DENTON JOURNAL.

1845. A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,—DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, AGRICULTURE, AND ADVERTISING:—INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS. 1885

VOL. 39. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 23, 1885. NO. 37.

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS
JUST OPENED AT
DUNNOCK'S STORE.

Mr. Dunnock respectfully invites the people of Denton and vicinity to call and inspect his stock of new goods, and at the same time consider well the extremely low prices at which they are sold. He has very carefully selected his stock of new goods, both as to quality and price, and has made every effort to give satisfaction to those favoring him with a call. He now has a full stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, WHITE GOODS,
BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CLOTHING,
GROCERIES, CIGARS & TOBACCO, CANDIES, &C.

A full line of Gents' Neckwear, Shirts, &c., will be kept constantly on hand. Any patronage extended to Mr. Dunnock has been and will be greatly appreciated. Goods cheerfully delivered to any part of the town. ☞Country produce taken in trade at highest prices.

FULL STOCK. LOW PRICES.

GEO. F. SLOAN & BRO.,
LUMBER,
SHINGLES, SASH, DOORS,
BLINDS, etc.,
132 LIGHT STREET WHARF, BALTIMORE, MD.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

BLITHE SPRINGTIME

Has made its advent, and many are the needs of the farmer and his household occasioned thereby.

LADIES—You should not fail to see my stock of new Ginghams, Muslins and handsome Spring Prints, Hosiery, etc., just received. And

GENTLEMEN—Fashionable young men and dudes—can find just what they are looking for in my new stock of Neckwear. There is something to please every one's fancy.

BUILDERS—Who have building in contemplation will please call and get prices of Lumber. I am agent for the well-known firm of W. W. Tunis & Bro., and will supply every thing you need in the building line at bottom figures.

FARMERS—Can do no better anywhere than by using the well-known brands of fertilizers, 'Monarch" and "Union Soluble," for which I am agent. The analyses of these fertilizers are guaranteed.

THOMAS S. KINNAMON,
GOLDSBOROUGH, MD.

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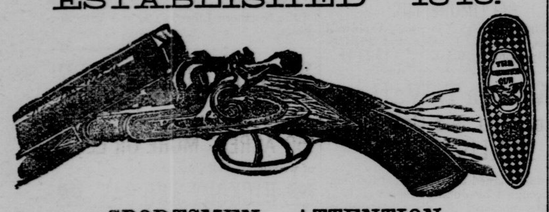

SPORTSMEN, ATTENTION.

Gentlemen in want of a good Breech-Loading or Muzzle-Loading Gun, Rifle, Pistol, Shells, Cartridges, Ammuniton, wholesale and retail, or anything in the shooting line will do well to call and examine the large assortment just received by ALEX. McCOMAS, 22 S. Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.

GUNS MADE TO ORDER AND REPAIRING DONE IN THE BEST MANNER. GOODS SHIPPED C. O. D. AND GUARANTEED.

Williams, Clark & Co.,
NEW YORK CITY,
Manufacturers of High Grade Bone Fertilizers.
PHOSPHATES FOR ALL CROPS
Manufactured at prices to suit.

CHAS. F. SMITH, RIDGELY, MD.,
Agent for the First, Second and Sixth Districts of Caroline county, handles the goods of this well-known firm. Stock always on hand at Ridgely. Analyses guaranteed.
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Maryl'd Steamboat Co

1885 SPRING SCHEDULE. 1885
Choptank River Route.
DAILY EVENING LINE
—BETWEEN—
BALTIMORE & EASTON, OXFORD, CAMBRIDGE, &C.
COMMENCING WITH
TUESDAY, APRIL 21st, 1885,
WEATHER PERMITTING,

The splendid iron steamers IDA and ENOCH PRATT will leave Balto. from Pier 4 Light St., at 9 p. m., as follows: For Easton, Double Mills, Oxford, Clora's Pt., Cambridge, Jamaica Pt. and Medford's, daily except Sunday; for Johnston's and Travers', every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday; for Secretary every Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday; for Dover Bridge, Towers', Potter's and Denton every Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

Returning, for Baltimore leaves daily (except Saturday) Medford's at 1 p. m., Jamaica Point, Cambridge (5 p. m.) Clora's Point, Oxford, Double Mills, and leaves Easton at 9 p. m.; leaves Denton every Sunday, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 12 o'clock, noon, stopping at Potter's, Towers', Dover Bridge and landings named; leaves Secretary at 3 p. m. every Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday; stops at Travers' and Johnston's every Monday, Wednesday and Friday; arrive in Baltimore at 4 o'clock the following mornings.

