The Denton Journal

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

Editors and Proprietors.

TERMS.

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Denton Journal.

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

VOL. 30 DENTON, MD., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1877. NO. 16.

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be conspicuously inserted on the following terms:

TRANSIENT RATES.

ONE SQUARE, SIX LINES, 3 times, $1,00, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. Longer ones in the same proportion.

STANDARD RATES.

	3 MONTHS	6 MONTHS	12 MONTHS.
ONE COLUMN,	$25.00	$35.00	$60.00
HALF "	15.00	25.00	45.00
QUARTER "	10.00	15.00	5.0
PER INCH,	1.50	2.50	

☞Four changes allowed to yearly advertisers without additional charge.

☞All advertisements 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 Insermediate 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. Pierce, 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, Jas. S. Whitby; Third, E. 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.

STEAMBOATS.

Maryland Steamboat Co

DAY BOAT FOR THE CHOPTANK RIVER.

ON and after Wednesday, Sept. 26, 1877,

THE STEAMER

KENT,

Capt. Crosby, will leave pier 3, Light St., foot of Camden, every Wednesday, Friday and Monday at 7 o'clock, A. M., for Oxford, Clora's, Wallack's, Cambridge and landings on the Choptank to Denton.

On the return trip will leave Denton every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 7 o'clock, A. M.; Cambridge at 11 and Oxford at 12, arriving in Baltimore at 5:40 same day.

FARE 50 CENTS.

☞Freights taken at lowest rates.

The Steamer HIGHLAND LIGHT will leave same pier, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday nights at 9 o'clock for Easton, Oxford and Cambridge, to Medford's, making the usual landings.

FARE - - - - - - - - 50 cts

STATE ROOMS - - - - - 50 cts

☞Freights taken at lowest rates.

Chester River Steamboat COMPANY.

FALL AND WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

ON and after Monday, Sept. 17th, 1877, the splendid new Iron Steamer

B. S. FORD

Will leave Chestertown for Baltimore every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 8½, A. M., Rolph's at 8¾, Booker's 9, Quaker Neck 9:10, Queenstown 10, Kent Island 10½.

Returning, leaves Baltimore every Tuesday. Thursday and Saturday, at 10 A. M., making the above stops.

THE STEAMER GEO. LAW

Will leave Crumpton for Baltimore every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 7½ A. M., stopping at Chestertown, Rolph's Booker's, Quaker Neck, Queenstown and Kent Island, according to above time.

Returning, leaves Baltimore every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 10 A. M., making the above stops.

☞Freights received daily, and at moderate rates.

Fare, $1.25. Fare to Baltimore and return next day, $2.00.

H. A. ALBERT, Secretary.

sep22-tf.

BLACKSMITHING,

AT LOW PRICES.

John T. Comegys.

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.

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.

JNO. T. COMEGYS.

jan13-y. Denton, Md.

KELLER'S VEGETABLE LIFE DROPS TRADE MARK

In the introduction of Keller's Vegetable Life Drops, a new departure has been instituted Instead of appealing to the credulity and desperation of the sick, the judgment of all is addressed in "A Brief Manual of Purgative and Depurative Medicine,"—(to be had of druggists *free of charge*, and given with every bottle of the Drops)—written for those who, having a perception of their diseases, can intelligently apply the principles therein contained, with the assurance of relief and cure of

Diseases of the Blood

LIVER AND STOMACH;—

INDIGESTION,

Dyspepsia, Constipation, &c.

Keller's Vegetable Life Drops

by their peculiar purgative and purgative influence, especially upon the BLOOD, purifying it, and removing such diseases as

Liver Complaint,

Biliousness,

Ulcers, Rheumatism,

Pimples, Skin Diseases,

Blotches, Neuralgia,

Boils, Eruptions,

Headache Nervousness,

Jaundice Fever & Ague,

Colds, Loss of Appetite,

and KINDRED DISEASES, resulting from impoverished or vitiated BLOOD.

