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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.

DENTON HARDWARE & MACHINERY

B. C. HOLBROOK having purchased Mr. Emerson's entire interest in the general hardware and machinery business of the firm of Emerson & Evitts, the business will hereafter be conducted by EVITTS & HOLBROOK at old stand, and at this period, the new firm desire to tender their thanks for the patronage and favors extended during the past two years, and also to assure our old friends and patrons that we shall do all in our power to render our business intercourse satisfactory in the future. Our stock consists in part of general

Hardware & Machinery,

a general line of Stoves, Ranges and fixtures, Stove Pipes, Stove Mats and a general assortment of Tinware, also, Wheelwrights Material, Horse Shoes, Horse Shoe Nails, Cut Nails, etc.

BUILDING HARDWARE A SPECIALTY,

consisting of Locks Hinges, Screws, Bolts Window Pulleys, Finishing Nails, Door Stops, and in fact everything needed in the building line.

IRON—a general assortment, Iron Axles, Thimble Skeins, Edge Tools, Cutlery, etc. Whitewash and Horse Brushes, Curry Combs, Horse Blankets and Robes, with a large and well selected stock of Harness; also, a general line of Paints, Glass and Putty, Oils, Cucumber Pumps, etc.

Our agricultural department consists in everything needed on the farm, such as

Plows, Harrows, Reapers, Mowers, Self-Binders, Steam Engines, Threshers, Grain and Fertilizer Drills, Corn Planters, Corn Shellers, Fodder Cutters, Farm Wagons, etc.

Also, a large and well selected stock of Furniture and the best brands of Phosphates in the market; all the above at prices that defy competition.

Quick sales and small profits being our motto. We are also General Agents for

Steam Agricultural and Mill Machinery

of every decription. Largest dealers on the peninsula.

EVITTS & HOLBROOK.

FALL SUITS —FOR— Men, Boys & Children

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.

NOAH WALKER & CO., 165 and 167 W. Baltimore Street.

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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.

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. WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST.

THE SPIRAL SPRING BUGGY CO., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

KLIPPER, WEBSTER & CO.

FURNITURE,

NOS. 7 & 11 SOUTH CALVERT STREET,

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND. 10-27-1y.

DRY GOODS 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

Wheeler Transportation Line —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, Secy 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, 83 South Street. n 14

FOR SALE. Well Seasoned Lumber.

I now have constantly on hand, at my Mill known as Pea Liquor Sawing and Plaining 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.

BRICK HOTEL —AND— LIVERY STABLE, GREENSBORO' - Maryland.

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RATES REDUCED—Per day $1 25; per week $4 to $5.

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

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Terms $1.50 per day. First Class Hotel in all appointments.

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PHILIP W. DOWNES. M. S. MUTCHLER

DOWNES & MUTCHLER, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, DENTON, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and adjoining counties.

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ACCOMMODATIONS FIRST-CLASS.

OSWALD TILGHMAN ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, EASTON, MD.

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GEORGE JONES, TONSORIAL ARTIST, DENTON, MD.

WE WANT 1000 BOOK AGENTS For Gen. DODGE'S & Gen. SHERMAN'S Brm New Book THIRTY-THREE YEARS AMONG OUR WILD INDIANS. The fastest selling new book out. Indorsed by Pres't Arthur, Gen's Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Hancock, and thousands of Eminent Judges, Bishops, Clergymen, Editors Etc. as the 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, Con.

Agents Wanted For Dr. March's New Book DAYS OF THE SON OF MAN "Sells fast, pleases and instructs all. A very choice gift. "His highest theme had his best thought." Chaplain Fewsr. J. C. McCurdy & Co., Cor. 7th & Chestnut Sts., Phil'a, Pa.

Extremes Meet.

They met on California street,
And in amazement stood—
The bronzed and dusty miner,
And the latest Boston dude.

The bold, bad man from Bodie,
With grimy shirt and spade,
Gazed at the new creation,
But not a word they said.

And heedless of the city's tide
That round about did roar,
Each pondered, like R. Crusoe,
Upon his island shore.

"Great Scott!" then growled the miner
"I've seen that bird, I know,
Some circus chap has dressed a munk
To advertise his show.

"Too bad to let it wander,
A starvin' in the street;
I guess I'll buy some peanuts,
And see if it will eat."

