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VOL. 39. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 20, 1884. NO. 2.

STORE FOR SALE.

Being desirous of discontinuing the mercantile business, I will be pleased to answer any communications relating to the sale of my stock. My stand is the best, most centrally located and the largest store room in Denton; rent moderate; cash business and no old goods.

In the meantime I am selling off a large stock of ready made clothing, shoes of all kinds, dry goods, gents' underwear, straw hats, and china and glassware at

COST FOR THE CASH.

12 lbs. granulated sugar for one dollar; coal oil, 12 cts. per gallon; a nice line white goods and muslins, ladies' gossamers with cape $1.35. All best calicoes at 7 cts. per yd.

WM. A. STEWART.

SEASONABLE GOODS,

My Spring Stock of Ladies Dress Goods is varied and and beautiful, but the low prices at which I am selling them form an attractive feature. For instance: Spring prints, from 5 to 8 cents per yard; Worsted goods in pretty shades at 8 cents. All dress goods at prices proportionately low. The ladies are particularly pleased with my selections.

MY GROCERIES

embrace most everything that is useful in the household. As to prices in this line I will quote for examples: Best granulated sugar 9 cents; brown, 6 cents, etc.

Hardware, Paints and Oils

are here for sale, with many other things particularly useful to the farmer at this season of the year.

☞My goods are all bought for cash from the city and I am enabled to sell them much lower than merchants who buy them on tim e. all and inspect my stock.

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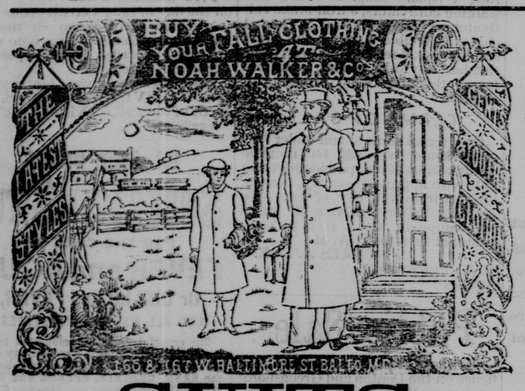
For particulars and Descriptive Circular, Address FOLEY & WILLIAMS MFG. CO., 70 & 72 Adams St., Chicago, Ills.



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It is a Purely Vegetable, Faultless Family Medicine, and has been manufactured at LAROQUE'S PHARMACY, one of the most prominent Drug Stores of Baltimore, for more than half a century. Its efficiency in all forms of LIVER DISEASE has been tested and approved by thousands of the most prominent citizens of Baltimore, who have used it successfully in combating the above complaints, all of which arise from a derangement of the Liver and Disordered Stomach. We therefore say to you confidently if you have *Dyspepsia, Suffer from Sick or Nervous Headache, have Chills, Bowels are Constipated, or you feel Generally Tired Out and don't care a continental whether you live or die,* **try J. M. Laroque's Anti-Bilious Bitters**, and our word for it, a single dose, taken either at night on retiring or in the morning before breakfast, will make you feel like a new man. If you live in a malarious section, where Chills and Fever abound it will be found a most Potent Remedy in guarding the system from all attack. The price, too, is reasonable and within the reach of all; 25 cents for the Herbs in package, or $1.00 for the bottles ready prepared. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

W. E. THORNTON, Sole Proprietor, cor. Baltimore and [illegible]

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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.

A MARVELOUS STORY

TOLD IN TWO LETTERS.

FROM THE SON: "28 Cedar St., New York, Oct. 28, 1882.

"*Gentlemen:* My father resides at Glover, Vt. He has been a great sufferer from Scrofula, and the inclosed letter will tell you what a marvelous effect

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

has had in his case. I think his blood must have contained the humor for at least ten years; but it did not show, except in the form of a scrofulous sore on the wrist, until about five years ago. From a few spots which appeared at that time, it gradually spread so as to cover his entire body. I assure you he was terribly afflicted, and an object of pity, when he began using your medicine. Now, there are few men of his age who enjoy as good health as he has. I could easily name fifty persons who would testify to the facts in his case.

Yours truly, W. M. PHILLIPS."

