DENTON JOURNAL.

1845. A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,—DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, AGRICULTURE, AND ADVERTISING:—INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS. 1883.

VOL. 38. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 8, 1883. NO. 14.

THE BLOCK FROM CHESTNUT TO MARKET ST. AND 13TH STREET TO PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

JOHN WANAMAKER'S STORE

FASHIONABLE AND STAPLE DRY GOODS AND HOUSE FURNISHINGS.

HEADQEARTERS

'TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE.'

I HAVE DETERMINED NOT TO BE OUTDONE IN PRICES on anything that I have in my store. I think I have the cheapest line of

CLOTHING, BOOTS AND SHOES

ever offered in Denton, and it will be to the advantage of any one needing goods in that line to call and see me. If I cannot fit you I can take your measure and get what you want at short notice. I have also a complete line of Staple Dry Goods which I am selling at Bottom Figures; also, Hats and Caps, of latest styles. ☞Groceries, Queensware, and as good a stock of Confectioneries as ever. By your fruit cake goods now, and look out for my Christmas advertisement.

11 17 WM. A. STEWART.

1848. NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. 1883.

$51,000,000 Assets. $10,000,000 Surplus.

Real Insurance that does Insure is the only Reliable Protection.

THE BEST ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST!

Compare with counterfeit, deceptive Assessment Schemes the following solid results of FOURTEEN TONTINE INVESTMENT POLICIES, settled for last year, in the SOUTHEASTERN DEPARTMENT of the NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

The NEW YORK LIFE'S OVERFLOW RESERVES have for years paid all Death Claims, without touching its Premium Income. More than Three Millions of Dollars have been paid to Policy Holders in the Southeastern Department for DEATH CLAIMS and MATURED ENDOWMENTS, and MILLIONS more in annual dividends the past 38 years.

Results of Fourteen Tontine Policies issued to parties then resident in the Southeastern Department, matured and settled in 1882 and 1883, for the term of ten years.

Average cost per annum, $2.89 per thousand. At some ages, as low cost has been reached for 10 years' insurance as $1.57 per thousand! How does this compare with the specious claims of co-operatives!

Name of insured and residence.	Policy Number.	Amount of policy.	Gross amount of premiums paid.	Dividends received at settlement.	Cash value at settlement.	Paid up value offered at settlement.	Table on which the policy was based.	Tontine period.
Philip Rogers, Baltimore..	89,[illegible]	$5,000	$1,414 50	$610 00	$1,590 00	$3,000	Ordinary life.	10 y'rs
Arthur G. Brown, "	91,282	3,000	1,135 00	519 00	1,015 00	2,700	do.	do.
Luther J. Cox, Jr. "	91,102	10,000	5,431 00	2,256 33	4,816 80	7,650	do.	do.
Jos. M. Marshall, Annapolis.	90,457	2,000	580 0	233 00	421 00	1,100	do.	do.
W. H. Bellis, "	90,041	2,000	585 00	198 00	499 00	1,050	do.	do.
W. S. Ware, West Point, Va.	93,361	1,000	293 50	106 00	210 00	560	do.	do.
W. C. Tyler, Norfolk, Va....	89,[illegible]	1,000	377 20	126 74	326 74	720	20-year endw.	do.
Wm. Thompson, Hampton.	102,[illegible]	2,000	1,313 20	499 0	1,578 00	4,100	15-year endw.	do.
E. D. Christian, Richmond.	103,088	5,000	1,920 00	417 00	870 00	2,300	Ordinary life.	do.
Thos. H. Gunn, "	104,088	5,000	1,230 00	521 00	1,101 00	2,800	do.	do.
Jas. Jepson, Wheeling, W Va	95,525	2,500	697 50	275 00	590 00	1,910	do.	do.
Geo. Z. French, Rocky Point North Carolina....	91,867	5,000	1,516 00	645 0	1,369 00	3,075	do.	do.
W. S. Fisher, Bridgeport, O.	93,868	2,000	728 40	262 00	710 00	2,060	15-year life.	do.
W. H. Hall, Kansas City, Mo.	95,[illegible]	3,000	1,045 5	678 0	1,158 00	2,760	Ordinary life.	do.
		52,500	17,528 20	7,152 07	16,088 54	35,300		

