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, JUNE 13, 1885. NO. 40.

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.

N. B.—I have constantly on hand a full line of samples of Dress Goods, Cashmeres and Silks, from the cheapest to the VERY BEST, which goods can be had in Denton by next steamer after order is given. As this is a new feature I will sell these goods at lowest prices and hope the ladies will give me a call. WM. E. DUNNOCK.

FULL STOCK. LOW PRICES.

GEO. F. SLOAN & BRO.,

LUMBER,

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

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TRACTION AND PLAIN
ENGINES.
BUFFALO PITTS
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These Threshers stand second to none; while the Traction Engine is acknowledged to be superior to any ever introduced here.

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F. W. Redden & Bro., Denton, Md.
Jesse Wright, Preston, Md.
John H. Thawley, Burrsville, Md.
John Y. Graham, Goldsborough, Md.
B. W. Jones, " "
Col. Edward Lloyd, Tunis Mills, Md.
Dr. C. H. Tilghman, " " "
Chas. S. Winder, " " "
Joseph Bowdle, " " "
John W. Sumer, " " "
Dr. Wm. Caulk, St. Michaels, "
L. O. Warner, Cordova, Talbot Co., Md.
Levi T. and Wm. J. Dukes, Cordova, Md.
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ENGINES
STEVENS
THRESHERS.

These Threshers have now a reputation on this Shore that cannot be excelled. Buy a Stevens and you will get suited every time.

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Martin F. Allaband, Denton, Md.
David Stayer, " "
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This machinery is all fully guaranteed and we would advise all partie wanting to purchase to write us. Will sell you first-class machinery a bottom prices.

SHANNAHAN & WRIGHTSON,
EASTON, MARYLAND,

Agents for Talbot, Caroline and Dorchester Counties, and Dealers in all kinds of Hardware, Agricultural Implements and Machinery.

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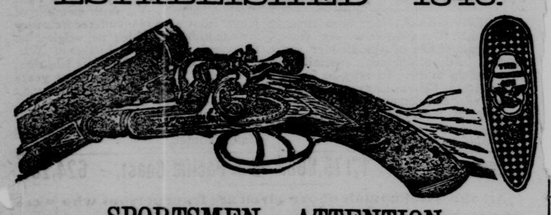

SPORTSMEN, ATTENTION.

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.

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, rappe, (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.
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Wheeler's Transportation Line.

CHOPTANK RIVER ROUTE.
WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

After MONDAY, DEC. 22ND, 1884, the

Steamer Chesapeake

Coal and samples on application. 5 50 tf

MONEY TO LOAN.

LARGE or small sums on good Farms in this county for five (5) years or shorter periods. Interest, six (6) per cent.

THOMAS HILL,
Fayette and St. Paul streets,
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FOR SALE.

Two Excellent Sewing Machines for sale cheap. Inquire at
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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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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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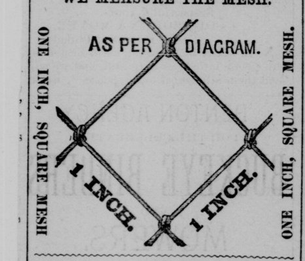
J. S. JOHNSON & CO.,
61 South St., Baltimore, Md.,

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.

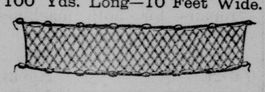
NETTING,
FOR
SEINES and POUNDS

WE MEASURE THE MESH.



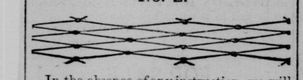
Parties ordering Netting or Seines will give length and depth required when on lines. We allow one-third for rigging, that is if the Seine is to be 100 yards long and 10 feet deep when on lines, as per diagram No. 1.

100 Yds. Long—10 Feet Wide.



We would make the webbing 150 yards long, 15 feet deep when stretched the same as a rope, that is the mesh stretched as per diagram

No. 2.



In the absence of any instruction, we will make as above. In ordering give full description of what you want; leave nothing to be guessed at.

Parties unknown to us ordering goods, will be required to remit us one-third the value before we ship them, the balance to be paid on delivery.

☞Send for Price List.