FROM THE FATHER: "It is both a pleasure and a duty for me to state to you the benefit I have derived from the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Six months ago I was completely covered with a terrible humor and scrofulous sores. The humor caused an incessant and intolerable itching, and the skin cracked so as to cause the blood to flow in many places whenever I moved. My sufferings were great, and my life a burden. I commenced the use of the SARSAPARILLA in April last, and have used it regularly since that time. My condition began to improve at once. The sores have all healed, and I feel perfectly well in every respect—being now able to do a good day's work, although 73 years of age. Many inquire what has wrought such a cure in my case, and I tell them, as I have here tried to tell you, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. Glover, Vt., Oct. 21, 1882. Yours gratefully, HIRAM PHILLIPS."

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA cures Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin. It clears the blood of all impurities, aids digestion, stimulates the action of the bowels, and thus restores vitality and strengthens the whole system.

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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Dentistry.

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On and after MONDAY, July 7th, 1884, (Sundays excepted) Trains will run as follows:

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6 45	10 45	Oxford,	2 10	6 50
6 53	11 04	Trappe,	1 55	6 43
7 07	11 36	Easton,	1 30	6 30
7 18	12 00	Chapel,	1 05	6 18
7 25	12 15	Cordova,	12 54	6 11
7 35	12 38	Queen Anne,	12 33	6 01
7 45	1 05	Ridgely,	12 16	5 51
7 55	1 30	Greensborough,	11 57	5 41
8 04	1 48	Goldsborough,	11 32	5 31
8 10	2 03	Henderson,	11 20	5 25
8 16	2 26	Marydel,	11 08	5 19
8 24	2 42	Slaughters,	10 50	5 11
8 26	2 52	Hartley,	10 45	5 09
8 35	3 22	Kenton,	10 25	4 59
8 44	3 45	Clayton,	10 05	4 50
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AUTIONEERS,

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The Wayfarers.

Young man with keen blue eyes,
Clear and bold,
Why, as thou dost fare,
With so searching air
Scannest thou each face thou dost behold;
Each small flower, faint-colored like the skies
Growing by the way? Why gazest thou
O'er the round hill's brow?

"Ah, in every bearded face,
Looking deep,
My heart's friend seek I,
In each maiden shy
My heart's dearest, dreamed upon in sleep;
And in each fair flower a hope I trace;
And the hill may hide the flashing sea
That doth call to me!"

Old man with pale blue eyes,
Mid and clear,
Why, as thou dost fare,
With that pondering air,
Into passing faces dost thou peer?
Why dost pause where dim, like autumn skies
Starry asters grow? Why gazest thou
O'er the round hill's brow?

"Ah, from each gray-bearded face
Would I know
What that heart hath found;
And in youths that bound
See a youth that vanished long ago;
In each flower a memory can I trace;
O'er the hill the green, still place may be
That doth wait for me."

EGO—A STORY OF TO-DAY.

"What's in a name?" Everything, as the following story is intended to prove:

Hook and I, figuratively speaking, are one. I cannot say that the lines so often quoted by lovers are applicable to us—

"Two souls with but a single thought—
Two hearts that beat as one,"

for we were made without souls and hearts, a fact which I gratefully acknowledge. Nevertheless we were made for each other, and were supposed by our maker to be fitted to each other. Whether the match was forecast in heaven or otherwheres I don't pretend to know, but I have good reason for supposing it was otherwheres. At all events I hope so, for I don't wish to believe that any state of existence forecast in heaven could turn out so badly.

I wish to be understood literally when I affirm that Hook and I were made for each other, and not we alone, but a community of Hooks and Is, varied in stature and complexion, but set off in pairs to await the time when we should be needed. Divided we are of no use to any one or to each other. Since we entered upon a narrower sphere, under new conditions, I don't know really how many times Hook and I have been divorced, but never once by mutual consent. I am determined, cost what it may, to tell the truth, and I declare positively that whenever we were separated it was Hook's fault. For myself I am of a quiet, retiring disposition. I can't help it; I was made so; whereas, judging from appearance and family records, a truant disposition is peculiar to the Hooks. I suppose they can't help it. Poor fellows! There were made so.

My first recollections, after emerging from the obscurity of a dry goods shop are not pleasant. Several of us were paired and put away until such time as we should be required. All of our immediate family left at once and in pairs, and never thought of being lonely. But through circumstances Hook aod I were forced into very different conditions. One day—shall I ever forget it!—I awoke to the consciousness that I had entered upon a probationary existence, a life of trial. The why and wherefore was a mystery I have not yet been able to solve. What had I done to deserve so hard a fate? I thought the matter over, and came to the conclusion that it was on account of a fall or fault in the Hook ancestors some hundreds or thousands of years ago. It wouldn't do to fasten the blame nearer the present time, least some indignant Hook should rise up and demand proof.