DYSPEPSIA.

The possession of pure blood depends upon good digestion; for where derangement of the digestive function exists disease inevitably results, and Dyspepsia, with all of its terrors and tortures, becomes established.

Keller's Vegetable Life Drops

are a specific for DYSPEPSIA, or INDIGESTION, FLATULENCY, HEARTBURN CRAMPS, NAUSEA and VOMITING, Pains in the Head, Side and Back, Palpitation of the Heart, Hypochondria, and all that class of diseases arising from Indigestion.

LIVER COMPLAINT.

When from any of the numerous inciting causes the Liver begins to act abnormally, the bile remains in the system, vitiating and perverting every vital process, and causing Boils, Carbuncles, Blotches, Pimples, Coughs. Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, Dysentery, Kidney and Bladder diseases, and many other disorders, all originating directly or indirectly from the Liver. Keller's Vegetable Life Drops induce the healthy action of the Liver by providing for the removal of the biliary constituents by the Bowels, Kidneys and Skin.

CONSTIPATION.

The suppression and retention of the contents of the alimentary canal produce Foul Breath, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Piles, Chronic Headache, Skin affections, and very many other diseases referable to the insidious influence of Constipation. Keller's Vegetable Life Drops promptly cure this disease, and all the bad effects attending upon or resulting from it.

Keller's Vegetable Life Drops

are the safest remedy for those peculiar diseases arising from the structural differences between the sexes, and known as Female Complaints.

The use of Keller's Vegetable Life Drops has been thus only partially indicated; their range of application is very great, and their work is always more than satisfactory. Their remarkable efficacy, as already shown, is particularly exhibited in diseases of Blood, Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

Keller's Vegetable Life Drops are recommended as being the best and cheapest FAMILY MEDICINE ever offered, and are sold by druggists and dealers at 50 cents a bottle, or five bottles for $2.

W. L. KELLER, Chemist,

BALTIMORE, MD.

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

THE BATTLE OF AUTUMN.

Have you heard how Summer, with soldiers tall
Is at war with her Winter foe;
Though Autumn, the field where the brave will fall;
The shrill winds sound the clarion call
To victory or direst woe.

See the brave oak! battling on in his woe,
Till his armor is stained with blood;
With his strong arms gives he back blow for blow,
Nor yields he one leaf to the victor foe,
That's not stained in the crimson flood.

And the heart's blood drips from the "virgin's bower."
And the willow has lost its green,
And the maple scatters its leafy shower,
And thus hides the pain of its dying hour
In a golden and crimson sheen.

And my heart goes mourning from morn till night,
Like the notes of a wild bird's song,
At the time draws near for his southern flight
From the bowers now dying from frost's chill blight
To the home he has loved so long.

For I think of life's hopes and aims, that fall
Like the dying leaves 'round our way;
How they lead us on, till, beyond recall,
They weave for our spirits a golden pall,
Lest the world see their dreary gray.

Ah! 'tis well the world sees naught but the glint,
And the sheen of crimson and gold;
That of all life's struggles there is no hint;
Of bright hope's fruition they see the tint:
Its failures lie under the mould

For before an earth song there comes a sigh,
And before the calm smile, a tear;
But up in the beautiful world on high,
Though glowing with tints of an autumn sky,
It is the spring-time of all the year.

And that is a hope that can never fail;
'Tis earth-hopes that wither and fade;
So like autumn leaves, that grow bright, though frail,
Let us meet with a smile the world's rough gale,
And a song, life's gloomiest shade.

Bread Upon the Waters.

Behind Squire Hilton's house was a patch of cleared and well kept woodland, known to all the neighborhood as "The Grove." Whenever the Sunday Schools desired a picnic, the Squire was waited upon, and as a matter of course consented to its being used. At other times any one had the privilege of walking there, and the children came in the spring to gather wild flowers, or in the autumn to gather nut. Therefore the boy who sat upon the rough wooden bench fitted between two trees, with his head upon his hands was not trespassing.

