DENTON JOURNAL.

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VOL. 39. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 13, 1884. NO. 14.

NEW GOODS

AT LOW PRICES!

We call the attention of our friends to the fact that our Mr. Fallowfield has just returned from New York and Philadelphia with a large stock of New Goods, consisting of Men's and Youth's

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

Ladies', Gents', and Children's Underwear, Notions, Dry Goods, Groceries, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Tinware, Queensware &c.

All of which, having been carefully selected and bought for cash, we will sell at bottom prices for the cash or trade. Give us a call, and be convinced that we sell bargains.

Smith & Fallowfield,
TEMPLEVILLE, MD.

R. S. FOUNTAIN,
—SUCCESSOR TO—
A. W. Fountain & Son,
CARRIAGE MANUFACTURER.
—AND PROPRIETOR OF THE EASTON—
MARBLE WORKS,
EASTON, MD.

BARGAINS!

I have just received from the city and now have in stock at my store at Goldsborough a large new stock of

DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS.
BOOTS, SHOES, &C.

and I feel justified in saying that my stock is in every particular adapted to the wants of our people. I make it a business to please my customers, merit their confidence and compensate them for their visits. My Motto is, "SMALL PROFITS and QUICK SALES." I thank the people for their patronage, and hope fidelity to their interests will secure a continuance of the same.

THOMAS S. KINNAMON.

SUITS
—FOR—
Men, Boys & Children.

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

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AT
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HEATING STOVES,
COOK STOVES AND RANGES.
"NEW GOLDEN SUN"

Fire-place Heaters, improved pattern; Buffalo Robes, Wolf Robes, Scotch Robes, Horse Blankets and Lap Blankets.

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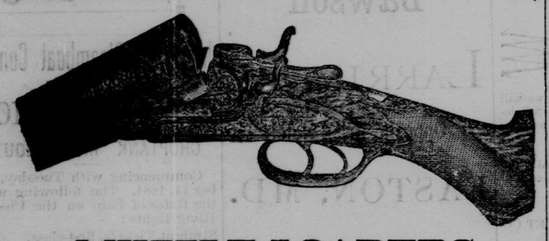

MUZZLE LOADERS,
ALL KINDS. AMMUNITION. ALL KINDS.
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PLAIN AND TRACTION ENGINES,
SAW MILLS.

Hardware Agricultural Implements and Machinery of Every Description.

A cordial invitation extended to every one to come and inspect our large stock. Respectfully,

SHANNAHAN & WRIGHTSON,
EASTON, MARYLAND.

A MARVELOUS STORY
TOLD IN TWO LETTERS.

FROM THE SON: "22 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.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

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

THOMAS F. JONES
—WITH—
FALLIN, DOWNING & CO.
WHOLESALE TOBACCO AND COMMISSION HOUSE,
58 Light Street, Baltimore, Md.

COAL. COAL. COAL.
I am receiving and will keep constantly on hand at
DENTON BRIDGE,
A FULL SUPPLY OF
ANTHRACITE COAL
at the following prices:

No. 2 Lyken's Valley	$5.50
" 5 " "	5.50
" 3 " "	6.00
Bituminous Coal	4.75

Coal delivered in town when requested at 50cts. per ton.
Soliciting your orders, I am respectfully,
CHAS. F. WILLIS,
9 27 tf. Denton Bridge.

HENRY IRWIN & SON,
AUTIONEERS,
DENTON, MD.

JOSHUA W. BRYANT. URIE TOWNSEND
BRYANT & TOWNSEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
DENTON, MD.
9 20.

BRICK HOTEL,
DENTON, MD.,
JOHN H. VAN GESEL, Proprietor.
I keep also a good stock of horses and carriages; in fact, a
COMPLETE LIVERY STABLE,
and am prepared to furnish single or double teams on reasonable terms.
9 13 tf] JOHN H. VAN GESEL.

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

NAVAL BATTLES. Agents Wanted for Ancient & Modern. New and graphic Pictorial History of the great Sea fights of the world. By Medical Director SHIPPEN, U. S. N. Address J. C. McCURDY & CO., 625 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

His Love.

BY ELIZABETH F. MORIARTY.

