Denton Journal.

1845. A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,—DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, AGRICULTURE, AND ADVERTISING:—INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS. 1882.

VOL. 37. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 14, 1882. NO. 7.

THE

Empire Grain & Fertilizer Drill

AGAIN TO THE FRONT!

Unequaled and Unexcelled. A Record beyond Comparison. The only Force Feed Fertilizer Distributor in the world. Impossible to bunch grain or fertilizer. Is automatic in all its actions. Is the lightest draught drill in the market. Is the best, most accurate, most simple, most durable machine in the market. Beautifully finished in every particular. Has only been used in this county two years, and we challenge any other drill to produce such a record. Its fame fairly won.

☞*It has all the latest improvements to date, and will distribute any kind of grain or fertilizer evenly and continuously, without tinkering.*

We sent out a circular letter, a copy of which is below, to the farmers who bought and used the Empire last year, and below we publish as many of the replies as space will permit. Read what the intelligent yoemanry have to say about them and take not the woad of oily-tongued agents who will sell the farmers anything for profit to themselves, no matter how worthless the machine may be, and when the time comes the farmers are called on to settle the bill.

COPY OF CIRCULAR LETTER.

DEAR SIR:—You purchased of us last season an Empire Force Feed Grain and Fertilizer Drill, and after using it a season, we are anxious to know the result of your experience with it. Please write on the back of this sheet your opinion of their qualities for seeding accurately both grain and fertilizer; how your wheat yielded that was seeded with it, and also your opinion of the draught of the machine as compared with other machines for doing the same work. Please answer briefly and return to us in the enclosed envelope without delay, and oblige, truly yours,

EMERSON & EVITTS.

"None Name Thee But to Praise."

Here now is Business.

Messrs. EMERSON & EVITTS, Agents—I regard the Empire Drill as unquestionably the best in use. I drilled my crop of wheat with one last season, and its workings in every respect far exceeded my expectations. Very truly yours, ISAAC J. SIGLER.

The old, old Story Told Again.

The Empire Drill purchased of you last fall gives entire satisfaction. It distributes both wheat and fertilizer more evenly than any drill I have ever seen. At this date my wheat is more even than any of my neighbors'. THOS. H. SLAUGHTER.

Exceeded his Expectations—The Boss.

EMPIRE DRILL Co.—Gents.—I purchased of your agents, Messrs. Emerson & Evitts, last fall one of your Empire Drills; seeding a portion of my crop with her, and found her more than up to my expectations, and will fully perform all that is claimed for her by the manufacturers' She is the "boss" drill, and every farmer will have one as soon as they find out their superiority over all other drills in the market. E. W. GORDY.

With Confidence He Recommends the Empire to his Neighbors and Friends.

Gents.—I procured of your agents, Emerson & Evitts, an 8-tube Combined Empire Grain and Force Feed Drill on trial. In giving it a thorough test, I found it was just what I wanted. Sowing the phosphate evenly in any required amount, whether dry or damp. I am convinced it sows all kinds of grain and brands of fertilizer evenly, continuously, and with one-fourth less draught than any other drills. I recommend it to the public as a first-class drill in every respect. ALEX. BLAKE.

It Pleases the Postmaster.

EMERSON & EVITTS, Denton, Md.

Gentlemen—Replying to your inquiries about the Empire Drill that I bought of you, I will say that no piece of machinery can do better work or give better satisfaction. It is just the thing for me. CHARLES STEVENS.

A Great Deal in a Little from a Gentleman and a Scholar.

The Empire Force Feed Grain and Fertilizer Drill which I purchased from you last fall worked admirably, sowing both seed and fertilizer with great accuracy. WM. S. RIDGELY.

The Second District Sends a Voice of Comfort.

I used your Empire Force Feed Grain and Fertilizer Drill last season. I consider it a light running and accurate drill; it gave entire satisfaction. J. B. ORRELL.

A Word to the Boys.

In answer to your inquiries, I will say I like the Empire Drill better than any I have ever used; doing her work well and being very light draught. I recommend to all wanting drills. JOEL CLARK.

Works to Perfection—Could any thing do More?

In regard to the Drill, I will say I have not had much experience with drills, but found this to be of light draught, and so far as I am able to judge, did her work completely. My land gave me from two to three bushels for one more than usual. ERNEST GLENWINKLE.

A Word from Headquarters.

The Empire Drill I purchased of you last fall gives satisfaction in every particular. She distributed her wheat very regularly. The fertilizer attachment is the most complete I have ever seen. She will feed damp fertilizer about as well as dry; very light draught. R. R. EDGELL.

