DENTON JOURNAL.

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

VOL. 40. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 24, 1885. NO. 7.

Sole Agent for Pels' Shoes. The Diamond Shirt.

NEW FALL AND WINTER GOODS

—AT—

DUNNOCK'S

Can now be bought at very reasonable prices, and Mr. Dunnock cordially invites his friends and patrons to examine his stock before purchasing and guarantees satisfaction. His stock of

6-4 Tricot and Plain Ladies' Cloth,

Cashmere, cheaper dress goods, and beautiful styles of calico are greatly admired by all. Also, fancy cassimeres and trimmings for gentlemen, and a full line of ladies', gents' and children's underwear.

Dry Goods, Notions,

Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Clothing, Queensware, Groceries, Cigars, Tobacco, Confectionery, &c.

A large line of gents' stiff hats and neckwear.

Terms—Cash; highest prices allowed in goods for trade.

Thanking all for past favors, and respectfully soliciting future patronage, Very Respectfully,

WM. E. DUNNOCK.

FULL STOCK. LOW PRICES.

GEO. F. SLOAN & BRO.,

LUMBER,

SHINGLES, SASH, DOORS,

BLINDS, etc.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

132 LIGHT STREET WHARF, BALIMORE, MD.

OLD AND RELIABLE

Brands of FERTILIZER sold by us. Try

Ober's Ammoniated Super Phosphate,

Ober's Dissolved Animal Bone,

Ober's Dissolved S. C. A. Phosphate,

Ober's Dissolved Bone Ash,

Ober's Bone Meal, Ober's Ground Tankage

Ober's Nitrate of Soda, Rasin's S. C. Bone.

EMPIRE FORCE FEED DRILL,

ECONOMIST SULKY AND HAND PLOWS,

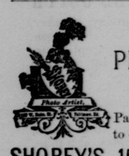
ACME PULVERIZING HARROW,

Corbin Disc Harrow, Hardware, Cutlery, Lime, Hair and Cement.

☞ You will regret it if you don't get our prices before buying elsewhere.

SHANNAHAN AND WRIGHTSON,

EASTON, MD.



Fine Cabinet PHOTOGRAPHS

$2.50 Per Dozen.

Particular attention given to copying old pictures.

SHOREY'S, 157 W. Balto. St., Baltimore, Md.

LADIES

Can improve their complexion by using a simple remedy, which will render it clear, soft and beautiful and remove Tan, Freckles, Pimples and all unnatural redness and roughness of the skin. Also a new discovery for the permanent removal of Superfluous Hair without injury to the skin. For full instructions address,

FORBES & CO.
56 Broadway, New York.

G. W. MINNICK & SON'S
EMPORIUM OF
MUSIC,
LITERATURE—BOOKS and the BEST PUBLICATIONS.
General Agents for Talbot, Caroline and Queen Anne for the celebrated

ESTEY ORGAN.

EASTON, MD.

41 31y

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

MARSHALL S. MUTCHLER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.

State's Attorney for Caroline County.

All professional business entrusted to me will receive prompt and careful attention.

Office in Masonic Hall building, opposite the court house. 9 19 85y

---

JOSHUA W. BRYANT. URIE TOWNSEND.

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

9 20.

GEORGE T. MELVIN. ELON S. HOBBS.

MELVIN AND HOBBS,
Attorneys-at-Law,
DENTON, MD.

Will practice in the courts of Caroline and adjoining counties.

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.

WILLIAM T. KELLY,
DENTAL SURGEON,

Will practice in Preston every first and third Monday in each month; Denton on Tuesday, and Greensborough on Wednesday, days following.

Office—110 Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. [6288 4]

HENRY IRWIN & SON,
AUCTIONEERS,
DENTON, MD.

CASPER MILLER,
MERCHANT TAILOR
DENTON, MD.

EUROPEAN HOTEL,
VAN AUSDALL & DOWDEN, Props.
(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

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



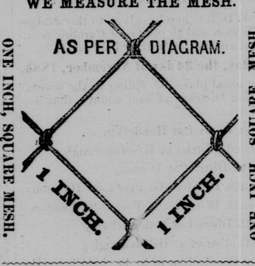
MANUFACTURERS OF
TWINES AND NETTING,
IMPORTERS AND

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.