Well, I will take up the thread of my story without further preamble. It was a very strong thread once, and its limitations forced me to keep within bounds. Our home. How shall I describe it? Our surroundings, how lovely they were. Our associates, how very pleasant at first, for our domestic content had a benigh influence on our human relations. Hook and I were forced to live apart during many hours of the day and night, but we were always in hailing distance of each other. I had no suspicion at that time that Hook did not live as correct a life as myself, but now I have reason to think he did not. I remember well one morning when he appeared before me with a long auburn curl twined about him. "Where did you get that beautiful present?" I asked. He did not reply, but just at that moment came a sudden jerk and a very strange sounding word—only one. I listened some time, thinking another might follow, which would explain the first, but it didn't, and before I had time to collect my senses the curl had disappeared, and one of Hook's knees was out of joint. Poor Hook! How I pitied him! I didn't know any better then.

On some accounts it was a great relief to me to live apart from him, for when compelled by circumstances beyond our control to lead a united life the strain on both of us was something dreadful. I tried to bear it, but Hook rebeled. He made a gigantic effort to be free, and succeeded many times in breaking away from his moorings. He was brought back into bondage, however, and his knees straightened out and put in place. I never knew exactly what to do when he came back, or what to say. Sometimes I tried to comfort him. Then again I tried scolding. Occasionally I threw in a word of good advise, and sometimes, as a last resort, I cried and entreated, begging him for my sake, to stay quiet at home. Nothing excited him and made him so angry as my tears, and so after a time I gave up trying to make him change his ways. I suppose he couldn't. Poor fellow; he was made so. He only acted out his nature. Really, it seemed to me the weaker he became, and the less able to go about, owing to the feebleness of his joints, the more determined he was to stray off. But I have heard that nothing can annul the law of heredity. After awhile he seemed utterly to forget that he owed any allegiance to me, and was ready, indeed eager, to catch on to anybody or anything that came in his way, and, indeed, to go out of his way to find something or somebody to cling to. I have been a silent witness of scenes which made my blood curdle. I have heard from the lips of lovely woman expressions which nothing could induce me to repeat. I have watched some contortions of beautiful features, such grinding together of pretty teeth, such stamping of little feet and for what does any one imagine? Ask Hook. Perhaps he will tell you and perhaps he won't. But I will. It was because he made himself so familiar and so offensive, so determined to cling to something and fasten somewhere, just acting out his nature. Poor fellow!

I remember once, all of a sudden he gave a flying leap and fell prostrate in a remote corner of the room. He has come to the end of his tether now, I said to myself; but no, back he came, or rather, was brought home; he never came back voluntarily. The broom of destiny flung him into midair; a kind hand seized him, straightened out his limbs for the hundredth time, and put him in his place; and I met him, fool that I was just as if nothing had happened. I don't think I did right, but under the circumstances I did as well as I knew how.

For a time Hook remained quiet, for the reason that he hadn't strength to go about. Time! Life! The sound of those words fills me with inexpressible melancholy, reminding me that the end is not far distant. I must either die a violent death or rust out. Once I was bright, polished, attractive, fair to look upon, and so was Hook; but now, if the truth be told, he has lost his once symmetrical proportions, by the habit afore-mentioned of leaping the barriers of custom and propriety and aspiring to objects out of his sphere.

I shall never forget the last time he was brought home. He was so deformed I didn't recoguize him. I shall never forget with what jerks and mutterings his joints were put in place. I seem to hear them now, one after another, winding up at last with, "There now; if this thread gets loose again you may go to——" The sentence was never finished. I asked Hook when we were alone what place she meant, and he pretended he didn't know. I asked him if it was otherwheres, and he said he thought it was, as there couldn't be a much worse place found than where we were.

I inquired of Hook what he had done to deserve such a severe castigation. He replied: "Nothing; I only stopped on the way home to admire a bit of lace around a lady's neck, when I was sent whirling into space, the lace clinging to me—not I to it. Oh, it was terrible."

"I hope that you have learned a lesson that will last your life out," I said.

"What lesson?" he asked sulkily.

"To keep at home, where you belong," I replied.

"Stupid!" he exclaimed.

"Who is stupid?" I asked, in anger.