Freight taken at very low rates and carefully handled.

HOWARD B. ENSIGN, Pres't.
Office, 98 Light St., Baltimore.
M. Finn, Agent at Denton.

1885. 1885.
CHOPTANK
STEAMBOAT CO.

The People's Line.

Representing the best interests of the people of the Eastern Shore of Maryland. Opposed to any one line having a monopoly of the Choptank River Route.

SCHEDULE:

The steamers of this company will leave Baltimore daily (Sunday excepted) at 9 p. m. from Pier 18 Light Street for Easton, Ferry Wharf, Oxford, Trappe, (Kirby's) Cambridge, Chancellor's Point, East New Market, Wright's Wharf and Preston.

Returning from Baltimore

Will leave Choptank Wharf, near Preston, daily at 1 p. m. (Saturday excepted), East New Market at 3 p. m., Cambridge at 5 p. m., Trappe (Kirby's) at 5.15 p. m., Easton at 9 p. m., and Oxford at 10.30 p. m.

☞Fast time and close connections for passengers from Denton, Hillsborough, Greensborough, and all stations on line Delaware & Chesapeake Railway.

By the present schedule of the D. & C. Railway, passengers can take late train at night and connect with steamers of the Choptank Steamboat Company for Baltimore at Oxford, and get home early in the morning on return trip by first train, saving thereby both time and expense.

E. S. JOHNSON, President.
apr25 tf

Chester River Steamboat Company.

SPRING ARRANGEMENT.

Until further notice the new iron Steamer

EMMA A. FORD

Will leave Chestertown every Monday Wednesday and Friday at 8 o'clock, a. m., for Baltimore, stopping at Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck, Grey's Inn, Queenstown, and Kent Island.

Returning, will leave Pier 7, Light St. Wharf, at 10 a. m., every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday for the above landings.

☞Steamer will leave Queenstown for Baltimore at 10 a. m.

The Steamer

Corsica

Will leave Crumpton every Tuesday and Thursday at 3 p. m. and on Saturday at 12 m. for Baltimore, stopping at Spry's, Deep Landing, Round Top, Chestertown, Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck and Centreville via Corsica Creek.

☞Will leave Centreville, (Larrimore's wharf), at 7 o'clock p. m. on Tuesday and at 5 o'clock p. m. on Saturday.

Returning, will leave Baltimore at 11 p. m. every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, making the above landings.

GEO. WARFIELD, President.

Wheeler's Transportation Line.
CHOPTANK RIVER ROUTE.
WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

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To sell the finest
Nursery Stock. Terms liberal. Situations permanent. ☞Write for terms. GLEN BROTHERS, Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y. [2 21 3m

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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
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Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and adjoining counties.

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Money to loan in large or small sums at 6 per cent. on good farms or town property. Claims collected, titles examined, conveyancing, &c. [may2 85

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RUSSUM & LEWIS,
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Will practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne counties. [4-4-85]

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VAN AUSDALL & DOWDEN, PROP'S
(SUCCESSORS TO T. B. MERRITT)
COR. FRENCH AND FRONT STS.,
(Near Railroad Depot)
Wilmington, Delaware.
RATES—$2 PER DAY.
First-class in all its appointments.
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BRICK HOTEL,
DENTON, MD.
JOHN H. VAN GESEL,
Proprietor.
A COMPLETE LIVERY STABLE IS attached to the Hotel. Single or double teams furnished on very reasonable terms when desired.
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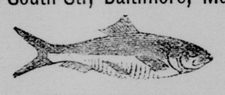
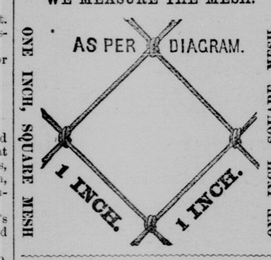
J. S. JOHNSON & CO.,
61 South St., Baltimore, Md.,



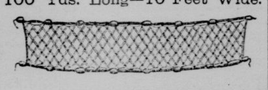
MANUFACTURERS OF
TWINES AND NETTING,
IMPORTERS AND
Manufacturers of and Wholesale Dealers in Gilling Thread, Fishing Tackle, Wooden Ware, Brooms, Brushes, Baskets, &c.
☞Nets and Seines of all descriptions made to order.