SUMMARY:

Original amount of insurance	$52,500 00
Paid up insurance offered at settlement	35,300 00
Or 67 per cent. of original policies, after 10 years' insurance of $52,500.	
Gross premiums received by the Company from above policies	17,528 20
Cash value offered at settlement of same	16,088 54
Or 91 per cent. of the gross premiums paid.	
Average cost of $52,500 insurance for 10 years only $1,513.66, or $2.89 per 1000 a year	
Dividends offered the insured at settlement	7,152 07
Or 40 per cent. on every dollar of premiums paid the Company.	

Ask the facts and explanation of the unequaled cheapness attained under the NEW YORK LIFE'S TONTINE INVESTMENT PLAN, with any other desired information, by mail or personally, of J. E. JACOBS, General Manager Southeastern Department, No. 8 South street, Baltimore, Md.

Or W. H. GIBSON, General Agent Eastern Maryland, Centreville, Md.

GEO. C. BOWERS, Baltimore, H. C. RIGBY, " DR. J. D. PENDLETON, Gordonville, Va. THOS. W. BUCKEY, Washington, W. C. GATES, " E. B. UMBERGER, Wetheville, Va. } Special Agents.

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LIGHT-WEIGHT OVERCOATS FROM $5 to $25. All goods properly shrunk before being made up. Custom Department fully stocked from which to order. Samples and prices sent free on application. Ten per cent. discount allowed to clergymen.

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THE SPIRAL SPRING BUGGY

HAS THE ONLY ADJUSTABLE SPRING IN THE WORLD.

NO SAG, NO SWAY, NO PITCH, CARRIES ANY WEIGHT.

ADJUSTED TO SUIT ANY WEIGHT BY TURNING NUT ON TOP OF SPRING.

ADJUSTED TO SUIT ANY WEIGHT BY TURNING NUT ON TOP OF SPRING.

LIGHT, STYLISH AND STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS.

EVERY BUGGY WARRANTED 2 YEARS. SPRINGS WARRANTED 10 YEARS.

THE EASIEST RIDING BUGGY BUILT.

THE NEWEST AND BEST THING OUT IN CARRIAGE SPRINGS.

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of ALL PLANTS, for ALL CROPS, for ALL CLIMATES. All are tested: only the best sent out. Grain and Farm Seed Manual; History and best methods of culture of Grains, Root Crops, Grasses, Fodder Crops, Trees, Planting, etc. only 10cts. Annual Catalogue and Price List of several thousand varieties, FREE. POOR SEEDS.

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FOR THE FALL OF 1883.

Hamilton Easter & Sons

OF BALTIMORE,

Invite the attention of persons wanting Dry Goods to their splendid Wholesale and Retail Stock, much the largest and most varied to be found in Baltimore. Their assortment includes every class of goods, from the most fashionable to low priced, "but no COMMON goods that may look cheap, but would be dear at any price." It has been their aim throughout a business career of over Fifty Years to sell only goods that will give satisfaction and prove of full value for the price paid. This policy steadily pursued has built up their trade, and given them the confidence of the public to the fullest extent. Being large Importers of Foreign Goods, and in a position to purchase all Domestic Fabrics direct from the Manufacturers, to the best advantage, we are able to give our customers the benefit of our position, in low price Samples will be sent to parties desiring to buy from us, on receiving definite instructions in regard to the class of goods wanted, about the price, color preferred, &c. The price in Plain Figures, marked on each piece of goods, from which there is no abatement.

