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 27, 1885. NO. 42.

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,
SHINGLES, SASH, DOORS,
BLINDS, etc.,
132 LIGHT STREET WHARF, BALTIMORE, MD.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

BUFFALO PITTS
TRACTION AND PLAIN
ENGINES.
BUFFALO PITTS
THRESHER.

These Threshers stand second to none; while the Traction Engine is acknowledged to be superior to any ever introduced here.

FOR REFERENCE APPLY TO
Henry Cade & Bros., Denton, Md.
Wm. McDaniel, Denton, Md.
B. W. Wright & Bro., Preston, Md.
C. H. Leonard, Preston, Caroline Co., Md.
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.
Gen. E. L. F. Hardcastle, Easton, Md.

STEVENS
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.

FOR REFERENCE APPLY TO
Martin F. Allaband, Denton, Md.
David Stayer, " "
Garrettson Smith, Hillsboro "
Jos. H. Waller, " "
H. Andrew, " "
Joel Clark, Goldsboro, "
Wm. A. Pratt, Easton, "
Geo. W. Duncan, " "
Wm. Cole, " "
L. A. McDaniel, " "
S. N. Cranston, Long Woods, "
N. S. Calahan, " "
Sped O. Harris, Royal Oak, "
Col. Ed. Lloyd, Tunis Mills, "
Chas. S. Winder, " "
Joseph Bowdle, " "

This machinery is all fully guaranteed and we would advise all parties wanting to purchase to write us. Will sell you first-class machinery at bottom prices.

SHANNAHAN & WRIGHTSON,
EASTON, MARYLAND,

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

BLITHE SPRINGTIME

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

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

The 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.

All having 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 can supply everything you need in the building line at bottom figures.

The 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.

THOS. S. KINNAMON,
GOLDSBOROUGH, MD.

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 JOPPA will leave Baltimore 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.
apr25 tf

Chester River
Steamboat Company.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.
1885.

On Wednesday, June 3, and thereafter daily until further notice the steamer

EMMA A. FORD

will leave Chestertown at 6.30 a. m., stopping at Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck, Grey's Inn, Queenstown and Kent Island, arriving in Baltimore at 11.40 a. m. Returning, will leave Pier 7, Light St. Whf. at 2.20 p. m. for all the above landings.

☞The steamer will leave Queenstown for Baltimore at 9 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.

After MONDAY, DEC. 22ND, 1884, the

Steamer Chesapeake

Will be withdrawn from Choptank River,

Steamer Minnie Wheeler

Taking her days—leaving Baltimore Tuesdays and Saturdays at 9 o'clock, p. m., for the following landings: Trappe, Chancellor's Pt., Secretary Creek, Clark's, Wright's edf ord's, Hog Island, Dover Bridge, Kingston, Ganey's, Potter's Landing, Reese's, Coward's Pt., Covey's and Hillsborough.

Returning, will leave Hillsborough Mondays and Thursdays at 8 o'clock, a. m., Potter's Landing, 11.30 o'clock, Medford's, 3 p. m., Secretary Creek, 5 p. m., Trappe, 7.30 p. m.

☞Freight received Tuesdays, Fridays and Saturdays until 6 p. m.

MINERAL WATERS! ICE CREAM!

THERE is always to be found a fresh supply of Sarsaparilla, Ginger Ale and Mineral Waters, ON ICE, and the best Ice Cream to be had in town at my saloon.

J. T. COMEGYS,
[6-6-6m.] Denton, Md.

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.

W. A. STEWART,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MARYLAND.
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

GEORGE M. RUSSUM. HENRY R. LEWIS.
RUSSUM & LEWIS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
DENTON, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne counties. [4-4-85]

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

HENRY IRWIN & SON,
AUCTIONEERS,
DENTON, MD.

EUROPEAN HOTEL,
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.
iii xxi tf

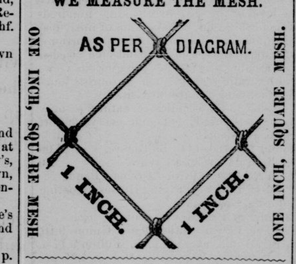
BRICK HOTEL,
DENTON, MD.
JOHN H. VAN GESEL,
Proprietor.

