DENTON JOURNAL.

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

VOL. 39. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 17, 1885. NO. 19.

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.

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.

FULL STOCK. LOW PRICES.

GEO. F. SLOAN & BRO.,

LUMBER,

SHINGLES, SASH, DOORS,

BLINDS, etc.,

132 LIGHT SREET WHAF, BALTIMORE, MD.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

1826 ESTABLISHED 1826

WINTER.

OUR STOCK IS NOW COMPLETE FOR THE

WINTER SEASON!

We Have a Big Variety of

BOYS' SCHOOL SUITS

TO WHICH, AS ALSO TO OUR

GENERAL ASSORTMENT,

We would call attention, as well as to the fact that we offer our Goods at such Prices as will Prove Satisfactory to our Customers.

ALL OF OUR GOODS ARE PROPERLY SHRUNK BEFORE BEING MADE UP,

NOAH WALKER AND CO.,
165-167 W. BALTIMORE STREET,
Baltimore, Md.

$100 PER MONTH MADE AT SELLING

NOBLE DEEDS OF THE GREAT AND BRAVE

Of many ages and nations. Portrayed by 100 Great Writers. Introduction by *Rev. Herbert W. Morris, D. D.* Just Issued. *A magnificent Holiday Book.* Also magnificent FAMILY BIBLES and PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS in great variety of styles. Especially adapted for Holiday sales. Remarkably low prices. Liberal Discounts. Extra Terms. AGENTS WANTED.

Address, H. L. WARREN & CO., 1117 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

JOSHUA W. BRYANT. URIE TOWNSEND

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

PHILIP W. DOWNES. M. S. MUTCHLER.

DOWNES & MUTCHLER,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and adjoining counties.

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

JAMES N. TODD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.
All legal business and collections promptly attended to. 6 2 84.

HENRY IRWIN & SON,
AUTIONEERS,
DENTON, MD.

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

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.

Dutch Bulbous Flowering Roots,
For immediate planting in the Garden or House.
HYACINTHS, TULIPS, CROCUS, NARCISSUS, CROWN IMPERIAL, ETC.,
Our own importation, from Holland direct.

ALSO, FOR SALE:

Hyacinth Glasses, assorted colors, Crocus Pots, Window Boxes, Plain and Fancy Flower pots, all sizes and styles, Terra Cotta Vases and Statuary, Terra Cotta and Rustic Hanging Baskets, Flower Stands, Green House Syringes and Pumps, Pruning and Budding Knives, Pruning and Topping Shears, Etc. Horticultural Tools in Great Variety.

D. LANDRETH & SONS,
Nos. 21 and 23 South Sixth Street, between Chestnut and Market Streets,
PHILADELPHIA.

Catalogues, wholesale and retail, free upon application [10 25 tf.

$200,000 in presents given away Send us 5 cents postage and by mail you will get free a package of goods of large value, that will start you in work that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the $200,000 in presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all ages, for all the time, or spare time only, to work for us at their own homes. Fortunes for workers absolutely assured. Don't delay. H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.
12 20 tf

AYER'S
Hair Vigor

restores, with the gloss and freshness of youth, faded or gray hair to a natural, rich brown color, or deep black, as may be desired. By its use light or red hair may be darkened, thin hair thickened, and baldness often, though not always, cured.

It checks falling of the hair, and stimulates a weak and sickly growth to vigor. It prevents and cures scurf and dandruff, and heals nearly every disease peculiar to the scalp. As a Ladies' Hair Dressing, the VIGOR is unequalled; it contains neither oil nor dye, renders the hair soft, glossy, and silken in appearance, and imparts a delicate, agreeable, and lasting perfume.

MR. C. P. BRICHER writes from *Kirby, O., July 3, 1882*: "Last fall my hair commenced falling out, and in a short time I became nearly bald. I used part of a bottle of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, which stopped the falling of the hair, and started a new growth. I have now a full head of hair growing vigorously, and am convinced that but for the use of your preparation I should have been entirely bald."

J. W. BOWEN, proprietor of the *McArthur (Ohio) Enquirer*, says: "AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is a most excellent preparation for the hair. I speak of it from my own experience. Its use promotes the growth of new hair, and makes it glossy and soft. The VIGOR is also a sure cure for dandruff. Not within my knowledge has the preparation ever failed to give entire satisfaction."