Beside the altar she will stand
To-night with matchless grace,
The beauteous blush of modesty
Upon her girlish face.

In snow-white silk and Orient pearls,
In lace and jewels rare—
Each beaming eye will gaze on her,
The queen of beauty there.

The love and peace and purity,
That live within her soul,
Will breathe from out her speaking eyes,
And harmonize the whole.

She'll link her fate with his to-night,
Subliming all his life;
And earth will hold no prouder heart
When first he calls her wife.

He won the heart I failed to charm,
And I must now control
The passion rising fierce and strong
Within my anguished soul.

And as I sit alone to-night,
With sorrow half suppressed—
I know that years will come and go
Before my heart finds rest.

IRENE.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

"You may well tremble in your shoes, Queen Isabelle; be sure I shall eclipse you, long as you have held the scepter!"

"You will have to put some restraint upon that saucy tongue, then, little independence!" said Isabelle Grantford, fastening a spray of ivy among her dark-brown curls.

They were all together, and were preparing for the ball—the Grantford girls. There were three of them: beautiful Isabelle, the queen of her set; saucy, coquettish Elfie and Irene.

The latter sat by the window, all dressed, while her sisters were yet busy, and listened to their gay badinage, for it was to "bring out" Elfie that this ball was given, and she was gaily declaring her intention of rivaling Isabelle, who had been "out" four years and was twenty-two.

Irene was two years younger. She was tall and fair—but no, that word gives no idea of Irene Grantford's white beauty; words cannot describe it. She had none of the old Grantford red in her cheeks; all the color in her beautiful face was on the glowing scarlet lips. Her eyes were black. And her hair—that too was black, with purple shades, and straight as an Indian's.

There were few that understood Irene; she was so reserved, so silent, that she seemed to repel all advances to anything like intimacy. She was not a favorite; these reserved, self-centered people seldom have any admirers. But those who did know her, who did understand the hidden mysteries of her strange nature, knew that beneath that quiet exterior were depths of feeling that would have astonished those who saw only the outside.

One of those who understood her was her sister Elfie. Better than any one else the merry girl knew her quiet, undemonstrative sister. And that night at the ball, she knew that Irene was not happy, though she knew no reason for her being otherwise. So she coaxed her to the piano, for she was fond of music, and Elfie hoped that it would drive away her sadness.

"Will you sing that, Miss Grantford?" asked a gentleman, placing a sheet of music before her. It was her favorite song, a little gem entitled, "All Alone," and never did she sing it so well.

As she rose from the piano, Elfie noticed that her face wore an expression of deep sadness, entirely unusual to her, for though quiet and grave, she had never seemed unhappy. What could make her sister sad was more than Elfie could guess.—She sought in vain to account for it, but long after, when she knew what cause Irene had for sorrow, she remembered that night.

Mrs. Grantford's one great object in life was the making of grand matches for her daughters, and especially for Irene, with her white moonsheen of beauty, and if she did not bewitch the senses of Captain Murray, third son of an earl, it would break Mrs. Grantford's pride, and nothing was stronger than Mrs. Grantford's pride—unless it were Irene's own. When the Captain asked her for her daughter, Mrs. Grantford said yes, but when it was broached to Irene, she said no.

"I never saw the time, mother," when his right hand knew what his left hand did. You know he is professional at his cups. He would be sorely surprised to wake up sober some morning and find himself an earl, and a countess beside him."

But for all that Mrs. Grantford did not give up her project. She meant Irene should marry the Captain yet, if she could compass it.

* * * * * *

"Now, Elfie," said Isabelle Grantford, who had just returned from a six months' absence from home, "come into my room and let us have a good long chat."

"Very well; begin!" laughed Elfie.

"Well, first you must tell me all the news. What has been going on since I left?"

"Well," said Elfie, demurely, in the first place Julia McKnight has a new bonnet, and the Westons have have moved to Caswell Row, and—"

"Oh, hush!" cried Isabelle, with a comic gesture of despair. "No more such important items, if you please. Has nothing happened worthy of being told?"

Elfie sighed as she said, in a very different tone from her former light and careless one:

"Belle, a great deal has happened, and one thing troubles me for Irene."