"My gracious!" lisped the lily man
"I'll surely faint away;
It's the thing at Woodward's Gardens
I saw the other day.

"In cleaning the gorilla cage
They lost the biggest ape,
I'll just ask this policeman
To help me to escape!"

And as it fled the red shirt said,
"This camp is getting queer."
The dude gasped, "What a dreadful
I must get out of here." town!

And soon the one at Panther Gulch,
And one in Boston blue,
Were telting the outlandish things
Those funny 'Friscans do.

The Mail-Carrier's Experience.

A great while ago—before the late war—there was a young man who carried the mail between Madison and Macon, Georgia. His name was Robert Lovic. He used his eyes and ears pretty well, and never—fond as he was of a good story — told lies. To say "Bob Lovic says so" was to certify to the truth of a statement, which was certainly to his credit; and moreover, he was honest as the day, and could have been entrusted with untold gold or uncounted diamonds. Morally you could not find a fault with Bob. Mentally he was very well for an uneducated man; but he had one great failing—great particularly in the eyes of pretty Annie Wesley, who otherwise esteemed Bob perfection. He had allied himself with a certain class of persons who term themselves "free thinkers."

This theoligical difference at last led to a little quarrel, and Bob tried to get Annie out of his mind, but failed to do it, and Annie was very miserable, as well for the sake of Bob's soul as for herself; for, though she had offers in plenty, not one—not even rich John Grab, who had ever so many acres of land—could be compared for a moment in her mind to Bob, had Bob only held proper sentiments.

So, though they kept apart for a whole month. At last, as Bob rode along one bright morning, very slowly a stupidly for him, he saw sitting under a tree a little figure in a blue dress that he couldn't pass to save his life. So he stopped and called out:

"Annie, is that you?"

"Yes, Bob," said Annie, showing a pair of wet eyes. I came here on purpose to see you. I've talked in my poor, weak womanish words, but you talk so much better than I, that of course it is of no use; and all the while there is One who talks so plainly to us, and the words are here; I've brought them to you, and please, dear Bob, to read them, and perhaps—"

She did not finish the sentence, but placed the Bible in Bob's hand.

"I've had it bound very nicely for you, and oh! for my sake read it—it will teach you so much, Bob—so very much!

Bob took the book. For a moment he felt annoyed, and much like sneering, but Annie was very dear to him; so he kept his anger down for her sake, thanked her for her present and placed in the breast-pocket of his coat.

"As if I were to be converted like a sinner in a tract!" said Bob after he had ridden on a little. "But women are not expected to have minds like ours." And out of another pocket he pulled an infidel tract, which a friend, an unbelieving doctor, had loaned him and fell to reading.

It was not a very wise thing to do, as the event proved, for the horse, left to himself, stumbled over something in the road and was lamed; not badly, it seemed, but it forced Bob to dismount and stop at a country store to examine and bathe the limb, and then he had to allow the beast to take his own time afterward, so that instead of trotting briskly into Macon before sundown the young man found himself belated on a lonely road hours after the sun had quite vanished—his horse growing lamer and his hopes of supper quite gone.

"Hang the tract!" growled Bob, "what did I bother with it for?" And he gave the paper a toss into a clump of bushes, and then his mind went back to Annie Wesley's Bible.

He felt for it. It was safe. He wished that he was somehow better, and he walked along with the bridle over his arm in quite a melancholy mood.

Suddenly a shadow fell across the road. Bob looked up. Straight before him sat a mounted man with a black mask on his face and pistol in his hand.

"Halt!" commanded the individual, ferociously, and Bob halted. "If you are quiet, you will come to no harm," said the man. I only want your mail bag. I happen to know that it is worth something to-night, and I've followed you from the store back yonder. There ain't a soul within hearing and you may as well take it cooly; I am armed, you see; you are not. Hand over the bag."

"Never!" exclaimed Bob. "The mailbag is in my care—entrusted; I'll guard it as long as I have breath in my body."

"That won't be long," with a coarse laugh, "if you don't listen to reason."

Bob, for reply, mounted his horse and sat behind the mailbag.

"You life is in danger warned the robber. "I intend to have those letters, and a life isn't worth much to me. I'm in earnest; no fooling!" and he took deliberate aim at Bob Lovie's breast.