BALTIMORE TWINE AND NET CO

Wm. J. Hooper & Son,
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BALTIMORE, MD.
Mention this paper. [nov8 '84 1y

FOR SALE.

A house and six acres of land; terms reasonable. Inquire at THIS OFFICE.

For Freedom's Sake.

BY MISS AMELIA E. BARR.

O Wind! If thou should find a grave
By every human love forgot,
Where sleeps some lonely soldier brave,
Sigh softly o'er the spot.
Rustle the wild, long grasses there,
And thro' thy chambers vast awake
The echoes of his parting prayer
Who died for Freedom's sake.

O Bird! Your morning mass sing there—
There, in the dawning gray and dim;
And in the gloaming still and fair
Sing there your vesper hymn.
Over that unremembered grave,
A sweet memorial service make;
It is a soldier's, true and brave,
Who died for Freedom's sake.

O Asphodel and Flowering Vine!
O fair Wild Roses, white and red!
In the long grasses intertwine
A garland for the dead.
With tears of dew at dawning dim
Your saddest, sweetest offering make;
For flowers may weep and die for him,
Who died for Freedom's sake.

Take roses in both hands, and strew
The graves of those to Honor known;
But O! one tender thought is due
To him who died alone!
Alone, with none but God to see
The young brave soul his bondage break
And yet, he fought for Liberty,
And died for Freedom's sake.

Women's Sixth Sense.

Here is a singular instance of the working of that subtle, fine, sixth sense, which is apt to affect women more than men, and which is so mysterious in character that we often incline to deny its existence at all. A lady sat sewing quietly in her sitting-room, and in an inner chamber the nurse had just put the baby to sleep and laid her in her basinette. As the nurse came out of the chamber she said to her mistress:

"The little thing is asleep for three hours, ma'am, I'll warrant."

The nurse went down stairs, and for about a minute the mother sewed on. Suddenly a desire seized her to go take the sleeping child from its crib.

"What nonsense!" she said to herself. "Baby is sound asleep. Nurse just put her down. I shall not go."

Instantly, however, some power, stronger even than the last, urged the mother to go to her baby; and, after a moment, she rose, half vexed with herself, and went to her chamber. The baby was asleep in her little bed, safely tucked in with soft white and pink blankets. One small hand was thrown above the little brown head. It was half open, the exquisite fingers slightly curved, and the palm as rosy as the depths of a lovely shell.

"My baby!" whispered the mother, adoring the little sleeper as mothers will. "My own little baby!"

She bent over suddenly a third time, impelled by that mysterious force which was controlling her, and, for no apparent reason, took the sleeping baby in her arms and went swiftly in the other room. She had scarcely crossed the threshold when a startling sound caused her to look back. Through a stifling cloud of thick clay dust, she saw that the ceiling above the baby's cradle had fallen, burying the heaps of rosy blankets, and lying heaviest of all upon that spot where, but for her mystic warning, her little child would even now be lying.

Settling Troubles of Love.

While social philosophers in every portion of the country are standing aghast at the increasing number of suicides committed for love and jealousy and wondering in what theory lies the remedy for the evil, two West Virginia maidens have been solving the problem in a very practical way. They loved the same young man and quarrelled over his attentions, which were pretty equally divided. There was no appeal to the code—possibly from fear that a far-off spectator might be injured or that the fair amazons might really hurt themselves instead of each other—but a resort was had to nature's weapons, fists and stones. It is told that the encounter was fierce and that victory trembled in the balance for a considerable time. Then one of the ladies struck the other squarely between the eyes with a stone and while the latter staggered from the blow followed up the advantage with several more, ending the contest in fine physical style, with applause from several bystanders. The victorious combatant then claimed the young man's entire heart and their marriage speedily followed.

The young woman who meditates in secret over the project of stealing away to New York and then swallowing enough laudanum or jumping over the East river bridge should ponder over this less romantic way of settling such social trouble and adopt it before resorting to a more destructive method. It has its drawbacks, of course; every human contrivance has that. There is not much womanly dignity about such a fistic encounter. The spectacle of two angry women, with disheveled hair, pounding one another, couldn't be called inspiring even by a joyous spring poet, and its effect might be dampening on the young man who is to marry the victor and whose melancholy future is thus foreshadowed. But with all its drawbacks it is far more sensible than suicide and as such must be commended.—Phila. Times.

