Denton Journal.

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We manufacture more Clothing than any other retail house in the United States.

We know how to make the best goods at least cost.

We are willing to sell at the smallest profit. Hence we offer our customers the best bargains.

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The largest clothing house in America.

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SUPERIOR MAKE AND FINISH AND LOW PRICES,
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Lumber Dealers,
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The fire will not interfere with our business. Our Office is not injured, and only a portion of our Yard No. 1 destroyed.

We will be pleased to fill all orders promptly, having a good stock in our other three yards.

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Having refitted and greatly improved the house formerly kept by Willis, is now prepared to accommodate travelers at moderate prices. Carriage runs to R. R. and connects with every train. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. 2.25.

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☞All lines of city passenger cars pass its doors.

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"Clarendon."
COR. HANOVER AND PRATT STS.,
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$1.50 to $2.00 Per Day.

Table board $4 per week. Permanent Guests, $5.00 to $7.00 per week. Rooms without board, 50 cts., 75 cts., $1.00 a day. The "CLARENDON" is centrally located, has large, airy rooms, newly furnished and everything first-class at low rates.

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VOSHELL HOUSE,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.
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ACCOMMODATIONS FIRST-CLASS.

EUROPEAN HOTEL
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(Corner Railroad Ave. & Washington St. Opposite Bank.)
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First Class Table and Room Accommodations. 4.11

MANSION HOUSE,
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BRICK HOTEL,
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TABLE FIRST-CLASS.
House Newly Furnished.
july23

Every-Day Heroes.

Oh, yes; they are all around us,
And in every walk of life!
Heroes the best, that stand the test
[illegible]
Though he should be dying there.

Oh, yes; they are all around us,
And to instance their deeds were vain,
So hidden away in the crowds are they,
In the paths obscure and plain;
From those whose chivalry, unesteemed,
Through a lowly lifetime shines.
To such in the rout whose acts stand out
For the rest like starry signs.

And nothing is lost, though hidden,
That springs from heroic seed;
In the larger force, and the higher course
That are shaped from a single deed
The environment of a mass of men
May brighten and spread apace,
Till the deeds shall throng all paths along
To the glory of all the race.

New York Ledger.

WOMEN WHO WOO.

"If there is one thing I particularly enjoy it is having my own way. As you look so astonished, I will modify a little, just to imagine I have. One half the pleasure of life consists of imaginary happiness. Mother devotes her time to nursing her manifold ailments, so I am left to do as I please."

These candid observations were made by Ray Vallere, a young lady remarkable not only for her daring acts, but also for being a wealthy belle in her set at Gotham. She had come to the Catskill Mountains with her mother, who was, as Ray had brusquely put it, an invalid, and really being a languid, indolent person, left her daughter to her own resources. Ray had a peculiarly bright, cheerful temperament, and bid fair to be spoiled by her many friends, who termed her perfect. She and her last intimate friend, Flo Erskine, and their escorts, Jack Winters and Philip Raleigh, were sitting on the Table Rock in front of the Mountain House, which overlooks the varied beauty of the valley beneath. Jack looked up suddenly.

"I should be sorry indeed if Miss Vallere really was imbued with such a a characteristic. You would leave us to believe that you scoffed at government, even one as light as your mother would impose upon you. I must confess my idea of a "perfect woman, nobly planned," is one whose ideas of self-will are subdued—say subservient to a higher authority;" and he glanced meaningly at Flo who blushed shyly under his look.

Ray saw the whole of this little by-play, and wandered how sincere Jack was in his admiration of her friend. It was only two months since he vowed after the style of impulsive lovers, that the world would be all darkness to him without her smile, and now his affections seemed veering to another quarter.

"If he is flirting with her," thought Ray, "I shall add my mite of information. Madame de Trop, in flirtation rambles is so extremely pleasant; besides that is my fort to perfection.—Yes," she said finally, "I believe just a little myself in the supremacy of will. But Jack, I doubt the superiority of your mental disciple over any of my friends, so I would never advise you serve under inferior rule."

"Winters," said Mr. Raleigh, "it will not do to enter into an argument with Miss Vallere, for she returns your thrusts with interest."

"Miss Ray is disposed to be facetious," testily answered Jack. "I presume, should she ever honor one of the sons of men with her hand, it will be some diminutive specimen with a lute-like voice and childlike dependence—one she could mold to her own erratic opinions—or, I should rather suppose the avowed enunciator of such determined principles would prefer to live in single blessedness, without the annoyance of any will.

