The Denton Journal

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

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

Editors and Proprietors.

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. 30 DENTON, MD., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1877. NO. 23.

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	$45.00	$80.00
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*

Md. & Del. Rail Road

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Monday, Nov. 26, 1877, Trains will run as follows:

GOING NORTH.

LEAVE.	
Easton,	7.30 A. M.
Woodland,	7.45
Cordova,	7.55
Hillsboro',	8.10
Ridgely,	8.25
Greensborough,	8.45
Goldsboro',	9.00
Henderson,	9.15
Marydel,	9.25
Slaughters,	9.40
Kenton,	9.55
ARRIVE.	
Clayton,	10.10
Wilmington,	12.10 P. M.
Philadelphia,	1.45
Baltimore,	3 35
New York,	5 10

GOING SOUTH.

LEAVE.	
New York,	8.25 P. M.
Baltimore,	6 50 A. M.
Philadelphia,	8 00
Wilmington,	9 30
Clayton,	11 20
Kenton,	11 35
Slaughters,	11 50
Marydel,	12 05 P. M.
Henderson,	12 15
Goldsboro',	12 30
Greensboro',	12 50
Ridgely,	1 05
Hillsboro',	1 20
Cordova,	1 35
Woodland,	1 45
ARRIVE.	
Easton,	2 00

All freights must be at the various stations at least thirty minutes before of trains, otherwise they will have to lay over twenty-four hours.

J. L. CALDWELL, Superintendent.

Nov1-tf.

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.

☞ Freigts 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.

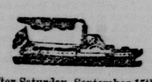
Returning, leaves Baltimore every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 10 A. M., making the above stops.

WHEELER'S

Transportation Line,

FOR THE

CHOPTANK RIVER.



ON and after Saturday, September 15th, 1877, the Steamer

RALEIGH

Will leave pier 14 Light Street Wharf every Friday, at 8 o'clock, P. M., for Hillsboro', stopping at landings on Choptank River.

Return—leave Hillsboro' Tuesdays at 8 A. M.; Potter's Landing at 12 o'clock; arrives at Potter's Landing on return trip Saturdays at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Freights received every Friday until 7 o'colck, P. M., at Pier 14 Light Street Wharf.

All freights must be prepaid.

For further information apply to

EMORY & NEAVITT,
nov10-tf 83 South Street, Baltimore, Md.

EASTON

CARRIAGE DEPOT,

AT

Machinery Hall,

Opposite Justice P. W. Stewart's Office.

THE public are informed that I have opened a large stock of CARRIAGES suitable for this section, of the strongest and most approved patterns and patents, and am offering them at prices that defy competition. Any style of carriage not kept in stock can be furnished in a short time. Those in want of carriages are invited to call and examine my stock. I guarantee to sell as cheap as any house in the State.

july7-6m. A. H. LARRIMORE.

Fall and Winter Goods!

S. KANN,

154 and 156 Broadway St.

BALTIMORE, MD.,

Dealer in Foreign & Domestic

DRY GOODS,

HAS now in store a complete stock of

BLACK SILKS, DRESS GOODS, SHAWLS, BLANKETS, FLANNELS, CASSIMERES,

And DOMESTIC GOODS of every description.

Prices warranted lower

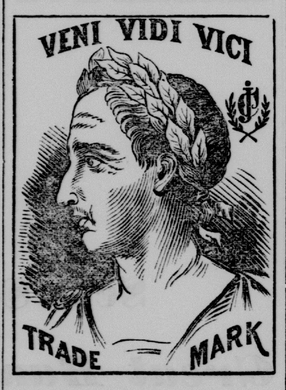
Than anywhere in the city.

This is the Largest Dry Goods Store in Baltimore.

Oct. 6 1y.

KELLER'S

ROMAN



LINIMENT.

Rheumatism.

Time and money have been wasted in futile endeavors to obtain some embrocation that would prove a cure for this excruciating disease; but all have failed except KELLER'S ROMAN LINIMENT, and that has been successful in almost every instance where it has been employed, whether such has been of the inflammatory or chronic type. In Lumbago and Sciatica it affords instant relief.

