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DON'T BE DECEIVED!

Residents of this County,

BY THE BAIT SOME OF THE EXPENSIVE STORES PUT FORTH IN THEIR CUNNINGLY-WORDED ADVERTISEMENTS. THEY WHO USE THEM HAVE NO REAL INDUCEMENTS TO OFFER, **AND THEREFORE RESORT TO SUCH METHODS TO ATTRACT BUYERS**

We Say to You, Do Not Allow Yourselves to be Deceived!

The Season is Backward, and we have still an immense stock--one of the best and most attractive we have ever shown you, all of which we will sell positively 20 per cent. less than expensive stores will ask you.

WE HAVE A LOT OF SEPARATE PANTS. ABOUT 100.
SUITS, ABOUT 40.
OVERCOATS, ABOUT 60.

Which are elegantly made, fashionably cut and in every way reliable goods, that we will dispose of at almost cost.

AT COST! AT COST! AT COST!

TO CLOSE OUT!

Our stock must move faster. The great reduction at which we are offering it will make business boom. Reader, take advantage of it. We have only a short time left to sell in and we call especial attention of buyers to our elegant goods, latest styles, extremely low prices, and positive guarantee given all patrons. You pay us only ONE PROFIT, the manufacturer's. You will be glad when you buy from us, if saving and getting value for your money yleases you.

Largest FASHIONABLE ONE-PRICE CLOTHIERS

230 West Pratt St., to 55 Hanover St.

CHAS. N. OEHM & SON,

BALTIMORE, MD.

To Sportsmen and the Public.

I have just received from the Importers and Manufacturers direcct, a large stock of

Muzzle and Breech-Loading Guns, Revolvers, Ammunition, Glass Balls &c.

To FISHERMEN:

I have the Finest Assortment of FISHING TACKLE ever offered to the public, WHICH I AM OFFERING LOWER THAN EVER BEFORE.
Rods, Reels, Lines, Baskets, Patent Bait Flies, Bait Boxes, Oil Silk; also, the "Gem Bait Pail."
Job Lots to Dealers at Manufacturers' Prices.

W. P. PATTERSON, 168 W. Pratt St.,
BALTIMORE

7-2-6m.

BOYNTON'S FIRE-PLACE HEATER.

GEO. W. BECK,

EASTON, MD.

STOVES,

TOVES.

Plain, Stamped and Japanned

TINWARE

ROOFING AND SPOUTING.

OLD STOVES MADE NEW.

BUY THE EXCELSIOR COOK.

GEO. T. MELVIN,
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DENTON, MD.,

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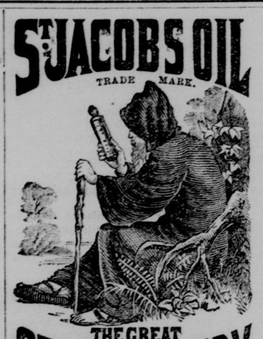
DENTON, MD.
STATE'S ATTORNEY FOR CAROLINE COUNTY.



THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY.
FOR
RHEUMATISM,

Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains,

Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as a *safe, sure, simple* and *cheap* External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

Directions in Eleven Languages.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

A. VOGELER & CO.,
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

—A—

Curious Fact

That the 'GRAND DEPOT' at Denton Bridge is Selling Goods CHEAPER than any other house in town.

I have just added to my line of Fall and Winter goods, which may now be considered as complete. Boots and shoes a specialty. I am offering them at figures that defy competition. A call from my friends and patrons to examine my new and carefully selected stock, would be highly appreciated by me. I desire to extend to the public my heartfelt thanks for their liberal support in the past, and pledge myself to exert every effort to merit its continuation.

Respectfully,
CHAS. F. WILLIS.

LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST!!

We have just returned from the city with

NEW GOODS

and we now offer for sale the largest and best selected

Stock of Goods in Denton.

It is unnecessary for us to blow about our prices or city prices, but we do respectfully request you to call and

EXAMINE OUR STOCK,

and judge for yourselves. Our prices are marked on our Goods and we think we are selling as

GOOD BARGAINS

as any other store in the county. If you are in want of Goods

GIVE US A CALL

and see if we can supply your wants. We return you our thanks for past favors and wish you a Happy Christmas.