NETTING, FOR SEINES and POUNDS
WE MEASURE THE MESH.



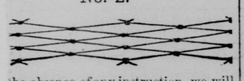
Parties ordering Netting or Seines will give length and depth required when on lines. We allow one-third for rigging, that is if the Seine is to be 100 yards long and 10 feet deep when on lines, as per diagram No. 1.

100 Yds. Long—10 Feet Wide.



We would make the webbing 150 yards 15 feet deep when stretched the same ope, that is the mesh stretched as per am

No. 2.



he absence of any instruction, we will as above. In ordering give full de- n of what you want; leave nothing uessed at.

es unknown to us ordering goods, required to remit us one-third the before we ship them, the balance to on delivery.

Send for Price List.

TIMORE TWINE AND NET CO
Wm. J. Hooper & Son,
No. 6 S. CALVERT ST.,
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FOR SALE.
A house and six acres of land; terms reasonable. Inquire at THIS OFFICE.

Hearts.

BY ROBERT PAGE.

"The heart that feels can never feel again;
And pain, though past, still leaves the marks of pain.
There are some hearts whose unrequited love
Not all the pleasures of the world can move;
Conscious of love, that heart will nurse its sore
And bleed forever, but it loves no more.
But there are are hearts of different mould that feel
Their deepest grief in efforts to conceal.
Not every heart is fickle that is light;
Not every mind is happy that is bright.
The tree may bear as fair a looking fruit,
And yet the worm be gnawing at its root;
The heart may seem as careless as before,
But human eyes can never pierce its core.
Like the broad bosom of the placid seas
That ripples softly to each passing breeze,
And heaves and swells to every gentle breath,
While all its depths seem motionless as death;
But yet, but yet, perhaps far down below,
Where ocean's mightiest currents meet and flow,
Where never eye nor line has pierced its waves,
Some storm forgotten still upheaves and raves.
There, all unseen, unfathomed and unknown,
The heart of ocean makes its ceasless moan;
There rolls and rocks, and beats its hidden shore,
And mourns forever and forevermore."

—Baltimore American.

REFORMED.

"Yes, you're always wanting money for one thing or another. First, it's a nice shawl, then a love of a bonnet, and then—then it's something else. Now it's a new dress. Dear me! I wonder what your next want can be; but it won't be long, I'll warrant, before you discover something is needed. Perhaps you think me made of money, but I'm not, and the sooner you understand it the better."

The mild blue eyes of the careworn, spiritless little woman to whom this rude speech was addressed filled with tears.

"I didn't think but that you could let me have it," she murmured in a subdued tone, "and I'm sure I don't trouble you very often. I haven't had a new dress this year, and I did hope—" here her voice was choked with sobs, and she was silent.

"Cry, then, for aught I care. But, zounds, ma'm, I shan't encourage your reckless extravagance if you do. Tears and all that sort of thing won't move me, and you might as well believe me first as last. I won't get you the dress, so that's all about it."

And Mr. Appidones Petts hurried out of the house, in his usual manner, banging the door after him, in a terribly emphatic way,

Poor Mrs. Petts enjoyed a hearty cry. She had been a wife about six years, and from the moment the marriage vows were spoken her husband had proved a tyrant. In all things she was required to bend to his will.

Such a constant and systematic oppression had crushed down her spirit, until now she scarcely dared call her soul her own. So, after weeping unrestrainedly a few moments, she arose, dried her eyes, and prepared to go about her usual household duties.

Just at that moment the hall bell rang, and the only servant ushered in a visitor.

"Nellie!"

"Minnie!"

These words escaped from the lips of each in a glad cry, and Mrs. Petts was locked in the arms of her sister, Mrs. Eastham, whom she had not seen for eight years.

"There, Minnie," said Mrs. Eastham, as soon as the first greetings were over. "I've heard some strange stories concerning you, from Cousin Dora, and I wish you to tell me how true they are. I am going to ask some questions, and you will oblige me by answering them categorically. In the first place is your home a happy one?"

Mrs. Petts fixed her eyes upon the carpet and was silent.

"My first question is answered," said her sister, after a pause, "and I will propound the second. Do you still love your husband?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Petts, unhesitatingly.

"And does your husband yet love you?"

Again there was silence.