Neuralgia.

This excruciatingly painful disease is instantly relieved and rapidly cured by the continued application of this Liniment.

Toothache.

This painful and annoying complaint is instantaneously cured by the application of the Liniment.

Frosted Feet.

The Roman Liniment has proved effectual in all cases where it has been properly used. No instance is known where it has failed in giving immediate relief.

Burns and Scalds.

This Liniment has proved itself to be one of the best remedies ever used for Burns and Scalds. Its quickness in alleviating pain when applied, gives it great superiority over all other preparations.

Ulcerated Sores.

The healing and purifying qualities of KELLER'S LINIMENT render it the best article for the speedy and safe cure of ulcerated sores.

A Stitch in the Back

Is caused by a sudden wrenching of the spine, and produces violent and acute pains, making it very difficult for the person to move. It should not be neglected, as the curvature of the spine is often brought on by neglect of this common complaint.

Sore Throat and Quinsy.

The causes which usually induce Sore Throat are those which give a sudden check to perspiration, and thus obstruct Nature's regular work, quickly producing, in consequence, an inflammatory condition which, involving the tonsils, and rapidly spreading over the whole mucous membrane of the fauces will cause Quinsy.

Inflammation of the Breast.

This distressing complaint may be cured, or entirely prevented by the timely use of this remedy. It has never failed, when applied at the commencement, or before the gathering takes place.

Weakness of the Ankles and Joints.

Strains and chronic pains, cold and external injuries, are the chief causes of this complaint. The muscles are relaxed, in many cases making it difficult to move. By a free use of this Liniment a certain cure will be effected. As a

Horse and Cattle Lotion

it is invaluable to Farmers, Express Companies, Stage Proprietors, well appointed Livery Establishments, and all who own or use Horses and other Stock, immediately relieving and curing

Spavins,	Foot Rot in Sheep,
Ring Bone,	Foundered Feet,
Bruises,	Corns,
Cracked Heels,	Flesh Wounds,
Sprains,	Galls of all Kinds,
Scratches or Grease	Poll Evil,
Sores,	Splint,
Colic,	Fistula,
Lameness,	Sitfast,

And many other Diseases.

KELLER'S

Roman Liniment

Never fails to give satisfaction, and, as a domestic remedy for man and beast, it is incomparably superior to any of the so-called family liniments, salves, etc., as a single trial will convince all.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

Price, Fifty Cents a Bottle.

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

"I KNOW IT."

At seventeen years of age I was more of a man than I have ever been since. I wore a long tailed coat and boots, (to which the appurtenance of spurs was generally added,) a mustache was quite visible on my upper lip, and a consciousness of ripe maturity never left my mind. I was studying the legal profession, but at the time of which I write, was spending my summer vacation at my father's house in the country.

Though so manly, (almost soldier-like as I fancied,) in my appearance, my inner was by no means so stern as my outer man. I loved my mother with almost childish tenderness, and sooner than pain her pious heart, I would unmurmuringly accompany her every Sunday to the village church to listen to long sermons of which I could not hear a word, for the tremulous accents of the very aged minister, who conducted the services, were so faint as to be inaudible where we sat. Though incited by love and duty to subject myself to this weekly penance, (well deserved by my weekly sins) my conscience did not prevent me from whiling away the time by such amusements as lay at hand—that namely, of observing and speculating upon the countenances of my neighbors, an occupation of which I was fond.

The physiognomy which interested me more than all others, was that of a young girl who sat not far from us, and was accompanied by an aged lady, probably her grand-mother—the object of her ever watchful care. The girl's face, from eliciting my careless admiration, gradually absorbed my whole attention. It was very beautiful, but apart from that, it possessed the greatest possible interest for me. Never had I seen a countenance which denoted so much sensibility; each emotion of her mind plainly written upon it by its quick, delicate changes; nothing was wanting but the key of a corresponding degree of sensibility in the beholder, to read her tender innocent soul like an open book. For hours I gazed and speculated on that fair young face—I thought how sad would be the lot of so sensitive a being, should fate unite her to one who would not know how to read aright what was so delicately written, to whom the varying expression of that sweet countenance would be but a blank—who would be able to see in it only its coarser part—beauty of feature. There was no ending to the sweet reveries into which those sweet coming blushes led me.

