DENTON JOURNAL.

1845. *A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,—DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, AGRICULTURE, AND ADVERTISING:—INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS.* 1884.

VOL. 38. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 26, 1884. NO. 33.

It Has Been Decided

—THAT—

SHANNAHAN AND WRIGHTSON'S

HARDWARE HOUSE

IS THE PLACE TO BUY GOODS CHEAP.

For the pring Trade of 1884 we are now offering Choice Lot Clover seed Timothy, Orchard Grass, Kentucky Blue, Millet and Lawn Grass seed.

CAHOON AND WHEELBARROW SEED SOWERS.

CHILLED PLOWS:

SOUTH BEND, REMINGTON, ROLAND AND WIARD.

TAYLOR & WEBSTER WAGONS,

Carriage, wagon, cart and Plow Harness, Hardware, Agricultural Implements and Machinery. ☞An inspection before you buy will pay you. Respectfully,

SHANNAHAN & WRIGHTSON, EASTON, MD.

FOR SALE.

Having concluded to discontinue the mercantile business, I will from this date until April 11th, sell off at

COST FOR CASH

my entire stock of clothing, Dry Goods, Notions, Boots and Shoes, Hats and caps, and China ware.

In the meantime I will sell out entirely to any one wishing to go into business, and give up the storehouse, which is one of the best in the county, and the best stand in Denton. Respectfully,

2-9 WM. A. STEWART.

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.,
21 165 and 167 W. Baltimore Street.

SUMMER AND FALL SHOOTING.—Sportsmen are requested to call and examine a large and varied assortment of Breech-Loading Double and Single guns; also a complete stock of Rifles and Pistols, Ammunitions, &c. at the very bottom prices. Guns made to order, and all repairing done in the best manner. ALEX McCOMAS, 51 South Calvert St., Baltimore.

☞Goods shipped C. O. D. and satisfaction guaranteed. 7 7 6m

A FRAGRANT BREATH AND TEETH OF PEARLY WHITENESS

Set in Gems of Ruby Redness, add charms to the most homely face that are the envy of all. J. M. LAROQUE'S LIQUID ODENTINE, the Standard Tooth Wash of the Elite and Fashionable accomplishes this result every time. 50 CENTS A BOTTLE.

PILES. *FOR HEMORRHOIDS OR PILES,* Try J. M. Laroque's Pile Ointment. It has been most successfully used for the last forty years. 25 Cents a Box. By Mail or at all Druggists.

J. M. Laroque's Elixir of Calisaya Bark. A Tonic of Superior Excellence, indorsed by the most eminent Physicians. Pleasant to the taste, acceptable to the most delicate stomach, prompt in its effects, bringing almost immediately renewed strength, vigor and cheerfulness; particularly a Ladies' Medicine. $1 a bottle.

CORNS. *FOR CORNS AND BUNIONS,* BOILS, PAINFUL TUMORS and OLD SORES, as well as Fresh Cuts, the BLACK SALVE, from the formula of J. M. Laroque, is a sovereign remedy 15 and 25 cts. By Druggists or Mail.

W. E. THORNTON, Sole Proprietor, cor. Baltimore and Harrison Sts., Baltimore

---

SIBLEY'S TESTED SEEDS

FOR ALL CLIMATES, FOR ALL SOILS, ALL PLANTS.

All tested for vitality, and in Gardens for purity and value. LOW PRICES.

Sibley's Pride of the North Corn, ripened in extreme North in '82 and '83. Sibley's Imperial Barley, yielded at rate of 2.5 bush. per acre. Dakota Red Potato, best of 125 varieties; ROT PROOF, BUGS PROOF; yield 725 bush. per acre. Rochester Tomato, largest smooth, and earliest large sort; careless; best for market. First and Best Pea, earliest, most productive; mature uniformly; best for market. Sibley's Tested Cabbage Seed are unexcelled. $1,000 IN PREMIUMS AT ALL FAIRS.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST of vegetable, flower and field seeds of all tested valuable varieties. Mail orders promptly filled, making a seed store at home. LOWEST PRICES.

HIRAM SIBLEY & CO., Rochester, N. Y., Chicago, Ill.

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, Sec'y Creek, Chancellors Point.

Leaves Potters Landing at 11.20 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

BRICK HOTEL

—AND—

LIVERY STABLE,

GREENSBORO' . Maryland.

WM. H. COHEE, PROP'R.

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

Carriage meets every train, free for guests

Jas. Parnell,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

DENTON, MD.