He was a tall, gaunt boy, with his sixteenth birthday close before him. His clothes were threadbare, but he had a decent look. He was past the age at which boys generally indulge in tears but he was crying. Indeed, he had come to that place for the express purpose of indulging his feelings unobserved. His hope of solitude proved a vain one, however. Engrossed in his grief, he had not heard the sound of footsteps, when, looking up, he saw standing before him a girl of fifteen, Squire Hilton's only daughter, born when his days were on the very verge of winter—herself the perfect embodiment of spring.

She was a happy creature who had never known care, who never thought it possible that she could wish for anything she might not have. Knowing herself rich and beautiful, but without pride or vanity, loving her father and mother intensely, and with good will for a world in which she as yet knew not that there was any harm. A girl who, in virtue of aristocratic position in that New England village, was as much under espionage as any girl ever was. Yet with this advantage, she had no idea she was guarded or that there was anything not to be known by her, or any one she might not know. Therefore, knowing no reason why she should not address any one, and knowing the boy by name, she stood looking at him a moment, and then said softly,—

"Why, Edward Burr! what is the matter? Oh, I know; I heard of it; your father is dead. I am very sorry."

"It's not very manly to cry, Miss Hilton," said the boy, standing up and composing his features as well as he could; "but I could not help it; he was all I had, and it was so sudden. I didn't mean any one should see me, though."

"Boys and men must have feeling as well as girls and women," said Phemie Hilton. "I should break my heart if dear papa should die; and you haven't any mother, have you?"

"I have nobody," said the boy, "and I hate the place. I couldn't work here now, since I've seen father cut down by that horrible machine. I am going to the city, to New York, Miss Hilton; I'm going to walk there. Do you know how long it will take?"

"How long!" cried Phemie; "why you could never walk there; it takes days by the cars and boat; and why do you go to New York?"

"I must," said the boy. "I can make my fortune there; father always said so."

"Yes, my father says New York is the place to make money," said Phemie; "but you must have some money to begin with. Have you any?"

"Twenty-five cents," said the boy.

"Then you'd starve to death where you had no friends," said the young girl, with an air of great wisdom and experience. "But papa knows everything. Come home with me and ask his advice; he'll tell you what to do. If anybody can tell you what to do, it is my papa."

"But I haven't any business to bother him about myself," said the boy. "I don't think he'll like it. He'll think me forward."

"I'll tell him I made you come. You needn't be afraid of papa; he's as kind as kind can be. Come, now."

Much against his will, Edward Burr followed Miss Hilton through the woods and across the lawn that encircled the squire's mansion. More against his will he entered the broad hall and the study door.

"If the squire kicks me out I deserve it," he said. And with his hat in his hand he stood gazing in great confusion at the white-headed old gentleman, who to his simple mind, represented the wealth and aristocracy of the land. A king could not have awed his humblest subject more, though Edward knew nothing of kings and would have declared, if questioned, that every man was equal.

The squire looked up; his wife laid down the embroidery at which she was at work. The unwilling visitor feared that he was expected to say something and had no idea what words to utter which would fitly convey his comprehension of the impropriety of his intrusion on a strange household. But Phemie saved him further anxiety.

"Papa," she said, "this is poor Mr. Burr's son; and he is going to New York to seek his fortune, without any money but twenty-five cents; and I made him come to you to get advice. I did'nt think he could manage. What do you think?"

"After I have talked with the young man, I'll know better," said the squire.

The end of the talk was, that the squire said to Edward Burr,—

"I think you're a boy with a will, and where there's a will there's a way. I'll give you a start. Take this note to Mr. B—, No.— Street, and he will give you employment. I'll give you a ticket to New York and fit you out so that you won't starve for a week, after that, go ahead; you've got it all in your own hands, after God to bless you."

"Oh, papa, you are so kind!" said Phemie, as she watched the boy out of sight.

Now who knows what may come of that? The bread was cast upon the waters without a thought that it might return after many days.