Sometimes by chance, the fair object of my busy fancies would catch my eye, or without looking at me, seemed to know or feel that I was gazing at her, and I wickedly delighted in noting the blush which deepened on her cheek till I withdrew my eyes.

One Sunday, I happened in coming out of church, to be close to my lovely neighbor—immediately behind her—my hand actually touched my unconscious garments. I felt an irresistible desire to force her in some way to notice me—to speak to me—to occasion one of those charming blushes—any thing—I knew not what. In short, like an impertinent coxcomb, as I was, I stooped forward, and with an insufferable insolence, which I blush now to remember, I whispered in her ear—

"You are very pretty!"

Never was I more surprised, than when she calmly replied—

"I know it!"

I was absolutely startled. I had expected a silent conscious blush—an indignant glance—anything rather than this cool "I know it."

I was puzzled, but I had plenty of time to turn the matter in my mind, for in a few days I returned to college. I can truly say it was the one problem, which throughout the term, gave me most trouble to solve and cost me most thought.

Another year elapsed ere I returned home and again sat in the village church. My personal appearance was, in the meanwhile somewhat altered. I still wore my mustache, it is true, but my coat tails, were not, or did not seem quite so long, and I had left off my spurs.

My mother and I were early seated in our pew, and I impatiently awaited the appearance of my beautiful enigma. I tried to prepare myself for disappointment. "I had been thinking and dreaming about an ideal." I said to myself—"doubtless when the young lady herself appears all my fine imaginings will vanish—there can be no doubt my fancy has been playing tricks with me, investing a mere country maiden with transcendant graces and charms." While I was reasoning thus with myself, the young lady appeared leading her old relative with tender care.

Worshipping an "ideal" indeed! my most charming remembrance did not begin to do justice to the beautiful reality. A soul full of tenderness and sensibility seemed to have found a fitting home in a person and face of perfect loveliness and grace.

She blushed when, looking round, she chanced to see me, and again the play of expression on her features which had so interested me formerly, charmed me.

The more I studied her face, the more I seemed to see into the pure depth of her soul. I could have staked my life on her noble purity of thought and deed.

As we returned home, I described my fair neighbor and asked my mother who she was.

"Her name," my mother said, "is Grace Denny, and she is the loveliest, the most superior young woman I have ever in my whole life met with. It is too soon to think of such things yet," she continued, smiling, "but some years hence it would make me happy to see my dear son marry just such a woman."

"Not quite so fast, mother," said I laughing to hide a little boyish embarrassment which I was not anxious to conceal.

I found that Grace had become a constant visitor at my mother's and I did not fail to improve the opportunity of becoming better acquainted with her.

She was indeed a gifted creature, endowed with all "nature's best." She sung, she danced, she conversed with an indescribable grace peculiar to herself. Though generally thoughtful and earnest in her demeanor, she had a vein of quiet humor, and her strokes of playful drollery charmed all the more from being unexpected. But more alluring to me than all her gifts and accomplishments was the shrinking sensibility depicted on every feature of her sweet face. I soon found myself deeply, painfully interested in her. I say *painfully*, for Grace received my assiduous attentions with perfect coolness and unconcern, which gave me great uneasiness. Sometimes I thought she remembered my early impertinence, and was disposed to punish it. But there was a rival, a cousin of Grace's, who always stood in my way, and from whom Grace received, as a matter of course, numberless little attentions which I dared not even offer. I hated this man; I was insufferably jealous; but Grace seemed either perfectly unconscious, or perfectly indifferent to the by play of animosity which was carried on between us.

Grace, sweet, noble Grace, with her childlike simplicity and sensitsve woman's heart, who could resist her? I could not; my whole soul was her's. In vain had I struggled, in vain had I called upon my vanity, (of which I had plenty to invoke) to save me from the mortification of loving without return. I could not stem or control the passion which like a mighty whirlwind, had seized me.

One evening I sat by the piano while Grace sung to me. The cousin was not there and dear Grace's varying color and glistening eyes suggested sweet hope to my vanity. I fancied I saw love in those bright dewy eyes and on those soft music-breathing lips.