"Not at all, sir. I not only expect to marry, but hope to. Is that sufficiently candid for your comprehension?"

"Why, Ray !" said Flo depreciatingly, "how can you say so? I would not for the world!"

"Would not what, Flo? Would not express your opinions so concisely, or would not marry? I will not think it is the last, for could you have the cruelty to distract your numerous admirers?" laughingly rejoined Ray. "But come," she added, "I must dress for supper—crimp my hair and pin on a ribbon or two, or you will not have a chance to pay me any compliments on my improved appearance."

After the party separated at the door, Mr. Raleigh strolled off musingly. He had met Ray Vallere only a week previous, and while not always endorsing her straightforward remarks, admired, in spite of himself, the candor and lack of deceit in her.

He wondered if she cared for him. Certainly her tones were softer when she addressed him, and twice he fancied a welcome look flashed from her eyes at his approach. He drew nearer to the drawing-room windows.

Ray was a perfect waltzer, swaying gracefully to the pulsing music. She was a blonde of the purest type. A slender yet rounded figure, a haughtily poised head, crowned with a wavy aureole of golden hair.

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair,"

rapturously thought Philip. His complacency would have been somewhat shocked could he have known the import of Jack Winter's low tones to Ray.

"You do wrong, Mr. Winters, to allow mere prejudice to influence your ideas of Mr. Raliegh's worth. I believe it to be a slander. His appearance indicates a gentleman."

"True enough, Miss Ray; but it takes a gentlemen to be a scoundrel. Believe me, I know positively the report is authentic. He has trusted to distance to screen his glaring faults, but is an unscrupulous man, one who is of such evil reputation as should deter any from voluntarily seeking his society. Besides," and his tones were softer, "I have not quite given up hope of winning your regard, and may I add, affection?"

"Mr. Winters, I believe I stated my refusal some weeks since. You will therefore save me the annoyance of a repetition," coldly respoued Ray.

"I will," replied Jack; but remember, ever consider me your best friend. I would only warn you against this person, whom I'm afraid it will not do to even flirt with." He bowed and left.

Philip Raleigh came up presently, eager to claim a little attention from the admiring group which always surrounded her. To-night he imagined she watched him with a new expression which he could not fathom. He fancied it was inquiry mingled with distrust. Still she was apparently as gay as ever; her wit was never so brilliant, while her rejoiners were met with approving smiles from the gentlemen who listened.

When Ray ascended to her room, her mother called to her from the one adjoining:

"If you have leisure, I would like to speak with you."

"Very well, mother, what is it?" she asked.

"Ray, you know you are dependent on your uncle for the food you eat, and clothes you wear. Are you not afraid his patience will be exhausted? Besides, should he marry, our hopes of inheriting his wealth are gone. You have now been out two seasons, and I do wish you would stop flirting and marry wealthy. There is Jack Winters, of good family and, what is better, wealthy. Why do you scorn him? He told me this evening that Mr. Raleigh was an unprincipled person—one who trusts to his fine address to marry an heiress, such as he doubtless thinks you. I desire that you give up his acquaintance."

"Mother," coldly replied Ray, "I think Mr. Winters presumes too much on his former friendship. Besides, in regard to my future prospects, we have already discussed that sufficiently. I would not insult any man with my hand when I had no affections to bestow. I wish the remarks about my prospective marriage to cease, and I am positively determined to teach, wash and scrub—anything to relieve your mind in regard to my obligations to my uncle!"

Mrs. Vallere saw she had said enough, so wisely resolved to postpone any further conversation.

Ray was sure her uncle did not share the matrimonial projects of her mother; for she knew he tenderly loved her, and always refused to allow her to teach, as she laughingly offered to do.

"I am alone in the world, and have none to care for besides yourself; so be kind enough never to mention the subject again," he said decisively.

Unconsciously to herself, she had become very much interested in Philip Raleigh. Certainly these rumors must be a mistake. He could never be so base; and yet she knew Jack was not in the habit of speaking unjustly of any one. But still she resolved she would not treat him any different than she would her other friends.

As the days passed on, however, her resolution weakened. Her mother's importunities, combined with Jack's reproof, seemed constantly thwarting her good resolves.

