Denton Journal.

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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.

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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.

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CARRIAGE, WAGON & CART HARNESS,
AND MANY OTHER THINGS TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION,

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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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AMMONIATED SUPER-PHOSPHATE FOR ALL CROPS.
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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.,
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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.

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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.
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DON'T FAIL
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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:

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ASSETS, - - - $94,702,957.92.

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Insures nothing but but Farm Property, Live Stock and Dwellings, against damage or loss by Fire, or by

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Whether FIRE Ensues or not.
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Insures all kinds of insurable property against loss by Fire,
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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.

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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.

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444 W. Balto. Near Pearl, St.
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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

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Proprietor.

☞ ROOMS FIRST CLASS, WITH GOOD, SUBSTANTIAL BOARD AT 1.50 PER DAY.
N. W. Cor. St. Paul and Fayette Streets' Baltimore.

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AND LIVERY STABLES,
GREENSBORO' - Maryland.
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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.

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.

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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

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[LATE (15 YEARS) PROPRIETOR OF THE OCCIDENTAL HOTEL, NEW YORK CITY]
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72 SOUTH ST, BALTIMORE.
FOR THE SALE OF
GRAIN. FRUIT & PRODUCE.

UNCLE NAHUM'S WEDDING.

Uncle Nahum Nixon was reading the paper in his back parlor. Nobody would think, to look at the simple surroundings of the unpretentious apartment, that Mr. Nahum was one of the wealthiest men in town. The carpet, it was true, was Axminster, but it had seen twenty years of good service, and was worn down to the very warp; the faded red curtains were of moreen instead of satin damask; the old clock on the mantle was no Parisian affair of alabaster and gilt, but a substantial Connecticut time-piece that struck with a whirr, like a partridge springing out of her nest; the chairs, old-fashioned mahogany and hair-cloth stood bolt upright against the wall, the portraits of Gen. Washington on horseback and the surrender of Cornwallis ornamented the gray papered walls in frames of sombre gilt, and the one elegance of the apartment was a casket of preposterous flowers under a cracked glass shade.

But Uncle Nixon had remembered that furniture ever since he was a child, and he wouldn't have exchanged it for the fittings of a Parisian boudoir, or the choicest specimens of the modern Eastlake pattern. He was a rich man—that was quite enough for him.

"If you please, Mr. Nixon," said the trim little maid servant, "Mr. Marmaduke Bourne wants to see you, if you please, sir, if you are quite at leisure."

"Mr. Marmaduke Bourne, eh?" The old gentleman took off his spectacles and laid them on the folded newspaper. "Ask him in, Polly."

And Mr. Marmaduke Bourne came in—a tall, fresh colored young fellow with sparkling gray eyes, brown hair, all in a mat of curls, and a straight Greek nose that seemed as if it might have been borrowed from some ancient Apollo.

"Well, sir?" said Mr. Nixon.

"Well, sir," counter-interrogated Mr. Bourne; "did you get my letter?"

"I got your letter," said Uncle Naham. "So you want to marry my neice, Faith?"

"Yes, sir," valiantly acknowledged Mr. Marmaduke Bourne.

"Ah," nodded Uncle Nahum. "But perhaps you don't understand all the facts of the case."

"The facts, sir?"

"I want my neice to marry Col. Ashland's son," slowly enunciated Uncle Nahum.

"But, sir, she don't love him."

"Pshaw!" snarled Uncle Nahum. "And if she don't marry him she'll be a beggar—I'll give her no money of mine. Now you understand matters. Marry her, or not, as you please."

He took up the newspaper once more—a tacit intimation that the interview was at an end.

"Sir," began Mr. Bourne.

"That'll do," thundered Mr. Nixon. And so Mr. Marmaduke Bourne went away.

Little Faith Nixon came down stairs presently—a blue-eyed blossom of a girl, with yellow hair growing low on her forehead, and a very little mouth.

Uncle Nahum looked keenly up at her as she fluttered about the room straightening a table cover here or patting down a curtain there.

"Yes," said he with a curious twitch of the muscles around his eyes, "he has been here."

"I—I didn't ask any questions, Uncle Nahum."

"No, but your eyes did," chuckled the old man. "He wants to marry you—the improvident young donkey!"

Faith came to her Uncle's chair and laid her hand lightly on his shoulder.

"That isn't the worst of it, Uncle Nahum—I want to marry him."

"Humph!" snarled Mr. Nixon, in high contempt. "And what do you expect to live on, I should like to know?"

"We can both work," said Faith bravely.

"You're more likely to starve," said Mr. Nixon. "Mind, don't count on help from me. If you will get married, you will do it at your own risk."

"Then you consent, Uncle Nahum?"

"No!" roared the old bachelor. "Nothing of the sort."

"But, Uncle Nahum, I should be wretched without Duke," softly pleaded Faith.