It was the last evening of my vacation, and surely I read a gentle farewell thought in Grace's face; I was beside myself at the idea—I was as if in a blissful dream—a sweet delirium—a rapture of love. As Grace rose to leave the piano I caught her hand, and unable longer to repress the one thought that filled my heart, I exclaimed fervently—

"Grace, dear Grace, with all my soul I love you!"

She lifted her large, soft eyes and said slowly, while a mischievous smile stole over her face—

"I know it,"

She was gone before I had time to prevent it or to recover from my surprise.

The next day I returned to college, expecting to complete my studies in another year. A year! how long a time to be absent from the beloved being who was to me, whether she returned my love or not, the nucleus round which my thoughts would revolve. I need not say how often her strange and unsatisfactory answers tormented me. I perceived in her repetition of the same words, her remembrance of the time she had used them before, and this then was the just punishment for my insolence. I tortured myself by bringing the whole scene again and again to memory; my passionate declaration of love, and her provoking reply, "I know it." The deuce you do, thought I, sometimes. I would I had possessed the wit to have left you a little more uncertain."

I often wondered that I was able to study at this time, for Grace, beautiful, graceful Grace, was never absent from my thoughts; she had become the dream of my life, the object of all my love sonnets, which had till now been scattered on various rival beauties. I did study, however, and studied hard, and at the end of the term passed examination with high honor; much to my dear mother's pride and joy.

I determined to be wiser when I saw Grace again; to discover beyond a doubt if I were indeed beloved, before I committed myself as I had done by foolish speeches.

In order to satisfy myself on this point, and perhaps also to gratify a little pique, when I returned home I did not go immediately to see Grace, as my feelings dictated but waited till, at my mother's summons, she spent an evening with us. Even then tho' my heart was full of tenderness for her. I affected coolness; I had made up my mind to play a part, and suffer as I might, I would act it out. There was a young lady staying with my mother at this time who loved dearly to flirt. I was quite ready to contribute to her amusement. I devoted myself to her the whole evening, and experienced the sweetest pain I ever experienced when I saw, by Crace's dear, changing, sensitive, face that she was deeply pained and wounded.

When this foolery had been carried to its height, I perceived Grace suddenly rise and step through the open window out on the piazza: In a few minutes I followed her; she had retired to a little distance from the window, and stood with her head leaning against the railing, weeping Stealing softly behind her, I passed my arm around her, and whisdered—

"Ah, dearest Grace—do not deny it! you love me."

There was a little pause; then laughing, half crying, Grace turned aside her head, and said—

"Alas! I KNOW IT."

Maxims of Washington.

Let your conversation be without malace, or envy, for it is a sign of tractable and commendable spirit; and in all cases of passion admit reason to govern.

Use not the base and frivolous things against grown and learned men, nor very difficult questions and subjects among the ignorant, nor things hard to be believed.

Speak not of doleful things in the time of mirth, nor at the table; nor of melancholy things, as death or wounds, and if others mention them, change, if you can, the discourse.

Break not a jest when none take pleasure in mirth. Laugh not loud, nor at all without occasion. Deride no man's misfortune, though there seems to be some cause. Speak not injurious words, either in jest or earnest. Scoff at no one, though you may get occasion.

Be not forward, but friendly and courteous: the first to salute, hear and answer; and be not pensive when it is time to converse.

Keep to the fashions of your equal, such as are civil and orderly, with respect to time and place.

Go not thither, when you know not whether you shall be welcome or not.

Reprehend not the imperfections of others, for that belongs to parents, masters and superiors.

Speak not in an unknown tongue in company, but in your own language; and that as those of quality do, and not as the vulgar. Sublime matters treat seriously.

Think before you speak; pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinct.

Health From Breathing.