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

THAWLEY & GHINGHER,

BUTCHERS,

DENTON, MD.

KEEP constantly on hand a fresh supply of the best Beef and other meats. They also keep constantly on hand first class corned beef. Their store opposite the Brick Hotel will be open

TUESDAYS,
THURSDAYS and
SATURDAYS

all day, and on other days until noon. Changes in price of beef will always be noticed. 1,1,84

MARYLAND SCHOOL BOOKS.

NEWELL'S REVISED READERS.
SHEPHERD'S GRAMMARS.
PIET'S UNIVERSAL SPELLER.
KERNEY'S U. S. HISTORY.
SCHARF'S SCHOOL HISTORY OF MARYLAND.

JOHN B. PIET & Co.
PUBLISHERS, BALTIMORE.

Catalogue Mailed on Application.

IMPROVED

DRIVE WELLS

AFULL and unfailing supply of good water guaranteed, or no pay. For terms address

M. L. BLANCHARD,
P. O. Box 44. Bridgeville, Del.

Denton Restaurant.

A. WILLIAMS, PROPRIETOR.

—:o:—

Oysters in every style served up in first class order. Chicken, Ham, Beefsteak, Eggs, &c., furnished at all hours. A square meal of everything for 50 cents., or a smaller quantity at half the cost. Pleasant dining rooms, clean and airy. Families supplied with oysters. Restaurant nearly opposite Hardware store, up stairs. 12 156m.

Eastern Bay Oysters.

I WILL SERVE fresh Eastern Bay Oysters every Tuesday and Saturday to the residents of Denton at

80 Cents per Gallon.

These are the best oysters to be had anywhere and the price is low.

THOMAS O'DONNELL.
mar 1.

DR. A. A. WHITE'S

BLOOD AND LIVER PILLS,

For the cure of diseases arising from the impure state of the blood or derangement of the stomach, liver and kidneys. Are mild in operation and cure with dispatch, Malaria, Bilious Fever, Dyspepsia, Liver complaint Jaundice, headache and constipation. 25ct. a box at all druggists. 5 19y

---

VOSHELL HOUSE,

CHESTERTOWN, MD.

J. A. & CHAS. ROLPH, Propr's.

ACCOMMODATIONS FIRST-CLASS.

PHILIP W. DOWNES. M. S. MUTCHLER

DOWNES & MUTCHLER,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

DENTON, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and adjoining counties.

Life Lilies.

I wandered down life's garden,
In the flush of a golden day;
The flowers and thorns grew thickly
In the spot where I chanced to stray.

I went to chase me a flower
For life, for weal or for woe;
On, on I went, till I strayed me
By the spot where the lilies grow.

'Yes, I will carry a lily,"
I said, in my manhood's pride;
"A bloodless, thornless lily
Shall be my flower," I cried.

I stretched my hands out quickly
To where the pale blossoms grew—
Was it the air that shivered?
Was it a wind that blew?

Was it my hands that scorched them
As I touched the blossoms fair
They broke and scattered their petals
On the sunny noontide air.

Then I saw a great bright angel
With opal-colored wings,
Where the light flashed in the feathers
In golden glimmerings.

He said: "Thou hast sinned and suffered;
Lilies are not for thee.
They are all for the little children,
Emblems of purity."

"Shall I never carry a lily?
Never?" I bitterly cried.
With great eyes full of pity
The heavenly one replied:

"When the heat of the day is over,
When the goal is won," he said,
"Ah, then I lay God's lilies
In the hands of the stainless dead."

—All the Year Round.

ROMANCE OF TELEGRAPHY.

Curious Incidents in Connection With a Great Discovery.

The delicate instruments of a telegraph office are not indispensable to communicating by telegraph. The Morse alphabet may be read by those familiar with it by hearing, sight, taste and feeling. Its dots and dashes may be expressed by anything that will make a sounder, by a stick waved in the air, or by a light in the dark. There are some curious instances of telegraphing without key, relay and sounder.

About twenty years ago Col. J. J. S. Wilson, of Chicago, then an active telegraph superintendent, was on a tour in the southern part of Illinois. It was a season of floods. Large portions of the country adjacent to the Ohio and Mississippi rivers were inundated and the wreckage had included the washing away of many miles of poles and wire. It became necessary to communicate with a point on the Missouri bank of the Mississippi river by telegraph. The fertile invention of Colonel Wilson directed that a locomotive be run to the Illinois bank. Mounting the foot-board he grasped the valve and soon the shrill screams of the locomotive whistle were heard by the listening operators on the other shore, whistling out Wilson's message in the long and short sounds of the alphabet familiar to them as that of their primers. Communication was kept up in this way for several hours.