"Fiddlestrings!" said the old man.

"And I'm sure he couldn't live without me."

"Trash!" grunted Mr. Nixon.

"And if you please, Uncle," added Faith, "perhaps I had better go my friend Violet Smith's to make up my weeding things, since you disapprove so decidedly of my plans. She lives in New York, you know, and it will be convenient for shopping and—"

"And for all other tomfooleries in general," rudely interrupted the old gentleman. "Yes, go to your Violet Smith's, but don't expect to come back here."

"No, Uncle!" said Faith meekly. "But you'll let me thank you for all your kindness, and—"

"No, I won't," said Uncle Nahum, so short that poor Faith fled up stairs in dismay and had a quiet little cry, notwithstanding she was very happy.

For Uncle Nahum, brusque and crabbed though he was, was all the father she had ever known. But she packed her trunk and went to Violet Smith's in New York, which was all the pleasanter, in that Marmaduke Bourne had also betaken himself to this modern Gotham and gone to work studying law as if he meant to take Coke and Blackstone by storm. And Miss Violet Smith, who was a sentimental young lady, sympathized intensely, and the young couple were as unreasonably happy as many another couple had been before and will be again.

But one day Duke Bourne came in with a face full of tidings.

"Faith," said he, "have you heard the news?"

"What news?" asked Faith.

"Your uncle will get the start of us after all."

"What do you mean, Duke?"

"Why, he's going to be married."

"Uncle Nahum?" cried Faith incredulously.

"Yes, Uncle Nahum. That accounts for his being so willing to get rid of us—eh, little one?"

"And who is the bride?" questioned Faith.

"Why, that's the mooted point. Nobody seems to know. Some say one, some say another, but the general impression seems to be that it is the rich widow who owns the brown stone block on the corner."

"I'm sure I hope he will be happy," said Faith, with tremulous lips and eyes suffused with tears, "but I think he might have said something to us about it."

"People are not generally in a hurry to proclaim the fact that they are about to make fools of themselves," said Duke Bourne, bitterly.

"Why," cried Faith, laughing thro' her tears, that is pricisely what he said about us."

But the next day a letter from Uncle Nahum himself settled the matter. He wrote:

"There is to be a wedding at my house on the seventeenth, and I want you and Duke to be here without fail."

"A wedding! At his house!" cried Faith. "I supposed that weddings were celebrated at the bride's residence."

"So they are, dear," said Miss Smith; "but your Uncle was always so eccentric."

"What shall we do?" asked Faith.

"Why, go, of course," said Marmaduke Bourne; "to show we bear no malice at being disinherited if for no other reason."

The seventeenth of March arrived, a cold blustering night, and the red brick house was all in a glimmer of lights as the young betrothed pair drove up to the door.

Uncle Nahum met them on the threshold in his old-fashioned swallow-tailed coat, with a huge white camelia in his button-hole, and a pair of surpassingly white kid groves.

"Have you brought your white frock?" was the first question to his neice.

"No, uncle, I—"

"That won't do," said Uncle Nahum; "no one must come to my wedding without a marriage garment. It's lucky I provided one for you. Come up stairs quick, and put it on, for the parson is waiting and the company is here."

"But, Uncle, the bride?"

"You shall see her by and by," said Uncle Fahum despotically. "Come up stairs, now and change your dress."

"But, uncle, a white silk!" cried Faith, looking in dismay at the glistening white dress."

"What then? Isn't white silk the thnig for a wedding? Put it on quick, and I'll send some one up in five minutes to bring you down."

And so, with a doubting heart, Faith Nixon robed herself in the white dress, with its trimmings of vapory blonde and long trail.

"Where's your veil?" said Uncle Nahum, when he came himself a few minutes lates to the door.

"Uncle, I can't wear a veil?" pleaded Faith.

"But I say you must!" said Uncle Nahum. "Nobody comes to my wedding without a veil." And he placed the wreath lightly upon her head.

"But, uncle, they will take me for the bride.

"Let'm," said the old gentleman. "Take my arm. Now come down stairs and I'll show you the bride. There she is."

Lifting her bewildered eyes Faith Nixon beheld her own figure reflected in a full length mirror at the stairway.

"Here's the bride," chuckled Uncle Nahum, leading her up to Duke Bourne, "and here's the groom," touching Bourn'e shoulder. "And here's the parson, all ready and waiting. Now, (to the clergyman), marry 'em as fast as you can." And before either of the young couple could remonstrate, they were made man and wife.

"Duke," cried the bride, as soon as the ceremony was over, "did you know of this?"

"No I did't," said Mr. Bourne, with his arm very tight around his little wife's waist. "But I must say I approve very highly of the whole proceeding."

Uncle Nahum stood-by rubbing his hanns, with his whole face wreathed in one prodigious smile.

