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 31, 1885. NO. 8.

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.,

132 LIGHT STREET WHARF, BALIMORE, MD.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

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.

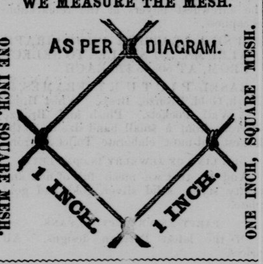
EUROPEAN HOTEL,
VAN AUSDALL & DOWDEN, Props.,
(SUCCESSORS TO T. B. MERRITT)
COR. FRENCH AND FRONT STS.,
(Near Railroad Depot)
Wilmington, Delaware.
RATES $2 PER DAY.
First-class in all its appointments.
iii xxi tf

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

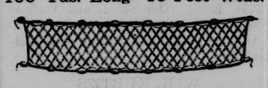


MANUFACTURERS OF
TWINES AND NETTING,
IMPORTERS AND
Manufacturers of and Wholesale Dealers in Gilling Thread, Fishing Tackle, Wooden Ware, Brooms, Brushes, Baskets, &c.
☞Nets and Seines of all descriptions made to order.

NETTING,
FOR
SEINES and POUNDS
WE MEASURE THE MESH.

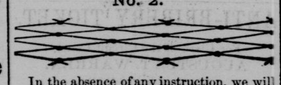


Parties ordering Netting or Seines will give length and depth required when on lines. We allow one-third for rigging, that is if the Seine is to be 100 yards long and 10 feet deep when on lines, as per diagram No. 1.
100 Yds. Long—10 Feet Wide.



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.

Reflections Sweet.

BY AGNES B. ROBEY.

Starting from memory's dim-lit halls,
I see again its sombre walls;
I see the belfry, tall and white,
Upon whose top a cross gleams bright—
The long, low roof, so stained with time,
Where rests and creaks the branching lime.

Under the eaves that slant so low,
In the spring when soft winds blow,
The swallows, twittering, built their nest,
Seeming secure in a place so blest;
The broad, low step, so worn and pressed
By the many feet long since at rest.

At rest in the quiet graves around,
Undisturbed by a ruder sound
Than the wind's low rustle among the leaves
The swallows's twitter beneath the eaves,
Save on the Sabbath in hymns of praise,
The simple folks their voices raise.

The bell rings forth a welcome peal,
Soft plays the organ while they kneel,
And the aged pastor with locks so white,
Speaks to his children words of light;
While the daisies wave on the graves without,
And the scent of clover is wafted about.

Many and long the years that have passed
Since I heard the birds and gazed on it last:
But never quite from mind 'twill fade;
The grass-grown graves and the linden's shade;
The brooding quiet and sweet content,
Where I my childhood's Sabbaths spent.

THE JUDGE'S ADVICE.

"Well, Jameson," remarked the Judge to his young friend, "have you been giving the selection of a profession any more thought since we discussed the matter last week?"

"Yes, sir," responded the youth, "but I can come to no conclusion. You have convinced me I am unsuited for journalism and politics."

"Not so fast," interrupted the Judge. "I have merely shown you some of the dark sides of the glowing picture you made in your mind. I merely materialized your ideas."

"I should like to be rich," continued the young man after a few minutes' reflection.

"Why do you wish that?"

"Oh, it must be a pleasure to have countless wealth at your disposal. If I were as rich as Vanderbilt I could go where I pleased, do as I pleased, and nothing in the world would be impossible for me to perform. I would lead a life of luxurious ease. Every burden would be removed from my mind, and I would enjoy myself the remainder of my life."

"So that is what you picture unlimited wealth, is it?" observed the Judge, as the young man stopped to take breath.

"Yes, sir. That is what I would do if I were rich."

"Do you see that man walking along the street!" asked the Judge.

"What man?" replied the youth. "Do you mean that old man with the side-whiskers and the high hat?"

"Yes; let us follow him."

"All right; but who is he?"

"I will leave you to discover that after we get to his store."