* * * * * *

Ten years had elapsed and Phemie Hilton sat in a shabby little room in New York city, wondering where she could find bread the next day. The old squire had been dead two years, and before he died he had been tempted into a speculation that had ruined him, and wife and daughter had come to the city to earn their bread. There the mother's health had broken down, and Phemie was forced to leave her position in a school to nurse her. Private pupils had fallen off, and the last dollar was spent. And now Phemie turned the paper she had borrowed in her hand, and among the long columns of advertisements saw one for necktie makers.

"Perhaps I could get work at that to do at home," she said. "I will try. I am able to do anything with my needle."

An hour after the poor young lady found herself climbing the stairs of a large building in the business portion of New York, in search of the establishment to which the advertisement directed her.

"We don't give work out," was the reply to her question, "and we want experienced hands."

She was turning away with the little hope in her breast chilled, when a gentleman who had been standing at some distance advanced and addressed her.

"I must be mistaken," he said. "This is not Miss Hilton, of——?"

"It is," she said, looking in vain for a familiar feature in the bearded face before her. "But you have the advantage of me."

"Naturally. You are not likely to remember Edward Burr, whom your father helped so kindly years ago. But for your encouragement, however, and his liberal aid, my life would not have been what it is now. I can never forget either of you."

"You have prospered then? I am glad. And this is your place? Perhaps, then, *you* will not refuse to give me work to do at home, now that we are so poor." And then came the story.

Once more Phemie saw the tears stand in Edward's eyes as she told it, and the promise that work should be given was accompanied by a request to call. Edward was a gentleman at heart, and Phemie never guessed that the other necktie makers would have opened their eyes in amazement at the enormous price she received for unskillful performance.

And over her work the girl often sat smiling now; and the mother grew well again; and one brown-bearded face was often seen in their parlor, and it was always welcome; and ere many months went by, that happened which every intelligent young lady reader has expected from the first. Phemie married Edward Burr, and in their elegant home the good old squire's widow spent her last days in happiness and comfort.

What Randall's Victory Means.

It seems now to be generally conceded that while Mr. Randall's victory is one of the most overwhelming ever achieved in our political history, it is also one of the cleanest. He goes into the chair hampered by no private engagements of any kind. He has entered into no combinations and made no pledges, and it is asserted that no living man can rise up to claim the performance of any promise with regard to the distribution of the Speaker's patronage. A Senator caused Mr. Randall to be approached early in the summer with a proposition that he could be given certain votes on condition that he would make a single appointment on an important committee the appointee to be named by the Senator, but the Senator was informed that Mr. Randall had made no promises to anybody and did not intend to make any, and has ever since bitterly opposed Mr. Randall's election. The truth is that Mr. Randall's candidacy was the only one that had ideas, principles and party policy behind it. His nomination by such a tremendous vote on the first ballot means simply and only that the Democratic party is not going to abate its opposition to standing armies, extravagant appropriations and the corrupt Republican system of subsidies to corporations. Mr. Randall was fiercely opposed by all these interests and by all the rings and organized lobbies represented in Washing, and his triumph is the triumph of the better elements of the party and the country.

Giving Advice.

Advice is a first-rate thing when the person giving it knows what he or she is talking about. But there are volumes of advice and counsel which are utterly useless, because it is simply the result of an uncontrolable desire to say something—what makes no difference. Anvice, to ue worth anything, needs to be matured in the mind before it is uttered. It is altogether better, however, as a rule to attend to your own business and let other people's alone, unless you are invited to interfere. Public men are especially the victime of advice given. All men and women in the world think themselves called upon to give advice, seeming entirely to lose sight of a very important fact that any one who has mind enough to attract any considerable share of public attention probably has enough to manage his own affairs. Get your own affairs in good shape and keep them in it and do not waste so much of life in looking after other people.