"So you supposed it was I who was to be married, eh?" said he. "Not a bit of it—not a bit of it. I'm too old a bird to be caught with such chaff as that. No, no, little Faith. Did you think I was going to turn my wee birdie out of her nest after all the years she has been cherihsed there? No, I only wanted to assure myself that your fancy was a real fancy, and that this young—young rascal here," smiting Bourne on the shoulder once more, "loved you for yourself alone, and not for the mony he thought the old man was going to leave you. And you're to live here both of you, and we'll be happy ever after. Strike up your harps and fiddles. Let's have a dance—let's all be merry together." Uncle Nahum Nixon himself led off the bridal quadrille, dancing in the good old style of fifty years ago.

"I don't have a wedding every day," said Uncle Nahum, breathlessly, as he cut one last pigeon wing, "and I mean to make the most of it."

A MEMORY.

I have been thinking to-night as I sit here in the glow of the fading firelight and hearing strange noises in the chamber overhead—hark! what was that? It sounded like some one singing!—of two who are gone, but who are always living and inseparable in my mind—one, an old man, grim and gray; the other a little white waxen baby that had only a frail and feeble vitality and a strange, abnormal intelligence that made it seem like a creature of another world. They—these two—always sat in a room upstairs—listen! was that a footfall?—and father—for he was my father, too—held the baby on his knees, and rocked, rocked, back and forth, back and forth, day after day. Mother had much to do and was not strong; I, with my lame back and weak limbs, sat here and waited. Heavens! was I ever young? It seems to me I was born old, just as that baby was, and I waited and wept from my cradle and never knew what love was; for who could have me? I was too much like my stern, iron-gray father, but oh! the aching, the longing for it here—here in my heart, where the pain has never been absent!

But it was not of myself I was to talk, and this is only a memory that comes to me on wild, dreary sighing nights like this, when the air seems full of troubled spirits, and the wind wails like—bush! that was a chair rocking; he *does* come back—I know it—I often hear them!

He used to sit up there with little Ben on his knees—Benjamin, the youngest one—laid across them, face down—for that was the way the child liked best to lie, and his small yellow head would be turned a litte, so that one could see by stooping the quiet, contented expression on his little wizened-up face, that looked wise enough to be a hundred years old, and he would make no sound, only a little wailing cry when he wanted to be turned, and all the time after kept time with one foot—there! I heard the tap! tap! as plain as I ever heard it in my life—while he sang in a weird chant:

"While the shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All—seated—on—the—ground,
The—angel—of—
The—angel—of—
The—angel—of—the—Lord—came—down
And glo—ry sho—one around"

This would be followed by one that was sung at all death-beds in that day, but only two lines were chanted to the baby. They were these:

"Long as the lamp holds out to burn
The vilest sinner may return.

Sometimes he would sing this single couplet for a whole evening, the little, weak, wailing voice of the pining baby joining in a refrain as doleful as the hymn.

Was that David's harp, or was it only the wind? No! I hear the very words:

Oh, may my heart,
Oh, may my heart.
Oh, may my heart in time be found
Like David's harp,
Like David's harp,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

I used to wonder what the baby thought about, as he moved up and down, gently rocking with the rhythm of the music, each day drawing nearer to the grave awaiting him so early. I knew what father was thinking of—he was fighting for the possession of the one treasure that come so late in life. He was sending up wordless prayers for the little life on his knees—his great love made him humble and tender and little Ben would take his bitter medicine from no other hand—would have no other nurse! And there for months they fought—one with death, the other with life, and I sat here helpless and heard them, one ginging, the other complaining in that little pitiful voice, but not contented in any other place.

And then the docter told him little Ben would live! Who was it said the gods are powerless against stupidity? But father believed him, and called mother to see how bright he looked—to hear him speak the few words he knew in a clear, distinct voice—to see the little bird-like arms stretched out to their fullest extent.

And father would not lay him in his crib; he would hold him all night if he seemed to care for it, and I sat here and heard him sing his strange lullaby:

God—shall—charge—his—angel—legions
Watch—and—ward—o'er—thee—to—keep
Though—thou—walk—in—hostile—regions,
Though—in—deserts—wild—thou—sleep;—
Thou—shalt—call—on—him—in—trouble—

There the singing stopped. Never had I heard him pause before, but I listened vainly to hear—

He will hearken, He will save.

Instead, there came a cry from mother, and I know that all was over, and involuntarily my trembling lips took up the song:

Thou—shalt—call—on—Him—in—trouble,
He—will—hearken—He—will—save;
Here—for—grief—reward—thee—double,
Crown—with—life—beyond—the—grave.

Little Ben was crowned with life! What could he ask for more?

