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, NOVEMBER 25, 1882. NO. 13.

SPECIAL FOR THE FALL TRADE of 1882.

Stoves - Stoves - Stoves!

Largest Stock of Stoves, consisting of the "GOLDEN SUN FIRE-PLACE HEATER," Heating Stoves, Cook Stoves and Ranges, of different kinds at lowest city prices.

HEADQUARTERS for GUNNERS' OUTFITS.

Breech Loading and Muzzle Loading Guns, both double and single barrel; Amunition of all kinds, such as Powder, Shot, Shells, wads, etc.; Gunning Suits, and equipments for loading shells, at extra low prices.

Large Stock of Different Kinds of Corn Shellers, which We Are Selling very Low.

Our stock of

HARDWARE, TINWARE,

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS & MACHINE

CARRIAGE, WAGON & CART HARNESS,

AND MANY OTHER THINGS TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION,

is complete. We respectfully invite you to call and examine our stock.

SHANAHAN & WRIGHTSON,
EASTON, MD.

One Small Profit

is all the consumer of Clothing should pay.

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.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,
OAK HALL,
6th & Market Sts., Philad'a.

The largest clothing house in America.

SAM'L. BURNS & CO.
LUMBER
SASH,
DOORS, BLINDS &c.
104 LIGHT ST. WHARF,
BALTIMORE.

R. J. BAKER. ESTABLISHED 1837. R. J. HOLLINGSWORTH.

SULPHATE OF AMMONIA. **R. J. BAKER & CO.,** PURE NITRATE SODA.

—MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN—

PURE GROUND BONE, CHEMICALS, ACIDS, &C.,

For Manufacturing Super-phosphates.

AMMONIATED SUPER-PHOSPHATE FOR ALL CROPS.

PURE DISSOLVED RAW BONES.

PURE FINE GROUND RAW BONE.

STAG SUPER-PHOSPHATE OF LIME FOR TOBACCO.

FACTORY at LOCUST POINT.

OFFICE, 36 and 38 S. CHARLES STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

THE PLACE TO BUY DRY GOODS.
FALL OF 1882.

Hamilton Easter & Sons,

199, 201 & 203 W. BALTO. ST.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

The above firm have been Importers, Jobbers, and Retailers of Dry Goods for *over 50 years*. Their present large trade has been built up by fair dealing, and selling only such goods as will prove satisfactory to the purchaser and found of full value for the price paid. The price of every article is marked in plain figures, and the inexperienced buyer pays the same price as those fully acquainted with the value of goods. Our stock of Silks, Dress Goods, Wraps, Linen Goods, Mourning Fabrics, Hosiery, Gloves, and Shawls are entirely of our own importation.

We have also on hand a very extensive assortment of Domestic Cotton Goods, Flannels, Blankets, Quilts, Comforts, Lace Curtains, Goods for Men's wear, &c., &c.

The great extent and variety of our stock will be apparent on a personal examination which we solicit from all reading this advertisement. Shopping by mail is now thoroughly established and is a source of economy. A single order entrusted to our care cannot fail to establish a satisfactory business. We send samples by mail free of charge. In ordering please state class of goods desired.

HAMILTON EASTER & SONS.
9 30 3m.

NEW GOODS.

H. BLACKISTON & SON,

have returned from the city with a large stock of New Goods, consisting of Dry Goods Notions, Groceries, Read-made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and a general assortment of all other goods, all of which you are requested to call and examine. We are trying to do a fair and square business, giving you the worth of your money. We think it unnecessary to blow about low prices or city prices. We wish you to judge for yourselves in regard to prices and quality of our goods. We have

The Largest Stock

of Goods in Denton for you to make your selections from.

☞ We return thanks to our customers for past favors and will be glad to have you call frequently. We are willing and able to accommodate prompt customers.

Country produce taken in exchange for goods.
10 7

WHEN
YOU VISIT
BALTIMORE
DON'T FAIL
TO CALL
AT THE
"EXCELSIOR"
AND SEE THEIR
1882 - FALL - 1882
DISPLAY
OF
CLOTHING, Hats, Caps
AND
FURNISHING GOODS.
OUR MOTTO:
ONE PRICE
AND THAT
The Lowest.
EXCELSIOR
S. W. Cor. Baltimore & Light Sts.
LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT
IN
MARYLAND.

LINDAU & CO.
DISTILLERS OF
WHISKIES,
AND IMPORTERS OF
Wines, Brandies Gins,
5 and 7 NORTH GAY STREET.
BALTIMORE, MD.
Always on hand a Large Stock of Choice Old Rye, Wheat, Bourbon and Monongahela Whiskies.