DO NOT FACE THE LIGHT WHEN AT WORK.— Statictics kept by occulists employed in infirmaries for eye diseases have shown that the habits of some persons in facing a window from which the light fails directly in the eye as well as on the work, injure their eyes in the end. The best way to work is with a side light, or, if the work needs a strong illumination, so that it is necessary to have the working table before the window, the lower portion of the latter should be covered with a screen, so as to have a top light alone, which does not shine in the eyes while the head is slightly bent over and downward toward the work.

"THE tongue is mightier than the sword," says the Chicago *Times*, meaning evidently meaning evidently to compliment the woman.

THEY who speak ill of themselves do so mostly as the surest way of proving how modest and candid they are.

I ENVY no man who knows more than I do, but pity them that know less.—Sir Thomas Browne.

FOR one man who sincerely pities our misfortune, there are a thousand who sincerely hate our success.

Anecdotes of Franklin.

We will venture to give, for the amusement of our younger readers, a couple of old and often told anecdotes of Franklin as related by the Philadelphia *Press*.

Dr. Franklin owed much of his extraordinary success to his keen sight into human nature and a sagacity that quickly perceived the best, readiest method of obtaining a desired end. To be sure, many of his strategic movements were not always commendable, but they were more humorous than injurious, of which the following is a characteristic specimen.

In the year 1772 Franklin visited Boston, and on his return to Philadelphia at every stopping-place he was beset with officious inquiries, &c., on which he determined to be beforehand with interrogatories in future.

At the next tavern he registered himself as Benjamin Franklin, from Boston to Philadelphia, a printer not worth a dollar, eighteen years of age a single man seeking his fortune, &c., and his singular introduction checked all further inquires and effectually repulsed the daring propensity of Yankee inquisitiveness. At one of the public houses the fireplace was surrounded by men so closely packed our traveler could not approach near enough to feel any of any of its agreeable warmth, and being cold and chilled he called out:

"Hostler, have you any oysters?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then give my horse a peck," said Franklin.

"What, give your horse oysters?"

"Yes," retorted Franklin; "give him a peck of oysters."

The hostler carried out the oyters, and many of the occupants of the fireplace went with him to witness the great curiosity of a horse eating oysters. Franklin seated himself very comfortably before the fire and derived much satisfaction and enjoyment from the funny experiment. Soon the man came in, and the company, with rueful faces expressed most decided dissatisfaction at their disappointment.

"The horse would not eat the oysters, sir," and they had lost their cosy comfortable and warm seats.

"Well, if the horse won't eat them I'll eat them myself, and you may try him with a peck of oats."

Deep or Shallow Plowing.

Amateurs have often expressed surprise that upon such a universal and important question as that of plowing there should be such difference of opinion among the practical farmers; and yet of the many unsettled questions in agriculture this one is oftenest discussed in our journals. The first mistake usually made when this question is under discussion is that deep plowing and deep culture are confouded; they are by no means the same thing; deep plowing is not necessarially deep culture, nor does deep culture involve deep plowing in the commonest sense of the term. When we find that a disputant demands deep plowing for all soils and crops, we at once set him down as an amateur farmer, if a farmer at all. In plowing the term deep must not be governed by inches, the farmer who with a four-inch plows five inches deep is practically plowing as deep as he who with an eight-inch furrow turns over a seven-inch soil; the the former mixes an inch of cold subsoil with four inches of earth; while the latter mixes on equal amount with nearly double the amount of surface soil.

What is to be gained by turning a good soil or a coat of manure under an eight-inch furrow? Neither are available for the needs of the crop until they begin to decay, and to decay they must have air and moisture, which can best be obtained near the surface. We have no doubt that in most instances a deep loose soil is an advantage, but even this seems to be questioned by the results of experiments on the Eastern Pennslyvania Experimental Farm; on this farm certain plots have been subsoiled (not simply deep plowed), and in most cases the crop on an adjoining plot subsoiled, or if it did not actually exceed it the surplus in favor of subsoiling entirely failed to pay the extra extra expenses involved. The number of farmers who plow deep *for corn* is much less than it was twenty-five years ago, and is growing less every year; many claim that four inches will bring a better crop than nine. The old adage, "Plow deer while sluggards sleep and you will have corn to sell and eat," seems to need some modification.