HAMILTON EASTER & SONS, 199, 201, 203 Baltimore Street. 9-29 3m

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—FOR—

CHOPTANK RIVER.

STEAMER

Minnie Wheeler.

On and after Monday April 1, 1883, the steamer MINNIE WHEELER will leave HILLSBORO for Baltimore on every Monday and Thursday, at 9 o'clock A.M., touching at the following landings on Tuchahoe Creek and Choptank River—Cook's Landing, Cowads Point, Reese Landing, Ganey's McCarter's Wharf, Kingston, Dover Bridge, Hog Island, Medford's Wharf, Sec'y Creek, Chancellors Point.

Leaves Potters Landing at 11.30 A. M., Medfords Wharf at 4 and Secretary at 6 P. M.

Returning, will leave Pier 5, Light St. Wharf, Baltimore every Tuesday and Saturday at 9 o'clock P. M. touching at the above wharves.

Freight received at Pier 5 every Tuesday and Saturday till 6 P. M. All freights must be prepaid in Baltimore.

R. G. STEVENS, Agt., Potter's Landing. Agts. in Baltimore, EMORY & NEAVITT, 88 South Street. n 14

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Well Seasoned Lumber.

I now have constantly on hand, at my Mill known as Pea Liquor Sawing and Planing Mills, well seasoned building lumber, such as Dressed Flooring, Siding, Weather Boarding, Shelving, etc.; in fact, all kinds of lumber used for building purposes.

Also all kinds of sawing, planing and mill work done at short notice and on reasonable terms.

The Pea Liquor Mill is now an established fact, and the public are most cordially invited to call and examine my stock. Post Office address,

E. W. WILLIAMSON, Potter's Landing, Md. or Denton Md.

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—AND—

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Carriage meets every train, free for guests

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MERCHANT TAILOR,

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SUITS for gentlemen cut and made to order. Trimmings furnished when desired.

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The fastest selling new book out. Indorsed by Pres't Arthur, Gens Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Hancock, and thousands Eminent Judges, Bishops, Clergymen, Editors. Etc., as "a best book on Indian Life ever written, and the finest illustrated work ever issued." This famous book takes like wildfire, and Agents sell 10 to 20 a day. ☞1000 More Agents Wanted. The best chance to make money ever offered. Send for Circulars, Specimen Plate, Extra Terms, etc. to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

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New and graphic Pictorial History of the great Sea fights of the World. By Medical Director STIFFNY, U. S. N. Address J. C. McCURDY & CO., 629 CHESTNUT St., Philadelphia, Pa.

is Sweet.

Youth is sweet!
Red of the rose,
Once when it goes
Flitting and fleet,
When the heart knows
The charm of the rose—
Youth is so sweet.

Sweet, but so fleet;
Age with its snows,
Youth with its rose,
Which shall we greet?
Red leaves unclose,
Swiftly it goes—
If youth is so sweet.

Spring is so dear,
Birds on the wing
Flutter and sing
Through the young years;
Oh! the old springs!
Memory clings—
But they are here!

Autumn is here;
Spring birds are gone,
Flowers from the lawn;
Green leaves are sere,
Chill is the dawn,
Blue skies are wan—
But autumn is dear.

Autumn is sweet;
Why should we moan?
Let the winds groan;
Happy hearts beat;
Love has not flown
If all else is gone—
And love is so sweet!

$200,000,000.

What Vanderbilt Could Do with His Stupendous Pile of Gold.

From John Swinton's Paper, New York.

Every now and then the papers tell us that Wm. H. Vanderbilt, the giant of Fifth avenue, is worth two hundred millions of dollars—or, in an array of figures, $200,000,000—of which about fifty millions are in U. S. bonds, that can be turned into gold any moment at the Sub-Treasury in this city. The ordinary mind can get no sort of notion of such a stupendous pyramid of gold as—(utter it slowly)—two—hundred—millions—of—dollars—of—gold.—Grapple with it. Put it into a pyramid of Egypt, and what a monument it would make in the desert for its owner, or put it into an obelisk over his tomb, and the stone column in our park would like a pigmy to a giant.