A train on a Western railroad several years ago met with a terrible accident miles from any station. A young telegrapher was among the passengers. His ready mind took in the situation, and climbing to the nearest pole it was an easy task to cut the wire, and using the two ends as a key sent a message for help. To receive a reply was a more difficult task. Here, again, the young man's invention stood in good stead and spurred him on to an exhibition of nerve that is rarely met with. Admonishing the distant operator to send slowly he placed the cut ends of the wire on his tongue and by the strength of each shock to that delicate member made out the letters until the message was complete. That young man's sense of taste was destroyed and returned only in a weakened degree after two or three years.

A rich citizen of San Francisco owes his life to his knowledge of telegraphy acquired many years ago. Wandering over Southern California as a prospector, he was captured by a band of Mexican desperadoes, who carried him to an abandoned hacienda and with mocking cruelty set him a table to feast, before, they told him, they killed him. The prisoner recognized among his captors an old companion, also an operator, who had gone to the bad a little time before. The recognition was mutual, but neither dared to address the other. The captive's quick wit improvised a sounder out of his knife and fork, and while to the others he appeared playing with them his cry for assistance was read and understood by his old-time comrade. They formed in this way a plan of escape which was successfully carried out.

The United States government in several of its lighthouses has the lanterns arranged so as to emit long and short flashes of light, which form certain letters of the telegraphic code. This is a method of distinguishing the beacon, which is easily understood by a little practice. There happened to be an operator on board of a small coasting schooner which was cast on a Florida reef in such a position that escape from the ship and aid from the shore were both out of the question during the night of the wreck. Throughout the long hours of suspense he kept up communication with another operator on the shore by means of a lantern, and words of hope, of sympathy and encouragement passed back and forth until day dawned and made rescue possible.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A VILLAGE GOSSIP.

I write this from a country village containing about 1,000 inhabitants. It is a little town, nestled by a side hill to break off the raw winds of winter and the hurricanes of summer. When I arrived this morning it seemed to me as if there could not be bad man or woman in the village; but four hours have passed, and I am a wiser man. I came here to see old Mrs. Brown about a pension she wants from the government, and when we had finished our business I said:

"I see you have four churches here."

"Yes; but we never have any sermons worth listening to."

"The men look intelligent and smart."

"Humph! They are regular pokes! There isn't a man in Farmville who knows enough to ask boot in a trade."

"But the women look happy," I protested."

"Then that's what they ain't," she answered. "I don't believe there is a happy woman in the whole village. If you knew of the awful carryings-on here you would not look for happy wives."

"What awful things do the men do?"

"You'd better ask what they don't do! It's a wonder to me that Farmville hasn't shared the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah."

"Do they drink?"

"Do they? Didn't I see old Deacon Harris weaving this way and that as he climbed the hill last evening? It's a slippery path, of course, but sober men don't climb a hill sideways."

"Do they gamble?"

"Gamble? What did Mrs. Potts tell me that her brother's wife told Mrs. Davis not a month ago? Four of the leading men in the place were caught playing checkers for soda water. That's a nice example, isn't it!"

"Is Mrs. Potts nice?"

"Nice! Why, the worst gossip in town! It's a wonder the men don't duck her in the mill-pond!"

"And Mrs. Davis?"

"She's a hypocrite! She'll talk sweet to your face and abuse you behind your back.

"Mrs. George is well spoken of?"

"By whom? I've known her fifteen years and I never heard a human being speak well of her. She eats opium and lies like a trollop!"

"Isn't Mrs. McHenry all right?"

"All right? Why no one can live in the house next to her."

"The postmaster seems like a good man," I ventured to remark.

"Good man? Why, my husband always believed that he was the very man who threw a yaller dog down our well! I don't say that he steals letters, but I know that when I sent two three-cent stamps in a letter to my daughter in Illinoy, she never got it."

"But there must be one good man here?"

"There must, eh? Well, I wish you'd point him out to me. I'd like to polish up my spectacles and take a good look at him"

"And isn't there one faultless woman?"

"Well, I don't want to seem vain and conceited, because none of us is long for this world, but I expect I'm the faultless one you're inquiring after!"

I think I shall go out on the evening train. Mrs. Brown says that every house and lot is mortgaged, every business man is ready to "bust" and every family has at least one scandal about them. On my way over to the postoffice an hour ago I asked a grocer if he knew old Mrs. Brown.