"Jeremiah Black once saved the life of a Portland, Me., woman, and she rewarded him by giving him a cigar." Well, she probably knew best what the service was worth.

A Model Love Letter.

MY DEAR MISS M——: Every time I think of you my heart flops up and down like a churn dasher. Sensations of exquisite joy caper over it like young goats over a stable roof, and thrill through it like Spanish needles through a pair of tow linen trousers. As a gosling swimmeth with delight in a mud puddle, so swim I in a sea of glory. Visions of ecstatic rapture thicker than the hairs of a blacking-brush, and brighter than the hues of a humming-bird's pinions, visit me in my slumbers, and borne on their invisible wings, your image stands before me, and I seach out to grasp it like a pointer snapping at a blue-bottle fly.

When I first beheld your angelic perfections, I was bewildered, and my brain whirled around like a bumble bee under a glass tumbler. My eyes stood open like cellar doors in country towns, and I lifted up my ears to catch the silvery accents of your voice. My tongue refused to wag, and in silent adoration I drank in the sweet infections of love as a thirsty man swalloweth a tumbler of lemonade.

Since the light of your face fell upon my life, I sometimes feel as if I could lift myself up by my boot straps to the top of the church steeple and pull the bell-rope for singing school.

Day and night you are in my thoughts. When Aurora, blushing like a bride, rises from her saffron colored couch; when the jay bird pipes his tuneful lay in the apple tree by the spring house; when the chanticleer's shrill clarion heralds the coming morn; when the waking pig ariseth from his bed and grunteth, and goeth for his morning's refreshments; when the drowsy beetle wheels his droning flight at sultry noontide; and when the lowing herds come home at milking time, I think of thee; and like a piece of gum elastic, my heart seems stretched across my bosom.

Your hair is like the mane of a sorrel horse powdered with gold; and the brass pins skewered through your water-fall fill me with unbounded awe. Your forehead is smoother than the elbow of an old coat; your eyes are glorious to behold; in their liquid depths I see legions of little cupids bathing, like a cohort of ants in an old army cracker. When their fire hit me upon my manly breast it penetrated my whole anatomy as a load of bird-shot goes through a rotten apple. Your nose is from a chunk of Parian marble, and your mouth is puckered with sweetness. Nectar lingers on your lips, like honey on a bear's paw, and myriads of unfledged kisses are there, ready to fly out and light somewhere, like bluebirds out of their parents' nest, or the bleat of a stray lamb on a bleak hillside. The dimples on your cheeks are like bowers on beds of roses or hollows in cakes of home made sugar.

I am dying to fly to thy presence, and pour out the burning eloquence of my love as a thrifty housekeeper pours out hot coffee. Away from you I am as melancholy as a sick rat.

Sometimes I can hear the June bugs of despondency buzzing in my ears, and I feel the cold lizard of despair crawling down my back. Uncouth fears, like a thousand minnows, nibble at my spirits, and my soul is pierced with doubts, as an old cheese is bored with skippers.

My love for you is stronger than the smell of Coffey's patent butter, or the kick of a young cow, and more unselfish than a kitten's first caterwaul. As a song bird hankers for the light of day, the cautious mouse for fresh bacon in the trap; as a mean pup hankers after new milk, so I long for thee.

You are fairer than a speckled pullet, sweeter than a Yankee doughnut fried in sorghum molasses, brighter than a top plumage on a muscovey duck. You are candy, kisses, raisins, pound cake and sweetened toddy all together.

If these remarks will enable you to see the inside of my soul, and me to win your affections, I shall be as happy as a woodpecker on a cherry tree, or a stage horse in a green pasture. If you cannot reciprocate my thrilling passion, I will pine away like a poisoned bedbug, and fall away from a flourishing vine of life, an untimely branch; and in the coming years when the shadows grow from the hills, and the philosophical frog sings his cheerful evening hymns, you, happy in another's love, can come and drop a tear and—catch a cold upon the last resting-place of

Yours affectionately, ——.