His Opinion, after trying all the Rest, is, It Stands Unrivaled.

In reply to your request concerning the Empire Force Feed Grain and Fertilizer Drill which I used last fall, I would say that it gave perfect satisfaction in every respect. I have used three other makes of drills, but the Empire excells any I have ever used for simplicity, durability, lightness of draught, and for sowing wheat and fertilizer accurately, istands unrivaled, in my opinion. WM. B. STEPHENS.

It Takes among the Farmers of First District.

The Empire Drill that I purchased of you last fall has given perfect satisfaction. It is the only one in this neighborhood, and I put in for myself and neighbors 112 acres last fall with complete satisfaction to them and to myself. In my own seeding of 25 acres, at 36 quarts per acre, I overran 4 quarts, and I never did better in putting on phosphate—of different brands, from 150 to 350 pounds per acre. It is the lightest draft machine in the field, and the neighborhood want it. WM. G. LUMB.

Praise, Praise from every Direction the Wind Blows.

I bought two of your Empire Drills last fall, which gave me full satisfaction. I do not think they can be beat by any machine; in fact I do not know of any that can equal it. To any one wanting a drill I can cheerfully recommend the Empire Force Feed Grain and Eertilizer Drill. JAMES P. HORNEY, Easton, Md.

Those who Know Mr. Raughley will Esteem his Judgment—Household Words.

In answer to your inquiry in regard to the Empire Drill which I purchased of you last fall, I will say that my drill gave entire satisfaction, and put my wheat in more regularly than I have had it done with any other drill. My crop of wheat was regularwhen it came up and continued so until harvest, no rows left without fertilizer on them. The drill is an eleven tube and I think it runs a third lighter on the team than any other drill that I have used of eight tubes. G. W. RAUGHLEY.

The Surveyor of Caroline County Slightly Enthused.

I am very well pleased with the drill I purchased of you last season. I think she is about as accurate in both wheat and fertilizer as can be. S. H. MELSON.

A Word to the Wise is Sufficient.

The Empire Force Feed Grain and Fertilizer Drill, which I bought of you gave perfect satisfaction. I like it better than any other drill I ever used. It was very light draught for three horses. I got the best crop I ever did, and I think it was from the use of your drill. JNO. B. CADE.

Letter from a Veteran Agriculturist who has Tried all Kinds.

Replying to your inquiries, I will say that the Empire Drill is unequaled for sowing wheat and fertilizer evenly and accurately, and is very much more correct and runs much lighter to the team than any I have ever used. I recommend them as the best in use. R. R. EMERSON.

A Voice from Greensborough from an Intelligent Farmer and Influential Citizen.

I have used the Empire Drill one season, and in my opinion it is the best in use. NATHANIEL HORSEY of S.

The Friend of every Horse in America.

I bought of you last September one of the Empire Drills, which gave me entire satisfaction. I have used other kinds of wheat drills, but never found one to do all it claimed except the Empire. In the first place I think it will sow exactly the number of quarts desired per acre; likewise correct in the distribution of fertilizer, it will sow exactly what it claims per acre, wet or dry. It is an eight-hole drill, and seems to run as light on two horses as those I have used before did on three; does not bunch the wheat. My wheat gave me about 14 bushels for one seeding this year, the best it has ever done. E. MADISON TOWERS.

"Well Pleased"—How often we have Heard those Pleasant Words.

The Empire Force Feed Drill is all that it is claimed to be for evenness of work in seed and fertilizer, and equal or lighter than other drills of same capacity. The one I bought of you last fall gave satisfaction. The yield was good. JAS. H. CALLOWY.

There is no Discount on that Machine.

The Drill I bought of you has given entire satisfaction so far as I have used it. I know but little of any other drill, but would say this is good enough for me. A. C. GRIFFIN.

The Superintendent of Denton Sunday School Says a Word.

The Empire Drill I bought of you last fall gave perfect satisfaction in both putting in wheat and phosphate, after the phosphate run was adjusted by one of your firm, and is easier on the team than any drill I know. Our crop of wheat is the best we have ever had. G. L. POTTER.

From the Birthplace of Our Savior.

I am glad to inform you that the Drill referred to in this circular gave me entire satisfaction in every particular. For sowing both wheat and fertilizer accurately there is no doubt if properly managed. I got a good yield of wheat. Yours is certainly the lightest draught drill used in this section, being only ordinary for a pair of horses or mules to pull it. I heartily recommend it for the benefit of all farmers who intend to use drills. W. T. HIGNUTT.

Let No body Deceive You—Buy only the Empire.