"Know her! Why, she's a gossip, a liar, a hypocrite and a dead beat, and too lazy to change her stockings more than twice a year!"—Detroit Free Press.

John G. Saxe's Joke.

Mr. Saxe had long been a contributor the Knickerbocker and a correspondent of its editor before he and that editor met. One day Lewis Gaylord Clark was seated in his library, hard at work, when a stranger opened the door and entered unannounced. He was a large man, whose thick boots and modest raiment were covered with country dust. "Hello, Clark," he said, how air you? How's the folks? Wot's new?" Clark, who was the pink of courtesy, arose, bowed stiffly and begged the stranger to be seated. "Wal, old feller, how'er yer bin?" resumed the visitor after he had taken a seat. "Look rayther yaller 'bout the dewlaps. Not bin h'lstin' too much gin and peppermint, I hope—eh?" "Sir!" answered Clark with dignity, "may I inquire whom I have——" "How's Clara and the young folks?" "Sir!" All the aime the stranger was propounding these kindly inquiries he was edging his chair bit by bit closer and closer to Mr. Clark, who, beginning to get quite nervous, was vainly trying to keep his distance by the same system of tactics. "Well, old Hoss, I'm mighty glad to see yer. Give us a grip of yer potato rake"—extending his own hand cordially, and then bringing it down with a thump on the writing table, which made the pens and ink and all the articles of virtu jump again. "Say, Lewis, I feel dry. You hain't got no rum 'roond the shanty, hev yer? No, I bet you've bin and soaked it all up yourself, ye old sinner;" and here he poked Clark in the ribs with the end of a piece of shrubbery which stood to him in place of a cane, at the same time advancing his chair two hitches on Clark's left flank. "But, say, Clark, I'll tell yer wot; you lend me a quarter and I'll run up to that gin-mill on the corner and get your bottle filled, then we'll hev a quiet sociable time together. What d'yer say? Is it a deal?" Here the stranger threw himself back in his chair, and, raising one of his huge dusty boots, laid it confidingly on Clark's knee. "Sir," said Clark, jumping to his his feet, "I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance, and must therefore beg you to leave my house, as both my privacy and my time are of value to me." Again the stranger threw himself back in his chair, and, laughing heartily, exclaimed: "Excuse my joke, Mr. Clark, but I am John G. Saxe. I thought we had known each other long enough by correspondence, and ought to make each other's acquaintance personally, so I have just taken a run down the river to see you." When Clark had recovered from his first astonishment he shook his old contributor cordially by the hand, and tradition says they "made a night of it."

How a Miller Paid the Parson's Salary.

A worthy miller—as the story is told in the Rev. Duncan Dunbar's memoir—was once pained by hearing that the minister was going away for want of support, the church having declared that they could no longer raise his salary. He called a meeting and addressed the brethren very modestly, for he was one of the poorest among the comfortable farmers. He asked if the want of money was the only reason for this change, and if all were united in desiring the services of the pastor, could they still keep him? There was but one voice in reply. The pastor was useful and beloved, but the flock was poor.

"Well," replied the miller, "I have a plan by which I can raise his salary without asking one of you for one dollar, if you will allow me to take my own way to do it. I will assume the responsibility for one year. Have I your consent?"

Of course, they could not refuse this; although they expressed surprise, knowing the miller to be but a poor man.

The year drew to a close. The minister had been blessed in his labors, and no one had been called on for money. When they came together, the miller asked the parson if his wants had been supplied, and his salary promply met? He replied in the affirmative. When the brethren were asked if they were any poorer than at the beginning of the year, each one replied, "No," and asked how they had paid nothing? Again the miller asked, "Is any man here any poorer for keeping the minister?" and the reply was the same as before. "Then," he said, "brethren, I have only to tell you that you have paid the salary as you always did, only more of it, and with greater promptness. You remember you told me to take my own way in this matter, and I have done so. As each of you brought his grist to mill, I took out as much grain as I thought his proportion, and laid it away for the salary. When harvest was over I sold it, and have paid the minister regularly from the proceeds. You confess that you are no poorer, so you never missed it, and therefore made no sacrifice. Now, I propose that we stop talking about poverty, and about letting our minister go, and add enough to his salary to make us feel that we are doing something." Mr. Dunbar used to say: "O, for a miller in every church!"

Gentlemen and Blackguards.