"Ray, dear," said Flo, "do you know, I rather distrust Mr. Raleigh. I have heard he has no reputation in his own State, and I am afraid he might be a gambler or a robber.—Wouldn't that be terrible if it was so?"

"Doubtless very terrible," dryly rejoined Ray. "And now if you can summon courage enough to pass the robber sitting there on the porch, you had better get ready for our stroll to the Kanterskill Falls."

Ray was walking idly up and down when Jack Winters joined her.

"Miss Vallere, will you permit me to escort you to the Falls, if I may no more than walk beside you and catch a smile now and then?"

"You may go with me if you desire," she coolly replied.

There were several couples intending to go to the Falls, wander through the mountains, take supper at the Laurel House and return after sunset.

Ray saw Mr. Raleigh approaching, but when he saw Jack carrying her parasol with an evident air of proprietorship, he turned away disappointed, she thought.

Jack looked at her.

"You dont seem to heed a friend's advice. I see you make no difference in your actions toward Mr. Raleigh."

"Why should I, Mr. Winters? I have never yet been convinced that he was aught than that what he claimed to be—a gentleman."

"I know Miss Vallere, that nothing I could say would convince you, but he made a remark yesterday which I resented, although I only feared his conceited words were partially true."

"May I ask what they were?" she asked, interested a little in spite of herself.

"I would rather not repeat them, Miss Ray," cautiously replied Jack—"unless," he added slowly, "you will never mention it to him."

"I shall not," she repied, briefly.

"Mr. Raleigh yesterday said he 'was sorry he could not return your affection apparently so lavishly given him.' He believed that men should woo, not women; and would be certain you inherited your uncle's fortune before he allowed any of your fascinating wiles to enthrall him."

Her face flushed with the memory of outraged feeling, while she struggled to regain her accustomed composure. She remembered Philip had spoken with dislike of 'women who wooed' and to think how blind she had been! She had disregarded her mother's advice and this was the result.

"Flo is waiting for us, and we will walk faster and overtake them," she said in the quietest possible manner.

Jack wondered how she had taken his communication. He was accustomed to look at all things superficially, and could not discern the impress of an unusual excitement in her placid countenance.

On reaching the Falls the party separated, and strolled idly around the gorge. Weary with prolonged wanderings, Ray returned to the hotel, and going through the parlors, sat down on the piazza outside.

"I fear I shall intrude, Miss Vallere; but never having seen you so quiet before, feel some curiosity as to the cause."

She glanced up, and encountered the look of inquiry which beamed from Philip's brown eyes.

"I am rather fatigued," she answered, curtly.

"Miss Ray, I have fancied you are displeased with me. Is there anything I have done wrong that you have noticed?"

"Your actions interest me so little, I really have not observed you attentively the last few days, so cannot judge. I will excuse you from further conversation as I wish to return."

Philip stood amazed. It must be true, then—she was a flirt, and had evidently wearied of him. Well, he would try and crush every remembrance of her winning looks and charming ways from his heart.

The next morning, on entering the parlor, Ray discovered among the new arrivals a friend from the South, Annie Burdette, whom she had not seen since they parted at school, two years ago.

"Why, Annie! I am so delighted to see you! When did you come?" joyously asked Ray.

"Just a few minutes since. But come to my room. I have hosts of questions to ask. By-the-way, I see an old friend here—Mr. Raliegh, a gentleman I have always wanted my 'queen of girls' to admire. Have you met him?"

"What kind of a gentleman is he?" asked Ray, ignoring the latter part of her remarks.

"Oh, a splendid-looking man. A lawyer, wealthy, and ranks first in the estimation of his fellow-townsmen for his upright acts and noble ideas of justice. I will introduce you."

Days passed on; and now, as Ray was conscious of having unjustly censured him, she was anxious to atone by renewed courtesy. As she was polite, Philip was proportionately distant and seemed devoted to his quondam friend, Annie Burdette.

Ray could not but admire his sturdy independence in keeping himself aloof when so rudely rebuffed. She resolved she would apologize for her unladylike treatment; for she was just enough to candidly confess her error.

Philip came in response to her note, and received her confession with satisfaction expressed in every lineament.

"You are freely excused, Miss Ray. I know how prone human nature is to believe malicious remarks. I thought probably my attentions were distasteful to you, and determined not to trouble you further, although I had hoped a warmer feeling would prompt your acceptance."