Those persons in easy circumstances, or those who pursue sedentary employment within doors, use their lungs but little, breathe but little air in the chest, and thus, independa of positions, contract a wretchedly small chest, and lay the foundation for the loss of health and beauty. All this can be obviated by a little attention to the manner of breathing. Recollect the lungs are like a bladder in their size with perfect safety, giving a noble chest, and perfect immunity from consumption. The agent, and the only agent required is the common air we breathe, supposing, however, that no obstacle exists exteral to the chest, such as lacing it tight with stays, or having the shoulders lie upon it. On rising from the bed in the morning, place yourself in an erect posture, with your head thrown back, and your shoulders entirely off from the chest; then inhale all the air that can be got in; then hold your breath, and throw your arms off behind; hold your breath as long as possible. Repeat these long breaths as many times as you please. Done in a cold air it is much better, because the air is much denser, and will act more powerfully in expanding the chest. Exercising the chest in this manner, it will become flexible and expansive, and will enlarge the capacity and size of the lungs.

The Pure in Heart.

In a discourse on the words, "Blessed are the pure in heart," Mr. Caughey once remarked that it was impossible to sully a sunbeam. "And while that sunbeam," said he, "may dart down into the darkest hole of filth and illuminate it, it will soil nothing, and yet not be soiled itself. So the ray of heavenly life and love, existing in the perfect believer's heart, goes into and comes out into contact with the dark dwelling-places of iniquity and filth, and cheers, and enlivens, and encourages by its presence, but is always kept unspotted from the stains of the world. It is God that gives to the pure heart this great gift and distinction. It is He who can keep the heart in perfect peace. Suppose a white-robed female were walking along some turnpike road where the mud was flying, and where the horses and wagons, as they hurried and splashed along, at every turn and step increased the confusion, hemmed up the foot-path, and threw the water and dirt. Suppose that white-robed female should find, at her journey's end, her white dress as when she was first robed, would not this be a miracle? Most surely it would. But a miracle it is that the Christain, in waging his course through this world, in fighting through trials and temptations, and in struggling with the fiery adversary, does not have some stain or mark of conflict on his garments. He cries out, "Glory to God! free and unspotted too." It is a miracle of grace; of the grace of our Lork and Savior, Jesus Christ. Praise be unto his precious name.

A Beautiful Thought.

As in the light of cultivated reason, you look abroad and see a wealth of beauty, a profusion of goodness in the work of Him who has strewn flowers in the wilderness, and painted the bird enameled the insect, in the simplicity and universality of his laws you can read this lesson. An uneducated man dreams not of the common sunlight which now in its splendor floods the firmament and landscape; he can not comprehend how much of the lovliness of the world results from the reflecting propensity of the most physical bodies. If, instead of red yellow and blue, which the annalysis of the prism and experiments absorption have shown to be its constituents, it had been homogeneous, simple white, how changed would all have! The growing corn and the ripe harvest, the fruit, the fresh greenness of spring, and the autumn's robe of many colors, the hues of the violet, the emerald of the river, and purple of the ocean would have alike unknown. The rainbow would have been but pale streak in the grey sky, and dull vapors would have canopied the sun instead of the clouds, which, in the dyes of flaming brilliancy curtained his rising up and going down. Nay, there would have been no distinction between the blood of children in the flush of health, the paleness of decay, the hectic of disease and the lividness of death. There would have been an unvaried, unmeaning, laden hue, where we now see the changing and expressive countenance, tinted earth and gorgeous firmament.

BEAUTY.—A well-known, talented writer, asserts that moral and material beauty naturally and invariably go together. If by this he means that the beauty of expression, that "best part of beauty," which as Lord Bacon says, "a picture cannot express," is inseperable from moral excellence we go with him entirely. An elevated intellect, and a beneficent temperament, have an unmistakable development; nor is it too much to say, that to the most commonplace features, speaking in a strict point of physical perfection, are thus imparted charms, which surpass the veriest masterpieces of nature's choicest, but merely external handiwork.

THE following dialogue between a highfalutin lawyer and a plain witness is a good hit at the fashion of using big crooked words:

"Did the defendant knock the plaintiff down with malice prepense?"

"No, sir, he knocked him down with a flat-iron."

"You misunderstand me, my friend, I wish to know whether he attacked him with any intent?"

"Oh, no, sir, it was outside of the tent."

"No, no, I wish to know if it was a preconcerted affair?"