A COMPLETE LIVERY STABLE IS attached to the Hotel. Single or double teams furnished on very reasonable terms when desired.
9 13 84 tf

J. S. JOHNSON & CO.,
61 South St., Baltimore, Md.,

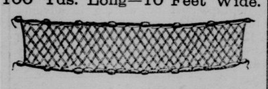
MANUFACTURERS OF
TWINES AND NETTING,
IMPORTERS AND
Manufacturers of and Wholesale Dealers in Gilling Thread, Fishing Tackle, Wooden Ware, Brooms, Brushes, Baskets, &c.
☞Nets and Seines of all descriptions made to order.

NETTING, FOR SEINES and POUNDS
WE MEASURE THE MESH.



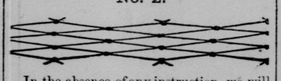
Parties ordering Netting or Seines will give length and depth required when on lines. We allow one-third for rigging, that is if the Seine is to be 100 yards long and 10 feet deep when on lines, as per diagram No. 1.

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,
No. 6 S. CALVERT ST.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Mention this paper. [nov8 '84 1y

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS indebted to Evitts & Holbrook on last year's account will please come forward and settle at once.

[5-16-4t.] EVITTS & HOLBROOK.

And Then.

So long ago! and yet it seems
But yesterday you passed me by
And what I'd dreamt in shadowy dreams
Became a sweet reality.
You turned and placed your hand in mine;
Whispered low and where and when;
You answered with a smile divine—
And then—my love—and then—

The golden days flew by—too fast?
One blinding flash—and all was o'er;
Our love a thing of some vague past—
Our lives a wreck forevermore.
No single word of last adieu—
You went—and never came again;
I'd lost my all in losing you—
And then—my God!—and then—

Ah! years have passed of grief and pain,
But, faithful still, I watch and wait,
Though love for me dawns not again
On this side of the silent gate.
For in some fair and distant land,
Beyond the bounds of mortal ken,
We'll wander ever hand in hand—
And then—dear love—and then.

—London World.

GEN. GRANT'S BOOK.

Extracts from His Work—His Interview with Gen. Lee at Appomattox.

NEW YORK, June 8.—Gen. Grant's book, to be published in a few months, will contain the following reminiscences of Lee's surrender:

"I found Gen. Lee had been brought into our lines and conducted to a house belonging to a Mr. McLean, and was there with one of his staff officers waiting my arrival. The head of his column was occupying a hill, a portion of which was an apple orchard across a little valley from the courthouse. Sheridan's forces were drawn up in line of battle on the crest of the hill on the south side of the same valley.

"Before stating what took place between Gen. Lee and myself I will give all there is of the narrative of Gen. Lee and the famous apple tree. Wars produce many stories of fiction, some of which are told until they are believed. The war of the rebellion was fruitful in the same way. The story of the apple tree is one of those fictions with a slight foundation of fact.

"As I have said, there was an apple orchard on the side of the hill occupied by the Confederate forces.—Running diagonally up the hill was a wagon road, which at one point ran very near one of the trees, so that the wheels on that side had cut off the roots of the tree, which made a little embankment. Gen. Babcock reported to me that when he first met Gen. Lee he was sitting upon this embankment with his feet in the road and leaning against the tree. It was then that Lee was conducted into the house where I first met him. Gen. Lee was accompanied by one of his staff, Col. Marshall. When I went into the house I found Gen. Lee. We greeted each other, and after shaking hands took our seats. What his feelings were I do not know. Being a man of much dignity and with an impenetrable face, it was impossible to say whether he felt inwardly glad that the end had finally come, or whether he felt sadly over the result and was too manly to show it. What ever his feelings were they were entirely concealed from observation, but my own feelings, which had been quite apparent on the receipt of his letter, were sad and depressed. I felt like anything rather than rejoicing at the downfall of a foe that had fought so long and gallantly, and had suffered so much for a cause which I believed to be one of the worst for which a people ever fought, and for which there was not the least pretext. I do not question, however, the sincerity of the great mass of those who were opposed to us. Gen. Lee was dressed in full uniform, entirely new, and wearing a sword of considerable value—very likely the sword that had been presented by the State of Virginia. At all events it was an entirely different sword from the one that would ordinarily be worn in the field. In my rough traveling suit, which was the uniform of a private, with the straps of a general, I must have contrasted very strangely with a man so handsomely dressed, six feet high and of faultless form. But this was not a matter that I thought of until afterward. Gen. Lee and I soon fell into a conversation about old army times. Our conversation grew so pleasant that I almost forgot the object of our meeting."