"Home is stupid," said he.

"You didn't think so once," I cried reproachfully.

"Because I didn't know any better," he mumbled between his teeth. "I hadn't seen the world," he continued, in a plaintive tone. "Are you a fool? Don't you know that it isn't nature of a Hook to stay forever in one place. I am ambitious."

"For what? I asked.

"For a wider field of action; for higher companship, for sweeter sympathy, for fuller appreciation. I can't endure this hum-drum life. I want new fields to conquer. Day after day to see the same things! It may do for you; but I can't bear it, and I won't, if I can't get away."

"Which you can't do. I suppose when you made love to an auburn curl you were happy." I said contemptuously, remembering the retribution which followed.

"Yes, I was, and I would willingly pay the penalty over again. No amount of retribution ever vanquished a Hook."

"How long do you suppose that you lay prostrate in the dark, fearing to make yourself known lest a worse thing come upon you?" I asked.

"I don't know of any worse thing that could come upon me than did come," he said crabbedly.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Just what I say," he answered. "If you wish me to explain, I'll explain. What worse thing could happen than a continuance of this sort of bondage?"

"What do you mean?" I repeated. "Oh, what have I done to deserve this?" And I began to cry.

"Now don't try that dodge," he exclaimed in a rage. "What have you done? You may well ask that question, and I will answer it. You have done nothing, absolutely nothing to make home attractive."

"And what have you done to that end?" I asked.

"It isn't my place," he replied.

"I have tried to do my duty," I said meekly.

"That's the worst of it," said he, looking me full in the face. "Who wants you to do your duty? I never wanted you to. There's nothing in life so positively unmeaning as doing one's duty. What is your duty? To stick in one place morning, noon and night, always looking the same way, and that the right and proper way. It tires me to death to see you everlastingly doing your duty. It's what makes one of my temperament frantic. I should like you a thousand times better if you didn't do your duty. There's such a thing as being too good. Why can't you fly off once in a while and let me miss you?"

"I can—and I will."

"I don't mean where I can't get you if I want anything."

"H'm!" I replied.

"I wouldn't have you make a habit of it."

"Oh, no, I understand," I said, sarcastically. "You needn't trouble yourself. I see how my life has been all wrong, but it isn't to late to mend. I feel a new impulse, a new enthusiasm; but remember this, when I go, don't dare to follow."

Hook looked at me in bewilderment, but said nothing.

"What has become of the auburn curl?" I asked, with a smile.

No answer.

"And the bouquet on my lady's chignon?"

Still no answer.

"And the chignon itself?" I continued, in a mocking tone.

"Hush up!" he said angrily. "Let us have peace, if nothing else."

"We have had peace long enough," I replied. "My voice is now for war."

At that moment something gave way. Somebody grasped hold of us both and wirled us over her head, adjusting us afterward according to natural laws.

"I'm going," I whispered faintly. "The last tie is broken."

"Not yet; don't go yet," said Hook earnestly.

"I lack variety, excitement, appreciation, sympathy," I replied. "We must part."

"Wait awhile, I will go with you," said Hook, in accents of despair.

"You are anchored fast," I replied. "I act upon your suggestion and escape from trammels of duty. My probation is ended. I am going——

"Where? Where? I beseech you, tell me."

"Otherwheres, anywhere, nowhere. Farewell.

I turned and looked at Hook. "I may return and I may not. You needn't seek me. Circumstances have separated us now and forever."

I was gone. What ever became of Hook I don't know, and I don't care. Poor crooked old thing. I hope he has found somebody to take care of him. I don't feel very happy, but I think I did what was right. He may take a turn and do better. If he should, why I may go back and do my duty by him. I couldn't help it. Besides, I haven't as yet found the sphere I was looking for. I don't exactly know what it is. Life is a riddle anyhow, and as to matches, the less said on that subject the better. Poor old Hook! I hope he misses me, but I wouldn't have him unhappy for anything. He couldn't help acting on his nature, any more than I can help being miserable in search for my sphere. I wish I was back again. No I don't. What do I wish? I don't know. Hook and I were made for each other. Would it not have been better for both of us

"To bear the ills we have
Than to fly to others that we know not of?"

Poor old Hook! S. J.

SCRAPS.

A tie game—getting married.

The horse prefers to dine at the table d'oat.

Not levelled by love—the odor of an onion.

The way of the transgressor is—Canada.

Caucus and circus are often synonomous terms.