Bob was unarmed and he loved life dearly, but he was no coward. It was useless to try to overcome the robber. He he had only his fists—rather useless weapons under the circumstances, but he showed fight, and as the robber's anger kindled he fired. The aim was good. The little ball of lead lodged in Bob's coat, just where his heart should have been, and Bob staggered.

He was shocked rather than hurt, and he remembered in that momentof excitement having heard that it was often so in mortal injuries. Probably he had received his death wound, and the robber would walk off with the mail-bag, where Bob well knew reposed the money which energetic Dick Dorr had sent to take his poor old mother from the almshouse, and other trusts were in that leather bag—the humble hopes and dreams of those who wrote the letters twined around them.

The doctor and his infidel tract had done Bob Lovic little good; but he was honest and kindly yet.

"I'll fight while I have a drop of blood left," he said to himself. "And help may come and the mail bag be saved, even if I die."

He leaped from his horse and sprung upon the highwayman with such vigor that the man tumbled from his saddle. Then Bob struggled for the pistol, and gaining it, knocked the ruffian senseless with the butt end, and sat down on his bosom to keep guard, expecting to die every moment, but praying help might come before the robber recovered consciousness.

About that time a party of young men, who were out on a coon hunt, came up with flaring torches, and a score of dogs at their heels. They all knew Bob well, and some of them were for dispatching the robber; but the voice of the majority was for binding him and carrying him to the city to meet his reward at the hands of justice, and with this party Bob agreed.

He felt weak and his breast ached, and he actually expected every moment to feel the faintness of death stealing over him, for there was the round hole just over his heart, and the bullet must be somewhere. A few unpleasant misgivings, which proved that his opinions of the future were not so fixed as they might have been, troubled him, and he sighed a little as his newcomers questioned him.

"The bullet went in here," touching the hole. "I don't feel any pain, and must be bleeding inwardly if at all, I think."

He unbuttoned his coat cautiously, and out dropped Annie Wesley's Bible, with the bullet deeply embedded in it.

The tears came to Bob's eyes, and the others stared, for he had been in the habit of boasting of his infidel opinions and it was odd enough that he should wear a Bible next to his heart. But every one was too glad to find him unhurt to care for much else, and they gave three cheers and started toward the city with their prisoner.

Bob followed, leading his horse, and keeping his eye on the mail-bag, and on the way he thought—what he thought may be divined from the fact that six months after Annie Wesley found her lover by her side at church, and heard from his own lips that he had not half so high an opinion of his own smartness and that of his doctor friend as formerly, and he believed she was right after all.

And so they were married, and for many years have been living very contentedly in their little cottage on the outskirts of Madison.

MR. CHIRRUP'S CHRISTMAS.

BY MISS HELEN WHITNEY CLARKE.

Mr. Chirrup was glum. Any one else, any one with a less amiable disposition, that is, would have been "cross" under the same provocation.

But Mr. Chirrup was never cross, and he was seldom "glum."

However, when it comes to the day before Christmas and you have no money to buy your wife a Christmas gift, or anything to put in the childrens' stockings, and no prospective turkey, or mince-pie and plum-pudding for your Christmas dinner, you are excusable for being glum.

So thought Mr. Chirrup, as he sat looking out of the window of Lawyer Ledgerly's office, where he was employed at a by-no-means extravagant salary. Lawyer Ledgerly was ill—"too ill to be seen" his mother-in-law said. So there was no hope of anticipating his next quarter's salary, as he had sometimes done on similar pressing occasions.

For Mr. Chirrup's salary was so small and his family so large, it was not much wonder there w[illegible] some difficulty in making [illegible] stretch from one quarter's [illegible] another.

All these things Mr. Ch[illegible] dered as he sat looking [illegible] window in Lawyer Ledge[illegible] which was on Fifth street, [illegible] site Union Market. And [illegible] if little Mr. Chirrup can [illegible] anybody's hero—grew glu[illegible] ever, and beat the "Devi[illegible] on the window-sill, as gl[illegible] usually do. For the sigh[illegible] ket stalls filled with Chri[illegible] ries, was not exactly ca[illegible] cheer up a man in Mr. C[illegible] cumstances.

He was still gazing m[illegible] well-filled market stalls, [illegible] of people jostling and el[illegible] other, when he suddenly [illegible] peered sharply from un[illegible] brows, as if he had seen [illegible] knew.