Vanderbilt's capital of gold is greater than all the gold there was in world-conquering Rome in the reign of Augustus Cæsar.

It is greater than the whole amount of gold and silver there was in the civilized world in 1492, at the time of the discovery of America, when, according to Prof. Newberry, there were between $150,000,000 and $200,000,000 of them.

It is more than the entire product for the past hundred years of the great gold mines of the Czar of Russia.

It is more than the product for two years of all the gold mines of the world.

It is nearly twice all the precious metals produced thus far in the gold and silver bearing State of Colorado.

It is about equal to the total product of all the gold mines of California during the four years from 1848 to 1852, when Mr. Chevallier dreaded lest the deluge of gold should overturn the world.

To get and to give some notion of the appearance of our giant's capital in gold, here I stand in the vaults of the Sub-Treasury of the United States feasting my eyes upon this prodigious sum of money in coin. I won't say it is all gold that glitters here, for there is a bagatelle of thirty odd millions in silver; but there are two hundred millions in coin, and gold coin by a large plurality. As I stand before it, and find myself able to look upon it at one fell swoop, queer thoughts troop through my brain, like squadrons of light cavalry rallying to the fore, as it were. What a teeming subject to think of!

The gold is packed in small canvas bags, $5,000 to a bag, and, as I gaze a golden nimbus gathers about each bag, the many finally resolving themselves into one grand aureola encircling the entire collection, and paling the gaslights in the vaults. Gold, bright yellow gold! and two hundred—millions—of—dollars—worth—of—it!

200,000,000 golden dollar coins! or
80,000,000 quarter eagles! or
40,000,000 half eagles! or
20,000,000 eagles! or
10,000,000 double eagles!

Heaven and earth, and gnomes that are in the earth, guarding her precious metals, what could a mortal do, and what could he not do, with this tremendous amount of gold? What a show in figures! and how overpowering in dollars! Can you take in with your mind's eye this array of dollars, and hold them in view while you count them, say at the rate of sixty a minute? You can, if your staying powers will enable you to hold out for six years, four months and five days. The best way to do it is to spread them against a gray-toned sky, say midway between the horison and zenith, and begin your count from the north pole, swinging eastward round the circle.

Lay them in a line, edge touching; them pick up a hundred, one at a time, pile them on top of the first one and then go for and come back with the second hundred, and so on through the successive hundreds; how long could you fight it out on that line,—which would reach from New York to St Louis—and how many miles would you travel before you gathered them in—the two hundred millions dollars?

200,000,000 dollars in gold! or
350 tons of gold! or
700,000 pounds of gold! or
11,200,000 ounces (avoirdupois) of gold!

How many freight cars would be required to carry this gold? Ten, you'll say at a jump. But stop: ten tons is about the maximum weight that is carried by a freight car; consequently, at that allowance, we should have a train consisting of thirty-five freight cars; and what a train for the robbers of the West to loot!

How many licensed venders' horse would be required to draw this stupendous weight of gold? Well, suppose we say 1,400, allowing quarter of a ton to each—a liberal allowance, too.

How many "Jumbos" would it take to draw this amount of gold from the Sub-Treasury? Well, there are Jumbos and Jumbos. Of the African or Indian variety, seventy could walk off with it, giving five tons to each. And want a show they would make—seventy Jumbos!

Turn the gold into golden "eagles"—ten dollars coins—lay them in a circle, edge touching, what would be the circumference of that circle, and how long would it take Maud S. to swing round it, at the rate of 2.10 to the mile? Answering the latter part of this interrogatory first, you say at a jump, six minutes and thirty seconds. You are off your base, for it would be a ring over three hundred miles in circumference! and Maud S., speeding at the rate of 2.10, mile after mile, would not pass under the wire, at the conclusion of this most extraordinary heat, until the expiration of twelve hours and forty minutes! Yes, reader, Maud S., Jay-Eye-See or any other phenomenal flyer—speeding each and every mile in 2.10—would be twelve hours and forty minutes swinging round this golden circle! I could give you the circumference of the circle, but it will only be a pleasure to you to figure out the distance to be traveled.