DRUNKENNESS & OPIUM EATING
C. C. Beers, M. D. & Son, 433 Fourth avenue, New York, have painless remedies for these evils. Thousands's cured. Call or send stamp for evidence. 10 14

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 Farm Property, Live Stock and Dwellings, against damage or loss by Fire, or by

LIGHTNING,
Whether FIRE Ensues or not.
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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 & BR.,
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

Greenwood & Woodall,
Commission Merchants,
72 SOUTH ST, BALTIMORE.
FOR THE SALE OF
GRAIN, FRUIT & PRODUCE.

Maryland House of Correction.

A DESCRIPTION OF BRIDEWELL PRISON—ROMANCE IN THE CELLS—RELIGIOUS WORSHIP ON THE SABBATH.

About twenty-threemiles from Washington, on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, the passengers catch of a massive brick building, having somewhat the aspect of a prison house, which is situated 600 yards from the road, on a slight elevation. Nearly every traveler inquires what place it is, and the reply is given briefly: "That is Bridewell—a house of correction established by the State." Those who are aware that there is a State penitentiary in Baltimore, as well as a house of refuge for boys, and at Cheltenham a house of reformation for colored boys, are at loss to know the utility of Bridewell. When, however, one reflects on the fact that from about the close of the war to wit in a few years ago the State was overrun by tramps, both white and colored, and that the penitentiary in Baltimore City was becoming uncomfortably full, and that for offenses for which the punishment is imprisonment in jail the prisoners cannot be worked to advantage, the wisdom of creating a "Bridewell" is apparent.

TRAMPS.

Already has its benefits been made apparent by the rapid diminution of the genus "tramp" in the State. Under the law, this is the place for the confinement and labor of the lower grade of criminals, and most of the inmates are those in whose cases the punishment is from sixty days to three years. By sending here prisoners, who would otherwise go to the penitentiary for less than a term of three years, the overcrowded penitentiary is relieved. Those whose punishment would otherwise be in jail, at least earn sufficient to support themselves. As is the case in all prisons there are some who enjoy life here better than outside, as is shown in the fact that a few since it was opened on January 1st, 1879, have served several terms. Some on being released have promised to return in a few days, and have faithfully kept their promises. Usually those have returned with longer terms to serve than at first,

The building is now full, having twenty-one inmates more than there are cells—the surplus being located in the larger apartments at the end of the cells intended originally for hospital purposes. It is likely that authority for erection of the wing (contemplated in the original plans) will be asked from the legislature. There are four floors of cells reached by iron stairways—sixty on each floor, thirty on a side. In each cell is the cot of the occupant is hinged so that it can be thrown up against the wall, a small semi-circular shelf hinged in the same manner and also a stool. In some of the cells the walls have been decorated with pictures and draperies of cut paper. Some of the work shows great taste, but it does not approach similar work in the Washington jail. The prisoners wear a style of dress like the workhouse convicts there and are locked in when not at work or religious service.

HOW CONVICTS ARE EMPLOYED.

Eighty to one hundred of the men and boys are making overalls, using sewing machines for the work—the task of each in his ten hours in summer and nine hours in winter being eighteen pairs per day; seventy men are employed in grading for a switch on the railroad; six regular hands work on the farm, with such as may be required; fifteen women find work in the kitchen and laundry, and forty-five women in working buttonholes in overalls, etc. Most of the prisoners are serving sentences for assaults and larcenies. Generally, an old stager can can be told by his prompt answer when asked, "what are you in far?" "Larceny;" while others will use the prefix "'cused."

The women are nearly all colored, and at present fill up all the cells allotted to them, which are located on the second and third floors, right side. The men fill up the remaining cells.

CUPID IN THE CELLS.

Although the two sexes are kept entirely apart, seldom seeing each other except in attending services, Cupid is not idle even within prison walls. There are more cases than one where the tender passion has been evolved in the hard and stony hearts of the prisoners. It was in this place where a woman well known in Washington a few years ago by the name of "Mollie Johnson" and in Baltimore as "Irish Moll," found her destiny, having been sentenced here for a year's term, which she served out "like a man." During her incarceration she became smitten with the charms of a convict from Harford county, wearing the stripes. Both being released on the same day, they went into Baltimore on the same train, the momentous question was asked, the ex-convict's heart was cheered by an acceptance, and the knot was tied in Baltimore. They have not returned since to the prison, but repotrs have reached the officers that, excepting now and then the couple engage in a little spree, they are perfectly happy, and the old love kindled at Bridewell is still burning.