But from the day they laid the child away under the sod until the day he died, rocking there with pillow on his lap, father never missed a single night that he did not sit and rock and sing just as he used to when little Ben was alive. Mother faded away and soon went to join her baby, her youngest, her all; for what was I? Neither pride nor comfort to her. But father lived on many a year. I ministered to him in my feeble way, but he seldom noticed me only to frown as he heard the rap of my crutch, and you may not believe it, or think it strange, but I have never missed him since he died Hark! that's his foot keeping time; he sits there every night with little Ben on his knees and croons over the old hymns, and sometimes I join in, under my voice, as I used to do:

Crown—with—life—beyond—the—grave.

A Cortland man who read at the end of a friend's marriage notice, "No cards," sent him a euchre deck by the first mail.

Artificial Eggs.

A gentlemen of this, city who unites a practical with a scientific turn of mind, has been experimenting for some time past with a view of manuturing artificial eggs. The high price of this indespensable article during the winter season, shows that there will be "big money" in an artificial egg that can be cheaply manufactured and which will fill the place of the natural product.

The gentlemen referred to began by experimenting on the yolk of an egg. Having analyzed this, he found a rich essential oil, which he claims that he can extract from cotton seed at very little expense. This mixed in proper proportions with a substance which he declines to name, and colored with harmless matter used in coloring Jersey butter, makes yolk which can hardly be distinguised from the original.

For the white of the egg he succeeded in extracting a substance from coal oil, which, after being steamed and kneaded, seems to furnish almost an almost exact counterpart of the natural white of an egg.

He has had more trouble in making a shell than with anything else. He experimented with paper, different preparations of lime and other substances without satisfactory. Finally, the idea occurred to him of mixing pulverized egg-shells and glycerine. This was a happy thought, and after many experiments he succeeded in getting the right proportions, and produced a perfect egg-shell.

He proposes to introduce the yolk and white through a small opening in the end of the shell, somewhat as "sugar eggs" are made, and by an ingeniously-constructed revolving machine he gives the yolk a globular shape and surrounds it with the white, without the slightest admingling of the two. The contents having been injected, the orifice in the shell is closed and the egg is complete.

All the ingredients can be mixed by machinery, and even the shell requires scarcely any manipulation. The materials used are comparatively inexpensive and the inventor claims that he can put the eggs in large quantities at a rate which will enable them to be retailed the year around from six to ten cents a dozen.

He has taken preliminary steps towards securing a patent, and as soon as this is done, will erect the necessary machinery for the manufacture of eggs on a large scale.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

A MODEL FELLOW.—We can but regard with the kindest feeling a certain young man in town, for his kindness to his mother and the affection he bestows upon his sisters, and for that matter on some other fellows' sisters. He is of the duplex pattern, with gang-board and safety-valve attachments to his chain, and his pants are of the eel-skin pattern, cut bias, with buttons and button-hole to match. His hair is of a sunset shade and banged in the latest style, and plastered down with crab-apple sauce trimmings; his coat and vest are decollete with ruching of Queen Anne's architecture. The reader will readily perceive what goes to make up the tout ensemble of our young friend, and probably would not have not known this much if he had not fallen in love with a little blonde. He called on her few evenings since with a half pound of chocolate drops in one pocket to treat her, and in the other was a quantity of dark colored pellets, which he had purchased for his mother, who wished to give them to her chickens for the gapes. By some mistake he handed his fair one a handful of the gape remedy, which she hastily devoured. To say she was sick would be putting it mildly. She was ill. The engagement is "off." His ardor is diminished, and if you want to see him get angry just say "gapes" to him.—Ex.

A QUESTION OF POLITIDAL EEONOMY.—"Do tell me what all this talk about free trade and protection means, Henry," said Araminta. "You know I don't know anything at all of these things Pa is always talking about, and it makes me feel awfully silly sometimes when he has 'Squire Sawin and Judge at the house to dinner. I can do nothing but sit and play with my fingers, you know." So Henry told her in a sort of chaotic fashion, what he knew about the subject that troubled her; and though it is hardly probable that she knew any more about it when he had finished, it was heaven to Henry to have her look into his face so witchingly all the time he was talking, and thank him with such emphatic sweetness when he had concluded. Things were getting along finely, if he had only the courage to take advantage of them, but he hadn't, until she cuddled up to him and said with a sigh, "Pa believes in free trade, but I am in favor of protection, Henry." Henry ordered a dress suit the very next day.

"Summer's Gone."

The birds are fleeing to the South
Because the summer days are done
The meadow grass is parched by drouth
—Of many flowers remain not one.

Faded and sere sad nature seems
The shadow of a queen dethroned,
Forgotten are all pleasant dreams
By shady pathways now unowned.

A restless longing fills my breast,
I too would fly to lands more fair,
Follow the blue bird to its nest,
Mayhap to find sweet summer there.

Wilmington Star.

The youth upon his coat sleeve bore
Along the street his mash;
She waltzed him in an oyster store
And robbed him there of all his cash.

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