H. BLACKISTON & SON,
DENTON, MD.

LOOK OUT FOR DAVIS' WAGON,
The Denton Enterprise!

HE WILL SUPPLY YOU WITH Bibles, Testaments, Hymn Books, Motto Frames, Pictures and Frames.

Perforated Chair Bottoms.

Window curtains and fixtures hung to order. Window Glass, Putty and Glue furnished and Glazing done. Also prepared to mend tinware and every thing pertaining. WM. T. DAVIS,
9-11 6m. Denton Md

AGENTS WANTED everywhere to sell the best Family Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings, with HEEL and TOE complete, in 20 minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the Universally Knitting Machine Co., 409 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

NEW RICH BLOOD!

Parsons' Purgative Pills make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sent by mail for 8 letter stamps.

J. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

GOLD MEDAL AWARDED the Author, A new and great Medical Work, warranted the best and cheapest, indispensable to every man, entitled "The Science of Life or, Self-Preservation;" bound in finest French muslin, embossed, full gilt, 300 pp. 125 engravings, 125 prescriptions, price only $1.25 sent by mail; illustrated sample, 6 cents. Send now. Address Peabody Medical Institute or Dr. W. H. PARKER, No. 4 Bulfinch st., Boston.

KNOW THYSELF.

H. E. Carpenter, Esq., Henderson, N Y., cured of Psoriasis or Leprosy, o twenty years' standing, by the Cuticura Resolvent internally, and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap externally. The most wonderful case on record.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Only a few more notes,
Only a finer tone;
And lo! the world bows down
Before the singer's throne.

Only the same old thoughts
Clothed with a sweeter sound;
And lo! a poet's brow
With laurel leaves is crowned.

Only a finer ear,
Only a swifter skill;
And lo! the artist plays
On human hearts at will.

Only a tint or line,
Only a subtler grace;
And lo! the world goes mad
Over a woman's face.

For though so slight the cause
For which men call us great,
This shade the more or less
May fix an earthly fate.

For few may wield the power
Whose spells uplift or thrill;
The barrier fixed, yet fine,
We may not pass at will.

—*Grace S. Wells.*

Twenty Pound Sterling.

There never was such a man to bet as Staining. He was always so sure he was right. Our mutual friend Marxwell ought to have sailed for Brazil, but I felt confident I had seen him in the street, but Staining said it was nonsense, and he bet me £20 to 1s I was wrong. He had hardly finished speaking when Marxwell came in. Staining pulled out of his pocket a £20 note and handed it to me.

"There you are, old fellow. 'A fool and his money,' etc. Another illustration of that wise adage."

"Not exactly; for you don't expect I shall take your money."

"Yes, I do; and shall be extremely annoyed if you refuse."

I protested, but presently he said, in considerable irritation:

"Then be my almoner, and give the money away in charity."

"He left presently, and as there are objections to standing in the public highways with a bank note in your hand and a puzzled expression in your face, the note was transferred to my pocket, and went my way wondering, when I was met full tilt by a clergyman whom I knew.

"Hulloa!" he cried. "Mr. Smith, you and I seem to have our minds so much occupied that we cannot take care of our bodies."

"No grave matter of mine," I said; "but you look sad. Nothing with you and yours?"

"No, thank you; but I have just left a depressing scene. A young couple, married in haste, have come to grief. The wife and child are ill. Relatives and friends have receded into the remote background. And worse than all, the husband—"

"Has become intemperate or has gone mad."

"Neither one nor the other."

"Something worse?"

"Yes; for to be dishonest is worse than going mad. And it is such a mere trifle that is needed, apparently, to put all stright, that I groan at my inability to find it."

"What's needed?"

"Well, it's only £20.

"There's the money you require. Haste away, and do all the good you can with it."

My friend looked astonished. He even hesitated a moment.

"It is very good of you," he said, nervously, "but really—"

"I have the power to give this away. Good-by." And I hurried off. Then I hastened back to him.

"May I request that you will on no account mention my name?"

"As you wish it. I won't; but you should know the object of your bounty." And he told me. Then we parted. I had only gone a dozen yards when there passed me a young man with a flushed face and a frightened, anxious look in his eyes. He caught up to my friend and spoke to him.