"No, sir, it was not a free concert affair, it wa at a circus."

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY

FOR 1877'-78.

Without recalling the excellence of the past, the publishers of Scribner's Monthly announce, for the year to come, the following papers:

THE PICTURESQUE SIDE OF AMERICAN FARM LIFE.—This subject will be treated in a series of separate papers engaged from writers who stand in the front rank among Americans, both in quality of style and in keen insight of nature. Mr. R. E. Robinson, author of a delightful paper on "Fox-Hunting in New England" in the January number, will represent the same section in this series. John Burroughs, whose papers on similar topics have been a highly prized and popular feature of SCRIBNER will write of Farm Life in New York. Maurice Thompson, the poet-naturalist, will describe the characteristics of Western farming, of which but little has been written. It is expected that the illustration of this series will be of a refined and typical character, commensurate with the subject-matter. It is thought that no paper or series of papers yet issued in SCRIBNER will so fully realize the constant desire of the magazine to keep out the ruts, and, both in text and illustrations, to obtain quality rather than quantity, and to print fresh, strong and delicate work form original sources.

"ROXY,"—by EDWARD EGGLESTON (author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," &c.). This new novel will doubtless be the most important American serial of the year. The first number was publirhed in November. Those who have read it in manuscript declare ROXY to be much the most striking and remarkable story this author has ever written. It is illustrated by one of the ablest of the younger American painters—Mr. Walter Shirlaw, President of "The American Art Association."

AMERICAN SPORTS.—Some of the most novel and entertaining of these papers are yet to appear, the scenes of which will be in the West, the Middle States, the South, New England and Canada.

OUT-OF-DOOR PAPERS—by John Burroughs, author of "Wake Robin," &c., will contain not only articles on Birds, but on "Tramping," "Camping Out," and kindred topics. Mr. Burroughs's papers will begin in the January number, the first being entitled "Bird and Birds," and illustrated by Fidelia Bridges.

ARCHITECTURE OF BIRDS.—Dr. Thomas M. Brewer will contribute four exquisitely illustrated articles on birds'-nests, which every lover of nature will delight in. Dr. Brewer has probably the finest collection of birds' eggs in the world to draw upon for the illustration of these papers.

THE SADDLE-HORSE.—Col. Geo. E. Waring, with whose excellent work of various sorts our readers are familiar, contributes two illustrated articles on the horse. He treats specially of saddle-horses and their use for pleasure and for sport, including road-riding, fox-hunting and racing. The nature of the English thoroughbred and that of his Eastern progenitor (the Arabian) are fully considered in relation to their uses.

SAXE HOLM.—New stories by this popular writer will be given in early numbers of SCRIBNER, beginning with "Joe Hole's Red Stockings," to appear in January. This "novelette" chronicles an episode of the late war for the Union.

"HIS INHERITANCE,—By Adeline Trafton, so well begun in the Midsummer Holiday number, will be continued nearly through the year. It will be found to be of increasing interest to the very end.

"A KNIGHT OF FORTUNE"—Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen's new novel—will be begun in SCRIBNER at the conclusion of "His Inheritance." It will reveal a phase of American society undreamed of by most of our readers, and will be certain to increase the reputation of the writer as a master of English and of his art.

THE EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS will continue to employ the ablest pens in America, and will include the present admirable summary English publications. Besides the special articles above enumerated, the magazine will contain Poems, Sketches, Essays, Reviews, and shorter Stories of the highest character. A large practical reduction in price is made by an increase in the number pages.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS of the MAGAZINE, in variety and excellence of design and in typographical execution, will continue to be in advance of those of any other popular magazine at home or abroad.

Subscription price, $4.00 a year payable in advance to us or to any bookseller.

No club rates or other discounts to subscribers. The Magazine is worth all it costs, and its circulation increasing in a constant and steady ratio from year to year.

SCRIBNER & CO.,
743 Broadway, New York.

A COUNTRY girl wrote to her lover: "Now, George, don't you fale to be at the singing school to-night." George wrote back that "in the bright lexicon of youth—Webster's Unabridged—there's no such word as *fale*."

The only way to make a friend is to be one.

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