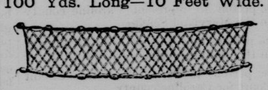
NETTING,
FOR
SEINES and POUNDS

WE MEASURE THE MESH.



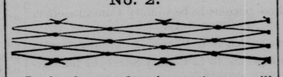
Parties ordering Netting or Seines will give length and depth required when on lines. We allow one-third for rigging, that is if the Seine is to be 100 yards long and 10 feet deep when on lines, as per diagram No. 1.

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

Persons owing us will confer a favor by settling their bills without further delay.

GEORGE & REDDEN.

A Woman's Complaint.

I know that deep within your heart of hearts
You hold me shrined apart from common things,
And that my step, my voice can bring to you
A gladness that no other presence brings.

And yet, dear love, through all the weary days
You never speak one word of tenderness,
Nor stroke my hair, nor softly clasp my hand
Within your own in loving, mute caress.

You think, perhaps, I shall be content
To know so well the loving place I hold
Within your life, and so you do not dream
How much I love to hear the story told.

You cannot know, when we two sit alone,
And tranquil thoughts within your mind are stirred,
My heart is crying like a tired child
For one fond look, one gentle, loving word.

It may be that when your eyes look into mine
You may say, "How dear she is to me!"
Oh, could I read it in your softened glance
How radiant this plain world would be.

Perhaps, sometimes, you breathe a secret prayer,
That choicest blessings unto me be given,
But if you said aloud, "God bless thee, dear!"
I should not ask a greater boon from Heaven.

I weary sometimes of the rugged way,
But should you say, "Through you my life is sweet,"
The dreariest desert that our path could cross
Would suddenly grow green beneath my feet.

'Tis not the boundless waters ocean holds
That give refreshment to the thirsty flowers,
But just the drops that, rising to the skies,
From thene descend in softly falling showers.

What matters that our granaries are filled
With all the richest golden stores,
If we who own them cannot enter in,
But famished stand before the close-barred doors?

And so 'tis sad that those who should be rich
In that true love which crowns our earthly lot,
Go praying with white lips from day to day
For love's sweet tokens and receive them not.

THE BOUND GIRL.

"I'll have to do everything alone!"

Little Janet Rea stood with arms akimbo, and looked about the great Mason kitchen. She was nearly twenty, but undersized. She had but one beauty—her pretty curly head. She was Mrs. Mason's bound girl—bound to work for that lady until she was one and twenty. Such were the terms of the contract when Janet had been taken from the orphan asylum, a tiny creature of ten, nine years before; and it was the hard work and scant fare which had prevented her growing.

There she stood looking about her at the array of cooking utensils, the rows of milk pans, the pile of wash tubs, the shelf of flat-irons, the capacious wood boxes.

That morning Mrs. Titus, the authoritative, the energetic, had fallen down the cellar stairs and broken her leg. The doctor had been and set it; Mrs. Titus had had a nap, and then lifted up her voice and proved herself equal to the situation.

"I'm laid up for a month, Janet—that's plain to be seen. I've done everything for you; now you must take right hold and go on without me. There'll be the cooking to do and the butter to make more than you have done, extra. But you can do it if you try. You'll have to, anyway. Hayin's over and Mr. Dent'll be going home soon, so that there'll be one less to provide for."

Janet heard in silence. She gave Mrs. Titus her valerian, and then went away and stood looking around the kitchen.

"I'll have to do everything alone!"

There was such a large family, and so much work to be done, no wonder little Janet shrank; but she never thought of shirking. With breakfast at five o'clock and supper dishes to wash at eight, she had always had enough to do; but to undertake all the active duties which Mrs. Titus had been accustomed to perform was almost appalling.

Janet stood thinking how it was to be done. She was such a little thing. It took so many of her armsful to fill the wood boxes with hard and soft wood. She must need stand on a box to work at the tubs on the washbench; and her arms grew so tired at the churning. She had been trained to great capability, but she was not strong enough.

But there was no time for reflection. There was supper to get for four farm hands, Mrs. Titus' gruel to make and carry up, the milk to strain, the dishes to wash, the wood boxes to fill, and sponge to be set for bread.

Janet rushed for a pail of water.

Mr. Dent was at the well.

Mr. Miles Dent was the summer boarder. He had bought a mill privilege of Mrs. Titus and was building a mill.

He was a handsome, very pleasant man—as perfectly healthy people are apt to be—and he was very large and strong. In age he might have been thirty or thereabouts.