A colored couple, man and wife, from Tennessee—he an itinerant musician and she a street singer—are here as tramps, and on Sundays are allowed to have a short interview, which affords a pleasant relief to their dreary prison life.

RELIGIOUS SERVICE.

Religious worship is held in the chapel room, the Catholics and Methodists alternating Sunday afternoons in holding services. Numbers of visitors attend the services, and at times they are very impressive, the singing of the colored convicts being grand, the prisoners seated, with the officers watching over them, generally paying respectful attention. In addition, on Sundays, religious papers and books from a library are furnished the prisoners, and many of them pass the most of Sunday reading or writing to their friends.

The building is heated by steam, and the washing is done by steam, a 24-horse power engine being employed. Although as yet the farm is not worked as it will be, yet it yields a considerable income in the way of vegetables, and the officers have no fear but that it will soon be self-supporting. The Bridgewell is officered now as follows: F. J. Wheeler, superintendent; J. I. Mayfield, steward and acting assistant superintendent; J. Van Lier, clerk; Mrs. Mary Brooks, matron; Robert Hamil, night watch; J. W. Williams, hall officer; W. Keys, C. P. Carroll, P. F. Fitzgerald, J. Bell, S. S. Mills, Jack Colburn, and A. L. Harmon, guards.

Spoopendye Stops Smoking.

"My dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, rumpling his hair around over his head and gazing at himself in the glass; "my dear, do you know I think I smoke too much? It doesn't agree with me."

"Just what I have always thought!" chimed Mrs. Spoopendyke, "and besides, it makes the room smell so. You know this room—"

"I'm not talking about the room," retorted Mr. Spoopendye, with a snort. "I'm not aware that it affects the health of the room. I'm talking about my health this trip, and I think I'll break off short. You don't catch me smoking any more," and Mr. Spoodendyke yawned and stretched himself, and plumped down in an easy chair and glared out at the rain.

"How are you going to break off?" inquired Mrs. Spoopendyke, drawing up her sewing chair, and gazing up into her husband's face admiringly. "I suppose the best way is not to think of it at all."

"The best way is for you to sit there and cackle about it!" growled Mr. Spoopendyke. "If anything will distract my attention from it that will. Can't you think of something else to talk about? Don't you know some subjects that don't smell like a tobacco plantation?"

"Centainly," cried Mrs. Spoopendyke, rather nonplused. "We might talk about the rain. I suppose this is really the equinox. How long will it last, dear?"

"Gast the equinox!" spurted Mr. "Don't you know when a man quits smoking it depresses him? What d'ye want to talk about depressing things for? Now's the time to make me cheerful. If you don't know any cheerful things keep quiet."

"Of course," assented Mrs. Spoopendyke, "you want subjects that will draw your mind away from the habit of smoking like you used to. Won't it be nice when the long winter evenings come, and the fire is lighted, and you have your slippers and paper—"

"That's just the time I want a cigar!" roared Mr. Spoopendyke, bounding around in his chair and scolding at his wife. "Ain't ye got sense enough to shingle your tongue for a minute? The way you're keeping it up you'll drive me back to my habit in less than an hour," he continued solemnly, "and then my blood will be on your head!"

"Oh, dear!" sighed Mrs. Spoopendyke, "I didn't mean to. Did you notice about the comet? They say it is going to drop into the sun and burn up—"

"There you go again!" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke. "You can't open your mouth without suggesting something that breaks me down. What do you want to talk about fire for? Who wants fire when he's stopped smoking? Two minutes more and I'll have a pipe in my mouth!" and Mr. Spoopendye groaned dismally in contemplation of the prospect.

"I'm glad you're going to stay at home to-day," continued Mrs. Spoopendye, soothingly. "You'd be sure to catch cold if you went out, and by and by we'll have a piping hot dinner—"

"That's it!" squealed Mr. Spoopendyke, bounding out of his chair and plunging around the room. "You'd got to say something about a pipe! I knew how it would be! You want me to smoke myself into an early grave! You'll fetch it! Don't give yourself any uneasiness! You're on the track!" and Mr. Spoopendyke buried his head in his hands and shook convulsively.

"I meant for the best, my dear," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke. I, thought I was drawing—" "That's it!" ripped Mr. Spoopendyke. "Drawing! You've driven me to it instead of keeping me from it. You know how it's done? All you need now is a lightning rod and a dish of milk toast to be an inebriates' hume! Where's that cigar I left her on the mantle? Gimme my death warrant! Snow me my imported doom! Drag forth my miniature coffin!" and Mr. Spoopendyke swept the contents of the shelf upon the floor and howled dismally.