MR. ANGUS FAIRBAIRN, leader of the celebrated "Fairbairn Family" of Scottish Vocalists, writes from *Boston, Mass., Feb. 6, 1880*: "Ever since my hair began to give silvery evidence of the change which fleeting time procureth, I have used AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, and so have been able to maintain an appearance of youthfulness—a matter of considerable consequence to ministers, orators, actors, and in fact every one who lives in the eyes of the public."

MRS. O. A. PRESCOTT, writing from 18 *Elm St., Charlestown, Mass., April 14, 1882*, says: "Two years ago about two-thirds of my hair came off. It thinned very rapidly, and I was fast growing bald. On using AYER'S HAIR VIGOR the falling stopped and a new growth commenced, and in about a month my head was completely covered with short hair. It has continued to grow, and is now as good as before it fell. I regularly used but one bottle of the VIGOR, but now use it occasionally as a dressing."

We have hundreds of similar testimonials to the efficacy of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR. It needs but a trial to convince the most skeptical of its value.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

The Old Attic Room.

I remember the dear old attic room,
Where I slept when a little boy,
In the farmhouse over beside the hill,
When life was a perfect joy,
I remember the chairs so old and quaint,
And the bed whereon I slept,
And the chest of drawers beside the door,
Where the apples were always kept.

I remember well how the early sun
Through the window small would stray,
And how the bird in the tree outside
Would warble his morning lay,
And how my mother's "Time to get up!"
On my heedless ear would fall,
And the unpretentious print that hung
So crookedly on the wall.

I remember the ceiling, cracked and low,
Where bunches of peppers hung,
And the old green curtain that wouldn't roll up,
But in every wild breeze swung.
I remember the barrels with stovepipes filled,
And various other things.
And the memory of this dear old room
Remembrance also brings.

Of the nights I had of innocent rest;
What wouldn't I give to be
Again, in those rosy boyhood dreams,
A wanderer happy and free?
And on its carpetless floor to romp,
A merry and boisterous boy,
And see my little sister play
With her latest painted toy?

The room was not fair to look upon,
But to me 'twas a jolly nest.
Ah! that now as then I could lay me down,
Its tired and willing guest,
And dream the dreams that then I dreamt,
In thenights so cool and still,
On the homely bed in that attic room
In the farmhouse by the the hill!

—Peleg Henn.

THE MAJOR'S DISCOMFITURE.

Sixty-five is not so very old. No, indeed!

If one is still straight, with a serviceable eye, and tolerable hearing, in addition to a well-filled pocket-book, what is sixty-five?

To count sixty-five distinct summers, and sixty-five mellow autumns, that drowse into peaceful winters and awaken in refreshing springs, is a great privilege. Think of the accumulation of ideas and experiences. A rare age, surely, to be enjoyed in in spite of the rheumatic twinges.

Major Weatherton, buttoning his elegant fall overcoat about him as he strode down the avenue under the maples, was sure he would not give his ripe perfection for the callow and tasteless experience of the past. He smiled up at the bright foliage, and knocked the head off a straggling aster in his complacency. He found a dime for a little boy peeping, wide-eyed, into a candy-shop, and stood still to watch the urchin as he bolted for the door, and nodded in good fellowship to a woman who watched with him amused. The major's little terrier followed, for once, quite unrebuked, and turned with him up a broad macadamized street at the right. The firm stride traversed two blocks quickly, and paused before a brown-stone mansion, with a pine-dotted lawn in front. One naturally puffs a little at the end of a long walk, whether one is sixty-five or not, and if by nature discreet, pauses awhile to regain breath before venturing to call on ladies. Any tidy man will dust his clothes a little with his handkerchief, and twist his moustache a trifle when he wishes to look well. The major presses the bell before the stately door, and stands erect. A little pause follows, in which he listens to the wind running the gamut of elfin melody in those grouped pines; then the heavy doors unfold; a salute no younger man could imitate; an inquiry, and closed doors again, with the major inside. The mansion is divided in quarters by two huge halls, and a wide fireplace gives forth a glorious radiation of heat and light over the statues and frescoed walls. The major seats himself before the blaze, and counts the tiles and deciphers the inscriptions about the mantel. There is a rustle of silk skirts, and a tap of feet on the oak stairs. The major rises, with a sudden rush of blood to the head—not apoplectic, surely—and salutes the red figure through the balustrade.

He handed the lady down the last steps, and led her across the hall, while a green parrot hopped at her heels.