It was about 11 o'clock in the morning. Broadway was thronged with pedestrians. The streets were crowded with vehicles. Through the thickest of the crowd the old gentleman led his two followers down the busy thoroughfare to the doors of a large wholesale establishment. The front part of the room was filled with young gentlemen who sat around on dry goods boxes, apparently having very little to do and a great deal of time to do it in. As the three entered the door several of the young gentlemen rose to their feet and walked idly up and down the aisles which led between the rows of boxes. As soon as the old gentleman had passed to the other end of the store and the glass door of the little office had closed behind him, they at once resumed their attitude of ease and took up the thread of conversation where they had left it off. Inside the office were gathered half a dozen clerks and book-keepers hard at work over as many ponderous linen covered volumes. In a revolving chair, which stood before a desk, sat a handsome, well-dressed man of middle age, whose round face bore evident traces of good living.

"Good morning," remarked the old gentleman as he removed his hat and coat and sat down at a small desk in a dark corner of the room.

"Good morning, sir," remarked the round faced man.

"Is there anything new to-day?" inquired the old gentleman.

"Nothing particular."

"Send me the bank book."

The book was brought to him and he eagerly scanned its pages.

"Has that Brown bill been paid yet?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"We'll sue him. We can't run this business for fun."

"It was due last week," remarked the round faced man, "and he said he would pay it by the first of the month."

"Yes; promises are cheap. Attach his stock and get our money; we can't afford to wait. Is there anything else important?"

"I think not. By the way, Mr. Bond, I want to ask a favor of you,"

"Well," replied the old gentleman, as he wheeled around in his chair, "what is it?"

"I should like a vacation of a fortnight."

"A vacation?"

"Yes, sir. My health has not been very good for the past few months, and I am afraid this spring weather will injure my lungs."

"Well, Jones, you have been working pretty hard this winter and I guess a rest will do you good. When do you want to start?"

"Next week I think would be as good a time as any. I think a rest wouldn't hurt you any," added Mr. Jones. You don't seem to be quite as strong as I should like to see you, sir."

"True, Jones, true," replied Mr. Bond. "My wife has been telling me that for the past year, and my doctor says it is necessary, but bless your life I can't afford it. Such luxuries are only for you and men of your means. A vacation would be too expensive for me."

"Why, I should think you could spare a few weeks from your business—"

"You think so, do you?" interrupted the old gentleman. "There is where you are mistaken. If I were away who would look after the bank? Who would attend to the store? Who see that the railroad is properly managed? Who would see that my rents are promptly collected? My interest paid in when it was due, and that my stocks are not held longer than they ought to be? No, Jones, I can't afford to rest. Besides, I couldn't enjoy it if I did. The last vacation I took was about ten years ago. I was taken sick with brain fever. The physician said I must have a rest. So I went out to Long Island to my son's summer place. This was in the summer. I left Wilson in charge. Poor fellow, he killed himself with work a few years ago. The first day I managed to spend very comfortably. I rode with my family over the country roads, and I must confess that it did seem pleasant to be out of doors and away from the din of the city once more. I was brought up on a farm, you know. The second day I worried because my letters did not come promptly. I inquired and found that according to my doctor's instructions no mail was to be sent to me. The next day I was back in the city. That ended my vacation. No, you can rest, but I can't. I am too rich."

"Why don't you retire from business then?" asked Mr. Jones. "That seems like an easy way to get rid of care."

"Retire from business. Why, my dear boy, I can't afford it. Where would I invest my money so as to bring me in as much interest? I have over $100,000 now that is drawing little or no interest, and I have $500,000 more out at three per cent. If I retire from active business I should be beggared. No, I must keep in the harness," continued the old gentleman with a sigh, "I suppose, until I am too old to work any more. Well, I must go down to the bank now. I have several important meetings to attend to, and I may not return before three o'clock."

"Well, Jameson," remarked the Judge, as they left the office and joined the crowd on the pavement, "what do you think of him?"

"I think he is very foolish. If I were as rich as he is I would do differently."

"You think you would, but you would not. The cares of wealth are omnipresent. They cannot be shaken off. The golden chain binds more closely than any iron one that was ever forged. Suppose you are rich and inclined to be philanthropic, do you suppose you would have an easy time? Well, you wouldn't. You would be kept busy answering letters of appeal from all parts of the world. You would be overrun with beggars. Your steps would be dogged. Those you helped would curse themselves because they did not ask you for more, and those you refuse would curse you. Your time would be so taken up that you could not even call a moment your own. Then you would not know whom to trust. There would be so many flatterers at your side that you would not recognize the truth when you heard it. You, too, would become suspicious. You would fear, and not without reason, that you were being loved for your money, and not for yourself. You would not know who was your friend or who was your enemy. You would be afraid to leave so much money in charge of others while you rested, traveled and enjoyed yourself. They might rob you. They might invest it badly. These fears would haunt you, however generous you might be. Of course if you attempted to manage some wealth yourself you might as well bid farewell to comfort from that second forever after. How many vacations does Jay Gould take in the course of a year, and he is worth $100,000,000? Does Vanderbilt ever leave New York for a year at a time to go into the country for the comfort of his health, and he has nearly $500,000,000 invested in Government bonds, and has practically retired from business? No; wealth—great wealth—has its cares, and, my boy, they greatly over-balance its joys."