You want to know my opinion of the Empire Drill. I think it is far superior to any that I have ever seen. It is exceedingly light of draught, and its sowing qualities of both wheat and fertilizer are excellent. It has in all points given entire satisfaction, and I would not exchange it for any other drill made. And also my neighbors for whom I drilled think it is the "boss" drill. WM. F. PAYNE.

If he were Going to Buy a Drill he would Have none but the 11-Tube Empire.

The Empire 11-Tine Drill which I purchased last season gave general satisfaction. I can say that it distributed Fertilizer more regularly than any drill I have ever seen for doing the same work. I seeded 110 bushels and got 1,600. The draught of the 11-Tine Empire Drill is much lighter than my old Champion 8-tine drill. If I were going to purchase another drill would have none other than a 11-tine Empire. W. A. JARRELL.

They will Look a Long Time before they Find one to Compete with It.

In answer to your inquiry as to the success of the Empire Force Feed Grain and Fertilizer Drill, I am happy to say it gave entire satisfaction. I drilled 15 acres for one of my neighbors, but it did not vary a quart in the 15 acres either in grain or fertilizer. As compared with other machines, I can't say any thing, as it is the only one I ever used. I am pleased with it and think it did all it was recommended to do. P. RAUGHLEY.

A Good Record—Every body Pleased.

I have no fault to find with the Empire Drill. I drilled for myself and neighbors between one hundred and two hundred acres last fall with entire satisfaction. I drilled twice with the Superior Drill in the same field. The parties do not want any more Superior when they can get the Empire. I think the Empire is the most accurate as a grain and fertilizer drill, especially as the latter. For draught she is the lightest I ever used. E. B. WRIGHT.

Here is a Square Letter Worth Reading.

In answer to your inquiry I will say that I like the Empire Drill that I bought of you last year better than any drill I ever used. I think it sows both wheat and fertilizer as near correct as it is possible for a drill to do. It is the lightest running drill that I ever worked, and I have used several kinds. SYLVESTER SMITH.

The Buyers Are Pleased and the Farmers Are Pleased—That Fills the Bill, Doesn't It?

The Empire Force Feed Grain and Fertilizer Drill purchased of you in 1881 gave entire satisfaction in its work of nearly 70 acres. For accuracy in distributing both grain and fertilizer we know not its equal. The draught is much lighter than that of any other machine we have ever used. Our harvest was good—far beyond our expectation when sowing. R. PLUMMER.

☞The Empire Drills in all sizes are kept in stock and sold by Emerson & Evitts, Denton, Md., or their agents. They are also General Agents for Engines, Saw Mills, Threshers, Grist Mill Machinery, engineers' supplies and all kinds of Agricultural Machinery. Give us a call.

EMERSON & EVITTS.

J. L. HANNA & BRO.,
REAL ESTATE AGENTS
48 ST. PAUL ST.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

Persons having lands for sale will do well to put it in the hands of the above named firm. And persons desiring to borrow money on first mortgages can do so by making early application.

All needed application given by applying to GEORGE T. MELVIN,
12,17,81,tf Denton, Md.

Fred. Ringold,
BRICKLAYER AND PLASTERER
HILLSBORO', MD.

HEATERS, RANGES and GRATES and all kinds of furnace work. Plaster ornaments furnished and put up.

$47 A MONTH and board in your county Men or ladies. Pleasant business. Address P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., Box 81, Phila., Pa.

INSURE YOUR LIFE HOME BUSINESS Live Stock.

I HEREBY inform the citizens of Caroline county that I am prepared to take risks in the following old and reliable Companies, at very moderate rates:

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF NEW YORK.
ASSETS, - - - - $94,702,957.92.

AGRICULTURAL INSURANCE CO. OF WATERTOWN, N. Y.
Insures nothing but but Farm Property, Live Stock and Dwellings, against damage or loss by Fire, or by

LIGHTNING,
Whether FIRE Ensues or not.
NET ASSETS, - - - $1,394,087.83.

ROCHESTER GERMAN FIRE INSURANCE CO.
Insures all kinds of insurable property against loss by Fire,
OR BY LIGHTNING, WHETHER FIRE ENSUES OR NOT.
ASSETS, - - - - - $493,785.50.

PEOPLES' MUTUAL LIVE STOCK INSURANCE CO. OF BALTO.
Insures nothing but Live Stock against loss by death from accident or disease.

No charge for making a survey of property to be insured. No premium note required. All orders by mail promptly attended to. I will insure property for any period, from two days to three years at a time.