"I have heard," pursued Mrs. Eastham, "that your husband was unloving, stingy and a tyrant. That you were not allowed to so much as smile without his consent, and that his penuriousness excluded you from all society. Is it true or false?"

"I don't like to say anything against the character of my husband, but I cannot say that it is not true." And Mrs. Petts began to weep softly.

By degrees Mrs. Eastham learned the whole story. Her ejaculations during the recital were anything but complimentary to the master of the house, and when her sister had concluded, she said:

"Why in the world do you endure all this? If you have a particle of woman's pride about you, I don't see how you can. I wouldn't, I can assure you."

"How can I help it?" meekly inquired Mrs. Petts.

"By fighting fire with fire," was the reply. "If Mr. Petts flies in a pasion, fly in a passion yourself. If he scolds at you, scold back at him, as only a woman can. If he bangs around the furniture and slams the doors after him, bang around and slam the doors yourself. Beat him at his own game, that's the way."

Mrs. Petts could not forbear laughing.

"I tell you I've tried it," said Mrs. Eastham, grimly, "and it worked to a charm. Mr. Eastham tried the same game with me that Appidones is finding successful with you, but he didn't try it long. He would not give it up, though, until, to be even with him, I had to swear, in copying his example, and then he caved. Try this plan, and, my word for it, the lion will soon be changed to the lamb."

Mrs. Petts was reluctant, but her sister at last extorted a promise that she would at least give this practical homœopathy a fair trial.

"Almost noon!" said Mrs. Eastham. "Well, I will go back to Dora's to-day, for you must begin the trial of my recipe at once, and if I am here he'll think it is of my inspiration, which will never do. And I would recommend you not to tell him I have been here. I'll come over again and see how it works."

Mr. Appidones Petts came home to dinner in a towering passion. In addition to his morning's vexation he had all the forenoon met with constant sources of irritation. But, of course, it would not do for him to ventilate his spleen at the "office," so he had it all carefully bottled for use at home.

When he entered the house he banged the outer door so forcibly that the knives, forks and plates on the dinner-table rattled as though a small earthquake had struck them. The heart of his wife almost failed her, but despite her long years of subjection she still had some little spirit left, and when he entered the parlor she was able to meet his gaze without flinching.

"Isn't dinner ready yet?" he demanded, in a voice of thunder.

"No, it isn't," replied his spouse, in a tone equally as amiable, if not as loud as his own.

Astonishment kept him silent a moment, before he added, still more angrily:

"And why isn't it ready, ma'm, if I may be so bold as to inquire?"

"Because I did not choose to have it, sir, if I may be so bold as to answer," she replied.

"Zounds, madam you seem to be particularly independent to-day," he cried, giving her a look which in times past would have driven her into hysterics.

As she did not deign to reply to this, he seized a heavy stuffed chair near the door, and hurled it across the room, shouting: "That dinner must be on the table in five minutes! Do you hear?"

His wife was standing near the mantel, on which stood a French ormula clock, worth at least fifty dollars. Seizing that in both hands, she tossed it through the window, crying:

"That dinner shall not be on the table for half an hour!"

The household tyrant was fairly appalled. Was this really the mild and gentle-mannered wife he had been in the habit of domineering over and abusing all along? He could scarcely credit his senses, and pinched himself to see if it was not a dream. But no, there she stood confronting him, with such a look in her eyes that he really felt a little cowed, and added in a much lower key:

"Come now, this is getting intolerable—I must have my dinner. I've got important business down town which must be attended to. I—"

"I don't care about your 'important business,' and I shan't alter my plans to suit your convenience," vociferated his wife. "And you can go without your dinner if you like, just as I must go without my dress. I'll have you to know I am mistress of the culinary department, and won't have dinner until I am ready."

Forgetting the result of his former movement in that line, he grasped one corner of the sofa! The result was entirely unexpected and surprising. His wife seized a Parian marble vase and hurled it crashing through the splendid pier glass—vase and glass being, at the best calculation, worth two hundred and fifty dollars.

Mr. Appidones Petts gasped wildly at the havoc, and for three minutes husband and wife glared at each other in silence.

He had thought at first that she was only acting a part. But she was fairly aroused now, and his look into her eyes plainly told him that she meant all she said and did. He felt, in his inmost soul, that the days of his tyranny were ended, and, like a wise soldier, he surrendered at discretion.