That short, sleek-loo[illegible] man in the nobby hat [illegible] with a huge market-b[illegible] hand, and a gold-heade[illegible] other. Surely that w[illegible] rup's elder brother, Ro[illegible]

As he made the [illegible] Chirrup—Mr. Rothsc[illegible] that is—was evidentl[illegible] key; a monster turkey [illegible] biggest that Mr. Chi[illegible] the Mr. Coirrups—he [illegible] market. And the wo[illegible] er held it up, punch[illegible] around and held it u[illegible] the world as if he we[illegible] for the benefit of hi[illegible] ing glumly down fro[illegible] opposite.

But in reality he [illegible] in his own mind th[illegible] the biggest, the plu[illegible] est and most tempt[illegible] he had yet seen, [illegible] would take it. An[illegible] forthwith, into Mr [illegible] rup's huge mark[illegible] seemed yawning t[illegible]

Mr. Chirrup—ou[illegible] time, came as n[illegible] had ever done in [illegible] turkey disappear[illegible] basket. For a b[illegible] had existed betwe[illegible] from time imm[illegible] abouts.

"No doubt he [illegible] thought Mr. Chi[illegible] name. "No do[illegible] keys, and celer[illegible] bunch of celery, [illegible] winter bouquet, [illegible] mammoth turke[illegible]

"And if ther[illegible] better than a[illegible] thought Mr. C[illegible] very hard to l[illegible] vengeful, but [illegible] well. Howeve[illegible] look quite sav[illegible] him, which is [illegible]

Mr. Rothsch[illegible] pursued the ev[illegible] or of his wa[illegible] which jostled [illegible] Now and then [illegible] filled stalls, a[illegible] etables and ot[illegible] tents of his ro[illegible]

Bunches of [illegible] golden-rinde[illegible] "scuds" of [illegible] other indige[illegible] disappeared [illegible] tacle.

"Humph! [illegible] childs have [illegible] to dispose o[illegible] Mr. Caleb, s[illegible] reality he c[illegible] er his brot[illegible] Benedict, s[illegible] between th[illegible] Chirrup's h[illegible] many bloc[illegible] tocratic p[illegible] where his [illegible]

The eld[illegible] Rothschil[illegible] last to ha[illegible] of edibles [illegible] flower ste[illegible] of crims[illegible]

"The v[illegible] glumly, [illegible] month a[illegible] for poor [illegible]

"Poor [illegible] Mr. R[illegible] ed his p[illegible] trudged [illegible] of the si[illegible] ering at [illegible] the oth[illegible]

"Wh[illegible]

Mr. [illegible] the tw[illegible] home, [illegible] shook [illegible] and h[illegible] per.

Th[illegible] here, [illegible] Miss [illegible] smil[illegible] dres[illegible] rich[illegible]

A[illegible] face[illegible] hap[illegible] tene[illegible] "go[illegible] Eve[illegible]

B[illegible] glu[illegible] sto[illegible] he[illegible] im[illegible] de[illegible] wo[illegible] lay[illegible] ye[illegible] bs, bunches of celery, dozens of ripe ba nanas, golden-rinded oranges and le nons, piles of candies and confectionaries, and, fragrant and blooming, a pot of crimson and white chrysanthemums; a familiar-looking basket also stood on a chair by the table.

Mr. Chirrup was about to pinch himself, to see if he was awake, when "Merry Christmas, brother Cabel," sounded in his ear, and forth from some mysterious corner came Mr. Rothschild Chirrup himself, sleek and well-kept looking—nobby hat gold-headed cane and all. "Merry Christmas, brother Caleb," he repeated, extending a well-kept hand. "Let by-gones be by-gones, and let us be friends as well as brothers."

Then turning to the table, he held up the fat turkey, turning it round and round, just as he had done on the market.

"A fine fellow, isn't he? I got the biggest I could find in the market on purpose for you," he added. "And the pot of flowers is a peace-offering to my sister-in-law, if she will accept it," he added, while Caleb still looked on, half dazed.

[illegible] as usually [illegible] the salary [illegible] end to another.