CHAS. A. DUNNING,
2,25 AGENT, Denton, Md.

CARPETS

J. C. SMITH & BRO.,
[LATE OF KENT COUNTY, DEL.]

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in CARPETS, OIL-CLOTHS, MATTINGS, etc. We have on hand a well selected stock which we offer at lowest prices. Remember name and number and do not fail to give us a call.

J. C. SMITH & BRO.,
444 W. Balto. Near Pearl, St.
Baltimore, Md.

VOSHELL HOUSE,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.
J. A. & CHAS. ROLPH, Propr's.
ACCOMMODATIONS FIRST-CLASS.

EUROPEAN HOTEL
EASTON, MD.
(Corner Railroad Ave. & Washington St. Opposite Bank.)
G. W. W. HADDAWAY, PROP.
First Class Table and Room Accommodations. 4,11

MANSION HOUSE,
I. Albertson,
Proprietor.

☞ROOMS FIRST CLASS, WITH GOOD, SUBSTANTIAL BOARD AT 1.50 PER DAY.

N. W. Cor. St. Paul and Fayette Streets' Baltimore.

Greensborough Hotel
AND LIVERY STABLES,
GREENSBORO' - Maryland.
W. H. COHEE, PROP'R.

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.

Carrollton Hotel,
Baltimore, Light and German Sts.
Baltimore Maryland.

Rates Reduced to $3.00 and $2.50 per day according to location of rooms, for all above Parlor floor. Extra charges for Parlors, Bath and Double Rooms, according to size. The most convenient and latest built Hotel in the City. Elevator runs continuously to all floors.

☞All lines of city passenger cars pass its doors.

F. W COLEMAN, Manager.
12-31-81 y.

THE
"Clarendon."
COR. HANOVER AND PRATT STS.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
$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

J. F. DARROW,
Proprietor.
[LATE (15 YEARS) PROPRIETOR OF THE OCCIDENTAL HOTEL, NEW YORK CITY]
12-3

—STOP AT—
STRAUGHN'S HOTEL,
Centreville, Md.
Terms $1.50 *per day. First Class Hotel in all appointments.*
Jas. H. Straughn, Proprietor.

GEORGE COLTON'S HUMOR.

HE GETS EVEN WITH EX-COLLECTOR THOMAS IN A HAPPY MANNER.

At a recent banquet given to Ex-Collector John L. Thomas on his return to Baltimore from a western tour, Mr. George Colton was brought up out of his seat at the table of honor, in response to the toast to "Our Foreign Relations. He said:

You all, no doubt, remember how he followed me some eighteen months of my travels around the old world. Wherever I went there he was sure to be. If I stood at the Sea of Galilee, he would say, "This lake ought to be bedded with oysters;" then following me to the banks of the Jordan, he would exclaim, "Hadn't you better fill this river with carp from the Maryland Fish Commission?" If I gazed awe-struck on the frowning peaks of Hermon, or the lofty mountains of Moab, he would break my reverie by saying, "What a place to plant Eastern Shore huckleberries!" and when weary and travel-worn, and disgusted with the shams of the world, I retired without the walls of Jerusalem and sat me down beneath the shadow of a great rock to meditate, he portrayed in glowing rhyme the thoughts then passing thro' my mind. How beautiful and graphic were his pen-portraits of the Maryland Democratic "Ring," and every member of it! But as I may refer to this again, I will pass it by for the present and speak of my travels and discoveries.

There can be no doubt, gentlemen, that my travels in the East were of great benefit to the world, and added much to the archæological literature of the present age; the fact is, although it may not be generally known, I was the first traveller that discovered the grave of Moses. I bowed my head with deep reverence as I stood beside the resting place of the greatest lawgiver that the world has ever known, but, unlike Mark Twain, I shed no tear. I knew it was the grave of Moses, because an old Greek patriarch, who traveled with me down the valley of Kedron and through the wilderness of Judea, told me so, and you can always rely upon the Greeks when they don't come with presents (and they don't come in that way now). But coming back to Moses' grave—or rather going forward to it—the only thing that staggered my faith in regard to the matter was, how Moses managed to get on the Jerusalem side of Jordan. The Good Book tells us he ascended Nebo and was no more, and "No man knoweth his sepulchre to this day;" therefore, the only theory upon which I can account for it is that there must have been two Mosses. Any way I saw the grave. Then see with what keenness of vision I looked out from the top of the Pyramid Theops; how towns and cities and ruins hundreds of of miles away were as perceptable to my clairvoyant vision as were the Sphynx and the desert at my feet. So wonderful indeed was my optical penetration, that it made Washington *Star* sees stars in critizising it. But it was all true, gentlemen; and it affords much pleasure in reading the account of the little unpleasantness that has been lately going on between Arabi Pacha, that I have traveled over the same ground that constitutes the scene of their combat.