"Miss Margery"—his voice sounded like a violoncello—"it is not usual for a business man like myself to call on a lady of an afternoon."

"Therefore, sir, is the honor all the greater;" poising one toe on the fender to aid her balance in the high-seated leather chair.

"Therefore is the need great, my dear young lady."

"Oh! ha! ha! ha!" in musical staccato from the high-back chair. At sixty-five one is too dignified to like such a laugh in connection with one's self.

"Yes, Miss Wheatcroft, I felt I could not, in justice to you or myself, remain longer without confessing to you my attitude towards you."

"Oh, how kind of you;" very sincerely. "I looked for you all day yesterday, sir"—a little hurriedly, with the red deepening about the dimples.

The major's head gave an involuntary jerk. Girls were, once, more decorous. His deceased Julia Ann would never have shown such impulsiveness. Yet it must be confessed 'twas extremely flattering; and then, good heaven, what eyes! The apoplectic symptoms returned.

"Miss Margery, how gracious of you to say so. I'm sure I never hoped——"

"Yes, and I was making all sorts of plans for us two. Poll, come down! Major, she's trying to pull your hair! Look out, sir; she will scratch you! Here, give her to me! There, Miss Poll, you sit on my chair. You cant pull my hair, because I don't reach up high enough—ha!—eh, Major?" her teeth gleaming out in the glow from the cedar fire. "Yes, I was thinking, you see, how proud I should be of you. You are so tall, and—now, don't mind, for I am going to flatter you all the rest of your days—and so handsome! And how proud I hoped you would be of me!" (A half-rising attitude on the part of the major, who is forgetting decorum and how the girls were forty years ago.)

"Oh, major, you are finding the blaze too hot. How stupid of me to let you roast in that manner. Here, let me put up the screen. Isn't it a pretty one? I embroidered it myself. See, it represents an Italian princess under an ilex tree. I think she looks a trifle like your son Ned, only, of course, he's not done in Kensington. Well, I was planning that once in awhile, on very grand occasions, you might take me out with you——?"

"Once in awhile, madam?" The major was a vast substantial protest.

"Oh, I know of course, what you think you have to say. But don't do it. Besides, we couldn't leave Ned behind very often." A lurking laugh in the corner of two brown eyes. "Or he might go with Aunt Maria, eh? Oh—o—o!"

The major couldn't see anything funny in that common-place arrangement.

"My dear Miss Margery"—(Confound these chairs. A man couldn't move them an inch without getting red in the face, they were so heavy,)—"you are surely determined to defraud me of my share of the conversation, though I cannot tell you how relieved I am to find you prepared to receive my overtures. I confess there were moments when I feared you might be less fond of me on account of the disparity of our ages, and——"

"Why, goodness, it wouldn't seem half so lovely any other way. That is just the nicest part of it." How that presumptuous firelight clambered up from her little feet to the dimples in her hands and the cozy folds about her neck, and, climbing still, stopped at her rosier lips. Her last sentence, and the firelight stopping where it did, made the major gasp.

"This is one of the most delightful surprises of my life," he went on, when he could speak. "I want to tell you how fondly I shall cherish you; how earnestly I shall strive to gratify each wish that you can make; how truly proud I shall be of my beautiful young——"

"Oh, stop! You praise me more than I can ever deserve." Two limpid tears showed through the gathering gloom. "I never dared hope you would receive me so tenderly. I am coming right over there, sir—and right behind your chair—so—on my tip-toes, and—put one—little kiss—like that!—on your dear old forehead."

The major grew more agile than he had been for twenty years. Meanwhile Poll had got to screaming, "Lord! lord! lord! lord!" and would not leave off.

"Oh, yes, I'm so thankful you like me! And we'll all be so happy together, won't we? And we both are grateful, I assure you. Here's the ring he gave me. See! Two beautiful pearls and that twinkling diamond. Doesn't it look charming in the firelight? Ned said—don't think me silly for telling you—that if you were satisfied with the wife he had chosen he believed he would go half mad with joy. But really I didn't think he would tell you so soon for he felt so timid about it." A long pause, during which the major relaxes his fatherly embrace somewhat. Then a venture from the girl: "I'm afraid I've talked too freely with you! Or, perhaps you feel sad when you remember Ned is going to belong to me?" The head bows so low that the light climbs to that now. "But we'll live somewhere near you, and see you every day. Why, must you be going? Cannot you stay to tea? Well, button up your coat close. Now please give your new child one more kiss to tell her that you mean all you have said. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!"