Sergeant Prentiss is said to have replied once to a friend who remarked that the latter "mesmerized" him with his utterances: "Then it is an affair of reciprocity, for a crowd always electrifies me. I feel at such times a kind of preternatural rapture. New thoughts come rushing into my mind unbidden, and I seem to myself like one uttering oracles. I am as much astonished at my own conceptions as any of my auditors, and when the excitement is over I could no more reproduce them than I could make a world."

A door belle—the pretty maid servant.

A wife at home is worth two on a visit to her mother.

Love is blind, and often, when the girl is rich and ugly, it is only a blind.

Fashion Notes.

Very light-colored trousers are out of date.

Some very fashionable women refuse utterly to wear tinsel.

Green cloth full dress kilt suits are very fashionable for small boys.

Shirt fronts are plain, and are made of three or four thicknesses of linen.

Bonnets seem to have reached their greatest height, for this season at least.

Jet and other bead embroideries are worn to excess here and on the other side.

Tan-colored undressed kid gloves are worn by fashionable men as well as women.

Lace or embroidery, or both, must adorn every dressy toilet this summer, is the decree of fashion.

Gray and brown cheviots or Angola plaids are the correct stuffs for small boys' everyday suits.

Plaid cassimeres, checked suitings, homespuns and fine mixtures are the stuffs for men's business suits.

Stripes of all kinds are very popular, and form a part or the whole of many dressy street and house frocks.

White duck waistcoats are occasionally worn with double-breasted frock coats and dark trousers for dressy day occasions.

The three pieces of a gentleman's business suit should be of the same cloth, but occasionally the trousers are of some light or colored goods.

Waistcoats of white duck are occasionally worn by fashionable men for full evening dress with the usual black swallow-tail coat and black trousers.

The cutaway coat is preferred for dressy day wear by fashionable young men. Older men wear the frock known as the Prince Albert.

The English fancy of wearing a white, cream or fawn-colored duck waistcoat, dotted with darker color or black, is coming into summer fashion on this side.

The evening suit for summer is of black "worsted"—not so heavy as cloth—and with no material change in the cut of any of the three garments composing the same.

A Cowboy in a Sleeping Car.

"Whar do I camp?" he inquired, and was shown the lower berth, next to me.

"That's my pigeon-hole, is it? All right, old son; just watch my motion while I file myself away."

At this juncture he was desired to turn over his revolver to the porter, which he declined to do in a very spirited manner.

"'Old Dad' [his revolver] and me always sleep together, and we don't want no divorce," he explained.

The conductor remonstrated, but was advised not to try to "braid this mule's tail."

"This here's a sleepin' car, aint it?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"Well, why in —— don't you let people sleep, then, when they've paid and gone into your game? If you're aimin' to keep people awake and want company, just dance into the next car; there's lots of folks in there don't want to sleep, nohow, and'll be glad to see you."

The conductor withdrew, and my friend pulled off his boots and stretched himself, with many comments in an undertone on the poverty of the surroundings.

In about ten minutes this erratic person had his head out in the aisle.

"Say, you boy," to the porter.

"Well, sah?"

"Come a-runnin'."

The porter drew near, and a pillow about as big as a pin-cushion was handed to him.

"Take that goosehа'r thing away," said the cowboy.

"Don't you want a pillow, sah?" asked the porter.

"That aint no piller, and I don't want it nohow; I'm afraid it'll get in my ear."

After this there was silence and for a short time I slept. I roused up, however, at an exclamation on the part of my neighbor.

"Hold on there, my son! Just drap them boots."

"I was only jest gwine to black 'em, boss."

"Drap 'em."

They drapped.

"Jest gwine to pull them spurs, I reckon. Now don't monkey round my camp takin' things no more. If you want anything speak for it. If you can't speak make signs; if you can't make signs, shake a bush. You h'ar me?"

"Yes, sah."

After this, silence. The wheels and rails again sang together, and the car again kept approving time, and presently I slept without interruption.

Let a girl stray in the fields after roses and they will redden her cheeks.

Eulalia—"So you at last succeeded in bringing young De Rich to the popping point?" Edith—"Yes, but it was a pretty tight squeeze."

A modern novel has the following passage: "With one hand he held her beautiful golden head above the chilling wave, and with the other called loudly for assistance."