And, by-the-bye, speaking of Arabi, a gentlemen asked me the other day, if I saw him while I was in Cairo. Of course I did. He was among the first acquaintances I found. He was then keeping a bucketshop, a sort of curbstone broker, although his forte was bluff, and I was told that he was the greatest bluff player that ever handled a deck. He would raise his rival when he had a full hand; would see him and go a thousand better, but he finally *raised* the ire of the British Lion, and as he couldn't *Seamour*, he had to back down and take a *Zigazag* course toward Ramleh.

Thus, you see, gentlemen, there are but two celebrated travelers and letter-writers in Maryland now, always excepting the talented proprietor of *The Baltimore American*, who for more than half a score of times viewed Europe through American spectables, and has just returned from his last trip more in love with his own country, and prouder than ever that he is an American citizen. One of these traveled around his own country, and wrote the most beautiful discriptive letters over the initials of J. L. T.; the other took a tour in the Old World and wrote his letters over the initials of G. C. The American traveler and our honored guest I knew more than a quarter of a century ago, when, unknown to fame, he took up his residence in South Baltimore. I don't think he settled on a corner lot. If he had, there would soon have been corners in lots, if there hadn't been lots of corners. With his early history I am not familiar. I know not whether he descended from a line of boasted ancestry and contentrated in his own intellect the moral forces of several generations; but this I know, that he is in every respect what Burns describes as "a man." It was not long before he took a prominent part in our business and political affairs, and by dint of perseverance and force of intellect, he went up step by step until he was elected prosecuting attorney for Baltimore city; then a member of the State Constitutional Convention; twice elected member of the popular branch of Congress, and twice appointed collector of the port of Baltimore—the best office in Maryland in the gift of the President. In all these positions to which he has been called, he has discharged the duties with credit to himself and honor to his constituents. But I will not trespass furthur upon your time, but close my remarks, as he once favored me, with an epic poem on his American travels:

TO J. L. T.
TRAVELER.

We celebrate your safe return,
Our Ex-Collector Thomas,
And hope you've had a pleasant time
Since last you parted from us.

You've traveled thro' the growing West
O'er hills and swamps and prairies;
You've told us all about its farms,
Its wheat crops and its dairies.

With kindly feelings I'll review
Your travels, gentle brother;
You did as much for me, and one
Good turn deserves another.

Chicago first the pleasure had
Of showing you the lion,
Where droves of oxen slaughtered they
With instruments of iron.

They show'd you thro' the packing house
'These hogs,' you said, 'will dress well
—But scenes like these remind me of
That slaughter by John Creswell.'

St. Paul and Minneapolis
Gave you a great ovation;
They hailed you as the *coming* man—
(*Though out of situation.*)

And so—you kept on going West,
Until at Salt Lake City
You met a married Mormon boss—
Your great heart swetted with pity.

And then you seized your mighty pen,
And wrote a touching letter,
To warn the folks—and then—
Well, then you went and met her.

A Mormon wife, perhaps a blonde—
Maybe a sad-faced cast off—
Cross'd your lonepath; well, what of that
—Such things have often passed off.

She was (what number I forget),
Proposed, what I can't mention;
You blushed a blush and then replied:
"I have no such intention."

Alarmed, you hurried from the town,
And let the syren's kiss go
Fluttering on the amorous winds,
While you made tracks for 'Frisco.

No wonder, then, the police took
You to the Chinese qnarter,
You'd too much humor in your soul,
And brandy in your water.

And then you saw such awful things,
You wrote another warning,
But if I'm not mistaken, sir,
You went back in the morning.

Your moral nerves were badly shocked,
You feared you'd make a mis-go,
And so you seized your carpet-bag
And rushed away from 'Frisco.

And then you gazed upon the charms
That hung 'round Colorado—
Hersnowcapp'd peaks, her shado'y vales
Was that not all bravado?

You told us Milwaukee beer,
And how the Dutchmen brew it,
And how it makes the heart feel glad,
While all the time we know it.

Perhaps you told the Milwaukees
To cultivate our fishes;
Soft crab and rock, oysters and shad
To garnish hotel dishes.

Or taught them how to utilize
Their hillsides and savannahs,
By planting oranges and limes,
Pineapples and bananas.

O sapient traveler to the West
From Munumental City,
Perchance you told the folks out there
Of Creswell, Webster, Ditty!