Concerning his first battle in the civil war he quaintly writes: "As we approached the brow of the hill from which it was expected we could see Harris's camp, and possibly find his men ready formed to meet us, my heart kept getting higher and higher, until it felt to me as though it was in my throat. I would have given anything to have been back in Illinois, but I had not the moral courage to halt and consider what to do. I kept right on. When we reached a point from which the valley below was in full view I halted. The place where Harris had been encamped a few days before was still there, and the marks of a recent encampment were plainly visible, but the troops were gone. My heart resumed its place. It occurred to me at once that Harris had been as much afraid of me as I had been of him. This was a view of the question I had never taken before; but it was one I never forgot afterwards. From that event to the close of the war I never experienced trepidation upon confronting an enemy."

Here is an extract about West Point: "During my first year's encampment Gen. Scott visited West Point and reviewed the cadets. With his commanding figure, his colossal size and showy uniform, I thought him the finest specimen of manhood my eyes had ever beheld and the most to be envied. I could never resemble him in appearance, but I believe I did have a presentiment for a moment that some day I should occupy his place on review, although I had no intention then of remaining in the army. But my experience in a horse trade ten years before, and the ridicule caused me, were too fresh in my mind for me to communicate this presentiment to my most intimate chum."

"The campaign of Vicksburg was suggested and developed by circumstances. The elections of 1862 had gone against the prosecution of war, voluntary enlistments had nearly ceased, and the draft had been resorted to. This was resisted and a defeat or backward movement would have made its execution impossible.

"A forward movement to decisive victory was necessary. Accordingly I resolved to go below Vicksburg, unite with Banks against Port Hudson, make New Orleans a base, and with that base and Grand Gulf as a starting point, move our combined forces against Vicksburg. Upon reaching Grand Gulf, after running its batteries and fighting a battle, I received a letter from Banks informing me that he could not reach Port Hudson under ten days, and then with only 15,000 men. The time was worth more than the reinforcements. I therefore determined to push into the interior of the enemy's country.

"With a large river behind us, held above and below by the enemy, rapid movements were essential to success. Jackson was captured the day after a new commander had arrived, and when large re-enforcements were daily expected. A rapid movement west was made, and the garrison of Vicksburg was met in five battles and badly defeated. The city was then successfully besieged."

The Sweet Girl Graduate.

This is, for the most part, a terribly practical, commonplace, hard conditioned world. The necessity imposed upon mankind of earning bread by the sweat of the brow, compels men and women for the most part to take a dollar and cent view of all things in art and nature. Even the magnificence of Niagara is measured in hotel bills and hack fares, and all the varied loveliness of nature creates not so much human interest as a rise or fall in the price of beefsteak. There is one sweet creature belonging to the human family, however, that lives above the more commonplace and grosser considerations of life and dwells in the atmosphere of "the good, the beautiful and the true." We need hardly say that this exceptional creature is the sweet girl graduate. To be sure she eats beefsteak for her breakfast, and very likely plenty of it. It may even be that she prefers her steak trimmed with the unromantic onion. But beefsteak and onions, when assimilated by the sweet girl graduate, become etherialized and spiritualized into a vision of sweetness and beauty. There may be left still about this vision the faintest suggestion of onions,—but away, no, it cannot be so. Let the base thought perish from the face of the earth! The sweet girl graduate is the impersonation of sweetness without a blemish. But it is as a literary character, also, that the girl graduate attracts attention. As commencement day approaches, she selects some subject as little as possible suggestive of the gross and commonplace things of earth, a subject that requires in its treatment the most ideally ideal of ideas. It is most likely one of the following: "Genius is Like a Scintillating Star;" "Oh, Let Us Live for the Good, the Beautiful and the True;" Echoes Roll from Soul to Soul, and Live forever and forever;" "Our Bark is on the Sea, but Where May the Harbor be?" "Out from the Nowhere into the Here." It may be one of one hundred other similar subjects, but, whatever the subject be, it may be depended upon that the sweet girl will treat it in a manner that will bring down the house. When she steps upon the platform, and arranges the train of her lovely graduating dress, and unrolls the silk-bound, tinted and perfumed manuscript of her graduating essay and makes her lovely and comprehensive bow to the audience, is there a man in all the world so churlish that he would not break into rapturous applause? And when she pauses at the end of some sentence which she has taken a great deal of pride in and gives a glance over her audience that seems to ask if it knows enough to appreciate that sentence, is there a human being so mean as would not again go off in applause suggestive of the most rapturous appreciation? It may be that the beautifully rounded sentences mean nothing in particular, but the listener who would note this fact should be shown to the door and turned into outer darkness. And when she reads the final sentence of her silk-bound essay, makes her final smiling bow to the audience and courtesies off the stage bearing nineteen beautiful bouquets, the audience that does not continue the applause until the building is in danger is not the audience that can appreciate the good, the beautiful and the true. Oh, sweet girl graduate, the literature which you produce may not in itself be entrancing, but you yourself are one of the lovely, the good, the beautiful, the transcendentally sweet things of this more or less unlovely world!—Chestertown Transcript.