Several days after this conversation the Judge and his protege met in Delmonico's for after-theatre luncheon. In one part of the room sat two young men, richly dressed and hilariously jolly. They were extracting all the pleasure there was in sight and discounting the future. At another table sat a severely dressed old gentleman who was morosely drinking a glass of wine. From his appearance he looked as if he had heard bad news.

"Do you know who those young men are?" asked the Judge.

"No," replied the youth.

"They are clerks at $2,500 a year salary; and do you know who that old gentleman is?"

"No."

"He is their employer."

"Why, he is poorer dressed than they are and appears to be in worse circumstances," exclaimed the youth.

"He is, Jameson," replied the judge "in much worse circumstances. He is worth over $50,000,000."

The Small Boy.

He is human, of course, but all the same he moves in a queer little world of his own. Grown-up folk in general he regards as a discipline, and not friendly on the whole to his personal interests. His parents are necessary; so much is obvious to him. But they have extraordinary ideas of right and wrong; theorize preposterously on wet feet and holes in trousers, and hold unaccountable opinions abont school and the washing of faces and hands. He submits to all this as far as he must, and consoles himself with the reflection that some day he will be old enough to do without parents, and then he will not wash his face oftener than he chooses, nor go to school. In the meantime he plays truant as frequently as he can, and especially when autumn, with her mellowing fingers, has been busy among the wild fruit, is he found afield.

What a happy little wretch he is! Everything about him excites him to activity; everything affords him pleasure. Whistling, throwing stones, chasing butterflies, eating blackberries, he wanders about, a thoroughly careless, irresponsible, gladsome urchin. Nothing hurts him. He triumphs over the miscellaneous food he crams himself with; comes up smiling after every accident. His body is all elastic and hinges, and it does not matter how much he tumbles. I saw some time ago an account of a boy who sat on the blow hole of a stranded whale, and was suddenly snorted off by the indignant Behemoth 50 feet up in the air and as many yards out to sea. I do not say the story is true, but I hope it is. So, too, quite recently a boy going along in a field in Cornwall was suddenly snatched up by a whirlwind and whisked over a hedge. But in each case he came back quite unhurt.

There is one catastrophe, however, to which he seems particularly liable, and that is the wasp. Where he finds so many it is difficult to say, but the fact remains that he has a positive genius for getting stung. This demoralizes him altogether, and he has been known to run prodigious distances to report the calamity to the domestic circle, roaring all the way. For one thing the wasp is like the boy, a rummager in hedge-rows; for another, it is very fond of blackberries. Moreover, it is given to concealing itself, especially in fruit, and as the urchin, with sweet trustfulness in things in general, seems to think it a reflection upon Providence that he should examine what he is going to eat before he puts it in his mouth, he does not as a rule detect the insect upon the berry or inside the plum till it is too late and the wasp has made its protest. The boy's confidence in nature is so complete, so generous, that he disdains anything that has the appearance of caution, and when one sees him in the middle of a bramble-bush, picking with both hands, and popping in the berries without the least examination, it is perfectly awful to think of the entomological odds and ends that he must consume in the course of a day's debauch.

An Ancient Romance.

One would hardly think of looking into Plutarch for a tender romance. In his account of the campaign of Vespasian in Gaul occurs the following: Epponia, a lady of rare beauty and accomplishments, and of noble birth, being informed that her husband Sabius, a Roman, who had bitterly opposed the emperor, had been beaten by the troops of Vespasian, and that he was lying concealed in a deep cave between Franche Comte and Champaigne, sought him out and made herself a voluntary prisoner with him. And in that cave they lived for many years. A price was upon Sabius's head, and his discovery would have been instant death. In that deep cave children were born to the devoted twain, and there a noble wife performed all the offices of a menial, never tiring of caring for and protecting her beloved husband. At length, however, the retreat of the fugitives was discovered and both Sabius and his wife were taken and conveyed before the emperor Vespasian, who listened to the story of Epponia with astonishment.