The Stalwart chiefs, who like the Sioux
You met with, way out yonder,
Scalped every Half-breed that they knew
And robbed them of their plunder.

Go sit ye at the White House gate,
With those who long have fasted,
And mourn the loaves and fishes lost,
A rich feast while it lasted.

Like Mordecai, there weep and wail—
Not for your tribe or daughter,
But for the way the axe was used
In Arthur's pen of slaughter.

Tell them of omens of the sky,
Of guillotines and axes,
Civil reform and syndicates,
And monstrous salary taxes.

Cry, Washington! O Washington,
Thou hot-bed of corruption,
Look out; an earthquake threatens you
With deluge and eruption.

And then the dry-bones, how thy'll fly,
And rend the clouds asunder,
Stalwarts and Half-breeds knocked sky high
By Democratic thunder.

But never mind, the Muse will cling
To you through all reverses;
You'll make an honest living by
Your letters and your verses.

"Shoot folly as it flies," my friend;
Clip Time's wing as he passes;
We welcome you with right good cheer,
Bright smiles and brimming glasses.

And when old age comes creepidg on,
Our fresness stealing from us,
I hope you'll always be the same—
The genial JOHN L. THOMAS.

An Illinois woman gave a tramp a bogus quarter to get rid of him and he made it cost her an arrest and $50 before he was satisfied. Next time she will give that tramp "no quarter."

A Wedding in High Life.

AND HOW IT WAS DONE UP BY THE POLITICAL EDITOR OF THE CHICAGO PAPER.

The Herald.

"Is the lady who does the society for the *Herald* in?" asked a vision of blue eyes, blonde hair and brick-red cashmere who had ascended the grand stairway leading to the editorial rooms of this paper, and now stood near the Parian marble statute of Minerva in the palatial sanctum. The lady was not in but the political editor was, and when he looked up from the biography of George R. Davis, which he was writing, he became almost paralyzed at the sight of the vision. "No; she is not in. Can I do anything for you?"

"Yes, I have here—"

"Oh! I understand. You have there the wedding notice of Mr. Augustus Culpepper Ferguson and Miss Kate Juniper."

"Yes," said the vision, "it occurred —"

"It occurred last Wednesday," continued the political carpenter, "and it was a memorable event in the West Side society. At an early hour the street in the vicinity of the baronial mansion on Peoria street, the residence for years of the Juniper family, was thronged with the equipages of the elite."

"Yes! yes!" chipped in the vision, "were you there?"

"The father of the bride is a wealthy board of trade man and one of the most influential citizens Chicago has. The bride has been the reigning belle in West Side society circles for several seasons, and the groom will be remembered as the slim young man with the goggles and sideburns who won first money in the late bicycle race."

"How nice you have got it all!" said the vision.

"The wedding ceremony was performed at high noon in the east parlor, the Rev. Cream Cheese, of St. Equity church, officiating. The spacious apartments were profusely decorated with evergreens, smilax, festoons of natural flowers and potted plants. Johnny Foote's orchestra was on hand, concealed behind the floral screen in the conservatoire, and as the bridal party entered the room the musicians poured forth sweet strains, which seemed to augur a happy future for the couple, while two little sisters of the bridal, dressed as fairies, pulled silken cords which caused a number of silver bells to peal out their welomes on the happy company."

"Oh! you lovely man, where did you learn all all about it?"

"The bride was attired in a magnificent costume from the hands of Worth, which was a marvel of the dressmaker's art. There is not room here for an adequate description of it, but we take pleasure in announcing to the patrons of this paper that an extra edition will be issued containing all the particulars of this wonderful costume and a list of the presents.

"The groom was attired in the conventional suit of black; no diamonds. The presents came in numbers sufficient to fill one of the parlars, and presented such an amazing display of wealth that two we-never-sleep detectives were engaged to guard them. The happy couple after receiving the congratulation of their many friends, left on the 'steen-fifteen train for Kokomo. On their return they will be 'at home' to their friends at the Hotel de Flynn on the sixth Saturday in September."

"Oh! you are too sweet! And will that go in?"

"Oh! certainly," said the political fiend, and as the vision flitted through the door the yawning abyss of the waste basket was glutted to the chine.

A Beautiful Indian Legend.