He looked at Ray, who stood blushingly near him. Something in her face encouraged him.

"Ray, my darling, I have worshipped you so long! Tell me, do I hope too much? Can you not return my affection?"

The pink deepened and glowed in Ray's cheeks like the heart of a rose. She gave him her hand frankly.

"I love you, Philip."

Annie declared the engagement was just right. She had desired it so ardently, and now her hopes were realized. Jack Winters left very suddenly after the full explanation of his falsehood came out, and did not even say good-bye to Flo, who wept her silly little eyes red at his absence. Mrs. Vallere roused herself enough to remark:

"Ray always would have her own way. But it is just as well, for he is rich."

How He Reported the Wedding.

"I say!" said the police reporter tipping his hat over his eyes and scratching the back of his head, "I don't know whether this is right!"

"Don't know whether what is right, sir?" demanded the managing editor.

"This wedding. I went there last night and they gave me a heap of rot about their frocks, but I don't know whether it comes out straight or not. Now, here is Mrs. Isaac Belding. I've got her in a pannier silk, trimmed *a la* gross grain, with black point lace underskirt and box-plaited hair. Does that sound natural?"

"Who sent you to a wedding?" asked the managing editor contemptuously. "Don't you know that grosgrain is a color? That was a grosgrain, box-plaited dress, trimmed, *a la* black point lace, and her hair was combed *en pannier*. You ought to know better than to get things mixed in that way. Who else did you get? How was the bride dressed?"

"I've got her all right," replied the police reporter. "She wore a white *bouffant* with a Princess of Thule veil; the underskirt cut *decollete* around the bottom and trimmed with a basque at the sides."

"That's better," said the managing editor encouragingly. "That sounds something like. How was her hair?

"Her hair was shirred," replied the police reporter. "Shirred at the sides and corsaged on top."

"I don't believe that's right," observed the managing editor. "Read that again."

"It was corsaged at the side and shirred on top," said the police reporter, referring to his notes.

"Of course," smiled the managing editor. "It makes all the difference in the world. You never saw a woman with her hair corsaged on top in your life. "Who else have you got?"

"Here's the bride's mother. She pranched around in an iridescent bead, cut low-necked and hoisted up on the side with some kind of a plant, I've forgotten the name of it."

"I know that style," said the managing editor, resting his elbows on his desk and his chin on his hands. "It had a big rib down the back, didn't it?"

"That's it, like a V tied up with a green shoe string!"

"Of course!" grinned the managing editor. "You can't fool me on frocks. You want to say that it was a—what color did you say the shoe string was? Green? Then the frock must have been red!"

"No it was the color of a clam," said the police reporter.

"Oh, yes, yes! I know. You wanted to say that it was gorgeous, deep sea pearl colored business, trimmed with a gore *en pour* and caught at the side with a delicious floral design, which was especially rich in its artistic effect. Did you get her hair?"

"Her hair was French. I had it somewhere, but I don't find it. It was either French or Spanish, and I forget which."

"You ought to be careful about such things, but we'll call it *a la* Pyrenees, and she can take her pick as as to the side of the mountains she belongs to. Who else was there?"

"Miss Jennie Smith was the bridesmaid. She wore silk socks, with a streak of yellow tapestry up the side. Her hair was bumped."

"How do you mean?" demanded the managing editor.

"It was plastered down in front and stuck up behind like a hen's tail."

"Banged, you mean. How was her dress cut?"

"Well, it was an even stretch from the back of her neck half way up the front stairs. That was one piece. Then she had on a petticoat that showed the whole front and was trimmed with some cloudy stuff that had dropped down on one end. That back part was the energy, though, with some kind of raw term in front of it."

"Was it revised statutes?"

"No; that wasn't it."

"Did it have anything to do with alimony and the custody of the children?"

"That wasn't it. It was a train with something legal in front of it. I tried to remember because they have it in the City Hall."

"Couldn't have been anything about contempt of court, could it?"

"That's it!" exclaimed the police reporter, "a court train, and up around the lower part of the top part of the—of where it hooked to the body part, you know!"

"The bustle?"

"Yes; she had it tied up with broad white tape and the darndest big bow knot you ever saw."

"Certainly: that's right," said the managing editor. "You want to say that she had a court train looped back with a delicate tape so as to show the contour of the peticoat, which was finished with loops of linen."