He who has lost his honor can lose nothing more.

Choose such pleasures as recreate much and cost little.

It is said that Adam was married on his wedding Eve.

Not always a bread winner—The man who takes the cake.

Many a man who aims to tell the truth generally fires too low.

Anger is like rain; it breaks itself upon that on which it falls.

Three things to avoid—idleness, loquacity and flippant jesting.

Four prisoners have escaped from Sing Sing—over the guardian wall.

To succeed one must be sometimes be very bold and sometimes very prudent.

The strength of criticism lies only in the weakness of the thing criticised.

When a man goes to the hairdresser's in warm weather he takes a short cut.

There is always a great deal of bustle in a newspaper office. Fashionable dressmakers are possibly not aware of this.

THEN AND NOW.

Written by Request, for the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Settlement of Friends at Third Haven.

BY PROF. WILSON M. TYLOR.

"Remorseless Time!
Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe!
What power can stay him in his silent course,
Or melt his iron heart to pity?
On, still on he presses and forever."
—PRENTICE.

How great is the mind of man, and how wonderful! It grapples with complex subjects but to reduce them to comprehensive simplicity. It measures the length and breadth of our land, and knows the coming of the seasons. It controls the destiny of nations, and penetrates the works of nature. It brings into action latent forces—commands them and they obey.

Yet how insignificant when it attempts to comprehend the duration of time, and to measure the untold length of the past!

Two hundred years! What is it? But a drop in the ocean, but a thought in the history of ages. Yet, short as it is, generations have come and gone, the young have become old and passed away. Sturdy oaks, that withstood the storms of winters and among whose inviting branches caroled birds for scores of summers, have flourished and fallen.

In yon silent yard lies entombed the ashes of those whose presence once made glad the heart—whose buoyant steps delighted the ears of loving friends—around whose board echoed the voices of children and from whose gates the stranger turned not away. Those moss-covered stones aud sodded mounds remind us of loved ones whose hearts no longer pulsate with the quickened fire of youth,—whose hoary heads no longer bow in humble reverence to the Author of Light. The young and the fair are there; in the morn of life, Death waved his wand and they are not. The middle-aged are there; he pointed his pallid finger to the strong man and his proud form lies prostrate. The aged are there; he beckoned and they obeyed his summons. Those lie there whose welcome voices once sounded within these walls, calling the attentive ones to a higher and better life. Here they were led in childhood by the hands of faithful parents, tenderly instructed in the paths of truth, became in after years expounders of the Word of Life, and, having finished their labors, folded their hands in peaceful rest, long before the recollection of the now living.

We mingle to-day to worship again in this house, whose time-honored walls seem to bid us welcome, and on the face of whose rough-hewn timbers are written, "passing away, passing away." Its plain, undecorated walls seem to echo the voices of long ago and humbly call the weary soul to rest. Its unpainted benches remind us of the untarnished lives of Christians. Its unassuming doorways, low ceilings and unsteepled roof are typical of the meek and lowly who adorn not the exterior to be seen of men, but who worship God with an humble and contrite heart. No organ peal is heard, but beyond the solemn silence breaks the heavenly words, "Peace be still."

Countless changes have been made since these foundations were laid. Cities have sprung into existence; millions of acres, on whose surface civilization had never trod, have become fruitful; foreign lands have been visited and peopled; new nations have flourished and old ones perished. Then, the forest still resounded to the axe of the settler and the voice the engine was unknown; now, iron wheels thunder through the cleared and fertile valleys. Then, small crafts wandered over the trackless sea rubject to the whims of the wind; now, iron steamers can stretch their foamy wake from shore to shore, regardless of the weather.—Then, months were occupied in communicating with foreign countries; now, electric cables pulsate with the heart-throbs of continents. Then, persecutions on account of religion were not unfrequent; now, the glorious liberty of conscience extends throughout our land.

When this building was erected, the author of Pilgrim's Progress was still preaching the Gospel in England. Dryden, the father of modern English prose, was in his glory, and the name of Alexander Pope had not been heard. It had stood thirty-three years before that great man, Joseph Addison, called his dissolute step-son to his bedside, that he might see with what peace a Christian could die. In this room the parents of Washington could have worshipped in childhood, and Peter the Great could have heard with profit the teachings of Jesus.