"Very old, indeed," Janet had pronounced him, his manners were so nice, and he had nice books in his room.

Whether he was aware of her existence or not she was not quite sure.

But he seemed to see the hurrying, anxious little creature now—for, saying, "My arms are the strongest," he took the pail, filled it, and carried it into the kitchen.

"Have your hands full, have'nt you, little one?" he said, pleasantly, glancing about him. "Your shoulders hardly look strong enough for all this baking and brewing."

Janet smiled shyly—pleased, surprised; but she too abashed to more than murmer some faint response, and Mr. Dent went away.

But she felt cheered by the friendly words of the big brown-bearded man, and though Mrs. Titus scolded her because the gruel hadn't milk enough, and she was obliged to go up and down stairs three times before the lady was served, she laid her head upon her pillow more lightly than usual—all for one kind word. Poor little Janet.

But evil days were too surely at hand.

It made Mrs. Titus very cross to lie in bed, inactive, and she could not give up the oversight of the kitchen below.

A score of times a day she would call Janet from her work to know what she was at, and what she intended doing next. Countless orders issued from her chamber.

These idiosyncrasies added greatly to Janet's fatigue as she toiled through the day, and she actually sobbed with weariness one night when she commenced to bring in the wood.

She was standing in the woodshed. Suddenly she heard a step on the gravel of the path in the yard. It was Mr. Dent.

He had not gone. He came swinging along in his shirt sleeves, his linen duster over his arm.

How rich and prosperous and happy he was!

Janet did not desire to dispossess Mr. Dent of his good fortune, but she thought it hard that a little of the brightness of life could not be hers.

But when Mr. Dent came opposite the shed door, the happy light died out of his pleasant gray eyes.

Well it might. Janet did not dream what a pitiful sight her poor little tear-stained face was.

Mr. Dent spoke cheerily:

"All work and no play makes Jill a dull girl, doesn't it?" he said, taking the basket from her hands, and in a moment carrying it, loaded, into the kitchen. "You have too much to do; the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak."

When Mr. Dent had filled the big wood boxes so that the covers would hardly shut down, he said:

"My arms are strong and they shall be at your service while I stay here, though it will only be for a day or two longer. I shall be quite at leisure to-morrow and next day, and you can call me whenever you like."

Much as Janet was pleased, she never would have dreamed of taking the gentleman at his word; but the next morning proved a rainy one, so that Mr. Dent's chamber being cold, and no fire lighted in the sitting room, he came into the kitchen with his book and ensconsced himself in the great rocking chair near the stove.

That was the pleasantest day in Janet's life. Mr. Dent read her such fun. nystories, and read so beautifully from his great book; and then he filled the water pails, and kept the fire burning; and jumped up to lift the heavy tubs for her, and sat down again to keep the bread from burning, while she carried Mrs. Titus's dinner up.

And while she was doing all this, Mr. Dent was thinking what a dear, patient little thing she was, and how prettily the nut-brown hair curled over her head.

At night he filled the boxes with wood, strained the milk, wound the high clock and turned the cats out, and all day he had a jest for everything, and a genial glance and a kind tone, that turned darkness into light for poor Janet.

She sighed with happiness as she went to sleep, though Mrs. Titus' good night words had been that she "was a lazy, good-for-nothing thing!" and that she should be down stairs to-morrow to see what Janet was up to.

The northeast storm continued, and Mr. Dent was sitting by the fire again, when Mrs. Titus limped into the kitchen with a cane.

Now Mr. Dent had just been chopping mince-meat with Mrs. Titus' gingham apron and ruffled cap on, and had barely cast them aside, when the lady opened the door and caught Janet laughing.

She might well have looked amazed, for she had never seen Janet laughing before. Now, why, she probably could not have told, but Mrs. Titus was very much offended.

She waited until dinner was served and Janet had gone into the well-room to cool the pudding, then began a bitter tirade.

"Pretty business this is, giggling and fooling your time away, and everything to do! Mr. Dent has been reading poetry to you, has he? How much more churning can you do when you listen to poetry?

Have you baked that fruit-cake? Well, I know it's made wrong! Did you shut that settin' hen off the nest? I don't believe it. What's Mr. Dent in the kitchen for, anyway?"