"This is the man," I said to myself, "whose proceedings have been dubious, and who will, I trust, be rescued by Staining's £20. Well, if the wheel should turn, and this poor man should ever be in a position to deliver a fellow creature from such trouble as he himself is now in, by the surrender of £20, I wonder whether he'll do it? Smith, you surely know human nature well enough to answer your own foolish question. Not he—not a bit of it.

This incident was soon swept from my mind by a sudden call to go abroad even to the place where Marxwell did not go—Brazil. Nothing hampered me then; I was a young bachelor, and could start for the antipodes at two days' notice. When I take my wife and children—I forget the number—for our autumnal trip in these later years of my life, I reqnire weeks' preparation.

Away, then, to Brazil; away to new life, new companions, new hopes and fears; away to fortune and the yellow fever! Here occurs in my tale an interval of twenty years (my story deals in twenties). I doubt whether I should have come back had not a young English lady one night sung in my hearing an old home ballad, so well remembered in connection with some loved ones who in this world will sing no more, that a craving for my native land mastered me at once, and in a very short time I was on my return home.

On the way I had one night a frightful dream. I fancied a terrible enemy had me down and clutched my throat. Tighter grew his grasp and fainter my breath. My staring eyes scanned every feature of my murderer. Slowly and painfully did I call to mind the face above me. It was Staining—but he was reckless, desperate. I gasped an entreaty for mercy.

"Give it to me; I want it; I must have it instantly—instantly!" was the hoarse reply.

"What—what can he mean?"

"What!" he shrieked, in maniacal frenzy. "My £20!"

I had not quite forgotten about the bet and the £20; but the dream set me thinking of what rumors I had heard respecting Staining since I left England—that his money had wasted, that he had fallen in position and even into poverty.

"Poor fellow!" I thought, "there may be something in that dream. If his pride will accept it he shall have that money back, and very glad I shall be to restore it."

Back in England, settled down in the old country. Main matters disposed of, I began to think of minor ones, and among the latter the discovery of Staining. He was not in the former haunts, and I failed so long to find him that I was beginning to despair, when one night I met him in the street.

The brilliant light of the ball room may increase the lustre of a woman's eye, but if you want to see a broken-down man in his worst aspect, survey him standing disconsolately under a street lamp, a drizzling rain descending upon him, and he with folded arms presenting a picture of mute despair. So did I behold Staining. I put my hand upon his shoulder. He sprang from me as though I were a wild beast.

"I did not want to run away," he said, hoarsely; "they knew that. Go on; I'll walk quietly enough. Why—what—can it be—"

"Yes, it is Smith, your old companion. Come out of this and confide in me. If you are in trouble and money can help you, you shall not want. And I took his arm and we went together.

And then I heard poor Staining's confession, and it amounted to this: When he had wasted his money, he obtained a situation in a merchant's office. The pay was sufficient to keep him; but even now nothing could restrain him from betting on horse racing. As a consequence he was soon penniless, and worse—dishonest. He had paid a betting debt out of a £20 note which had been entrusted to him. Discovery had ensued, and though the luckless man had explained that it was only through a failure of another member of the virtuous fraternity he could not replace the money at once, he had been discharged, and had reason to suppose he would be prosecuted.

"Many, many thanks," replied the poor fellow to my offer. "You can see the firm in the morning; but I doubt whether they will take the money. I believe they are bent on my ruin."

Early the next morning I was at the office of Baydon, Blendon & Co., and, having stated my errand, I proffered my £20.

Mr. Baydon was a sleek old gentleman. There was an air of wealth and ease all over him. He bowed complacently, and said:

"I can appreciate your kindness to this poor man, and I myself would pass the matter over at once, but my partner takes a different view, and I cannot interfere."

"Can I see Mr. Blendon?"

"Yes, if you will call again in two hours."

In the cab I kept muttering to myself: "Blendon, and Robert Blendon, too! I am sure of it. Still, if it be so, it is very strange. I think I should know that face again. We shall see who will be master."

Back to Messrs. Baydon, Blendon & Co.'s office, and then in the presence of Mr. Blendon. All my anxiety for my poor friend faded away. I stated my desire to pay the amount of Staining's defalcation, and my hope that under the extenuating circumstances no publicity would be given to the miserable wrong doing.

Mr. Blendon heard me with some impatience, and before replying drew a check to "self or bearer" for £100. Having given this to the clerk, he said to me:

"You will excuse my answering somewhat shortly. It cannot be. It is not the money we care about, but we must vindicate the law."