In reviewing the changes wrought by the works of man, the thoughtful mind marvels with astonishment; but in contemplating the unchangeable laws of the Deity, we are dumb with admiration. During these twenty decades, man's works have crumbled to dust; but the sun, undiminished in glory, still moves in his mighty course, the King of Day, while the moon, the faithful watcher of the night, reflects his splendor as in the beginning. The unwearied stars still march to heavenly music, without deviation from their fixed course, and the earth still obeys His will unchanged.

How long these shall continue, we know not; but when heaven and earth shall pass away as a scroll and be no more; when the glory of the stars shall fade, and time folds his snowy pinions in death, this we know: that the Lord of Hosts still reigns in majesty, forever and ever, bringing to pass whatsoever He will.

To-day we pay our parting tribute of respect to this feeble structure, which, for two hundred years, has sheltered the woary traveller, as he paused a moment in life's journey to reflect. Its work is o'er, its tottering frame must crumble to the dust; no more will we mingle beneath its roof in silent worship; but as a garment have we cast it aside forever.

Farewell! The house of our fathers, farewell! Soon we will have finished our work on earth, and like thee, our mortal bodies will be distributed to the elements. During to tempest and whirlwind thou hast stood firm; may no storm of temptation find us too weak to resist its violence.

We are passing away; our lives, like the waves, last but a moment; our voices, like the sigh of the wind, are forgotten; our forms are but clouds on the blue vault of life, changing and disappearing. In the impenetrable future, endless generations will follow to take the places of those gone before. For them, as for us, will the rains descend, the flowers bloom and the harvests be gathered in. Let us hope that the principles of love and truth, which we have set forth here, will roll, as a placid river, down the countless ages to come; that the lives which embark on its bosom be gently borne to that haven of rest, where unnumbered hosts dwell in eternal peace.

Our Place in Life.

For The Journal.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, the distinguished philosopher and poet, once in a lecture before the law students of Howard University, said: "We are born with certain talents for certain things. Every mind that comes into the world has its own specialty, and every young man and every young woman is a failure so long as each does not find out what is his or her own specialty."

Then how vastly important it is that we should try to ascertain for what we have the most decided talent, and then turn and direct every energy in that direction.

We frequently see people laboring in a field and accomplishing very little, simply because they have no talent for the work they have taken up. They wish to be writers, or actors, or preachers, and so they take up the work, and as a natural consequence, fail. There are men preaching who lack the qualities of successful preachers, and who, if condemned to listen to their own sermons, would exclaim with Cain, "My punishment is greater than I can bear!" There are writers who have neither fancy, nor imagination, nor grace; there are actors and actresses who are utterly destitute of all talents for the stage. Such people are necessarily failures, and they wonder why it is. The answer comes readily: it is nature protesting against this violation of her laws. People cannot make themselves what they please; we are what we are. God endowed the poet with peculiar gifts for his vocation: he gave him imagination, fancy, feeling, a delicate, quick perception. To another

A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose is to him,
And it is nothing more."

Yet the poet sees in it "thoughts that lie too deep for tear." God has given to him this sensibility, this feeling; while to another, the musician, for instance, he has allotted the equisite sense of harmony.

Some men have the gift of eloquence, as Webster; some logical powers, as Calhoun. Even as one star differeth in glory from another star, so do men differ in their intellectual gifts; and here we see the great wisdom of God. To make this world the beautiful, the delightful place it is, it was necessary that men should possess various gifts; and thus it is that the musicians, and the painters, and the sculptors, and the writers, and the men of science, and the men of mechanical minds, all bring their talents to help to beautify and make comfortable the great world.

How necessary is it, then, that we should find out what our gifts are, and to what career we are by nature the best adapted. Then we should do our life's work well, and have the satisfaction of pursuing the path most likely to lead to success.

R. ALEX TUFF.

September 2, 1884.

A healthy cyclone is a considerable of stripping.

The biggest liar the world ever knew was Goliah.

Breeches of promise — those the tailor said he would have finished by Saturday.

A necessitous man who gives costly dinners pays large sums to be laughed at.

The youth who gets shaved by a barber for the first time doen't know whether to be tickled or feel ashamed.

A revenue officer entered the store of a merchant who never advertised and arrested him because he kept a still house.

The sting of a bee is only one-thirty-second of an inch long; it is said to be only imagination that makes it seem as long as a hoe handle.

Our happiness depends less upon the art of pleasing, than a uniform disposition to please. The difference is that which exists between ceremony and sincerety.

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