"For Irene?" echoed Isabelle.—"What do you mean?"

"Poor Irene!" said Elfie. "I'll tell you all about it, Belle; though mother is so mad about it, she'd be ready to choke me if she knew I spoke of it. You know Lamorce of the Bay?"

Isabelle knew him. A dark, Spanish-looking man; about whom all sorts of strange stories were told. His father was known to have been a pirate; and many thought he was not much better. He kept aloof from his neighbors, rarely speaking to any one, and shunned by all. Isabelle wondered what he could have to do with Irene, but she simply answered "yes," and waited for Elfie's disclosure.

"Well, I will tell you something strange," said Elfie. "He fell in love with Irene!"

"That is not so strange," said Isabelle.

"Then I'll tell you something that is. She fell in love with him."

"Irene? Then why don't she marry him?"

"Mother stopped it," said Elfie.—"She would not let a child of hers marry a pirate's son. Besides, she wanted her to marry Captain Murray. Irene was firm for awhile, but mother led her a dreadful life, forever dinging at her about the captain; and at last, just for peace, Irene promised to give up Lamorce, if mother would drop the suit of the captain. And so poor Lamorce went to sea—and do you know, his ship was lost and he with it.

"You'd think Irene did not care much, but I know her heart is broken."

* * * * * *

Irene Grantford sat alone in the parlor, singing one of Jean Ingelow's sweet poems, which she herself had set to music:

"We shall meet no more in the wind and rain,
Where thy last farewell was said;
But, perhaps, I shall see and know thee again,
When the sea gives up its dead."

As the last sad, mournful notes floated through the room and out into the garden Beyond, the curtains were swept aside from the broad window that opened upon the garden, and a man stepped through it into the parlor—a weary, haggard man, whose eyes glittered like diamonds as she started up and confronted him.

"Helmar Lamorce!"

And she fell senseless at his feet.

He lifted her in his arms and covered her face with his passionate kisses, murmuring in her ear words of such love and passion that they brought her back to consciousness, and she opened her dark eyes, whispering as she looked up into the beloved face bending over her:

"Oh, Helmar, my love, thank God you have come back to me at last!"

All memory of past sorrow was forgotten, as she sat there listening to his story of shipwreck and adventure.

When his ship went down he had escaped, being lashed to a spar, on which he had floated until he was picked up by a merchant ship and taken to India. Since then he had wandered from country to country, meeting danger in many forms, and trying vainly to crush down the sorrow that resisted all his efforts, till at last, weary of the struggle, he turned his steps homeward, longing to see again the face of Irene.

"But this moment pays for all," he concluded.

Even while he spoke, the door was suddenly thrown open, and two men entered, whose dress proclaimed them to be officers of the law. Approaching Helmar, the foremost laid his hand on his shoulder, saying, sternly:

"You are my prisoner, sir!"

Irene's face blanched as white as snow, as she saw them fasten the handcuffs on his wrists, and she cried out wildly:

"What is it? For what do you arrest him?"

The man looked pityingly at her, and hesitated a moment before replying:

"For murder, Miss!"

For a moment Irene was stunned; then she turned silently to Helmar, who answered her look by saying:

"I am innocent, Irene. Whatever may have been my sins, there is no stain of blood upon my hands."

"I believe you, Helmar," she said.

And then they bore him away; but not until Irene had questioned him as to where he would be confined, and had given him the assurance that she would visit him at once.

* * * * * *

The trial was over. Slowly Isabelle and Irene walked home from the court house and Isabelle looked anxiously at the white, death-like face of her sister, wondering at the strange calmness. But Irene heeded her not; like one in a trance, she walked, seeing nothing, hearing nothing but the echo of that terrible sentence: "Hanged by the neck till you are dead!" People walked by, but she saw them not; voices discussed the trial and the sentence, but she heard them not. She thought only of Helmar, and a thrill of something like a fierce joy crossed her heart when she remembered what he had told her that morning—that he should not live to meet his doom!

She knew that it was true; that the disease which had long been planted in his system, hurried on by the confinement and excitement of the last month, would destroy his life long before the time arrived which had been set by the sentence.