[illegible] irrup pon[illegible] out of the [illegible] office, [illegible] just o[illegible] our hero [illegible] be called [illegible] namer than [illegible] Ps Tattoo" [illegible] am people [illegible] of the mar[illegible] stmas luxu[illegible] culated to [illegible] hirrup's cir[illegible]

[illegible] odily at the [illegible] the crowd [illegible] bowing each [illegible] started and [illegible] fter his eye[illegible] some one he [illegible]

[illegible] king gentle[illegible] and overcoat, [illegible] basket in one [illegible] d cane in the [illegible] was Mr. Chirrup's elder brother, Rothschild!

[illegible] discovery, Mr. [illegible] hild Chirrup, [illegible] y pricing a tur[illegible] it was too, the [illegible] rup—either of [illegible] d seen in the [illegible] uld-be purchas[illegible] ed it, turned it [illegible] p again for all [illegible] re exhibiting it [illegible] s brother, look[illegible] m the window [illegible]

[illegible] as only deciding [illegible] at this was really [illegible] npest, the tender[illegible] ing-looking fowl [illegible] and therefore he [illegible] d plump it went, [illegible] Rothschild Chir[illegible] t basket, which [illegible] o receive it.

[illegible] r Mr. Chirrup this [illegible] ar sneering as he [illegible] his life, when the [illegible] ed in his brother's [illegible] itter estrangement [illegible] en the two brothers [illegible] emorial—or there[illegible]

[illegible] can buy turkeys," [illegible] rup—Caleb was his [illegible] bt he can buy tur[illegible] too." For a big [illegible] large enough for a [illegible] had followed the [illegible] g to its hiding-place. [illegible] s one thing I like [illegible] other, its celery," [illegible] leb Chirrup, trying [illegible] ook crabbed and re[illegible] not succeeding very [illegible] r, he did manage to [illegible] ge and resentful for [illegible] saying a good deal.

[illegible] ld, in the meantime, [illegible] en, but pompous, ten[illegible] y through the crowd [illegible] him on every side. [illegible] he stopped at the best[illegible] d added relays of veg[illegible] her articles to the con[illegible] omy basket.

[illegible] ripe bananas, dozens of [illegible] oranges and lemons, [illegible] andies and cakes, and [illegible] stible compounds, also [illegible] n the same ample recep[illegible]

I trust the little Rothschilds have well-seasoned stomachs to dispose of all that trash," thought Mr. Caleb, sarcastically. Though in reality he could not have told whether her brother was a bachelor or a Benedict, so long had been the feud between them. And then, Mr. Caleb Chirrup's humble abode was many, many blocks removed from the aristocratic precincts of "West End," where his brother resided.

The elder Mr. Chirrup—for Mr. Rothschild was the elder—seemed at last to have completed his purchase of edibles, and paused in front of a flower stall, where he selected a pot of crimson and white chrysanthemums.

"The very pot," thought Mr. Caleb glumly, "that I picked out over a month ago, as a Christmas present for poor Patty."

"Poor Patty", was Mr. Caleb's wife.

Mr. Rothschild, however, deposited his purchase in the basket, and trudged away in blissful ignorance of the shabbily dressed brother, glowering at him from the window on the other side of the street.

* * * *

"What—what's this?"

Mr. Caleb Chirrup has ascended to the two second-story rooms he called home, and had kissed his wife and babes, shook hands with his sister-in-law, and had hung up his hat and overcoat, preparatory to eating his supper.

There were no signs of glumness here, for Mrs. Patty and her sister, Miss Melissa, looked cheerful and smiling, and wore their faded print dresses as if they had come from the richest silk looms of the East.

And the young Chirrups had clean faces and pinafores, and looked as happy as if "Santa Claus" was not intending to give their stockings the "go-by" on that particular Christmas Eve.

But Mr. Chirrup still felt a little glum, as he thought of the empty stockings and other vexations, and he turned to the tea-table in some impatience. But—"What's this?" he demanded, starting back. And no wonder he started, for on the table lay a mammoth turkey, plump and yellow-breasted, squads of vegetables, bunches of celery, dozens of ripe bananas, golden-rinded oranges and lemons, piles of candies and confectionaries, and, fragrant and blooming, a pot of crimson and white chrysanthemums; a familiar-looking basket also stood on a chair by the table.

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"A fine fellow, isn't he? I got the biggest I could find in the market on purpose for you," he added. "And the pot of flowers is a peace-offering to my sister-in-law, if she will accept it," he added, while Caleb still looked on, half dazed.

And the children's stockings were not destined to hang empty after all, that Christmas Eve.