"Lord! lord! lord! lord! lord! lord!"

How that bird screams. The wind had risen very fast, and the pines strike at each other angrily. There is a promise of dismal rain, and the dock hides all of the autumn's beauty, and leaves only its leaflessness apparent.

Remedy for Rheumatism.

A writer in the Tribune and Farmer, thus writes: I am a great sufferer of rheumatism, and one of your subcribers was so kind as to send me a recipe which I have tried and think it beneficial. It consists of the dripping of white pine, half a coffee cup; piece of lard half the size of a hulled walnut, and a teaspoonful of flour sulphur. Boil all together ten minutes, not allowing it to boil over. Spread as any other plaster, and apply below the misery. I have them on my wrists, back, knees, and soles of my feet, intent on getting all the benefit possible.

Art of Enjoyment.

There is no subject upon which mistakes are more frequently made than that of enjoyment, and the means taken to secure it. Naturally desired, it is not always known how to bring it about, and much time and thought are spent in guessing, but in very many cases the guess is wrong. In childhood, such mistakes seem natural, but that grown men and women should not understand enough of their own natures to find out what gives them pleasure is hard to admit. Nevertheless, when they compare the actual results in this respect with the efforts made to secure them, they cannot but see that they fall very short. Continually expecting more enjoyment than is received, even when plans are fully carried out, these repeated disappointments lead some to rail at the world and life generally, and to pronounce it delusive and unsatisfactory. They certainly have not yet learned the art of enjoyment, or they should not so often have to confess that the cup they had prepared with so much care had a bitter taste.

There are many causes for this, but they may all be included in one, which is that, some way, men fail in laying plans in harmony with laws of their own natures. One of these laws that many people ignore is that of moderation. They go to extremes in both work and play, trying to counteract excessive labor by excessive amusement, and losing all the benefit of real recreation. They are simply over-excited and over-wrought, and mind and body remain unrefreshed and unsatisfied. Others miss the enjoyment they seek, by giving themselves up to it. Alternation is a peremptory law of our nature. All our faculties must be employed in turn; labor must interchange with leisure, gravity with gayety, thought with diversion. Nothing is more wearisome or distasteful than a life mainly devoted to pleasure, or rather to the search for it, for pleasure itself flies from him who is forever chasing it. There is no lesson in the art of enjoyment more needed than this one of change. The bow must first be bent before it can be relaxed, and only by a life of useful industry in some direction can any one be made capable of real enjoyment.

Another mistake made in this direction is that of supposing that enjoyment is something necessarily apart from our work, or what we call duty. The serious and resigned tone which is commonly assumed in speaking of duty tends to separate from it all thoughts of gladness or delight; where as there are few enjoyments so keen or so satisfactory as those connected with successful work and superior performance. The word duty is so large and comprehensive that it covers all of life—its play as well as its work, its leisure as well as its industry, and in the ideal of life duty and enjoyment will ever be found hand in hand.

One of the highest and best enjoyments come through what is done for others. This is believed in theoretically, but seldom practically. If a man has money he imagines that the way to enjoy it is to either keep and accumulate it, or to spend it on personal gratification; yet he misses the very finest of its delights when he refuses to share it or its benefits with others. So with our time, our talents and our thoughts, kept to ourselves, or used simply for our own delectation, they do not give us a tithe of real enjoyment that they afford when we use them liberally for the benefit of the family, or friends, or the community. No one who has tasted the sweets of ministering successfully to the happiness of others will, if he be intelligent, ever again relapse into a purely selfish use of his advantages, whatever they may be.

The present season affords a striking illustration of this element in the art of enjoyment. The happiness that lights up the many faces that throng our streets comes mainly from the anticipation of giving joy to some one else. If the pleasures of Christmas were capable of being weighed or measured, one with another, it would be found that those which come from sympathy with others are vastly greater than those which come from personal gratification. It is this which gives such a grace to Christmas festivities, and sheds so warm and rich a glow over all the preparations. This it is which makes us realize in a practical and experimental way that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." If we treasure this lesson and infuse it into our plans and aims for the future, we build happiness upon a sure foundation; but the constant search after selfish gratification will tend to make enjoyment one of the lost arts.

Amount of Grain Distilled.