"For the fire, ma'am. The chambers are so chilly. And I had so much to do, and he was kind, and his arms were strong," faltered poor little Janet.

"Umph! Been complaining to Mr. Dent, have you, that you work so hard? Whining, good-for-nothing creature! I wish I'd left you in the asylum. I never thought of your turning out like this—luring men into my kitchen when I'm sick in bed—"

"Stop, Mrs. Titus!" interposed Mr. Dent's strong voice. "Better not go too far. Janet has told you all there is to tell. I did think she worked too hard. I felt kindly toward her. I have a pair of stong arms which have helped her a little, and they are still at her service. They shall be hers for life if she will. Little Janet will you accept me for a husband? Many a younger man will not be as tender and true as I, Janet. Will you come, little one?"

And Janet—she looked once with her wide, innocent eyes into the strong, gentle face, then went straight into those extended arms, though Mrs. Titus stood by, sniffing the air with scorn.

"Well, I never!" she exclained. "To think of it!"

Janet never was scolded again. Those kind, strong arms have been about her ever since. To be sure she was not educated for a gentleman's wife, but Mr. Dent took her home to the kindest mother and sisters, whose influence and tact polished her unobtrusive manners, and soon made her the most elegant of women. The toil-worn little hands are as white as snow now; but, better than all, her heart is the happiest that ever beat in a wife's breast.

A Funny Man on Life-Saving.

Recently this paper has made a discovery by which the lives of millions of people can be saved, and other millions can be prevented from taking cold, and when it is once in operation and the people realize the benefits derived, they will chip in readily for a bronze statue of a red-headed bald man enlightening the world, so quick that it will make your head swim. Thousands of people take cold every day in the year, and they don't know what is the reasou. Many of them die of consumption from the cold thus taken, and that settles them.

All this can be prevented. Reader, that is, male reader, did ever notice, when you have a suit of clothes made, that though you selected the warmest woolen goods and had them made up regardless of expense, that the tailor makes the vest with a back of some thin slazy material, while he often pads the frout of the vest with cotton batting? Did you ever stop to ask what the back of the vest was made so thin for? If you did you were told that there was no use of wasting good cloth for the back of a vest, that is never seen. If you ask the tailor what he pads the front of the vest for, he will answer that it is to protect the lungs and keep you warm. He may put in wadding an inch thick in front, to keep your lungs protected, and you will go out doors and the cold chills will run up your back, where that cambric vest back is and give you a cold too quick. Why?

You know why, now that your attention has been called to the matter, and so does your tailor. Because in front the lungs are protected five times as much as in the back, by clothing, ribs, flesh, muscle and fat. In the back the lungs almost come to the surface, and you cover them with cambric or silk. Now that you think of it does it not strike you as foolish to bank up your house in front where no frost can get in, and leave it unprotected at the back where frost can get in and not half try? Does it not look foolish that for hundreds of years tailors have made vests with practically no backs, where warmth is most needed, and nobody ever kicked about it? Well, all you have got to do to prevent taking cold, is to order your tailor to build the vest of the same material as the front, or ot least as warm, and after you have worn a vest made in that way one season you would shoot a tailor who would make a vest for you in the old way, and you will feel like returning thanks to The Sun for steering you on to the grand scheme.

It would be just as sensible to buy a woolen undershirt with a back made of mosquito bar, as to have a vest made of wool, with a back of cambric. The man who should order a beaver overcoat, with the back made of an old linen ulster, would be looked upon as a crank, and yet it would be upon the same principle as the vests are made now. We could get this idea patented, and charge a royalty on all vests made with good woolen backs, and make a fortune of millions of dollars, as every man will wear the new style vests after this season regardless of price, but what do we care for a paltry million or two wheh there is a chance to do good to suffering humanity, and maybe get a Bartholdi statue? The writer got this idea about vests in studying over a corduroy hunting vest, and has told several gentlemen, who have had vests made with good warm backs, and after wearing these vests the past winter are all enthusiastic, and say they will never have a vest made any other way. They have gone through the hardest winter known for years, without once taking cold.