If beaten into leaf, would this stupendous mass of gold gild the surface of the moon in the full—the side toward the earth—giving us a noctusnal sun, as it were? This can be determined by any one knowing the superficial area of the moon's surface, earthward, and who can "square the circle." One thing sure, it would heavily plate the horns of the moon in the crescent, and leave a competency for life to the "Man in the Moon."

To switch off again: Two hundred millions of dollars in gold, run into a square bar a foot thick, said bar would be about how long? Three hundred and fifty feet!

To shoulder this tremendous bar of gold, how many men would be required, good for 100 pounds each?—more than the average man would want to carry f any considerable distance. Seven thousand, reader? What a procession they would make, marching lock-step! Stop! It just occurs to me that no more than 1,100 men could possibly put their shoulders to this five-hundred-and-fifty foot bar of gold, walking ever so close and that number couldn't begin to raise it from the ground! In that shape, without rollers, it would take seven times seventy "Jumbos" to drag it along; so let it lie there; it will be safe.

Send this mass of gold up to Maurice Power's high art foundry in 25th street, where could be cast for you a statue of Mammon, three hundred feet high and well proportioned—a "God of Gold" that no millionaire would be ashamed to worship, the size and material of the statue considered! Were this golden image set up on Mount Morris, the fashionable churches would close their doors for want of support, as their patrons would be found bowing low to Mammon on the Mount?

Now, suppose a man could grind to impalpable powder, as Moses did the golden calf, one thousand dollars in gold per day—a pretty good stint—it would take fifty men, working at the same rate, eleven years to thus reduce this mass.

The same number of men, standing on Park Row, and giving the dollars away at the rate mentioned, would have to stand there the same number of years, as a matter of course. This, however, would be an easier job. Fifty men eleven years giving away two hundred millions of dollars, at the rate of fifty thousand dollars a day!

Stack these two hundred millions of gold dollars, as you would poker chips, one upon the other, and how high in the circumambient ether would the golden stair run? When you have piled Pelion on Ossa, and hoisted Chimborazo above them, you might go up and, high above the bustle of Gotham, sit down and count how high above you the golden rod extended!

And now, speaking of the "golden stairs," how many steps, of ordinary dimensions, would this mass of gold build in a stairway, but one foot wide, leading toward the halls of Heaven—the ductile metal to be rolled as thin as compatible with the safety of the owner and builder? Or would it build the entire stairway? And what portion of it would be required to build a broad-gauge flume through to Hades!

Two hundred million dollars! What a palace of gold it would make for Vanderbilt in Fifth avenue, for which his present palace might be the coal bunker.

Vanderbilt's own weight is as an atom in comparison with this three hundred and fifty tons of gold.

With it he could buy up and own all the 11,314 daily and weekly newspapers in the United States, running them to suit himself as a manufacturer of public opinion on a gigantic scale.

With it he could pay the year's salary of all the 65,000 clergymen of all the pulpits of every sect in the country, giving every one of them over $3,000 a year, which is five times as much as some of them get.

With it he could give a still greater annual retainer to every one of the 64,000 lawyers in the land, and get them to argue for anything whatever.

With it he could raise an army of 100,000 men, and keep them in the field for a year at an expense of $200 a head, which is about the cost of a soldier of Bismarck's German army.

What a theme! It is too teeming. Two hundred millions of dollars in gold! It is just the size of your pile, isn't it, Mr. Vanderbilt?

Rupert's Request.

"Come hither, Beryl."