The legend of the Cherokee rose is as pretty as the rose itself. An Indian chief of the Seminole tribe was taken prisoner by his enemies, the Cherokees, and doomed to torture, but he became so seriously ill that it became necessary to wait for his restoration to health before committing him to fire. And as he lay prostrated by disease in the cabin of the Cherokee warrior, the daughter of the latter, a dark faced young maid, was his nurse. She fell in love with the young chieftain, and wishing to save his life urged him to escape; but he would not unless she would flee with him. Yet before she had gone far, impelled by soft regret at leaving home, she asked permission of her lover to return for the purpose of bearing away some memento of it.

So, retracing her footsteps, she took a sprig from the white rose which climbed up the poles of her father's tent, and preserving it during her flight through the wilderness, planted it by the door of her new home in the land of the Seminole. And from that day this beautiful flower has always been known between the capes of Florida and throughout the Southern States by the name of Cherokee rose.

Biggest Things on Earth.

The highest range of mountains on earth is the Himalayas, in Asia, the mean elevation being estimated at from 16,000 to 18,000, feet above the sea.

The largest city in the world is London. Its population numbers 3,020,871 souls. New York, with a population of about 1,250,000 comes fifth in the list of great cities.

The largest island in the world is Australia. It is 2,500 miles in length from east to west and 1,950 miles from north to south.

The longest span of wire in the world is used for a telegraph in India over the river Kistnah, between Bezorah and Sactanagrum. It is more than 6,000 feet long, and is stretched between two hills, each of which is 1,200 feet high.

The largest body of fresh water on the globe is Lake Superior, 400 miles long, 160 miles wide at its breadth, and having an area of 32,000 square miles. Its mean depth is said to be 200 and its greatest depth about 900 fathoms. Its surface is about 635 feet above the level of the sea.

Some of the trees are 476 feet high and 35 feet in diameter. Some of the largest that have been felled indicate an age from 2,000 to 2,500 years.

Fashions in Fall Flowers.

There is an antipathy to all flowers which are double, and therefore heavy in effect. First in popular favor come single dahlias, yellow or scarlet or purple. There is a single dahlia called the paragon, of a dense purple, which is just now popular for young men to wear in the button-hole. It is almost two inches in diameter. For hand bouquets or for corsage bouquets the coreopsis is much sought after. It is sometimes called the crown flower, because sharply revealed against the vived bright golden-yellow lanceolated corolla is a crown pencilled in brown around the stamens. For the same purpose the arbitulus, white or brown or yellow, is used. One of the novelties for corsage boubuets this year is the tiger flower from Brazil. It has been introduced about a year and is popular for the same reason that the sunflower is popular—that is, for its gorgeousness. It has three leaves of muggy yellow in a triangular arrangement and the centre where the three leaves join in mottled like a tiger's skins. Its tawny yellow color and light texture or enough to make it popular."

A Floating Field.

In Colorado is a ten-acre field, which is simply a subterranean lake covered with soil about eighteen inches deep. On the soil is cultivated a field of corn which produces thirty bushels to the acre. If any one will take the trouble to dig a hole to the depth of a spade handle he will find that it will fill with water, and by using a hook and line fish five or six inches long may be caught. The fish have neither scales nor eyes, and are perch-like in shape. The ground is a black marl in nature and in all probability was at one time an open body of water, which accumulated vegetable matter, which has increased from time to time, until now it has a crest sufficiently strong and rich to produce fine corn, although it has to be cultivated by hand, as it is not strong enough to bear the weight of a horse. While harvesting, the hands catch great strings of fish by making a hole through the earth. A person rising on his heels and coming down suddenly can see the growing corn shake all around him.

The Three Wishes.

I asked a student what three things he most desired. He said: "Give me books, health and quiet, and I care for nothing more."

I asked a miser and he cried, "Money, money, money,"

I asked a pauper, and he faintly said, "Bread, bread, bread."

I asked the drunkard, and he loudly called for strong drink.

I asked the multitude around me and they lifted up a confused cry in which I heard the words, "Wealth, fame and pleasure."

I asked a poor man who had long borne the character of an experienced Christian. He replied that all his wants could be met in Christ. He spoke seriously and I asked him to explain. He said:

"I greatly desire these three things —first, that I may be found in Christ; secondly, that I may be like Christ; thirdly, that I may be with Christ." I have thought much of his answer; and the more I think of it the wiser it seems to be.

AGAIN WITH US.—The season of the "sere and yellow leaf" is upon us, the fall is here, and the long evenings are at hand; street-corner and store-box loafers are relinquishing their quarters and looking out for warmer places, and the man who can spin out the longest "yarn" will be the hero of the evening; young ladies and their beaux can sit beside a genial fire in their parlors (the young ladies' parlors —the young men own none) and whisper "undying love" to each other; store clerks rub their hands in glee and calculate that in another month the eight o'clock closing time will be here; and the young gentleman who looks after the mails at the postoffice also rejoices that he will soon have another hour in the eveninff to the ladies, who are alwasy happy when he's about.