"Isn't that it?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, pointing to a small pile of stuff on the chair in which Mr. Spoopendyke had been sitting. "That looks like it."

"Wah!" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke, grasping his hat and making for the door. "Another time I swear off you go into the country, you hear?" and Mr. Spoopendyke dashed out of the house and steered for the nearest tobacco shop.

"I don't care," muttered Mrs. Spoopendyke; "when he swears off again I'm willing to leave, and in the meantime I suppose he'll be healthier without his pipe, so I'll hang it up on the wall where he'll never think of looking for it," and having consigned the tobacco to the flames, Mrs. Spoopendyke gathered her sewing materials around her and double clinched an old resolution never to lose her temper no, matter what happened.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

An Engagement Broken.

I have just received a letter from my friend, Bill Nye, of the *Laramie City Boomering*, wherein he informs me that he is engaged to the beautiful and acomplished Lydia E. Pinkham, of "vegetable compound" fame, and that the wedding will take place on next Christmas. To be sure I am expected at the wedding, and I'll be on hand if I can secure a clean shirt by that time and the roads ain't too bad. But I'm somewhat at a loss what to get as a suitable present, as Bill informs me in a postscript to his letter that gifts of Bibles, albums, nickle-plated pickle dishes, chromos with frames, and the like, will not be in order, as it is utterly impossible to pawn articles of this kind in Laramie City.—*The Bohemian.*

We are sorry that the above letter, which we dashed off in a careless moment, has been placed before the public, as later developments have entirely changed the aspect of the matter, the engagement between ourself and Lydia having been rudely broken by the young lady herself. She has returned the solitaire filled ring, and hanceforth we can be nothing more to each other than friends. The promose which bade fair to yield so much joy in the future has been ruthlessly yanked asunder, and two young hearts must bleed through the coming years. Far be it from us to say aught that would reflect upon the record of Miss Pinkham. It would only imperil her chances in the future, and deny her the sweet satisfaction of gathering in another guileless sucker like us. The truth, however, cannot be evaded, that Lydia is no longer young. She is now in the sere and yellow leaf. The gurgle of girlhood and the romping, careless grace of her childhood are matters of ancient history alone.

We might go on and tell how one thing brought on another till the quarrel occurred, and hot words and an assault and battery led to this estrangement, but we will not do it. It would be wrong for a great, strong man to take advantage of his strength and the public press to speak disparagingly of a young thing like Lyd. No matter how unreasonably she may have treated us, we are dumb and silent on this point. Journalists who have been invited and have purchased costly wedding presents may ship the presents by express prepaid, and we will accept them, and struggle along with our first great heart trouble while Lydia goes on in her mad career.—*Boomerang.*

HELPING THE PARTY.—In the days gone by a Detroit Sheriff who had made a close shave of being elected, had the ill-luck to lose a prisoner from the jail. The fellow made good his escape to the country, but the Sheriff overhauled him about eight miles out and drove him under a barn. The prisoner was captured and yet he was not. If he could not get out the sheriff could not get in, and threats had no effect on him. In this emergency the officer called out:

"Say, Jim."

"Yes."

"You know I had a mighty close shave getting this office?" "You did that."w

"Well, I'm laying my pipes for a second term. If I lose you I might as well hang up. The opposition will hold it up in letters four feet high, and hundreds of men in my own party will slip my name. Do you hear me?"

"I do."

"Well, I ask you to come out, not exactily as a prisoner going back to jail, but more as a patriot bound to stand by his party. Come, Jim."

"I'll be hanged if I don't!" replied the prisoner. The Judge was agin me, my sentence was unjust. and I hate your jail, but if its going to help the party and crush the hydraheaded opposition out I come!"

THE recent election has multipied honors upon the crest of the Empire State. Not only have the bosses been beaten and their broken lines irretrievable scattered all over the State, but the election of Grover Cleveland gives a substantial guarantee of honest government during the period of his term of office. To this is added the rather ambiguous honor of introducing fresh Presidential timber into the coming contest, and thus far more than a year concentrating public thought upon the possibilities of New York furnishing the next President to succeed that model of deportment who now gives prominence to New York's men and methods in the Executive office. But this is not all. The phenomenally large majority which the Democrats of New York have built up to emphasize the verdict of their ballots has given them an incidental prize banner, which now passes from Texas to New York as a trophy of industry in campaigning. This banner was purchased in 1876, at a cost of one thousand dollars, to be awarded the State giving the largest Democratic majority. Georgia took it the first time and retained it for three consecutive years. In 1880 the 98,000 majority given Hancock by Texas wrested it from the original winner, and now it comes all the way to the Empire State in consequence of the nearly 200,000 majority credited to Grover Cleveland at the late election.