And a better Christmas dinner, or a jollier party to eat it, was not found that Christmas Day. For Mr. Rothchild Chirrup proved to be an old bachelor, and so very willingly accepted an invitation to dine at his brother's. And Miss Chirrup's sister, Miss Melissa, being an old maid, she and Mr. Rothchild fell very romantically in love with each other, and when another Christmas Day came around Mr. Rothschild was no longer a bachelor, and Miss Melissa no longer an old maid.

And when Lawyer Ledgerly grew well enough "to be seen" again, he was obliged to provide himself with another clerk, as Mr. Cableb had gone into partnership with his brother in the mercantile business.

Old Maids.

The aged reliable targets for the raillery of the fashionable world are a distinctive class in American society, as interesting as their young and gushing sisters. It is a pity that they never married, to share with a partner all those strong and lasting traits which, despite their isolated social position and sometimes snappish manner, magnetize those with whom they mingle. Yet probably, if married, those very characteristics, which now shine so prettily, would never have been matured and brightened. The absorbing household duties might have enveloped the mind, and stolen its time of contemplation and reasoning; the pit-falls and ruts on the road of life might not have been discovered as early, nor the sound judgment exercised as readily for the benefit of younger travelers by the wayside. Only an old maid! How common the expression—only a crabbed old maid! How frequent the satire and levity thrown into the remark. Well, she may be a stooped woman, with the marks of the brush of time on her wrinkled brow; her voice may be cracked and her utterances incisive; the dress may be antiquated and threadbare—but within her virgin breast there throbs a woman's heart, in her soul there run the streams of God-giving charity. She is a woman with all a woman's thoughts, with all the feelings of her sex; but, a mind that has been sharpened by experience—an experience that has been whetted by contact with the world, and a life that has given her opportunities to learn the truth, to see what causes sadness and what makes joy. Her love is pure and staunch. She may be reserved with it—it is because she has been taught its true worth, the blessings that follow a judicious use of it and the trouble that dogs the footsteps of those who profane the sacred gift. She is an old maid, yet she knows true love; not the flickering, giddy, gushing sentiment of a day, which begets its life from a passing fancy, and dies when the gilded coating of novelty has worn away; but a solid, never-ending affection that goes in its entirety to the object of its choice, and remains true through all the vicissitudes of life, and even penetrates the grave, where, entombed besides its source, it slumbers until eternity's clarion blast will summon it to eternal life. This is the old girl's love, steadfast to old friends, old recollections and old traditions. In this she gives an example of independence that is worthy of imitation. Fashion's caprices do not affect her; new doctrines and ideas go unnoticed; her comprehension of right is invulnerable. Words from her lips may seem caustic and blunt, but they are the expressions of honest convictions, and, as such, cannot be induced to remain in a lethargic state. She is free and outspoken. Sometimes she may be aprupt in manner, but there are those who know the beauties of her soul. A pain-tossed sufferer has felt the influence of her hand on the brow, none the less soothing because it never displayed the marriage circlet of gold, nor lulled the infant to sleep. Her untiring watch at the bedside, the assiduous attention to the sick room wants, the magnanimous advice to the young, the careful watch over their interests, and the womanly counsel to the father, mother, sister and brother, show that a woman's highest instincts are hers. The life of the old maid is prolific of lessons in frugrlity, industry and religion. Her wants are simple, her ambition small, her outlook for the future careful. Who ever saw an old maid that did not have a few dollars hid away to be used when the time of need was close. If young girls who laugh at her would inquire into the characteristics of the old girl's life, they might be enlightened on subjects which would make them happier in the days to come. Poor old maids! They are such not from necessity, but by choice and nature. They could get husbands when young and even when old; but probably they were rather particular in their choice—another lesson which young girls can imitate to their advantage. The old maids may be alone in the world now, stripped of the pleasures of married life; but again, they might like thousands of others, had a short sweet sip of the joys of companionship, only to lead an after life of sadness. The old girls were right, they looked after themselves. They could not find a man in whom they could have implicit faith; so they remained single, rather than let puny sentiment interfere with their happiness. They are comfortable now, which is more than they probably would have been if married. Again, their nature might have interfered with their social position. Some women are happy when alone. They are old, but are the stately oaks of the forest, the crumbling ruins of Rome, less beautiful, less interesting, because the maker of time has distinguished them from the fresher works of nature? Is the sun less brilliant because it has dropped its rays on the universe for centuries? Are the leaves which fall from the trees in autumn less brilliant because they appeared in the spring radiant with the reflection of the heavens to drop to the ground at the approach of winter, with the colors of the railbow? Is the willow less stately because it has been decreed to droop its branches? God bless the old girls for their kind hearts and true natures.