"Little Joe, the Newsboy."

It was a very small funeral procession that wended its way slowly from the Kings County Hospital to the Holy Cross Cemetery at Flatbush yesterday morning. There were no handsome carriages, no long string of hacks, only a hearse containing a small, plain coffin, followed by a solitary coach. But the mourning was just as sincere as at the largest and most imposing funeral. And it was not confined to the four boys who accompanied the body of their dearest friend to its last resting place. A hundred hearts were touched by grief. A hundred faces were wet with tears.

"It's only a newsboy," said a policeman. True, only a newsboy, a waif from the streets of the great city. But no philanthropist was ever kinder, no friend more true, no soldier braver than little Joe Flanigan. Every newsboy about the offices of New York's great journals knew and loved him. All owed him a debt of gratitude for the many good deeds he had done in his humble way.

Little Joe first appeared on the streets of New York two years ago. He was small and slight, with great brown eyes and pinched lips that always wore a smile. His parents were dead and he had no friends. It was a hard life. Up at four o'clock in the morning after sleeping in a dry-goods box or an alley, he worked steadily till late at night. He was misused at first. Big boys stole his papers or crowded him out of a warm place at night, but he never complained. The tears would well up in his eyes, but were quickly brushed away and a new start bravely made. Such conduct won him friends, and after a little no other dared play tricks upon Little Joe. His friends he remembered, and his enemies he forgave. Some days he had especially good luck. Kind-hearted people pitied the little fellow and bought papers whether they wanted them or not. But he was too generous to save money enough for a night's lodging. Every boy who "got stuck" knew he was sure to get enough to buy a supper as long as Joe had a penny.

But the hard work and exposure began to tell on his weak constitution. He kept growing thinner and thinner, till there was scarcely an ounce of flesh on his little body. The skin of his face was drawn closer and closer, but the pleasant look never faded away. He was uncomplaining to the last. Two weeks ago he awoke one morning after working hard selling "extras" to find himself too weak to move. He tried his best to get upon his feet, but it was a vain attempt. The vital forces were gone.

He was found and taken to the hospital. Every day one of the boys went to see him. On Saturday he died. His sleep was calm and beautiful. The trouble and anxiety on his wan face had disappeared. But the expression was still there. Even in death he smiled.

That night a hundred boys met in front of the City Hall. They felt that they must express their sense of loss in some way, but how they did not know. Finally, in accordance with the suggestion of one of the larger boys, they passed a resolution which read as follows:

Resolved, That we all liked Little Joe, who was the best newsboy in New York. Everybody is sorry he has died.

A collection was taken up to send delegates to the funeral. The burial took place yesterday. On the coffin was a plate, purchased by the boys, whose language was expressive from its very simplicity. This was the inscription:

LITTLE JOE,
aged 14,
The Best Newsboy in N. Y.,
WE ALL LIKED HIM.

There were no services, but each boy sent a flower to be placed upon the coffin of his friend. After all, what did it matter that Little Joe was dead.

He was only a newsboy.

This is not a fancy sketch. Every word of the above story is true.—N. Y. World.

Does Habit Make Decency in Dress?

What is it that constitutes decency in dress? Clearly nothing but habit; the custom of the particular society or subject matter concerned—in ordinary language, convention. This seems strange to some people; but it is most certainly true that there is no absolute rule as to what drapery is or is not decent. Even in the same society the conditions vary enormously. Use and custom alone determine the becoming. A Turkish lady is shocked if a strange man sees her without a yashmak and a monstrous bundle of wraps. So conventional is this covering of the face that a Mussulman peasant woman surprised in the field will often veil it with her only petticoat.