The next day she went again to the prison, but she did not go alone. With her went Elfie, Isabelle and a gray-haired man in clerical dress. Irene knelt beside the bed from which Helmar was unable to rise, and took his thin, wasted hand within her own; Elfie and Isabelle stood silently by. And there in the condemned cell, Irene became the wife of Helmar Larmorce; and Helmar Lamorce was dying!

Hardly had the words been spoken, which made them one, when the jailer entered, the bearer of good tidings.

"It is all right, Lamorce!" he cried; "the villain is caught! Your innocence is proved, and you will soon be free!"

"Yes I shall soon be free," murmured Helmar. "I shall soon be free from pain."

"Don't talk so," said Isabelle. "You must get well, now, for Irene's sake."

"Speak not to me of earthly life. My moments are numbered. Irene, I am going!"

Sweet as the smile of an angel was the smile that wreathed the lips of that dying man, as he turned his eyes with a look of ineffable love and tenderness toward his wife, and whispered in slow and failng accents:

"Farewell, my love, my wife—Irene!"

Slowly the weary head sank back upon the coarse pillow, and the dark lashes drooped over the glazing eyes. One long, deep sigh fluttered from the heart that had known so much of sorrow—and Helmar Lamorce was dead.

The head of his wife sank forward on his breast, her white hands fell helpless at her side; and when they raised her up, her heart was still forever—she too, was dead!

Two Little Graves.

In a beautiful cemetery in an Illinois town are two little graves that contain the dust of two children—my own little boys. These graves lie on a magnificent grassy slope, where the sun shines at evening and the birds sing among the reddened leaves of the maples on bright October days, and a brook purls forth sweet music on the rocks and pebbles that lie in its bed at the foot of the slope.

One day in winter my wife and I followed the mortal part of our dear baby to its last home on the hill-side, and as the bleak winds whistled among the bare branches, the hands of kind friends laid it in the smaller of the two graves, and the frozen clods fell no less heavily on its coffin than on our hearts, which were almost broken by their weight. I June, when everything was rife with a new life, we laid his older brother there, and our hearts were heavy again.—Then we went away. But yesterday we visited those scenes again, and found the grass grown green above the mounds over our children's bossoms even as their sweet faces and bright ways are green in our memories to-day.

We clasped the hands of those dear friends that helped us bury them, and felt the old friendship throb in their touch and heard the mellow cadence of their sympathy in the words they spoke. They were older grown, but their hearts warmed toward us with the old fervor, and ours glowed with the gratitude of the olden time. We visited those tombs of some of our departed hopes in their company, and they, modest and true even in their sympathy, turned away and left us lone with our dead. When we laid them in those graves, our hearts bled so deeply that our agony found vent in audible sobs, but on this visit, memory of our grief being softer and more gentle than grief itself, our tears flowed in silence and sparkled on the flowers we laid over their breasts like the jewels of sweet, yet sad memories as they were.

Those are the oases in the great desert of our cares—the shrines where tribulations are shrived off from our lives—the Meccas to which we turn when other woes come upon us, and there we feel that Heaven's light falls through all the gloom that hangs like a pall above us, betimes, and dissipate our deepest woes. Alas, that our babies are dead, but being dead, there is no other place where the tender touch of God's cheering hand revives the current of pure love and softens the callous places which the chafing of time years upon our hearts—no other place where our embittered souls are so sweetened by the mellow influence of Heaven and Heaven's wealth of tender passions as by the green mounds raised above our dead.

There the anxieties and mental cares of business, the weariness of an overworked brain, the dullness of the unceasing struggles for existence which are inseparable from life are all forgotten for a time, and once again we are father and mother and babes together, with nothing to intrude itself upon our little home circle and darken the smiles which Heaven sheds upon our reunited household. Soft and chubby hands stroke our burning cheeks and dash away our gathering tears, and our grief is for one short hour but the exquisite throe of an overfulness of sweet memories.

We have come away from those blessed graves, but days and months and even years of absence will not be sufficient to dim the renewed memories of our beloved dead, which we have brought with us in our coming. When the clouds hang low above us, and the rain and sleet beat upon our windows dismally, we will look out upon our graves as we saw them that bright October day, with the sun shining upon their green covering and the reddening maple leaves quivering in its mellow light.