"My dear," he said, in a tone so mild she thought of courting days, "will you please have dinner served?"

Her face relaxed somewhat as she replied:

"I will on one condition."

"Name it."

"That you will promise never, so long as you live, to exhibit another fit of passion."

"I promise."

And meek as a lamb Mr. Appidones Petts took his seat at the table and ate his dinner.

"My dear," said he, as he put on his overcoat to go out, "I will bring that dress home to-night."

"And while you are about it you might as well bring home that bonnet which I admired so much at Madam Argaud's," said his wife, desiring to test him farther.

"I will bring it," was his response, as he closed the hall door—not with a bang, but very gently.

And he did. The cure was complete. The tyrant had abdicated his throne forever, and Mrs. Eastham claimed all the credit.

"If I had not suggested the only remedy you would have been a slave to this day," said she, and her sister could not gainsay it.

Anecdote of Bishop Roberts.

"Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow," is an apt expression of a truth that it is well to remember. Genuine good manners are not confined to polite society, or to the people who command respect because of their characters or their social positions. The lack of genuine politeness brought one young man into an embarrassing position, very much to his mortification, the circumstances of which are given in an exchange. Mr. Roberts, a Bishop of the Methodist church, was once returning to his home after having presided at a General Conference. Having to stop at a town over night, he applied at the house of a Methodist family to which he had been recommended for entertainment. He was plainly attired, and dusty and weary.

The family, taking him to be a rustic traveller, permitted him to put up and feed his horse, and take a seat in the sitting-room. Supper was over, and no one took the trouble to inquire if he had taken any on the way.

The Methodist preacher of the circuit was stopping at the same house. He was young, frivolous and foppish, and spent the evening in gay conversation with the daughters of the family. The good Methodist Bishop, after sitting a long time without any attention having been paid him, respectfully requested to be shown to bed.

At a later hour the family retired, and the young preacher was sent to share the same room with the Bishop.

"Well, old man," said he, as he got into bed, "are you asleep yet?"

"I am not, sir," replied the Bishop,

"Where have you come from?"

"From east of the mountains."

"From east of the mountains, aye, what place?" queried the young minister.

"Baltimore, sir."

"Baltimore, aye, the seat of our General Conference. Did you hear anything about it? We expect a very distinguished personage to stop here on his way home—Bishop Roberts."

"Yes, sir," replied the Bishop; "it ended before I left."

"Did you ever see Bishop Roberts?"

"Yes, sir, often. We left Baltimore together."

"You left Baltimore in company with Bishop Roberts?"

"Yes, sir."

"What's your name?"

"Roberts, sir," replied the Bishop.

"Roberts! Roberts! Excuse me, sir; are you related to the Bishop?"

"They usually call me Bishop Roberts, sir," responded the head of the Methodist church, modestly.

"Bishop Roberts! Bishop Roberts! are you Bishop Roberts, sir?" exclaimed the astonished young preacher, starting up and trembling with agitation.

Embarrassed and confounded, he implored the great Bishop's forgiveness, and insisted upon calling up the entire family, that such attention should be given the good man as his needs and his character demanded.

Humors of War.

It is one of the contrasts of war that, no matter how serious the surrounding circumstances, the bravest of the soldiers will fire off their jokes. During a battle before Richmond, a regiment was ordered to charge a battery which was doing fearful execution. The colonel swung his sword and shouted,—

"Men, we are ordered to take that battery, and we must do it!"

"S-s-say, c-c-colonel," stammered a sergeant, "w-wouldn't it b-be a good p-p-plan to t-t-take up a c-c-collection and b-buy the pesky thing? I'll p-p-pay my share."

The men burst into peals of laughter, and it was with difficulty that the colonel could so control himself as to shout, "Forward! march! charge!" and the funny sergeant was one of the first in the charge that followed.

One day, during a furious cannonade, a solid shot tore a large hole in the ground near where a regiment of infantry were lying down.

"Lightning never strikes twice in the same place!" shouted a soldier, as he sprang into the hole. In a moment another shot, striking the gound a few feet in advance, covered him with dirt.

"But it comes very near it!" he added, as he scrambled back to his place in the ranks.

At Gettysburg, Gen. Lee stood on Seminary Ridge to watch the result of Pickett's famous charge. A little to his left one of Longstreet's veterans was leaning over the broken wheel of a gun carriage, chewing tobacco. As Lee saw the brave Virginians rise above the Federal breast-works, his face flushed with pride. A moment later he saw them swept back, and knew that the charge had failed. He turned pale, and the veteran, anxious to condole with his beloved chief, looked up into his face and drawled out,—

"General, we've bit off more'n we can chaw!"