"I see," replied the police reporter, making a memorandum. "Her cousin was Miss Mears, of Quogue. I only got her hair. It was poached on top with *revers* and had a big pair of silver tongs stuck through the hind part. Better say anything about that?"

"Certainly. You've got it right. Did they have a big supper?"

"They had boned headcheese and candy and lobster and some shaky stuff. Lots of wine!"

"Eh!"

"You bet!"

"Then just give the caterer's name and say that on this occasion the table fairly groaned under the weight of his excellent provisions, and even the most fastidious appetites succumbed to the charms of his delicacies. How are you going to wind it up?"

"I say that the guests danced until a late, or rather an early hour in the morning."

"That's business," smiled the managing editor. "If you do it all as well as that last part, you've got a magazine article."

Letter from Preston.

MR. EDITOR: This pleasant village has not yet put on its coat of whitewash, nor have the roses yet bloomed in its gardens; still it is a cheerful and sociable place. We came near having part of it burned a few days ago from a spark falling upon the roof of Mr. Isaac Noble's shop. It soon began to blaze, and in a very short time burned quite a hole, and had it had a little more headway it would have communicated to other buildings; fortunately, however, it was soon extinguished. It is supposed by some to have caught from the engine in the shop of the Messrs. Wright, located in the village, one other building having been set on fire by the same engine a short time ago.

The farmers are all now quite busily engaged at work. Wheat is looking well, though some fields are only one half thick enough, consequently a full crop cannot be raised. The fruit crop promises to be a fair one, though one half of the peach trees are doubtless dead; killed by the cold of last winter a year ago.

The Preston lyceum, as it draws towards its close, loses none of its former interest. A pleasant feature is the paper. It is spicy and amusing, especially in its allusions to some of our Captains and courting characters. Our late editress was Miss Emma Dennis. The last debate was given up entirely to the older members. The question was, "Resolved that through the revelation of the Bible we learn more of the existence of a Supreme Being than through Nature." Mr. Thomas F. Cox led off on the affirmative in a fifteen-minutes speech, followed by Dr. A. Stafford on the negative. Mr. Cox spoke twice. He is one of Preston's most forcible debaters and was highly spoken of when a member of the Maryland Legislature two years ago. The Doctor made but one speech; it was keen, pointed and incisive, yet he has the tact of offending no one; in debate he is always one of the favorites. Then Mr. R. D. Bradley volunteered on the negative, followed by the Rev. Mr. Nelson, pastor of the M. E. church, advocating the affirmative, after which it was closed by Mr. Bradley. Mr. Nelson in an eloquent speech traced the fall and redemption of man, and argued that the knowledge of the existence of the Supreme Being as taught and learned in the Bible, superior to all other information, whilst on the contrary, Mr. Bradley denied that the Bible proved that there was a God, and said that science taught that Nature, or the revelation in rocks, in the stars, in flowers and in the conscience of men did; that one tenth part of the human family had not seen the Bible; but all, from the greatest enlightened minds to the ignorant untutored aborigines of America, had seen through nature and nature's laws a supreme creator, wisdom and power. He further said that the time was coming when the cobwebs of theology would be brushed away before the advancing progress of truth or enlightened science. Mr. Bradley is a natural born orator. The judges differing as to which side gained the question, the president decided in favor of the affirmative, contrary to the expectations of a large part of the audience. And we are informed Mr. Bradley has since challenged any one in the county to debate the question over. Mr. Aspinwall is a fine speaker and one of our best citizens; so we anticipate an intellectual feast.

Mr. Wm. T. Kelley returned home last week from a tour through several southern States and into Florida, where he spent most of the past winter. W. E. Medford is also home; but the alligator was not brought along with either of them this time.

TEACHER.

For the Denton Journal.

Training Youth.

Scarcely one in fifty parents properly understands training children. This is a study of itself, and one so critical that few specific rules can be laid down. How true is the saying: Extremes meet. On the one hand we have the severity and barbarity of past centuries, and on the other the milk and water, namby pamby sophistry of this generation. One parent tells his children his father was so free with flagellation that he must do the same. Another quotes the commandment: "Honor thy father and mother," and trusting to these, with other moral and ordinary restraints, keeps his children in fear, and as he believes, on the narrow road. But how long does this healthy state continue? Alas, too often only so long as the children are toys. Children are a heritage of the Lord; they are not deeded to us in fee simple like the lands we buy. Parents and stewards bear a very heavy responsibility. Ignorance of this responsibility and the duties incumbent on parents is no excuse, but in thousands of cases causes very bitter, very sad consequences to themselves and those that follow.