ACCOUNT him thy real friend who desires thy good, rather than thy good will.

FALSEHOOD is often rocked by truth but she soon outgrows her cradle and discards her nurse.

The Seven Wise Men.

Most people have heard of the "Seven Wise Men of Greece," but very few know who they were or how they came to be called so. Here is the story, and the moral of it is worth remembering, if their names are not. The Seven Wise men of Greece are supposed to have lived in the fifth century before Christ. Their names are Pittacus, Blas, Solon, Thales, Chilon, Cleobulus and Periander. The reason of their being called wise is given differently by various authors; but the most approved accounts state, that as some Coans were fishing, some strangers from Melitus bought whatever should be in the nets, without seeing it. When the nets were brought in they were found to contain a golden Tripod which Helen, as she sailed from Troy, is supposed to have thrown there.

A dispute arose between the fishermen and the strangers as to whom it belonged, and, as they could not agree, they took it to the temple of Apollo and consulted the priestess as to what should be done with it. She said it must be given to the wisest man in Greece, and it was accordingly sent to Bias, who declared that Thales was wiser, and sent it to him. Thales sent it to another one, and so on, until it had passed through the hands of all the men, distinguished afterward as the "Seven Wise Men," and as such one claimed that the other was wiser than he, it was finally sent to the temple of Apollo, where it long remained to teach the lesson that the wisest are the most distrustful of their wisdom.

What is a Good Education.

Edward Everett, the gifted orator, never spoke more truthfully than when uttering the following words: "To read the English language well, to write with despatch a neat, legible hand, and be master of the first four rules of arithmetic, so as to dispose of at once, with accuracy, every question of figures which comes up in practice—I call this a good education. And if you add the ability to write pure grammatical English, I regard this as an excellent education. These are the tools. You can do much with them, but you are helpless without them. They are the foundation, and unless you begin with these, all your flashy attainments, a little geology, and other ologies and osophies are ostentatious rubbish." It is generally the custom among the schools of to-day to neglect these so called "common branches." They omit the foundation, and build up a vast and imposing structure of showy accomplishments. No sooner does a pupil of one of these schools attempt to enter upon the busy scenes of life, than he finds his "castle in the air," built at so great a cost of time and money, come tumbling down on his ears."

A REMARKABLE RAILWAY BRIDGE.—The new iron railway bridge over the river Douro, near Porto, Portugal, crosses it with an arch of a single span which measures 160 metres (520 feet) and has a rise of 42 metres (138 feet 6 inches). It is crescent shaped in form; the extrados and the intrados, which are connected with struts in the form of St. Andrew's cross, are fartherest apart at the crown.

BISMARCK is 62 year old; so is Lord Granville. Prince Gortchakoff is 79, Lord Beaconsfield is 62, and Mr. Gladstone 68. President McMahon is nearly 69. The Pope will soon be 85; the Archbishop of Canterbury is 66; Dr. Pusey 74, and Dean Stanley 51, Garabaldi is nearly 70; Lord Russell 75, and Jules Simon 63

ASTHMA.—Dissolve some saltpeter in hot water; did white blotting paper in it until quite wet; then dry it, and when the person is suffering, put it on a plate and light; it will smoulder away; place it close to the person's mouth, and he will at once find his breath come easier.

AN awful curious bore, learning that a young lady was going to the city, asked, "What motive is taking you thither, my dear?" "I believe they call it a loco motive."

ONE of the papers contains as an advertisement:—Lost, a large black silk umbrella, belonging to a gentleman with a curiously carved ivory head!"

THE arm of a pretty girl wound tightly around your neck has been discovered to be an infallible remedy in case of sore throat. It beats peppertea all hollow.

NEVER pronounce a man to be a willful niggard until you have seen the contents of his purse. The distribution should be in accordance with the receipts.

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