"How had you, a weak woman, the courage and fortitude necessary to such a sacrifice?" he asked.

"Sire," answered the noble matron and wife, standing erect and looking into the emperor's face, "I have lived underground and in darkness, much happier than you have on the summit of power and in the broad light of the sun. And though you should order us now to the block of the executioner you cannot rob us of those years of repose."

Sabius looked to see the emperor's face grow dark, and to hear the words of doom from his lips, but instead the noble wife was freely pardoned, and then, turning to the husband, Vespasian added that he would rather seek to render the evening of his life comfortable than to add another pain. He would do that for his wife's sake, if for no other.

A crank is usually a man whose head is turned.

Moonshine Whiskey.

The "wild cat" still is usually quite a primitive affair, consisting of a copper still of small capacity, the necessary worms and one or two barrels or hogsheads in which is kept the mash. The still is usually owned and operated by one family, some male member of which is always to be found at the shed or cabin of brush and logs in which it is located. The corn from which the whiskey is made is secured from the surrounding farmers or raised by the owners, and the liquor sold to any one in the neighborhood who is willing to pay 50 cents a gallon for it and keep mum. By reason of this enabling them to secure a fair quality of whiskey cheap, the moonshiner makes friends of all his neighbors, and as a rule they are ever ready to warn him of impending danger, and at the approach of an officer or even a suspicious looking stranger all evidences of the still are quickly removed. This fact makes it an exceedingly difficult task to apprehend the violators of the law, and it is necessary to use the utmost caution and discretion in order to apprehend them at all. The chief source of revenue derived by west Tennessee moonshiners comes from selling to storekeepers in small towns, in dealing with whom they adopt such precautions that while the storekeeper may have an idea, he never knows precisely with whom he is trading.

These moonshine stills are great resorts for the men who dwell in the vicinity of where they are located, and on Saturdays and Sundays and other idle days dozens congregate around them and pass the time drinking, smoking, and telling stories.—While the West Tennessee moonshiner is fully as shiftless as his brother in the Tennessee Mountains, about whom so much has been written, he is not near as bloodthirsty, probably because he has never been hunted so persistently, having been allowed, in a manner, to pursue his business unmolested by meddlesome officials. Hence, while many a revenue officer has dropped from his horse dead at the crack of the mountaineer moonshiner's rifle, there is but one or two instances on record where officers have been killed in West Tennessee.

Years ago when revenue officers hunted the festive moonshiner in his lair, the method of entrapping them was to induce some one familiar with the country, generally a man who had a grudge against the moonshiners or some negro who would, for a consideration, agree to pilot the officers to the still. Then a deputy marshal went to the town nearest the point he wished to reach, and summoning a posse started out. In all of this it was necessary to preserve the utmost secrecy, as the moonshiners invariably have friends to warn them. Piloted by the guide the officers would approach until they could see the smoke of the still curling above the tree tops, and then charge down. Sometimes they were successful in capturing the men, but generally these managed to escape. The officers always cut up the worm, chopped up the still, tore down the shanty, and poured out the mash and whiskey that happened to be on hand. A raid on a moonshine distillery is always interesting and exciting because fraught with so much danger, one never knowing when a rifle ball will tear its way though his body.—Memphis Avalanche.

An Antique Beau.

The marriage the other day, at the age of seventy-four, of ex-Governor English, of Connecticut, recalls the fact that the venerable Eli Saulsbury, of Delaware, is still cavorting around, threatening matrimony whenever he can persuade any guileless young woman to accept him. Saulsbury's age is lost in the mists of antiquity, but it is stated that he remembers distinctly the time when the State of Delaware was a little sand pile on the shore of the sea, and that he has witnessed the whole period of its growth to its present proportions. Saulsbury vowed in 1860 never to marry until he had witnessed the inauguration of another Democratic President, and now that that event has occurred, it is generally agreed that he is old enough to marry and settle down.—Philadelphia Press.

Bridal Couples at the White House.

A Washington correspondent says: "This city is overrun by bridal couples at present, and these interesting people do not think Washington has been completed unless they have shaken hands with the President. Consequently the East Room is daily filled with brides and grooms from all parts of the country, waiting their turn to take the President by the hand. Whether the President knows it or not, he invariably sends these couples away in high spirits. Two charming brunettes and their husbands left the White House this afternoon very happy because they had been addressed a few words of welcome by President Cleveland."