The Sun gives this idea to the world, hoping that the day is not far distant when a vest with a thin back will scarcely be known, and a tailor who attempts to sell such a vest will be arrested for cruelty and for endangering the public health. Tailors will hoot at this idea at first, but none of them can give a good reason for making a vest with a thin back, and none of them are probably aware that the first vest was made so for a miser who did not care as long as the back of his vest was not seen, and who wanted to save cloth. It would be much more sensible to make the basement of the pants of something thin, like sheet-iron, than to slight the vest. Try the new woolen-back vest, all you who want The Sun, and report next spring what you think about it. Oh, no thanks! Don't mention the obligation you are under to The Sun.—Peck's Sun.

The Rev. Sam Jones Talks Plainly.

In a sermon recently delivered to a large congregation, he said: "There's not one in ten of you here who cares a rap whether a man gets a place to eat or sleep, just as long as your wife and children get enough. Yes, that's so. God is not going to do much for a concern like this, I tell you. He thinks too much of Himself to mix with that class.

I'm your guest, and I'm going to behave myself, but while I'm in the pulpit I'm going to say a few things, and if you don't like the way things go, you know the way out.

God will not do for anyone what a man will not do for himself. That's your own job; and some of you have a mighty tough job. God will never quit drinking whiskey for you, and nothing in God's world will keep a man sober who is pouring in whiskey. Christ and whiskey won't stay in the same hide at the same time.

Do you know a pious politician in America to-day? Do you? Rack me out one; I want to see him powerful bad. I've been hunting for one for years. I ain't on politics, but I wanted to say this much.

I've got the profoundest contempt for a man or woman that will drink wine, beer or whiskey. It's these things that are debauching humanity.

There are lots of preachers who are everlastingly preaching on the God-side of redemption, on the Divinity of Christ and the authenticity of the Scriptures, and of the mysteries of redemption and the incarnation. La! me, the devil don't want a better joke on a preacher than to start him off on that line.

"He that believeth not shall be damned." That's infidelity, and that's a curse. It isn't Bob Ingersoll. Ingersoll is a theoretical infidel, so-called. He does no harm. If you want to know the infidels of this country, it's the Methodists, the Presbyterians and the Baptists. They are practical infidels—Ingersoll is theoretical.—They believe everything in the Bible, and won't do one thing in it. That's the infidelity that's a curse.

It is my religious duty to work as well as pray. I never saw a real lazy man in my life that I had any confidence in his religion.

There are women in this world who haven't struck a lick of work with their own hands in years. They board and lay around and about; all they do is 'shop! shop! shop!' Hell is full of such women as that. That sort cannot go to Heaven. If this sad, solemn, drooping, dignified piety is what makes our religion, I want it before I die, but I don't want it until just about a minnte before I die—I don't want to be loaded with it while I live. If religion means I shall mope and cry, and must not laugh, it would be too short to stretch myself and to narrow to curl myself up in.

Have you ever been to a prayer-meeting in Cincinnati, or a town prayer-meeting? The preacher walks in almost noiselessly, and the old brethren come in and scatter around the church as far as possible; one brother is called on to sing, and another to pray; and then after prayer they'll go home sneakingly, and call it 'growing in grace.' O Lord! what a lonesome time they have had. The Lord don't go within a mile of them, and the devil gets in.

Whenever a man can't laugh he's in need of a liver medicine. There's something wrong with him. Many a fellow in this country has mistaken a discolored liver for religion—a miserable old dose it is to carry. I don't care whether a man laughs or cries at church. I want to know whether he's a good husband or father and a good neighbor.

We have disgusted the world with our religion—it's not attractive to the race, because our religion is without joy, gladness, smiles and songs.

Let's get a little more get-up and git-in our religion. It'll do good. This three-mile-an-hour lick won't keep ahead of the devil.

Stand here and see that sister headed for the theatre on Wednesday night. God wants her to go prayer-meeting, and He will pull on that line, and the devil wants her to go the theatre, and he pulls on that line.

Don't criticise me, but criticise your self. You look out for yourselves. You can't say anything worse about me than I can about you. If there's anything I despise, it's a dull time. I like to see things move up."

American ladies don't look up at Paris with the old respect. They feel instinctively that something is going wrong at the head of the fashion-world. The truth is that there is no longer any centre here, no one person who gives the tone to dress as did Eugenie under the empire. Of course as an American I prefer to find France under a republic rathor than under a monarchy of any kind, but that Paris is gradually ceasing to be the pope of the milliners and dressmakers of the civilized world is unquestionably true, and is due to the fact that a president, or rathor a president's wife has pushed from the throne the queen and the empress.

At the Gate.