Speech of General Johnson.

The Maryland Electoral College assembled at Annapolis on Wednesday of last week and formally cast the vote of the State for Cleveland and Hendricks. The most interesting event of the occasion was the speech of General Bradley T. Johnson, made upon being elected president of the college. General Johnson is a grandson of the first governor of Maryland, Thomas Johnson. His remarks were so eminently thoughtful and appropriate that we publish them in full. He said:

"Gentlemen of the Electoral College of Maryland: I thank you for the compliment you have paid me in selecting me for this honorable position—honorable for being the head of the electoral college, and honored by the long line of distinguished Marylanders who have preceded me since 1789. I am more impressed with the occasion and the place, because in this chamber the initial steps were taken which resulted in the formation of the constitution of the United States, and because the federal electoral college was borrowed from and modeled upon the senatoral electoral college directed by our first constitution to meet here and select Senators for the State. The present occasion recalls that epoch of just a century and a year ago, when arms yielded to law; when the rule of the soldier was superseded by the rule of statesmen; when George Washington sheathed his sword and surrendered his commission to the Continental Congress in this chamber, resigning the power of commander-in-chief of the armies of America to become a private citizen of Virginia. Then the arts of peace succeeded the rough ways of war; then the rule of reason followed the rule of force.

Now the people of Maryland have appointed us to vote for Grover Cleveland, of New York, for President of the United States and Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana, for Vice-President. In connection with electors appointed by twenty States we shall this day elect them to those high offices. It seems to me that this selection of these two citizens is second only in importance and significance to the surrender of his commission by Washington in 1783. For twenty-four years the government of the Union has been founded on force and not on the will of the people. During all that time it has been administered by a party by right of conquest, and not by right of consent. During all that time one section has claimed to be the master, and the other section has been treated as unworthy of trust. During all that time one party has insisted that it alone was patriotic, and has ostracised the other party as destitute of civic virtue. The election held here to-day and throughout the United States, is a repudiation of those false ideas and false claims. It is an assertion by all the people of the equal rights of the States, of citzens and of parties, and of the right of the people to change the party in administration and replace it with its opponents. It is a declaration by all the people of the equal patriotism and equal virtue of all the States, and that hereafter there will be no disfranchisement of sections, of races, nor of opinions. The election of Cleveland and Hendricks means all this and more. It means that there shall be a reform in methods and a restoration of the the principles of the constitution in all the departments of the government. It means that the corruptions that have grown out of civil broil and been fostered by irresponsible administration shall be utterly and entirely eradicated. That the government shall be controlled by the whole people and not by the party of a section, and that parties shall be directed for the common weal and not for private gain, and that they shall be administered by the public will and not by corrupt managers and manipulators for their own ends. That the ballot-box shall be preserved pure and inviolable, and its decisions be respected and enforced, whether the majority be one million or one. This election, as I appreciate it, also means and is intended to declare that there is such a thing as a public conscience, which, though long dormant, is now vigorous and active, and tries all questions by the standard of right and wrong with certainty and precision. That public office is a public trust, which shall neither be bargained for nor sold, and that political suffrage is also a public trust to be exercised for public good, and not for personal emolument. These are the principles which I understand to have been enunciated by the late popular decision, and of which Cleveland and Hendricks are the apostles and exponents.

"The President-elect, by his life, his principles and his acts, has illustrated and enforced them. Under his leadership the Union will enter upon its second century strengthened by experience, tried by many ordeals and fortified by the support of an enlightened and patriotic citizenship co-extensive with the whole country.—The inspiration of the fathers will again direct the children, and with an honest government, administered by honest men, under the constitution, lovers of liberty in all the world will join us and our children and our children's children in one prayer:—'The constitution and the Union, may it be perpetual.'"

A Forest Burial.