I declared I was pleased at the grandiose style of his speech. How beautifully he was walking into my net. I suggested that in a case like this there was no imperative call to such a course and that forbearance might be shown.

"I do not see it," answered Mr. Blendon. "You do not appear, sir, to observe the immense importance of punishing a delinquency of this kind. I cannot take your money. If I were to let this man off I would be ashamed of myself. I have just overcome some foolish hesitation of my partuer. I am always firm myself. (Not always, Mr. Blendon—not when I first saw you. But wait a bit. A little further into my net, please.) And, therefore, however sorry I may be, sir, I must say no. If I were myself to commit an act of this kind, an—"

"You are quite right, Mr. Blendon, for dishonesty is a terrible thing, and while not for a moment pressing my request, I know you will forgive my calling to remembrance a curious case known to myself. Some twenty years ago a poor young couple, not long married, had fallen into poverty. The wife and infant were ill; the husband was distracted; he must get money. When his young wife and infant child were almost starving what was to be done? The money was obtained—Mr. Blendon, you know how. But in what way was it repaid before mischief came and how was the husband saved from ruin and degradation—saved to become a rich and prosperous merchant? Whose money saved him? That you do not know, but I will tell you. The £20 note which rescued the husband rested only ten minutes before in the pocket of this very Staining who you are about to prosecute. Then Staining was as rich as you are now; but he was a kind, Christian man. Mr. Blendon, I have a right to ask you to what character do you lay claim?"

I have often thought since what admirable advantages are a clear head and a calm temper. I'd worked myself up to a white heat. It was only when he first saw my drift that my listener manifested any strong emotion. Then he rose from his chair with flushed face, but he resumed his seat, and by the time I had finished he was almost as calm as when I entered. There was a slight pause, and then he said:

"You have acquired some knowledge of an incident in my life which I am not called upon to discuss. Is this knowledge confined to yourself?"

"I believe it to be confined to myself and my informant, and I have no desire it should be otherwise."

Mr. Blendon bowed.

"I will not conceal that I shall be glad if this goes no further, and on that footing I will say that your friend shall be freely absolved, and I will even aid him if I can. You must excuse my taking your £20. I am obliged to you for coming. Good morning."

I felt as I left him that the enemy had well covered his retreat, and had not left me a morsel of triumph more than he could help. But my object was accomplished, and I hastened to meet Staining. He was not at the appointed place, so I went to his lodgings. The landlady told me he had come in early and gone to his room—not well, she thought. She and I went up together and knocked more than once. Then I went in. Poor Staining lay upon the bed—dead. His enfeebled frame had not been able to endure the recent wear and tear, and he was now beyond the reach of his follies and his troubles.

For the Journal.

INDIAN SCHOOLS.

I ask the privilege of some remarks on Indian education and Indian schools, especially the one at Carlisle, Pa. If I am not mistaken, this is a subject to which little attention is paid, either by the people or the government. But from its present progress it will soon rank high among the public questions of the American people, and not before it ought. For more than three hundred years men have been trying to civilize the Indian with gunpowder and whiskey, and have been mortified that the results have not been what they anticipated; and because disappointed have gone to preaching extermination.

The long-disputed question as to the possibility of educating the Indian has been practically settled and the experiment deserves attention. There are in all about 106 schools for the Indian. These are mostly on the frontier and are conducted on the day-school principle. The plan is good but the results show that it is incomplete. Captain Pratt, in whose praise too much could hardly be said, is conducting as a supplement to these day schools what he chooses to call a Training School. He applied to the government and secured the barracks near Carlisle for his use as school buildings. Another sword beaten into a plowshare. Although the school is but in the third year of its existence, yet it has a full attendance. The students at present number 270, of whom 90 are girls. They range from twelve years old to twenty-four or five, and are taken from not less than twenty-four different tribes. When taken in their rudest state (as many of them are) without an idea of English they are given three years' course. This course proposes to give them in just proportion an English education and a thorough knowledge of some trade, whatever they may choose, together with a good drill in all the ordinary business transactions of white men. This done they send them back to their various tribes to act as business men, teachers, or missionaries among their people. The missionary spirit is not the least among the noble desires of the Indian. They have an especial desire to learn the religion of the white man. Many of the Indians at the barracks have become earnest Christians and are members of the various churches in Carlisle. They are especially earnest in Sunday School work, as every officer in the schools of the town can testify.