It is not the cream that ought to be whipped, but the milk man.

It is hard to tell at what age man loses his faith in circus bills.

A nice little boy calls himself Compass, because he is boxed so often.

Get rich, young man, but don't let the Government catch you making money.

A certain young doctor was so joyful lately over his success in curing his first consumptive patient that he went home and smiled exactly 329 times over his cough fee.

The Editor at Home.

He thought when he read the editor's sheet
That was livid with rage and blazing with ire,
He was a wild demon with claws on his feet,
A drinker of gore and an eater of fire!
But he found when he saw him at home with his wife,
He was meek and resigned as an innocent guy,
A lover of peace and a hater of strife,
A drinker of soda and eater of pie.
—Lynn Union.

Wedding Presents.

"I am getting tired of this," said a Baltimore citizen. "I like to be courteous to neighbors and don't mind helping a young married couple to a lift, but I guess I'll quit. Here is an invitation to another wedding. Of course it will be very swell. Hundreds of people who barely know the couple will attend and carry gifts just because it's to be a fashionable event and they like to have their names in the papers. Twice within the last year have I gone to jewelry or furnishing stores kept by acquaintances of mine and there found for sale articles which my wife or I had given the proprietors at their weddings. Of course they were the duplicates, and no household needs 23 pickle-dishes or 19 spoon-holders, but I guess I won't go to any more wedding outside of my own family. I don't object to helping set a young couple up in their house, but I draw the line on setting them up in business."

Wanted to Join the Game.

An Arkansaw man, who was summoned to serve on a jury, began to make excuses, when the judge, interrupting him, said:

"Never mind all that. You should know, sir, that it is your duty to serve your country. The fact that your business may suffer is no excuse. Such men are summoned every day."

"Hold on, jedge; ye ain't heerd all my excuse yit."

"I don't want to hear it."

"But you must."

"I tell you that I will not. Mr. Sheriff—"

"Jest a minit, jedge, an' then ef you say I must sarve, w'y, I'll sarve. Me an' lot o' fellers was playin' poker when the officers—"

"Poker!" exclaimed the judge "why, dear fellow, where's the game? I'll jine you. Mr. sheriff, adjourn the court."

Why He Secured the Place.

He was a good-looking fellow, looking for a situation as coachman, and he applied at a swell residence.

"So," said the prospective employer, "you want a place as coachman?"

"Yes, sir," said the applicant with confidence.

"Do you know anything about horses?"

"No, sir, but I know lots about girls."

He secured the place, as the employer hadn't any daughters.

Pithy Points.

A cold spell—i c e.

The first thing in a boot is the last.

A court of inquiry—Is the old man in?

A saw for the times—"No man should live beyond the means of his creditors."

The poet kindles the muse and then the editor kindles the fire with the productions.

Real pain is often brought about by champagne. At least so we have heard people say.

Many men resemble the clam, for you can see all that is in them when they open wide their mouths.

An exchange says that there is a mission in this world for dudes. We hope it is a foreign mission.

The Waterloo Observer says the temperance reformers should turn their attention to money; it is always tight.

Holt: I see charming Mrs. Upton wears the weeds for her late husband. Webster: Yes. He was a tobacconist.

It was the boy whose father kept him in a trim with a rod five feet long who said that Long Branch had no charms for him.

"I see that old Heavysides has a memorial window in our church." "Yes, and it recalls him very vividly, for it's very badly stained."

The three prevailing religions in China are Buddhism, Confucianism, and Taouism. They might well be classed under one head—confusionism.

"Oh, George, your sister is a nice girl, but she does dress her head up so!" "Yes," said George, "but it's the fashion—there's nothing in it, you know."

"This is a nice time to come home and a nice state you're in," she said. "Nice time! nice state! Thanks, lovely. I thought you were going to scold me."

The boy who won't roll up his pants and take a run through half an acre of nettles to show the girls that he isn't afraid, will make a poor husband for a woman who hears burglars every night.

"Hold on, I guess that's a counterfeit quarter I gave you." "Oh, never mind. I'm going to church to-morrow. This'll make as much noise in the contribution box as a good one"

A matrimonial advertisement winds up as follows: "Fortune no object, but should require the girl's relation to deposit $10,000 with me as a security for her good behavior."

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2939_scm3354-0177.jpg