It is folly to whip a bad egg.

A marriage ingredient—Cupidity.

Flower Songs.

If the buttercups could sing,
What a pretty "ting-a-ling"
We should hear in summer time;
Could the daisies pipe a strain,
It would be like falling rain,
Just a silvery chime.

If the violets knew an air,
It would sound most like a prayer,
On the sea-shell's theme;
If the wild rose sang a catch,
Never would be heard its match,
Save in some sweet dream.

—Mary N. Prescott.

Stood By His Flag.

A dozen rough but brave soldiers were playing cards one night in the camp. "What on earth is that?" suddenly exclaimed the ringleader, stopping in the midst of the game to listen.

In a moment the whole squad were listening to a low, solemn voice which came from a tent occupied by several recruits, who had arrived in camp that day. The ringleader approached the tent on tiptoe.

"Boys, he's a-praying, or I'm a sinner!" he roared out. "Three cheers for the parson!" shouted another man of the group as the prayer ended.

"You watch things for three weeks! I'll show you how to take the religion out of him!" said the first speaker, laughing. He was a large man, the ringleader in mischief.

The recruit was a slight, pale-faced young fellow of about eighteen years of age. During the next three weeks he was the butt of the camp. Then several of the men, conquered by the lad's gentle patience and uniform kindness to his persecutors, begged the others to stop annoying him.

"Oh, the little ranter is no better than the rest of us!" answered the big ringleader. "He's only making believe pious. When we get under fire you'll see him run. These pious folks don't like the smell of gunpowder. I've no faith in their religion!"

In a few weeks the regiment broke camp, marched towards Richmond, entered the Wilderness, and engaged in that terrible battle. The company to which the young recruit belonged had a fierce struggle. The brigade was driven back, and when the line was re-formed behind the breastworks they had built in the morning, he was missing.

When last seen, he was almost surrounded by enemies, but fighting desperately. At his side stood the brave fellow who had made the poor lad a constant object of ridicule. Both were given up as lost.

Suddenly, the big man was seen tramping through the underbrush, bearing the dead body of the recruit. Reverently he laid the corpse down, saying, as he wiped the blood from his own face,—

"Boys, I couldn't leave him with the Johnnies—he fought so! I thought he deserved a decent burial."

During a lull in the battle the men dug a shallow grave and tenderly laid the remains therein. Then, as one was cutting the name and regiment upon a board, the big man said, with a husky voice,—

"I guess you'd better put the words 'Christian Soldier' in somewhere! He deserves the title, and maybe it'll console him for our abuse."

There was not a dry eye among those rough men, as they stuck the rudely-carved board at the head of the grave, and, again and again, looked at the inscription.

"Well," said one, "he was a Christian soldier, if there ever was one! And," turning to the ringleader, "he didn't run, did he, when he smelt gunpowder?"

"Run?" answered the big man, his voice tender with emotion, "why, he didn't budge an inch! But what's that to standing for weeks our fire, like a man, and never sending a word back? He just stood by his flag and let us pepper him—he did!"

When the regiment marched away, that rude head-board remained to tell what a power lies in a Christian life.

Another patent inside and out paper has been started in the lower chinquapin regions of Maryland, and its editor just has space enough in the northeast corner of the second page to say: "This is our first tempt in the gernalistick wurld, and hope it will be hay suck sess. Sead taters and beans took in hexchange fur perscription."

"The only thing to mar the pleasure of the occasion," wrote an Arizona editor of a funeral, "was a little difficulty between the clergyman and one of the mourners concerning the ownership of a flask found in the carriage they had occupied."

"What would you do if I should die?" asked a wife of her husband, as she laid here fair white arms around his neck. "Well, really, my love, I hadn't thought of it," he answered abstractedly, "but I presume I'd bury you."

What's the difference between a man who tears down a picket fence and one who dresses a spring chicken? One pulls the picket and the other picks the pullet.

Soon will the ancient story be told
Of "Chawles" so blithesome and bly,
Who went to the picnic in lavender pants,
And sat down in the custard pie.

We don't know for certain there is a man in the moon; but we are dead sure there is one in the honeymoon.

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