We stand beside the little gate,
Hand clasping hand, my love and I;
The winds are hushed, the hour is late,
And we have met to say good-bye
Never a solitary bird
His wing above the river dips,
As we repeat the saddest word
That ever fell from human lips.

'Mid tender sights, 'tis breathed at last;
I seek to draw my hand away;
But oh! my darling holds it fast,
And love's fond pressure bids me stay.
Dear loving hand! so strong, so brave,
On locks of mine no more to lie,
Or deck my tresses for the grave,
As I have hoped in days gone by.

Ah! gentle hand, that never more
Shall lead me o'er each rugged rock!
At evening, on our cottage door,
How welcome was your well-known knock!
We cannot smile, my dearest, now,
Our future seems so full of care;
There is no brightness on my brow,
There is no sunlight in my hair.

Go, dearest, go, before the weak,
Fond promptings of thy breaking heart
Show through the pallor of thy cheek,
And bid the tell-tale teardrops start.
Go, darling, go; my hand release!
'Tis duty pleads—shall we rebel?
Nay, love, be firm, and go in peace;
We part, because we love so well!

—Chambers' Journal.

New York's Richest Woman.

Hettie Green is the richest woman in New York. She is 42 years old and is worth $42,000,000. She inherited from her father great capacity fo speculation and from her foster mother about $9,000,000. A maiden aunt left $4,000,000 more. By bold, yet by sensible investments she raised this to $20,000,000; then she married E. H. Green, of New York city, after ante-nuptial contract that he was to pay all her household expenses and to leave her $20,000,000 intact in her name. Her household expenses are less than $5,000 a year. Her husband lives at his club, and his expenses are about the same. She rides down town in a street car to save expense, and often has from $10,000 to $250,000 with her, as she is about to invest in some new deal. She had $4,000,000 in small bills and currency not long since, which she changed for larger bills at $1 on a $1,000 premium, so that she made $4,000 by this little deal. She attends entertainments when the streets are muddy so that she has no callers; wears woolen stockings over her shoes, takes them off and hangs them on the hat rack to dry. She has two children, a girl of fourteen, and an invalid boy of fifteen, who she declares shall be the richest man in the world. Her profits on speculations, and loans of large moneys to help men of property to carry railroad plans through, have netted her over $8,000,000 within one year, outside of her interest account. When she gets another speculator in a tight box, she has no more mercy on him than has that peculiar female spider who selects one of her male brood to fertilize her, feeds and fattens him for this one purpose, and when the work is done, devours him, and proceeds to raise another family. Business men are almost as afraid of her as a thoroughbred race-horse would be of a bull on the track with bells. Mrs. Hettie Green is a character, and is on the road that leads to wealth, if nothing more.—Brich Pomeroy's Democrat.

Blind Tom.

The people of this country are familiar with Blind Tom, the musical prodigy, but all of them have not marked the wonderful incidents in his career. Born a slave, and deprived of almost every sense but that of sound, he has astonished and delighted the people of this country by his wonderful power as a pianist. He is a Georgian, and must now be over 40 years of age. His musical gifts began to attract attention before the war. At its close it is not wonderful that it was supposed that he could be played as a great card. The custody of Blind Tom was given to General Bethune, his former owner. He traveled with him for some time, and then turned him over to the care of one of his sons, who contracted an unfortunate marriage, and was killed by a railroad train something more than a year since. The widow is now trying to get possession of Tom, and is using his mother to effect this purpose, who now must be quite aged. Tom's parents entered into an agreement as to his custody with Gen. Bethune, and this will be an important part in the litigation that must ensue. Without the care and attention of his old master and mistress and their children, Tom would never have had a chance of developing his wonderful power of musical imitation. He has just sufficient intellect to know them, and to entertain for them the affection exhibited by a domestic animal. He is utterly unable to care for himself, and it is more than questionable if his mother is any better prepared to look after him. The writer can recall him crawling about the house like a puppy, attracted by the sound of a piano, and although long since post the age of surprises, we never expected to see Blind Tom a party litigant before the Supreme Court of the United States.

Matilda's lover to her little sister at dinner: "Come, Myrtle, give me a kiss—only one." Little sister: "No I won't; you asked Tiddy for just one in the parlor, and you took two."

"I'm struck on your shape," as the shingle said to the boy.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2939_scm3354-0173.jpg