Travellers tell us that a well-bred African woman blushes to be seen for the first time in clothes. The usual use of clothing appears to be scarcely decent. Custom, habit and convention decide the matter among ourselves. A pure cottage girl in Connemara, who sleeps in a room with men and never owned a stocking, would feel uneasy in the ball dress of a princess. The princess would almost suffer death rather than share her cottage for a week. If the daughters of Leonidas went to a drawing-room at Buckingham Palace in their Spartan tunics they would probably cause as great a flutter as they would feel themselves. No one would expect a hospital nurse to do what hundreds of innogirls do in a pantomime; but the danseuse, again, would hardly submit to the unsparing revelations of a surgical ward. Honi soit is the sole and paramount rule; but then this depends on certain conventional practices being respected.

Is the Devil Dead?

Men don't believe in the devil now
As their fathers used to do;
They've forced the door of the broadest creed
To let his majesty through.

There isn't a print of his cloven foot,
Or a fiery dart from his bow
To be found in earth or air to-day,
For the world has voted so.

But who is it mixes the fatal draught
That palsies heart and brain,
And loads the bier of each passing year
With ten hundred thousand slain?

Who blights the bloom of the land to-day
With the fiery breath of hell?
If the devil isn't and never was,
Won't somebody rise and tell:

Who dogs the steps of the toiling saint?
Who digs the pit for his feet?
Who sows the tares in the field of time
Wherever God sows His wheat?

The devil is voted not to be,
And of course the thing is true,
But who is doing the kind of work
The devil alone can do?

They say he does not go around
Like a roaring lion now,
But whom shall we hold responsible
For the everlasting row

To be heard in home and church and State
To the earth's remotest bound,
If the devil, by a unanimous vote,
Is nowhere to be found?

Won't somebody come to the front forthwith,
And make his bow, and show
How the frauds and crimes of a single day
Spring up; we want to know.

The devil is voted not to be,
So of course the devil's gone;
But simple people would like to know
Who carries his business on.

He Didn't Know Daniel.

George Ticknor Curtis writes in Harper's Magazine: "The anecdotes of Daniel Webster recently printed remind me of a story which I have more than once heard him tell, with the drollest effect, as an illustration of the utter inability of the greatest reputations to reach everybody. The occurrence took place long after the name of Daniel Webster might be supposed to be known at least to everybody in his native State, and my impression is that it happened after the year 1830, which was the period of his famous reply to Hayne. He left his house at Franklin, N. H., one fine summer morning, to drive about twelve miles, in order to take a certain stage which would pass through a certain village at a certain hour in the forenoon. He was driven by one of his men in a wagon, but the horse did not get over the ground as fast as Mr. Webster desired. When they had gone about seven miles from Mr. Webster's farm, which was his father's, and on which his boyhood was passed until he went to Dartmouth College, they were overtaken by an old farmer who had a very fine horse. Mr. Webster stopped the stranger, and finding that they were both going to the same village, asked to be taken along. Sending back his own wagon, he took a seat with the farmer, and they entered into a talk—"just about our country clashes," as Jock Jabos said in "Guy Mannering." At length Mr. Webster asked the old man whether he knew Captain Ebenezer Webster, who lived over in Franklin. Yes, he did, and knew his sons and daughters, all of whom, with one exception, he mentioned by name, told whom they married, what children they left, etc.

"But," said Mr. Webster, "was there not a younger one whose name was Daniel?"

The man scratched his head, and, after a pause, replied, "Yes, come to think of it, there was."

"And what became of him?" asked Mr. Webster.

"Wa'al, I don't exactly know. He went away—some said he went to Portsmouth to study law; but I never heerd what become of him. I guess he's dead."

Nothing could exceed the dramatic although quiet way in which Mr. Webster used to tell this story, going gravely through all the details of his family history in the Doric dialect of the old farmer, and coming down to the boy who went away and was never heard of afterward At this denouement his great eye twinkled with a fun which made it irresistibly droll.

Advertisements.

The strangely worded advertisements which appear from day to day in different papers throughout the country, are, in many instances, very laughable and ridiculous. A western paper gravely announces in its advertising columns:

"To Rent—An elegantly furnished room to a gentleman already heated."

Among the artistic advertising notices are the following:

"Two young women want washing."

"Wood and coal split."

"Teeth extracted with great pains."

A cheerful advertisement is this:

"Try our coffins. You will never use any other."

Rolls of Honor—Prize biscuits at the Cooking Club.

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