A benevolent man, who proves his wish to save time by throwing it away on foolish calculations, has discovered that in forty years a snuff-taker devotes twenty-four months to blowing his nose.

A Love Song to a Wife.

We have been lovers for forty years;
O dear cheeks, faded and worn with tears,
What an eloquent story of love ye tell!
Your roses are dead, yet I loved ye well.

O pale brow, shrined in soft, silvery hair,
Crowned with life's sorrow and lined with care,
Let me read by the light of the stars above
Those dear, dear records of faithful love!

Ah fond, fond eyes of my own true wife,
Ye have shone so clear through my checkered life,
Ye have shed such a joy on my thorny way
That I cannot think ye are dim to-day.

Worn little hands that have toiled so long,
Patient and loving and brave and strong,
Ye will never tire, ye will never rest
Until you are crossed on my darling's breast.

O warm heart, throbbing so close to mine,
Time only strengthens such love as thine,
And proves that the holiest love doth last
When summer, beauty and youth are past.

Fertilizers of Home Manufacture.

There is a continually growing tendency on the part of farmers who are compelled to go beyond the resources of the farm for fertilizing material to procure the crude material and do their own compounding, finding it to produce fully as satisfactory results, and at a much less cost. Even with all the safeguards the experiment stations and state analysis are supposed to throw around the farmer, the use of many of the commercial fertilizers offered for sale is not entirely satisfactory. In conversation with a gentleman who had used large quantities, he remarked that "he had used tons of fertilizers and yet did not believe he was one cent better off for their use."

One fact is certain, that all who have manufactured their own phosphate claim to be much better satisfied with it than with any they can purchase, and at a cost of only about one-half. Or, if farmers prefer, they can purchase those crude materials which contain the elements of plant food and mix in such quantities as the crops to which they are to be applied demand. Bone phosphate can be procured for $1.55 per hundred; sulphate of amonia for $3.60 per hundred; muriate of potash for $1.23 per hundred; and from these can be obtained the principle element of plant nutrition. Prof. S. W. Johnson state that in Connecticut, super-phosphates were sold at an advance of 42.9 per cent, of the wholesale price of the raw materials. These suggestions are made for the purpose of informing the farmer upon matters upon which he might be in ignorance.—Germantown Telegraph.

What Are Christians For?

A Christian lady who was engaged in work for the poor and degraded was once spoken to by one who was well acquainted with both the worker and those whom she sought to reach, and remonstrated with for going among such a class of people.

"It does seem wonderful to me that you can do such work," said her friend. "You sit beside these people and talk with them in a way that I do not think you would do if you knew all about them—just what they are and from what places they come."

Her answer was, "Well, I suppose they are dreadful people; but if the Lord Jesus were now on earth, are they not the very sort of people he would strive to reach? And am I better than my Master? Would he feel himself too good to go among them?"

A poor, illiterate person, who stood listening to this conversation, said with great earnestness and simplicity:

"Why, I always thought that was what Christians are for?"

The objector was silenced, and what a wonder? Is not that what Christians are for?

If not, then what, in the name of all that is good, are they for.—American Citizen.

True Courtesy.

A beautiful fact on this subject is related of a distinguished clergyman. On one occasion a humble, worthy man who had befriended the clergyman in early life called to see him, and was invited to the family table. He began to eat with his knife, as he had been accustomed, and the younger people smiled. The clergyman looked round upon them, as if to say: "Stop that!" and at once himself began to eat with his knife, and did so to the end of the meal. After dinner one of the children asked him why he did so. The clergyman replied: "It is well enough for us to observe the etiquette of the day; but it is more important to avoid insulting people. I wanted my old friend to enjoy his dinner, which he could not have done if he had seen you laughing at him. He is accustomed to use his knife, and it would be quite difficult for him to use the fork instead." That was genuine politeness. The world would be happier and better if there were more of it.

"Prohibition is a good thing," remarked a business-like passenger; "I believe in it and would like to see it adopted in every State of the Union. It's good for my business." "What business are you in?" "Manufacturing pint and half-pint flasks."

"Did you notice, dear, at the party last evening how grandly our daughter Clara swept into the room?"

Husband (with a grunt)—"Oh, yes, Clara can sweep into a room, but when it comes to sweeping out a room she isn't there."

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