The opinion is quite prevalent that a very large amount of our grain crops is used in the manufacture of distilled spirits. The report of the internal revenue for the year ended June 30th, 1884, states that less than 19,000,000 bushels of grain of all kinds were used in this manufacture, which would only be equal to one bushel in 105 of our present corn crop. So far as the farmers' market is concerned, whisky distilling cuts an insignificant figure.

In 1556-7, Oliver Cromwell prohibited all persons called fiddlers or minstrels from playing, fiddling or making music in any inn, alehouse or tavern, etc. If they offered to make music, they were adjudged to be rogues and vagabonds, and were to be proceeded against as such.

History of Fishing.

Fishing was a far earlier mode of supporting human life than agriculture. However far back in the stream of terrestrial events we may suppose it allowable to date man's appearance on the scene, still he must have been preceded by fish. The rivers, lakes and seas, when he first looked upon them must have been peopled very much as they are at this day. There was as great a variety of species, and probably much the same infinitude of individuals in some of these species. And, as a savage population must be always sparse, and in any locality few in number, their supply of food from this source could only have been limited by their inability to capture it. What the wild game of the forest and of the open plains were to the inland hunting tribes, the fish of the fresh and of the salt water were to the riverine and the maritime tribes. Between these early days and the first beginnings of agriculture vast periods of time must have elapsed. First, because in these, and more or less in all latitudes, nature offered to man no plant that in its unimproved state was worth cultivating. The suitable form had to be be evolved by long processes of observation. This is why we know nothing of the parentage of wheat, barley, oats, rye, beans or maize, and why the tropical bread fruit, plantain, banana and sugar cane have lost the power of producing seed, and so of reproducing themselves. This must have been a result of long ages of human selection. Nothing of the kind had to be done for fish. There it was as fit for human food on the first day that man stood on the bank or the seashore as it is at this day. Agriculture also required implements to clear and stir the ground, and to gather in the crops with, and these implements we know were the result of a long series of discoveries, improvements and advances. Primeval man, therefore, as we now read his history, could not have lived by or known anything of agriculture. No, could he have lived by wild fruits for they are not continuous throughout the year. They have their season, and that a brief one. He must then have lived by hunting and fishing, and, of the two, fishing would be the most continuous and unfailing throughout the changing seasons, the most valuable of all qualities for those ill-supplied times. It would not be more difficult to hook, and spear, and net, and trap fish, and to gather mollusks from the rocks and sand banks, than to trap or pierce with arrows wild game. Our immediate comparison, however, is with agriculture; and we may be sure that not in it were the foundations of society laid, but in hunting and fishing and that of these two, as the great carnivora at first had had possession of the forest and plain against intruding man, fishing was the main primeval occupation and means of subsistence.

Department of the Interior.

CHICKEN PIE.

Cut up the chickens, and if they are old boil them fifteen minutes in a little water, which save to put in the pie; make a paste like common pie-crust, and put it round your pan or dish; lay in the chicken, dust flour over, and put in butter, pepper and salt; cover them with water, roll out the top crust quite quick and close the pie around the edge; make an opening in the middle with a knife; let it bake rather more than an hour. If you warm a pie over for the next day pour off the gravy and warm it separately, and add it to the pie.

PUMPKIN PIE.

Take a quart of rich milk, scald it; as it cools stir in five eggs, carefully beaten, two cups of pumpkin, steamed or cooked in the old fashioned way, with only water enough to prevent its burning, ginger, mace cinnamon and nutmeg to the taste, with about a cupful of sugar and a pinch of salt. Beat the whole together thoroughly and add a cup of cream, and stir it in carefully just before pouring into the baking plates. Line the pie plates with rich paste, fill them to the height three-quarters of an inch, and bake in a moderately quick oven till firm in the centre.

OYSTER STUFFING FOR ROAST TURKEY.

Grate as much good stale bread as will fill the turkey and season it well with butter rubbed into the bread; salt, pepper and a little summer savory. Moisten is slightly with oyster liquor, and add as many oysters to it as you choose. Stuff the turkey and roast in the usual way. Serve the thickened and strained gravy or oyster sauce with it. A turkey weighing seven or eight pounds should cook at least three hours, and a very large turkey should cook at least four.—Baste every five minutes.

HARD SAUCE FOR PUDDINGS

One cup butter, three cups sugar; beat very hard, flavoring with lemon-juice; smooth into shape with a knife dipped into cold water.

ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING.