A wise man said, "Train up a child in the way he should go;" not thrash up, not pet up, etc. Let each head of a family look around his farm and see how carefully his stock and plants are raised; then let him sit down and ask himself a few questions as to whether for the sake of a little pains or a little expense he could not better obey the injunction: "Train up a child in the way he should go." Youths' minds, like the tides, never stand still; they work for good or evil; hence the importance of a little judicious outlay for books, papers, amusements, toys, etc., according to circumstances and parents' purse. Learning long school lessons and hearing long prayers and longer sermons are often carried to extremes and do harm.

Parents in the past have sadly failed in the insane attempt at moulding their children's minds as they pleased. Where is such a right, authority or power given? Nowhere. Every soul has its own peculiar gifts, talents and dispositions for good and evil, and it is with these the parents and stewards of children's future have to deal just as in the lower creation they manage their cattle and crops, if only for filty lucre's sake. Parents, you cannot make a lawyer of a child whose mental gift from God is mechanics. You cannot, you dare not try to make your child marry a person he or she does not love, and yet in spite of facts what does history past and present reveal but this self-will, mammon spirit everywhere. If you force anything on your proteges imitate the Jews of old who made their children learn a trade in their fingers in case of necessity in after life. Would that a law were enforced in this respect—how much sin, vice, crime and misery would be averted—how great a reduction there would be in the number of well-dressed dolls, reduced to rags and then what! Of course professions, such as the church, law and medicine, make exceptions.

From birth onward parents study your children's gifts and inclinations; obtain sound advice, not from every gossip shop frequenter, but from good authors; from those duly qualified officers in church and State, who pour holy scorn on all low and paltry proceedings in matters pertaining to the welfare of the rising generation. Look not for counsel where each is making a gospel for himself; far better can be obtained at a cheaper cost. Oh! but it is said we have public schools and education in abundance. Analyze this: public schools in our days carry too much sail; let them take a few reefs and give chances to private schools to be patronized by the wealthy. Give us education in mind and heart thoroughly and not the talk about it. A few hours in the week in the school room afford only a poor apology for education calculated to make man successfully pass through the waves of this troublesome world.

Many parents depend on the daily school and Sunday pulpit, hence often fail of their mark. Occasionally we have sermons from the Methodist and other pulpits that certainly do *de facto* educate young people and put and keep them on the narrow road; and although the writer is not a Romanist, he can speak most highly of the instruction given from Roman Catholic altars here and everywhere. Just let any young person whose early education as a whole has been neglected, sit under such ministrations; ere long he shall feel himself richly rewarded.

D. D. M.

Wickedness of Blondes.

A writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* recently says: "I have found the worst feminine qualities almost invariably allied to the blonde style; not the green or gray-eyed blondes, with straight, abundant hair with fresh coloring, but the sallow or pallid being, with light blue eyes and limp waving hair—an innocent looking creature, with feline manners, *patte de velours*, and such claws! These are the women who delude and destroy men; who never forget an injury or forget a slight; who smile and talk sweetly, and put on airs of meek piety or high art and refinement, but under all are scheming, unprincipled, false to the core. Did not Lucretia Borgia have golden hair? Was not Lady Macbeth a Scottish woman, presumably with lint-white locks? Two of the worst and most brilliant women I ever knew had this style of complexion, and the lovely being whose picture was my childish adoration, who sat simpering over the library shelf in dear old Uncle W.'s house, robed in satin and sable, her gold hair curling like a child's, her sapphire eyes inscrutable as a deep spring, her rosebud lips soft and fresh as a baby's, and her taper white fingers crossed in her lap, was a virago, a drunkard, a woman without a symptom of principle—the mystery and curse of the old and honorable family she married into. Black-haired and dark-eyed women are quick tempered, electric, generous probably, but full of relenting and capable of being coaxed into or out of anything. Weak as to their affections, snappy as to their temper, warm of heart and hot of head, they are never bad or very good, and are the delightful torment of every man who loves them and whom they do not love too much; but love makes slaves and fools of them, and they are ridiculously constant."

It's the little things that fret and worry us—we can dodge an elephant, but we can't a fly.

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