Indian schools of this kind are of recent origin and there is but one other of exactly the same type, at Forest Grove, Oregon, under the control of Captain Wilkinson. There is an Indian Training School at Hampden, Va., but it is only an appendage to a school of the same kind for coiored people. Here they have about one hundred Indians. The difficulties in the way of such a school are numerous and great; the financial one being, as usual, the greatest. Another trouble is found in getting the Indian parents to trust the white people enough to let their children go so far from home. Captain Pratt had to go in person and persuade the Indians in order to get children for his school. But since then a number of chiefs have paid the school a visit. Their report has removed fear, and now the only cry is for more schools to accommodate the children.

The eagerness for knowledge manifested by Indian children is remarkable. I have heard many expressions from them confirming this fact. One quotation will serve to illustrate. It is from a letter written to Captain Pratt, by the son of Chief "Left Hand," who went home some time since on account of sickness.

"I am very anxious to know when I going back to Carlisle School. I am very anxious to go back there because I want to know how to work, and learn everything that is good. Please tell me when I going back to Carlisle. I went to Sunday School yesterday; my father was there, too. He wants me to tell him about the good ways, but I do not know much about the good ways yet and I want to learn more and more, that is the reason I want to go back there for to learn something what is good."

The above is but the average expression of the desire to learn among the Indians at the barracks. S.

Carlisle, Pa., Jan. 24, 1882.

YOUNG FOOLS THAT MARRY.

An exchange has the following item which may seem all right, but it will get some young fellow's back broke yet:

"An Illinois justice has decided that courting is a public necessity, and must not be interrupted: therefore if a young man wanted to kiss a girl he might put her father out of the room first if he liked to."

The publication of the above item may cause some young man to do something he will regret. The lame, sickly looking father of a girl may come into the parlor some night and find the warm-hearted youth on the sofa with the girl, and when the old man speaks of it being time to stop such nonsense, the young man, with the above judicial decision in his mind will tell his prospective father-in-law to wipe off his vest and go to bed. The old man will then spit on his hands and grasp the warm-hearted young man by the county seat and tie him up in a double bow knot, and pin a scarf on him and throw him out on the path to the gate, and then he will turn and slap the girl across where the dress is pleated, and she will go up stairs with her hand on her heart, as it were, and the old man will jump up and say, "Whoop!"

The young men of this country have got gall enough about visiting girls in the evening at their homes, without filling their heads with any such idea in regard to their legal rights.

There are very few fathers who would quietly submit to being told to go away by a young man with a striped neck-tie and pants to short at the bottom.

These sparkers are looked upon parents generally as a nuisance, and often they are right. Nine-tenths of the sparking is done by boys who haven't got their growth, and they look so green that it is laughable for old folks to look at them. They havn't generally a second shirt, and they are no more qualified to get married than a steer is to preach.

HUMOROUS.

The man who had so elastic a step wore rubbers.

Necessity knows no law, but a great many lawyers.

Persons of abandoned habits—dealers in old clothes.

Horse thieves in Texas are serenated by string bands.

There's many a slip between the pulpit and the church door.

The cleanest of persons do not object to handling the filthy lacre.

The man who had a fist thrust at his nose said he was shaken to the scenter.

A man never feels poor when he has a ten dollar bill to wrap on the outside of his roll of ones.

Two horns will last an ox a life-time but many a man wants that number every morning before breakfast.

The procurement of a clean paper collar delayed a high-toned Cincinnati wedding the other day an hour and a half.

The worst roomatism is the spare roomitism. Many an unhappy guest has crowded in between its icy sheets and died of it.

It has been said that Guiteau is suffering from softening of the brain. Possibly; but no alarming symptoms of softening of his cheek has been noticed.

"So she refused you, did she?" asked Pingry; "why didn't you press her, my boy?" "Press her!" exclaimed the boy; "she wouldn't let me get near enough for that."

A railroad man met with a painful accident the other evening. He had just emptied one schooner of beer, and was in the act of reaching for another, when his wife appeared unexpectedly upon the scene. He was caught between the bumpers with the usual result.