Nine eggs beaten to a froth; add flour sufficient to make a thick batter, free from lumps; add one pint new milk and beat well; add two pounds of raisins, stoned, and two pounds currants washed and dried; one pound of citron, sliced; one quarter pound bitter almonds, divided; three-fourths of a pound of brown sugar, one nutmeg, one teaspoonful of allspice, mace and cinnamon, three quarters of a pound beef suet, chopped fine; mix three days before cooking and beat well again; add more milk if required. If made into two puddings, boil four hours.

The Ninety and Nine.

There are ninety and nine that work and die,
In want and hunger and cold;
That one may live in luxury,
And be lapped in the silken fold;
And ninety and nine, in their hovels bare,
And one in a palace with riches rare.

From the sweat of their brows the desert blooms,
And the forest before them falls;
Their labor has builded humble homes,
And cities with lofty halls,
And the one owns cities and homes and lands,
And the ninety and nine have empty hands.

But the night so dreary and dark and long
At last shall the morning bring;
And over the land the victors song
Of the ninety and nine shall shall ring
And echo afar, from zone to zone,
"Rejoice! for Labor shall have its own!"

The Mischief-Making Telephone Girl.

The telephone girl was sleepy until her beau rang up, when she suddenly became conscious of all that was going on about her. She was anxious to pacify all the anger he had felt at having been led to believe her worse than she is, so she answered him promptly, and after a full explanation her lover said:

"Well, I am glad to hear it, Eva. Forgive those hard words I spoke to you and kiss me."

"All right, dear. One, two, three, smack."

The kisses passed simultaneously, and just then an old German whom she had forgotten to cut off before answering her beau, shouted:

"Dere! I vas heard all about dot, mine leedle gal. Now youst kiss me mit der delephone in, or I vas gife you teat avay."

The girl disconnected him long enough to tell her lover to do the kissing, then restored him and replied:

"All right, you old darling; now kiss," and the old German gave a hearty smack and Fred responded to it and haw-hawed right into the old fellow's ear in his heavy bass voice.

"Mine Gott, I vas giss a man!" the old German exclaimed.

"Und I vas giss a jackass," Fred bellowed in mocking brogue. "I am going to tell your wife about your making love to the telephone girl and trying to kiss her. I am on to you, old boy, I am, and I'll have every hair pulled out of your bald head, if you don't send a five-dollar bill down to the postoffice in the morning, addresse J. H. L., telephone office."

The bill came, as is proven by the oysters recently eaten by the telephone girl and her beau.

SPLINTERS.

Luxuries? Why, they come from the Latin word lux, meaning light. And what do luxuries lighten? Your pocket-book, boy; your pocket-book.

Kate Field says: "Mormon wives are horrible cooks." This is not strange. It is a maxim old as the hills. "Too many cooks spoil the broth."

This is the time of the year that the servant girl washes the pavement early in the morning, and the need of a city ambulance corps becomes more apparent.

A Parisian ballet dancer, her daughter and her granddaughter are all put down on the bills at twenty years old. It's wonderful how the ballet abbreviates life sometimes.

A Frenchman writing from New York to a Paris journal, says: "Standing on Bedloe's Island I drank in the whole sweep of the bay." What a swallow he must have had!

Custom-house official (holding up two black bottles): "I thought you said you had wearing apparel in this trunk?" Lady: "So I did; those are my husband's night-caps."

An agricultural exchange says that a good hog should weigh as many pounds as he is days old. This is a new way of getting at the age of the man who occupies two car seats.

"If you don't keep out of this yard you'll catch it," said a woman to a boy in West Lynn. "All right," answered the gamin. "I wouldn't have come in if I'd known your folks had it."

The following thrilling sentence is taken from a recently published novel: "For a whole quarter of an hour the young man gazed thoughtfully in the flame of the extinguished candle."

—Commercial and other travellers, visiting Baltimore, would do well to give the "Maltby House" a trial. It is situated in the business centre of the city, convenient to places of amusement, churches, and railroad depots, and its omnibuses meet all trains arriving at and departing from the city. †

OPENING THE FOUNTAINS.—In numberless bulbs beneath the skin is secreted the liquid substance which gives the hair its texture, color and gloss. When this secretion stops, the hair begins at once to become dry, lustreless, brittle and gray. Is that the condition of your hair? If so, apply Parker's Hair Balsam at once. It will restore the color, gloss and life by renewing the action of nature. The Balsam is not an oil, not a dye, but an elegant toilet article, highly appreciated because of its cleanliness.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2939_scm3354-0012.jpg