Styvesant Nutwood spoke in kindly tones to his daughter, and yet the girl noticed, or imagined that she did, a slight tremor in his voice, but, thinking it was due to the involuntary loosening of his false teeth, gave the matter no further attention. She crossed the room to where her father was sitting in his great arm chair beside the window.

Beryl had grown up on her father's farm without society, but not without education, for every year she had attended the academy at Acornville, and in her 18th year had graduated with all the honors and a percale dress. And then she had gone back to the farm again, but somehow her life was not as satisfactory as before. There were times when Beryl felt a sense of ennui mixed with an indefinable feeling of restlessness that would cause her to wander aimlessly around the place in a reverie until recalled to the things of this world by stepping on her ankle. But though she strove to conceal even from herself the real cause of this feeling her heart would ever and anon give a great throb as she thought of Rupert Hollingsworth, who was now a struggling lawyer in a Western town. No words of love had ever passed between them, but on the day Rupert graduated they had met for the last time, and standing beneath the shade of a grand old oak that guarded the entrance to the college campus, Rupert had taken Beryl's hand in his and said to her, while his dark-brown eyes seemed looking into her very soul: "You will not forget me entirely, Miss Beryl?"

"I shall never forget you," she replied with grave earnestness, "as long as I live."

He had once stepped on her toes.

When Beryl had crossed the room her father motioned her to a seat by his side, and as she cuddled up cosily on a hassock, and, placing her arms upon her knees, looked up in his face with a wondering expression in her great blue eyes, Stuyvesant Nutwood felt a great thrill of sorrow in the knowledge that one day this beautiful girl, with all her wealth of love and bandoline, would leave him forever.

"Beryl, I have received a letter from Rupert Hollingsworth," he said.

The girl gave a sudden start, and a wave of crimson swept over the pure, sweet, young face, but she did not speak.

"Can you not guess," he continued, "what the purport of his letter is?"

Beryl could no longer look in her father's face. She knew full well why Rupert Hollingsworth had written.

He had gone away only two years before in all the vigor of his glad manhood, and his splendid talents had gained for him success where others had failed. And now, crowned with the laurel wreath of victory, he had written to her father for permission to urge his suit with her. She knew all this full well, and yet when her father had asked her the question to which her heart had already given answer she did not reply.

"You could never guess, little one," said Stuyvesant Nutwood, a merry twinkle in his eyes, "why Rupert has written. Do yon think you could?"

A deeper flush overspread the pretty face.

"But I will tell you," he continued, because you two were at college together. Still, perhaps I had better be silent"—and again the laughing light came into her father's eyes.

"Tell me, papa," whispered Beryl, no longer able to conceal her eagerness, "why has he written."

"He wants something," he replied. "Can you not guess what it is?"

Every fibre of Beryl's being is now throbbing with expectancy. The sun has passed from sight, and bands of rosy light that stream up from below the horizon's rim cast a strange halo over the silent earth. Beryl feels the solemn influences of the twilight hour but no word comes from her lips.

"Can you not guess," repeats her father, "what Rupert Hollingsworth desires?"

For an instant she does not reply, To answer the question in the affirmative would seem bold and forward, and yet can she deny, even to herself, a knowledge of what Rupert desires? So she simply says to her father:

"Tell me what he wants."

Bending tenderly over his daughter, Stuyvesant Nutwood whispers with infinite pathos in her ear:

"Twenty-five dollars to get home with."—Chicago Tribune.

A Visit to Jefferson Davis.

When he came, in response to my card, and cordially received me, I found him an old man of 75 years, a half finger under six feet in height, apparently a man of sorrows, but withal of an extremely agreeable and gentle nature. He wore a black alpaca frock coat, and his dress otherwise was also noticeable for comfort and simplicity. Time has certainly softened the outlines of his face, unless the current photographs of it are travesties. His beard is short and white, and his frame fragile, but upright and steady. He at once entered into cheerful conversation, but the subdued sadness of his countenance did hot wholly disappear when he smiled.