The New York Sun has been asked the following question:

"A and B are friends and are engaged in a business conversation, when, after some angry words, A calls B a liar. B knows that he is not a liar. Now, what is it proper for B to do, stand up and fight A or let it pass unnoticed? Are you considered a coward if you don't fight?

To which the Sun replies: "Of course, a man's natural impulse is to resent such an affront with a blow, but if he yields to it he does not prove himself courageous, and if he conquers it he does not show himself a coward. A very craven will oftentimes make fight in his sudden anger, while a man of courage and determination will not allow himself to be upset by an angry impulse, like a hot-headed boy.

"In fighting with a man who has behaved toward you like a blackguard, you treat him with too much respect. He is too contemptible to receive that amount of attention from you. If he strikes you, of course you defend yourself, but if he wantonly and outrageously insults you in words only, you lower your dignity by responding to him with physical blows. You put yourself too much on his level.

"Besides, a gentleman gains nothing by engaging in a rough-and-tumble fight. When the combat is over nothing is settled, so far as the charge which provoked the fight is concerned. A disgraceful fight has occurred and that is all.

"If a man calls another, without reason, a liar, and abuses the privileges of intimacy to insult his companion, he simply proves himself an unfit associate for decent people. He may ask to be excused on the ground that he spoke in haste and heat, but men who are so lacking in self-control are not tolerable in refined society. They ought to be left to seek companionship among blackguards who bandy insulting epithets and now and then fall to blows in consequence. You only dignify them by exchanging words or blows with them. They deserve nothing but contempt, and are unworthy of notice.

Gentlemen do not need to defend their veracity by resorting to the methods of savages. Generally, too, their tastes and prejudices keep them apart from the company of men who are given to calling each other by opprobrious epithets. If they chance to meet such a man, and he displays himself for what he is, they no more stop to enter into the quarrel he invites than they turn to resent the vile language of a street arab."

Henry Clay's Death.

Henry Clay was forced by ill-health to abandon his visits to the Capitol in the winter of 1851 and 1852 and to remain in his room at the National Hotel, hoping that when spring came he might return to Ashland and die in the bosom of his family. Those who were permitted to see him during that dreary winter say that there was hardly strength enough in his hands to convey food to his mouth, and that he was helped to and from his bed like a feeble child, and like an old forest oak he was beautiful in decay. The lustre of his eye was undimmed and he greeted his friends earnestly and kindly. His voice continued to be all sweetness and melody, except when its tones were moved by that bodily weakness which made it painful for him to speak, and it was always painful for him to speak long. When the last hour came he had at his bedside, Thomas Hart Clay, and Rev. Dr. Butler, rector of Trinity Episcopal Church, with which he was in full communion. His last words were disturbed by the music and shouts of the Whigs, ratifying the nomination just made at Philadelphia of Winfield Scott.

When his death was known the next day political differences were forgotten in the touching encomiums of the departed statesmen and in the sincerity of tone in which regret found utterance from every tongue. There could not have been a more sincere demonstration of popular regard. Other men have attained the Presidential chair, but no one has ever attained the post that Henry Clay held in the hearts of his countrymen. Mrs. Clay, who had never been much at Washington city, was at her home in Kentucky and was then in her seventy-first year. She had been the mother of 12 children, four of whom died in childhood and only three of whom were then alive.

When Mr. Clay left the State Department in 1829 he presented all his personal papers to Major General Jessup, of the army. General Jessup, who was his warm friend, was his second in his duel with John Randolph and had in his possession all the correspondence and unprinted instances of that celebrated meeting. It is to be regretted that he could not have written his reminiscences of "Harry of the West."—Recollections of Ben Perley Poore.

A Suggestion.

An editorial in the Century for May calls for a true party of progress. The editorial closes with the following suggestion: "But after we have said this, we are inclined to add that the present condition of affairs has its compensations, and that there are, morever, indications that the old political order may be to some extent passing away. Perhaps, after all, even political reforms may be accomplished in the future in America without the identical partisan methods which heretofore have been thought necessary. There are many reforms to be made in the system of government, and in our national and State legislation, which can be, perhaps, quite as well accomplished by those intelligent on these subjects inside the various established parties This way of doing things is now in great favor, and may be more and more useful, perhaps even necessary, as our population grows and extends, especially in a country covering such an enormous area as ours, and with such varying exigencies and social interests. At any rate, while we are waiting for the great reform party of the future, each citizen can be his own party of reform, and 'make himself felt' not only individually, but by acting in concert with others who are with him interested in special reforms."