The was a Stalwart party once
That ruled both high and low;
But ah! that grand old party now
Has gone to meet Guiteau.
No flowers.

The Squirrel's Winter Quarters.

In a delightful sketch in the December *Century* of the "hard fare" the birds and small animals have to put up with when the winters are unusually severe, John Burroughs speaks as follows of the cunning of the red squirrel:

I have said the red squirrel does not lay by a store of food for winter use, like the chipmuch and wood-mice; yet in the fall he sometimes hoards in a tentative, temporary kind of way. I have seen his savings—butternuts and black walnuts—stuck here and there in saplings and trees, near his nest; sometimes carefully inserted in the upright fork of a limb, or twig. One day, late in November, I counted a dozen or more black walnuts put away in this manner in a little grove of locusts, chestnuts, and maples, by the roadside, and could but smile at the wise forethough tof the rascally squirrel. His supplies were probably safer that way than if more elaborately hidden. They were well distributed; his eggs were not all in one basket, and he could go away from home without any fear that his store-house would be broken into in his absence. The next week, when I passed that way, the nuts were all gone but two. I saw the squirrel that doubtless laid claim to to them, on each occasion.

There is one thing the red squirrel knows unerringly that I do not (there are probably several other things), that is, on which side of the butternut the meat lies. He always gnaws through the shell so as to strike the kernel broadside and thus easily extract it, while to my eyes there is no external mark or indication, in the form or appearance of the nut, as there is in the hickory nut, by which I can tell whether the edge or the side of the meat is toward me. But, examine any number of nuts that the squirrels have rifled and you will find they always drill through the shell at the one spot where the meat will be most exposed. It stands them in hand to know, and they do know. Doubtless, if butternuts were a main sourse of my food, and I were compelled to gnaw into them, I should learn, too, on which my bread was buttered.

The Flourishing Business.

The best penmen are, as a rule, the poorest writers, paradoxical as the thing may seem. The man that can design a fierce-looking lion, a bald-headed eagle and a spavined deer cantering in space, and with no other instrument of torture than a goose-quill, is sometimes called an artist. Often he rises to the dignity of a title and hitches "Prof." upon the front end of his name. He flourishes with an abandon that only comes through long years of reckless disregard for the rules of decorum. He can indite his signature with a grace that would have made Spinner turn green with envy. The horny-fisted old chicken tracks of farmer Jones when placed at the business end of a check is, nine times out of ten, worth more than a whole copy-book full of the rolling heiroglyphics that go to make the flourisher's life one happy round of pleasure. As a rule those fellows who have a beautiful flowing hand and mustache, can't write an intelligent letter to a friend without first acquiring the services of some compassionate friend. Flourish doesn't pay in any business. There is too much reality in this life to waste much of it skirmishing around upon the ragged edge of legibiliy trying to "restheticise" its shape with a stub pen. Tea chest marks go for as much as the symmetrical curves and imposing fist of the most exquisite dasher that ever tried to show his superiority over the natives. We have seen specimens of hand-writing that would be dangerous to tackle after dusk, lest wandering too nigh one might get hooked into some of its many folds and and be strangled before help could come to the rescue. If you have to write, write plainly, like a Christian, and don't spread it on too thick.—Exchange.

EMBARRASSED.—Rev. Mr.——was one of the most bashful men in the profession and was constantly getting into scrapes through his nervous mistakes. At one time he rose in his pulpit to give out the hymn—

"This World is all a Fleeting Show,"

and, after clearing his throat, struck a high pitch of voice and began solemnly:

"This world is all a floating shoe,"

Everybody smiled except the deacons, and the minister was covered with confusion as he began again:

"This world is all a shouting flow."

This only made matters worse, and the unhappy man cleared his throat with tremendous force and began once again:

"This world is all a floating she."

Then he slammed the hymn-book down, and wiping his clammy brow, said:

"Brothren, for some reason I cannot read that hymn as it should be read; we will omit it and the choir will please sing the grand old lines beginning:

"Just as I am without one flea."

ROOSTERS MADE QUIET.—A well-known physician of New York, whose rest was disturbed by the crowing of several bantam roosters belonging to a neighbor, succeeded in catching them and clipping out their vocal chords. The opporation was painless, and the roosters resumed their places, but have never since been heard to crow, being as the pictured chickens now besprinkling the Democratic newspapers. The Doctor now from his window gleefully watches their going through all the motions of crowing, but without making a sound, and is thrown in to fits of laughter by witnessing the increasing wonder of their owner and the evident amazement of the hens,

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