"Has your History of the War been a success, Mr. Davis?" I asked him.

"I know very little about it since putting it into the hands of the publishers. If the amount of money it has brought me is a criterion, I should say that it has not been successful."

"Are you engaged in any similar enterprise now, and do you expect to give any more utterances upon the questions involved in the civil war?"

"None at all."

"Do you contemplate ever making a tour of the North? I have seen by the papers that such a trip was not improbable."

"When you see anything in the papers about me you can almost almost alwayt accept the contrary as the truth. I do not now ever expect to go North. I am living a quiet life, removed entirely from public observation. I receive numerous invitations to make public addresses, but I habitually decline them, even those coming from my own neighborhood."

"What is the hope of the South?"

"Her vast timber regions, stretching from the Pearl river east to the coast, almost as yet untouched; her mineral resources of almost unbounded value, and her rich soil, capable of producing almost everything that grows. At Birmingham, on the Louisville and Nashville road, in Alabama, a great city has sprung up among the mines, and all through the South are evidences of growth. Then the soil and climate are favorable for stock raising, and the South will coin money from this advantage. The South is a great undeveloped quantity, but its importance will not remain long unknown."

The entrance of Mrs. Davis and her daughter interrupted the conversation and intercepted my hope of leading him into an expression of personal and political views. Mrs. Davis is a portly and intelligent lady, several years the junior of her husband. Owing to the deafness of Mr. Davis, she at once assumed the lead in the conversation. Miss Davis, pale-faced and plain of dress and manners, is a young lady of culture and much good sense. The family relations were apparently of the most tender nature. To the wife and daughter there is no greater hero than the husband and father.—Indianapolis News.

Bombarding an Old Lady with Crackers.

During the past summer a handsome young man and a mischevious young lady were among the guests at a White Mountain hotel. The young man was teased by his friends on account of his habit of lunching just before going to bed. One evening he found a large paper-bag of crackers on his table. Rashly jumping to the conclusion that the mischevious young lady had made him the gift, he went on tiptoe to the door of her room and tossed a cracker through the open transom. The room was dark, but the cracker's fall was followed by a slight scuffling. He paused a moment and threw a second and a third. Each time a rustling was heard, but no one spoke. Having tossed the entire contents of the bag into the room, the young man stole away, and as he left the corridor he met the young lady coming to her room. Troubled in his mind, he made inquiries the next morning as to the effect of the bombardment, and learned to his horror that the first cracker thrown had landed on the head of the young lady's grandmother, an infirm old lady of nearly eighty, who was at the moment kneeling by her bedside engaged in her devotions. Much alarmed, she had risen to her feet, only to receive a second shot. She had then retreated to a corner; but, being further assailed, and not being able to form any idea of the nature and origin of the mysterious missiles, she had finally crept under the bed, where she was discovered in a forlorn condition by her astonished grandchild.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A critic says that Mr. James, Jr., "has been guilty of an anachronism." And yet nothing is done about it. Such is the weakness of the law toward daring and influential offenders. Had a poor man committed this hideous crime, he would now be pining in the deepest dungeon beneath the penitentiary moat. But Mr. James, rich, surrounded by friends, holding in his guilty hands the reins of political influence, commits red-handed anachronism in broad daylight and on the free highway, and the fettered law is powerless to check his criminal career. Away with this anachronismist; to the gallows with him, and let him know there is law in the land, one law for the rich and the poor, for the Jew, and the stranger that is within our gates.

Parisian women are powdering the hair and arranging it a la Mary Stuart in the evening.

The Blue Book.

