHONE.—The apparatus of the telephone is simple: a plate of iron or steel fastened to a sounding board, a speaking tube by which sounds are conveyed to the plate, a bar of soft iron or magnet, with a coil of insulated copper wire around one end, and an adjusting screw. The electric wave used in transmitting the sounds is generated by the voice itself—an important improvement over the battery current, which was at first employed. Many obstacles remain to be overcome but the capabilities of this curious invention are apparent to listeners.

It is better to be useful than rich.

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