A novel and strikingly weird ceremony was witnessed in a grove of stately pines about two miles south of Johnsville, last Friday afternoon. The slanting sun penetrated the high foliage and sifted a golden mellowness down upon the scene of a Gypsy burial on the crisp autumn leaves below. On the previous day a girl, scarcely 18 years of age, and a member of the Gypsy band that had been encamped in the above neighborhood for several days died after a brief illness, and the band had assembled around the dead body to perform the burial ceremony prescribed by unwritten laws of their wandering fraternity. They selected a beautiful spot for the event and a most propitious time. The scene formed one of nature's most picturesque panoramas, while the softly changing breezes sighed requiems among the swaying pinetops for the dead Gypsy maiden. The bright colored dresses and shawls of the women blended with the deep-tinted autumn leaves in a pretty confusion of colors which stood out in gay relief against the dark forest background. The scene was not sombrous Instead of gloom the picture was painted in brilliant colors and submerged with sunlight. The silence was suddenly broken by one of the men repeating in a deep-toned voice unintelligible sentences, one of which sounded like, "Allah, Allah, oh, do, Allah!" Almost immediately the band, hand-in-hand, began circling about the corpse, after the fashion of children playing "Ring around roses,' at the same moment both men and women began chanting a sad refrain which filled the surrounding woods with flying echoes. After continuing the chant for awhile the corpse was covered over with shawls and surrounded by the women, while the men went diligently to work digging the grave. In the meantime the females bowed their heads sorrowfully and swayed back and forth. The body was afterwards carefully deposited at the bottom of the roughly scooped out grave on a board cushioned with leaves. After each of the women had thrown some useful article into the aperture—principally thimbles and other small trinkets—the men began filling up the hole and the women and children trooped back to the wagons, apparently as happy as school children at their noontide recess.—Union Bridge Index.

The Pup Behind the Barn.

ANTICIPATION.

The sweet moon swings in her cradle on high—
My heart is happy and free;
For, lurking behind the garden gate,
Sweet Mabel is waiting for me.
And I'll lift the latch of th' old garden gate
And I'll plant on her lips a kiss,
And an hour will but a moment seem,
As time is extinguished by bliss.

REALITY.

I hied me quick to the garden gate,
And stood under the sycamore tree,
And never dreamed that behind the barn
The bullpup was waiting for me.
But I found it was so, and started for home
As fast as my feet would come up,
But I left a half-yard of my best Sunday pants
Between the teeth of the pup.
—Unknown Author.

BULWER LYTTON'S BRIDGE.—Where it Touches the Shores and the Great Columns in Midstream: "What a beautiful bridge between old age and childhood is religion. How intuitively the child begins with prayer and worship on entering life and how intuitively, on quitting life, the old man turns back to prayer and worship, putting himself again side by side with the infant," remarks Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, in his "Strange Story."

Yes, but between its distant abutments the bridge of life has many high and awful arches, through which the wild waters dash and roar in wrath and desolation. Prayer and worship alone do not sustain these. Nature's solid rocks must lie unshaken beneath and human art and skill must rear and solidify the structure overhead. God's will is best exemplified in the laws He has made for the creatures whom He has placed under their control. Neither the child's trustful "Our Father," nor the old man's "Forget me not in the midst of mine infirmities," will alter this by the weight of a single grain.

Science and art first—then faith and prayer—is the order of Heaven itself. Divinity heals through its agents, and those agents are the discoveries of man; not the vague announcements of prophets or seers. Is life a burden to you? Does time drag? Is your power to cope with life's problem and duties weakened? You are not well. Your blood is sluggish and tainted, perhaps; or some important organ is torpid or overworked. This fact may have taken the form of dyspepsia, rheumatism, gout, malaria, pains in the stomach, chronic headache, or any of a dozen other ills. Parker's Tonic will invigorate you, as fresh air invigorates those who have been shut up in damp, fetid cells. It is powerful, pure, delicious, scientific, safe—the keystone of the central arch of the bridge of life. 12-6-4w.

MR. GOUGH ON SILK HATS.—"It would be no violation of the commandment," said John B. Gough, "if a man were to fall down and worship the silk hat, for it is not made in the likeness of anything in heaven, or on earth, or in the waters which are under the earth." Besides it heats the head and causes the hair to fall off.—Parker's Hair Balsam will stop that and restore the original color to gray or faded hair. Not oily, not a dye, beneficial, deliciously perfumed. A perfect hair dressing. 50c. All druggists. 12-6-4w.

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