How to Get Eggs in Winter.

The farmer who leaves his poultry to roost in the apple tree at the corner of the barn, and to pick up their living at the pigs' trough and in the barnyard, may occasionally get an egg in winter. But as a matter of fact there is on most farms a great dearth of eggs from November to March. With a warm shelter and suitable feed, pullets that begin to lay in the fall will continue to lay through the winter. It is mainly a question of feed. The staple feed is Indian corn, especially in the West, because it is most plentiful and the most convenient. It furnishes plenty of fat and keeps up the heat of the fowls, but is poor in albumen and the phosphates. They want a variety of grains and vegetables. Most farmers have milk, and if this can be added it will be all they need. Butcher's scrapecake is good, and may safely be kept in the poultry yard where the fowls can help themselves at pleasure. Potatoes and turnips, boiled, mashed and mixed with Indian meal, make an excellent feed for laying hens. Fowls are particularly fond of cabbages and turnips at all stages of their growth, and eat them raw readily every day if they can get them. We have found so good results from feeding cabbages to laying hens that we always lay in a large supply for the winter. Refuse from the butcher's and offal from the fish market also furnish good material for making eggs. These are accessible to most villages and can be had at a small cost. A hen is only a machine for producing eggs. If you want the finished product you must put the raw material into the hopper. It should not be forgotten that there is a liberal grinding going on in the gizzard, and the laying fowl should have free access to gravel, with sharp grit, broken oyster and clam shells, which assist in reducing the grain and forming egg shell. With a plentiful supply of egg-producing food, hens will lay well in winter, when eggs bring the highest price.—Col. Farmer.

What a Farmer Needs.

A farmer needs his vacation just as much as any man of business needs one. A week's run to town after the busy season is over will do him a world of good. And they need to visit other farmers to learn, if possible, easier or better methods of farming or of living. They need to attend farmers' conventions and organizations to gain new ideas—something to broaden or enlarge their views of life. People who always stay at home are sure to seek dark sides and shadows of their own lives. They need to learn and to realize that storms and droughts and thunders and showers and freshets visit other farms besides their own; that weeds and insects thrive in all degrees of longitude; that flies and dirt accumulate and annoy other households beside the ones that they preside over. In short, they need to learn how other people live. Could farmers manage so as to be confined less to their farms, could they work more in partnership, as do men in other business, or could they believe it profitable to employ a higher grade of laborers—men whom they could trust alone for a day or week, or could they earlier train their sons and daughters to have a care and an interest in the affairs of the household, then they could oftener find the opportunity for leaving the farm for a short season of recreation and enjoyment, and thus be in reality what they have the name of being, the most independent class of people in the world.

Washington's Strength.

Great commanders have not, as a rule, been notable for the possession of extraordinary physical power. Washington was an exception, being a man of great strength. In his youth he was once a looker-on at a wrestling contest, and, growing weary of the sport, threw himself at the foot of a tree to enjoy his book. By-and-by he was challenged to try a fall with the hero of the occasion. At first he declined, but finding his refusal attributed to fear, he entered the arena, and without taking off his coat grappled with his opponent, and after a brief struggle hurled him to the ground with such force that the best wrestler in Virginia was in much the same predicament as the Duke's wrestler when he tried conclusions with Orlando. Later on in life, while watching some young fellows contending at throwing the bar, Washington asked to be allowed to try what he could do; and, grasping the bar, sent it flying through the air, to land many feet beyond the limit attained by any of the competitors. And still later, when he might be said to be getting old, he showed that he had not lost his strength of arm. Taking a morning ride, he saw three of his workmen vainly endeavoring to raise a large stone. Jumping off his horse, he pushed the men aside, and without any apparent effort, lifted the stone to its proper place, and then remounting, rode on.

Bridget (to caller): "Well, ye kape still a minute till I look at ye! No, missis hain't to home. She told me if a woman come with a wart on the ind av her red nose to say she wasn't home, an' there's no mistakin' that wart."

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