The government "Blue Book," always issued just before a new Congress comes in, is now in course of preparation, and will shortly be given to the public. This book contains in each issue the names of all the government employees, with the date of their employment, place of birth, state to which accredited, where employed and in what position and at what salary. The book is a curious study in many ways; but particularly so in the fact that each person's salary is given. So many people struggle so hard for government positions and a few facts as to their value may not be out of place. The President, as everybody knows, gets $50,000 per year. Some people say the Presidents do not save anything out of their salaries. That is probably not true. There is no reason why they should not. They have not only their house rent furnished free, but much of the expense of running the White House is paid out of the public purse. An appropriation for this especial purpose is made at every session of Congress. Possibly a few of the foreign representatives of this government save something out of their salaries, but probably not. The ministers at London, Paris, Berlin and St. Petersburg get $17,500 each; those at Vienna, Pekin, Rio de Janeiro, Yeddo, Rome, Mexico and Madrid get $12,000 a year each; those at Guatemela, Santiago and Lima get $10,000 each; those to Venezuela, the United States of Colombia, Turkey, Sweden and Norway, the Netherlands, Hayti, Belgium and the Argentine Republic $7,500 each; the consal-generals to Rio de Janeiro, Paris, London and Havana $6,000 each; the officers of the President's Cabinet get $8,000 a year. The collector of customs at New York gets $12,000, and the collectors at Philadelphia and Boston $8,000 each, while those at Baltimore, New Orleans and San Francisco get $7,000. The commissioner of internal revenue gets $6,000; the general of the army and the admiral of the navy get $13,500 each; the lieutenant-general of the army $11,000, the vice-admiral in the navy $9,000, the rear-admirals $6,000 each, major-generals $7,500 each, and brigadier-generals $5,500. The Vice-President of the United States gets $8,000 a year. The senators and representatives and the stenographers in Congress get $5,000 apiece, and so does the comptroller of the currency, the first and second comptrollers of the treasury and the commanders of the navy. A few consuls general get $5,000 each, as do the interpreters at Pekih and one or two other points. The postmaster at New York gets $8,000 a year. And that ends the list of persons in the employ of the government who receive anything more than a bare living salary. With two thirds of these the amount they receive is no more than they are expected to spend, and not more than they do spend. A few of the heads of bureas get $4,000 a year and a few postmasters receive the same, but of the whole 100,000 office-holders not one in ten gets more than enough to live on. In the "Blue Book" are columns upon columns of names, with salaries ranging from $800 to $1,800 a year. Take, for instance, the office of supervising surgeon general of the Marine Hospital Service, which is now intrusted with the task of protecting the whole country from yellow fever and cholera. Its efficient head gets $4,000 a year, a small sum compared with the earnings of physicians in practice in large cities, while the remainder of the employees actually average less than $100 a month apiece. The average position for which the average clerk struggles, and bores his Congressman to the verge of distraction, pays, to begin with, about $1,000 dollars a year, and seldom reaches more than fifty per cent. more than that, while not a few who spend months in search of office are finally content to begin at $800 a year, and are happy if they ever reach $100 per month.

He belonged to a church with a steeple, and prayed in a manner most grand; he chose his companions from people who were ranked as the best in the land; but with all his luminous morals, vice over him hung black as jet, and darkened his crown of bright florals—he played on the fiendish cornet.

There is a story told of a young matron who, hearing that to lisp was fashionable among royal ladies, had two of her teeth extracted so that she could shine as a conversational lisper.

A pretty afghan for a baby is described as made of white flannel with embroidered scallops about the edges and a diagonal stripe of pale blue or white silk across the front, embroidered in yellow-centred daisies.

Two novelties were shown at a kettledrum in New York. A drawing room scene made entirely of natural flowers and smilax, and ice cream in the shape of a watermelon, which was perfect resemblance both inside and outside.

Damascus swords in miniature are the latest things out in paper knives and a small gold chain with a bow of ribbon on the end dangles from them.

White kid bonnets are imported, trimmed with a flat garniture of pearl and crystal bead-work or hand-painted around the edges in small, delicately colored flowers and buds.

Solid-colored fur linings for both fur-lined dolmans and circulars are most preferred.

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