"Yes," said Daisy, "I think Jack is in love with me. He hasn't told me so, but when Harry Birch escorted me home from the party last night Jack looked ugly, and to-day he took an opportunity to throw an awful hard snowball at Harry's dog."

NOVELS IN A NUTSHELL.

FOUR VEST-POCKET ROMANCES, IN WHICH ALL THE CHARACTERS ARE REAL.

Among the passengers on the Sound steamer Narragansett at the time of the wreck two years ago was John G. Reilly, a young Cincinnatian. Reilly's escape was narrow, for he was in the water three hours and become almost helpless from exhaustion, when some boatman picked him from his spar. He lost all the personal effects that were with him, including a portfolio, which he prized highly because it was of sketches made in various parts of New England. Several months after his return to Cincinnati the young man was surprised and quite as much delighted to receive at the hands of a brother, who lives in Louisville, the sea-stained but otherwise uninjured sketch-book. It had been picked up on the Sound by a young woman of Noank, who at first had thought to keep the pretty pictures, but who had decided to send them to the only address written upon the portfolio, because they might be the means of indicating the fate of some unknown passenger. These circumstances were so charmingly set forth in such a dainty hand with such sympathetic words that Reilly right away wrote to the young lady a most earnest expression of thanks. Of course he offered to send the pictures to her, and by the time she had replied that she would like to have them a friendly correspondence was well under way. The exchange of portraits, the postal introductions to mutual friends in Cincinnati and New York, the gradual strengthening of sentences on the one part and growth of shyness on the other indicated plainly to Dan Cupid that such indeed was the case. But the romance deepens. About a year ago the fair lass of Noank seemed to have cut the silver thread. Reilly passed a year in despondence. Last week one of his friends approached him with an explanation. The lover had given the friend a letter to mail to Noank, and the friend had just discovered it in a castaway coat of last winter. The mystery thus removed correspondence was resumed, and at last accounts Reilly was packing his satchel for an important journey to the East.

In Houston county, Georgia, not longer ago than the time that elapses between the taking of North Carolina drink and South Carolina dram, a company of young folks met to enjoy a game of whist. There was occasion for one of the young ladies to remark that she would never marry a man so like Oscar Wilde that he should fall to the æsthetic depth of wearing his hair a la horse tail. Her interlocutor bantered the fair Georgian to marry him and, as much to his surprise as that of the company, she accepted the offer. The party of the first part was rather elated than crestfallen, however, because the party of the second part was wise as she was witty and as rich in purse as she was rare in personal attractions. Cards were abandoned, a courier was sent with quick heels for license a judge was summoned as witness, a clergyman was hauled from his study, and, with a quickness that almost took the bride's breath away, she found herself a wife. As the betrothal took place at ten o'clock, and the marriage at eleven, only one hour was consumed. In this romantic way Miss Maybelle Clarke, daughter of Judge Clarke, of Americus, was wedded to Henry J. Sandlin, a worthy and well-to-do merchant of Houston county.

Many guests met at the Threekeld mansion, in Kansas City, on the evening of the 12th instant, to witness the marriage of Theodore Medsker to Miss Dora Threekeld. At the hour appointed the bridegroom was missing. Search was made high and low. The guest who seemed te enjoy the trouble was Charles E. Smiley, who thoroughly earned his beaming name upon that occasion. It furthermore appears that the bride was not at all fretted by Medsker's absense, for the reason that the match was of her mother's making and against her own desire. In the interval between the departure and return of those who had gone to find the groom Smiley got in his argument and his work. The drawback was the license, but that difficulty was surmounted by the legal blotting out of Medsker's and the insertion of Smiley's name. So it happened that Miss Threekeld became Mrs. Smiley and after all, the company took the cake.

A club of "Unfortunate Lovers" has been formed in Herne, England, and already fourteen members have been enrolled. The chairman is a bachelor whose rebuffs have been so frequent that he dares not now visit any family in the town lest he may be obliged to pass the evening face to face with the maker of one of his many mittens. The meetings are social and no allusions are made ever to the rascally little dart-flinger and small god of woes.

A candidate for the office of Auditor of Public Accounts was suddenly called upon for a speech. On rising, he commenced: "Fellow-citizens, youhave called on me for a few remarks. I have none to make. I have no prepared speech. Indeed, I am no speaker; I do not desire to be a speaker—I only want to be an auditor."

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