A Lament

Take thy way to the grave,
Where lies thy lost and dear;
Lift up thy voice and cry—
Ah, if she could but hear!

How art thou come to dwell
In that far land apart,
Whereto the valiantest
Go with a quaking heart?

That place of lonesome shade
Is most unmeet for thee;
God's love be with thee there,
His pity with me!

The little one thou has left—
God pity her—for she
Knows not what she has lost;
And yet she weeps for thee.

Those sweet, sweet ways of thine
She misses make her weep;
We hush her all night long,
But the poor child cannot sleep.

When her crying in the night
Smites on my sleepless ears,
Straightway mine eyes are filled
From the well of bitter tears!

VARIETIES.

—Fogg complains that he got nothing by complaing to his landlord. It was like putting a new piece of cloth into an old garment. The rent was made worse.

—A health journal says that you ought to take three-quarters of an hour for your dinner. It would be well also to add a few vegetables and a piece of meat.

—"My dear," said he, "you have a very severe cold. You must do something to cure it." "My love," she coughingly replied, "the only thing that will cure my cold is a sealskin dolman." "Then, my dear," he remarked gravely, "I am afraid your disease will be chronic."

—The difference between "luck" and "chance" is thus defined: You take a girl out to the theatre and discover that you haven't a cent in your pocket. Out of courtesy you invite her to an oyster saloon after the performance. She refuses for some reason—that's luck; but the chance is a million to one she will accept.

—This generation never again will have an opportunity to see such a collection of constellation with grouping of planets as that now visible. A glance toward the south-east, at about eleven o'clock at night, if the atmosphere be clear, will disclose Saturn, the great Jupiter, brightest of all celestial objects then within sight; the fiery Mars, Orion, of unexcelled grandeur; Sirius, burning blue like the far sun that it is, and such other brilliant stars as Cappella, Regulus, and Porcyon.

For the Fun of It.

Christopher Columbus was one of the first men to "go west."

There are 15,000,000 cows in this country. The oleomargarine factories have not been counted.

It is strange that some one did not disperse the mob by proposing to take up a collection.

Ella Wheeler asks: "Have you heard of the Valley of Babyland?" No; but we have heard "from" it late at night.

It seems strange that no matter how much gold a man may steal he is only sent to the penitentiary for his guilt.

A little girl in church, after the the contribution box had passed, complacently said: "I paid for four, mamma; was that right?"

"But," said the serenaded man, "I must go out and make a speech. Something must be done to stop the playing of that band."

A bashful printer refused a situation in a printing office where females were employed, saying he never set up with the girls in his life.

A writer in the New York Sun contends that the goose is an older bird than the American eagle. Our evidence leads to the belief that it is a good deal tougher.

A Connecticut man had to entertain his own mother and his wife's mother for a week, both at the same time, and he says he is ready to join any show as a lion-tamer.

A Snake Yarn.

Lovers of snake stories will find interesting reading in the following item from a recent letter from North Carolina:- "In this State there is a. reptile known as the joint snake. When attacked it flies in pieces, each piece taking care of itself. A darkey attacked one of them the other day, and to his utter amazement it broke all up, each section jumping off in a different direction. In the course of an hour he returned that way and was utterly amazed again to see it all together except the tail-piece. After waiting a few minutes he saw the tail coming up to join the body, taking sharp, quick little jerks. It came nearer and nearer, until within a few inches of the three-quarter snake, when it gave a sudden jump and hitched on in its proper place with a noise like the popping of a cap. The darkey knocked it to pieces several times, and each time it came together again. He carried his amusement too far, however, in throwing the tail part of the snake across the creek, just to see, he said, 'how long it would take it to catch up,' but it never caught up. The snake, with its three joints, was carried to the house, where a new tail is beginning to grow to replace the lost one. A gentleman who knows much about this singular species says a head will grow on the detached trunk, and there will be two snakes instead of one."

Morsels for Sunday Contemplation.

Truth is the highest thing that man can keep.

Reason should not regulate but supplement virtue.

An obstinate man does not hold opinions—they hold him.

Eternity is long enough to make up for the ills of our brief troubled life here.

People seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to copy after.

Stories heard at mother's knee are never wholly forgotten. They form a fountain that never quite dries up in our journeyings through the scorching years.

With every member of the household anxious to promote the welfare of each other by kind words and deeds, how cheerful the family circle can be made!

Even in the fiercest uproar of our stormy passions, conscience, though in her softest whispers, gives to the supremacy of rectitude the voice of undying testimony.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2939_scm3353-0070.jpg