A Hackensack man says he can't bear to speak to his wife in the fruit-canning season, as she is so dreadfully stuck-up.

So far and no further:
Ye pigge is a pretty fowl,
And wondrous good to eat;
Hys ham is good, lykewise his jowl,
And eke his little feete.
But if you try a thousand yeare
I trow you still will fayle
To make a silk purse of his eare,
Or a wissel of his tayle.
—Old Song.

Reform Suggestions.

Mr. Topnoody came in late to supper, the other evening, and his wife had been keeping it on the stove for him an hour at least, and she was not any happier for the loving ministration. Topnoody saw the state affairs, and when he sat down to the table he thought he would make things pleasant for her, so he cheerily began:

"I am a little late, my dear, but I was engaged down town in a matter pertaining to the city government, and couldn't get home. By the way, my dear, what do you think of the mayor reform movements?"

"What movement? What reform? What mayor? Is he a married man?" snapped Mrs. Topnoody, like a bunch of shooting crackers going off.

"Well, no," replied Topnoody; "not yet."

"That's a good thing for some poor woman."

"But I was not talking about that, angel mine. I simply asked what you thought about the reform movements."

"What are they? Is there any thing in them about reforming men who come late to their meals; who won't cut the kindling wood, nor bring in the coal, nor carry a bucket of water, nor fasten the boards on the back fence, nor get the marketing, not stop talking city government when they ought to talk home government, nor read their newspapers while their poor wives are slaving out cooking for them, nor try to boss the house when the wife knows best what should be done, nor do forty dozen other things they shouldn't do? I say, is this in them? If is ain't, he'd better shut up shop and retire, and let a woman run the machine awhile. I can tell you, Topnoody, if I was in there I'd make things hum!"

Then she went out into the kitchen for something and while she was gone Topnoody drew a long breath and signed. "Hum! Well, I should smile."

Thistles and Golden Rod.

Now is the time to gather thistles for room embellishment. There may be some who do not know how to transform them into the white puffy balls which are sold in the stores and on the street. For such the following: Gather them when in full bloom; those gathered a little early will bloom in water. Holding by the pink top, insert a pocket knife under the green points nearest the stem and bend back. They will readily break off and the longer points will follow easily. The next thing to do is to pull out the pink; if they are fully bloomed this can be done without taking any of the white silky fibers that are laid bare on removing the green. Hang them then by the stem in a sunny window a few days and you have delicate pretty things to fill the vase when the garden and wild flowers are gone. They may also be used effectively to cover picture cords. Then it is better to cut off the stiff stems and string the ball on thread.

Large bunches of golden rod seem to be the present correct street decoration for the corsage. They are worn at the belt or just over the heart. The addition of two or three large thistles gives one a very formidable, touch-me-not appearance. The miss who dares wear them has presumably learned the secret of handling the prickly things, which is simply to press the hand firmly and with the courage that will grow with experience, in the direction of the points, that is toward the purplish-pink tops.

A Speculator's Gifts.

A Georgian was one day honored with a call from a local clergyman, who stated that he was soliciting subscriptions for the erection of a new church edifice, and added:

'The Lord will surely prosper all who aid us."

"Do you honestly believe that?"

"Why, certainly I do."

The other subscribed $500, and as the clergyman rose to go, he said:

'I have no doubt the Lord will repay you for this inside of six months."

Only six weeks had passed when the liberal hearted subscriber called upon the clergyman and said:

"You remember I subscribed $500 towards your church building. I now want to go $300 more for the seats and carpets.

"Has the Lord prospered you as I predicted?"

"You bet! He not only discounted your time one half, but he has permitted me to gobble up all the stock of a railroad except about $5000 held by a widow. I want to subscribe $300 more and have the Lord bring her to time!"

Variety.

Honora wants to know "on which is the right side to milk a cow!" The udder side always.

A Philadelphia man has invented a shirt with a sand-paper back. One rub against a rail fence cures the worst case.

The Prince of Wales owes $2,000,000. That's what comes of trying to put on more airs than American tourists.

Ingersoll laughed like "Old Scratch" when he heard that a Southern man had been struck by lightning while reading the Bible.

Fathers often make a great mistake in bringing up their sons to follow their own trades. A Philadelphia trunkmaker was wiser. He had ten sons and all are now brakemen on railroad passenger trains. That trunk-maker is getting rich.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2939_scm3351-0187.jpg